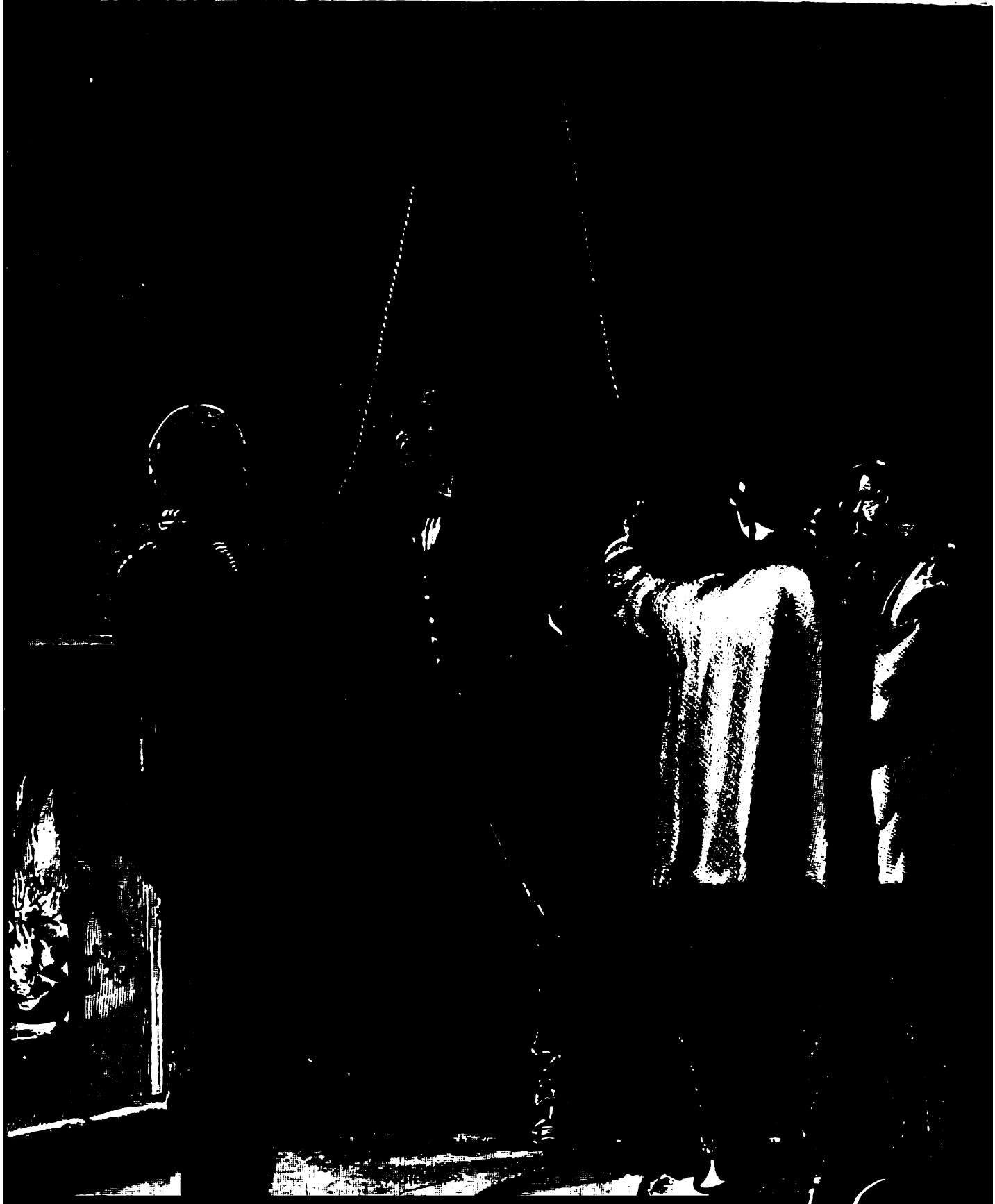
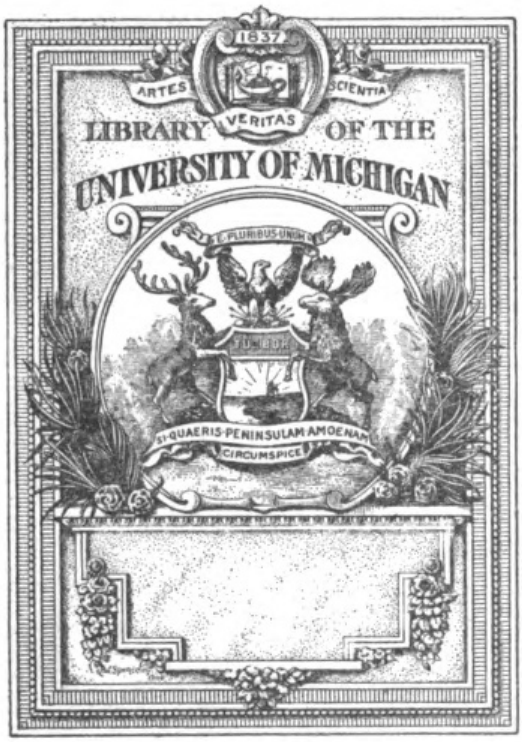


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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1894.

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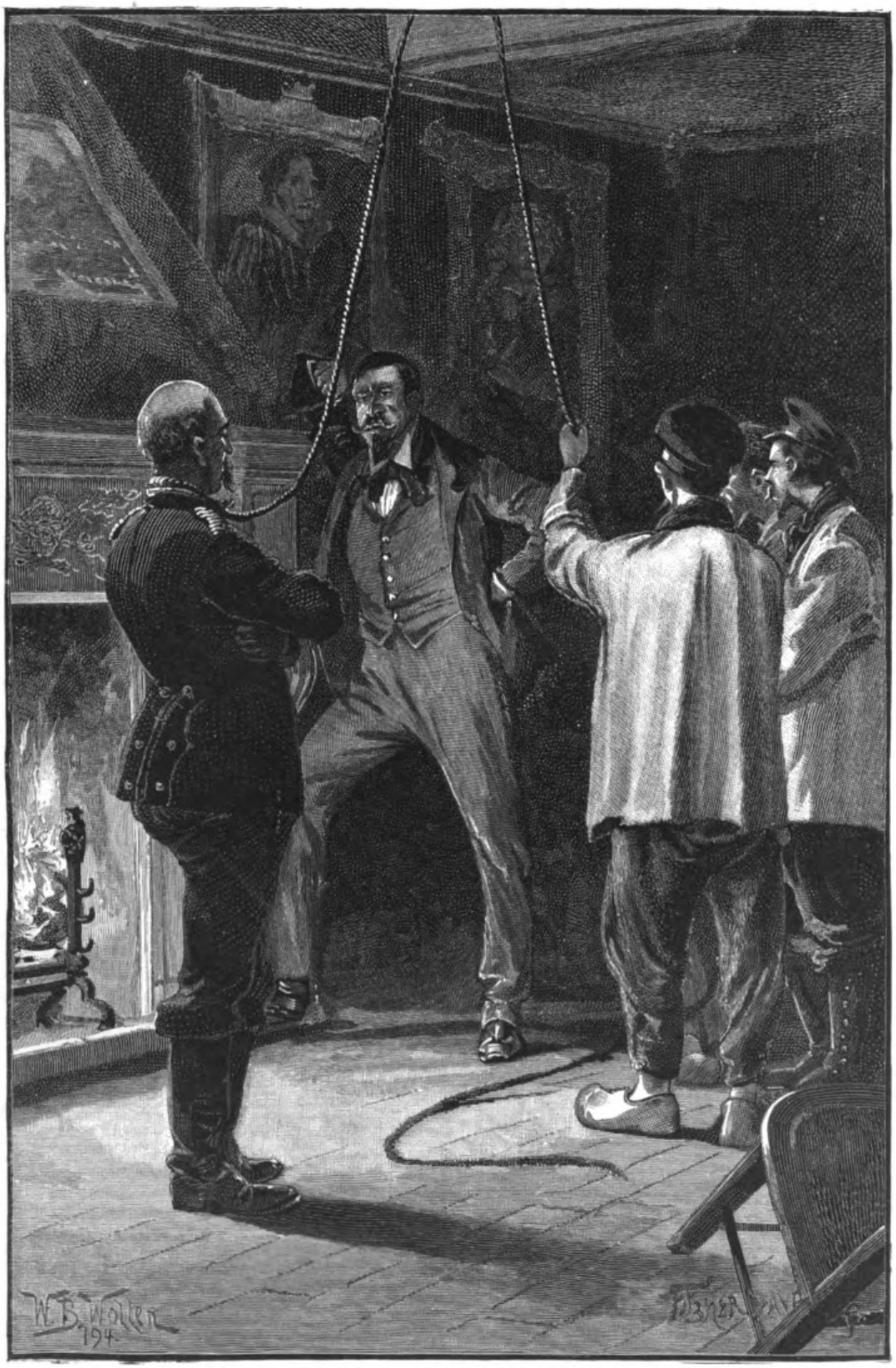
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"THE CORD WAS SLIPPED OVER HIS HEAD."
(*See page* 10.)

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The Lord of Château Noir.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IT was in the days when the German armies had broken their way across France, and when the shattered forces of the young Republic had been swept aside to the north of the Aisne and to the south of the Loire. Three broad streams of armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. And from this lake there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward to Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this weal of dishonour slashed across the fair face of their country. They had fought and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful guns —they had tried and tried to make head against them. In battalions their invaders were not to be beaten. But man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German rue the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the sieges, there broke out another war, a war of individuals, with foul murder upon the one side and brutal reprisal on the other.

Colonel von Gramm, of the 24th Posen Infantry, had suffered severely during this new development. He commanded in the little Norman town of Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched amid the hamlets and farm-houses of the district round. No French force was within fifty miles of him, and yet morning after morning he had to listen to a black report of sentries found dead at their posts, or of foraging parties which had never returned. Then the Colonel would go forth in his wrath, and farm-steadings would blaze and villages tremble, but next morning there was still that same dismal tale to be told. Do what he might, he could not shake off his invisible enemies. And yet, it should not have been so hard, for from certain signs in common, in the plan and in the deed, it was certain that all these outrages came from a single source.

Colonel von Gramm had tried violence and it had failed. Gold might be more successful. He published it abroad over the country side that five hundred francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then eight hundred. The peasants were incorruptible. Then, goaded on by a murdered corporal, he rose to a thousand, and so bought the soul of François Rejane, farm labourer, whose Norman avarice was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian Colonel, eyeing with loathing the blue-bloused, rat-faced creature before him.

"Yes, Colonel."

"And it was——?"

"Those thousand francs, Colonel——"

"Not a sou until your story has been tested. Come! Who is it who has murdered my men?"

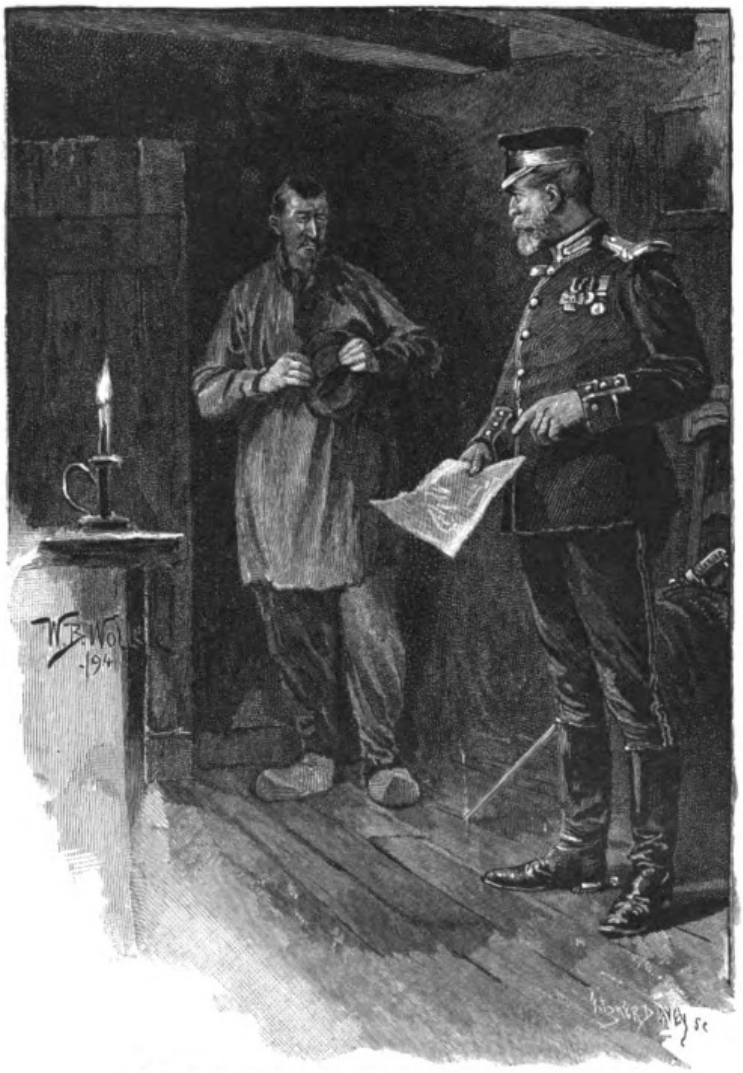
"It is Count Eustace of Château Noir."

"You lie," cried the Colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."

The peasant shrugged his shoulders.

"It is evident to me that you do not know the Count. It is this way, Colonel. What I tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid that you should test it. The Count of Château Noir is a hard man: even at the best time he was a hard man. But of late he has been terrible. It was his son's death, you know. His son was under Douay, and he was taken, and then in escaping from Germany he met his death. It was the Count's only child, and indeed we all think that it has driven him mad. With his peasants he follows the German armies. I do not know how many he has killed, but it

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"YOU SAY YOU KNOW WHO DID THESE CRIMES."

is he who cuts the cross upon the foreheads, for it is the badge of his house."

It was true. The murdered sentries had each had a saltire cross slashed across their brows, as by a hunting-knife. The Colonel bent his stiff back and ran his forefinger over the map which lay upon the table.

"The Château Noir is not more than four leagues," he said.

"Three and a kilomètre, Colonel."

"You know the place?"

"I used to work there."

Colonel von Gramm rang the bell.

"Give this man food and detain him," said he to the sergeant.

"Why detain me, Colonel? I can tell you no more."

"We shall need you as guide."

"As guide! But the Count? If I were to fall into his hands? Ah, Colonel——"

The Prussian commander waved him away.

"Send Captain Baumgarten to me at once," said he.

The officer who answered the summons was a man of middle age, heavy-jawed, blue-eyed, with a curving yellow moustache, and a brick-red face which turned to an ivory white where his helmet had sheltered it. He was bald, with a shining, tightly stretched scalp, at the back of which, as in a mirror, it was a favourite mess-joke of the subalterns to trim their moustaches. As a soldier he was slow, but reliable and brave. The Colonel could trust him where a more dashing officer might be in danger.

"You will proceed to Château Noir to-night, Captain," said he. "A guide has been provided. You will arrest the Count and bring him back. If there is an attempt at rescue, shoot him at once."

"How many men shall I take, Colonel?"

"Well, we are surrounded by spies, and

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our only chance is to pounce upon him before he knows that we are on the way. A large force will attract attention. On the other hand, you must not risk being cut off."

"I might march north, Colonel, as if to join General Goeben. Then I could turn down this road which I see upon your map, and get to Château Noir before they could hear of us. In that case, with twenty men——"

"Very good, Captain. I hope to see you with your prisoner to-morrow morning."

It was a cold December night when Captain Baumgarten marched out of Les Andelys with his twenty Poseners and took the main road to the north-west. Two miles out he turned suddenly down a narrow, deeply-rutted track, and made swiftly for his man. A thin, cold rain was falling, swishing among the tall poplar trees and rustling in the fields on either side. The Captain walked first with Moser, a veteran sergeant, beside him. The sergeant's wrist was fastened to that of the French peasant, and it had been whispered in his ear that in case of an ambush the first bullet fired would be through his head. Behind them the twenty infantry men plodded along through the darkness with their faces sunk to the rain, and their boots squeaking in the soft, wet clay. They knew where they were going and why, and the thought upheld them, for they were bitter at the loss of their comrades. It was a cavalry job, they knew, but the cavalry were all on with the advance, and, besides, it was more fitting that the regiment should avenge its own dead men.



"CAPTAIN BAUMGARTEN."

It was nearly eight when they left Les Andelys. At half-past eleven their guide stopped at a place where two high pillars crowned with some heraldic stone-work flanked a huge iron gate. The wall in which it had been the opening had crumbled away, but the great gate still towered above the brambles and weeds which had overgrown its base. The Prussians made their way round it, and advanced stealthily, under the shadow of a tunnel of oak branches, up the long avenue, which was still cumbered by the leaves of last autumn. At the top they halted and reconnoitred.

The black château lay in front of them. The moon had shone out between two rain-clouds, and threw the old house into silver and shadow. It was shaped like an L, with a low arched door in front, and lines of small windows like the open ports of a man-of-war. Above was a dark roof breaking at the corners into little round overhanging turrets, the whole lying silent in the moonshine, with a drift of ragged clouds blackening the heavens behind it. A single light gleamed in one of the lower windows.

The Captain whispered his orders to his men. Some were to creep to the front door, some to the back. Some were to watch the east, and some the west. He and the sergeant stole on tiptoe to the lighted window.

It was a small room into which they looked, very meanly furnished. An elderly man in the dress of a menial was reading a tattered paper by the light of a guttering candle. He leaned back in his wooden chair with his feet upon a box, while a bottle of white

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"THE SERGEANT'S WRIST WAS FASTENED TO THAT OF THE FRENCH PEASANT."

wine stood with a half-filled tumbler upon a stool beside him. The sergeant thrust his needle-gun through the glass, and the man sprang to his feet, with a shriek.

"Silence, for your life! The house is surrounded and you cannot escape. Come round and open the door, or we will show you no mercy when we come in."

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I will open it! I will open it!" He rushed from the room with his paper still crumpled up in his hand. An instant later, with a groaning of old locks and a rasping of bars, the low door swung open, and the Prussians poured into the stone-flagged passage.

"Where is Count Eustace de Château Noir?"

"My master! He is out, sir."

"Out at this time of night? Your life for a lie!"

"It is true, sir. He is out!"

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"Doing what?"

"I cannot tell. No, it is no use your cocking your pistol, sir. You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you that which I do not know."

"Is he often out at this hour?"

"Frequently."

"And when does he come home?"

"Before daybreak."

Captain Baumgarten rasped out a German oath. He had had his journey for nothing, then. The man's answers were only too likely to be true. It was what he might have expected. But at least he would search the house and make sure. Leaving a picket at the front door and another at the back, the sergeant and he drove the trembling butler in front of them—his shaking candle sending strange, flickering shadows over the old tapestries and the low, oak-raftered ceilings. They searched the whole house, from the huge, stone-flagged kitchen below to the dining-hall on the second floor with its gallery for musicians, and its panelling black with age, but nowhere was there a living creature. Up above in an attic they found Marie, the elderly wife of the butler, but the owner kept no other servants, and of his own presence there was no trace.

It was long, however, before Captain Baumgarten had satisfied himself upon the point. It was a difficult house to search. Thin stairs, which only one man could ascend at a time, connected lines of tortuous corridors. The walls were so thick that each room was cut off from its neighbour. Huge fireplaces yawned in each, while the

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windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains, and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places, he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," said he, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, Captain."

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may come back to the nest."

"And the others, Captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"And yourself, Captain?"

"I will take my supper up here in the dining-hall. The logs are laid and we can light the fire. You will call me if there is any alarm. What can you give me for supper—you?"

"Alas, monsieur, there was a time when I might have answered 'What you wish!' but now it is all that we can do to find a bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, sergeant, and let him feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us any tricks."

Captain Baumgarten was an old campaigner. In the Eastern provinces, and before that in Bohemia, he had learned the art of quartering himself upon the enemy. While the butler brought his supper he occupied himself in making his preparations for a comfortable night. He lit the candelabrum of ten candles upon the centre table. The fire was already burning up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts of blue, pungent smoke into the room. The Captain walked to the window and looked out. The moon had gone in again, and it was raining heavily. He could hear the deep sough of the wind and see the dark loom of the trees, all swaying in the one direction. It was a sight which gave a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which the butler had brought up for him. He was tired and hungry after his long tramp, so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his revolver belt down upon a chair, and fell to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with his glass of wine before him and his cigar between his lips, he tilted his chair back and looked about him.

He sat within a small circle of brilliant light which gleamed upon his silver shoulder-straps, and threw out his terra-cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his yellow moustache. But outside that circle things were vague and shadowy in the old dining-hall. Two sides were oak-panelled and two were hung with faded tapestry, across which huntsmen and dogs and stags were still dimly streaming. Above the fireplace were rows of heraldic shields with the blazonings of the family and of its alliances, the fatal saltire cross breaking out on each of them.

Four paintings of old seigneurs of Château Noir faced the fireplace, all men with hawk noses and bold, high features, so like each other that only the dress could distinguish the Crusader from the Cavalier of the Fronde. Captain Baumgarten, heavy with his repast, lay back in his chair looking up at them through the clouds of his tobacco smoke, and pondering over the strange chance which had sent him, a man from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Norman chieftains. But the fire was hot, and the Captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to his feet. For an instant it seemed to his dazed senses that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame. There, beside the table, and almost within arm's length of him, was standing a huge man, silent, motionless, with no sign of life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed tuft of black beard, and a great, fierce nose, towards which all his features seemed to run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder, and bony, corded hands, told of a strength which was unsapped by age. His arms were folded across his arching chest, and his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

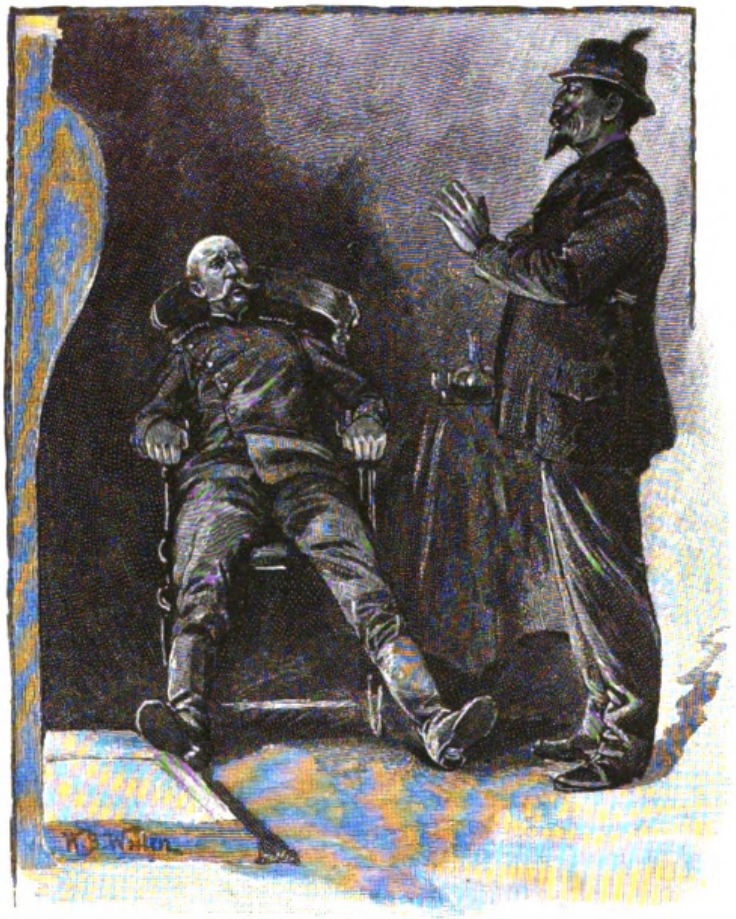
"Pray do not trouble yourself to look for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian cast a swift glance at the empty chair in which they had been laid. "You have been, if you will allow me to say so, a little indiscreet to make yourself so much at home in a house every wall of which is honeycombed with secret passages. You will be amused to hear that forty men were watching you at your supper. Ah! what then?"

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step forward with clenched fists. The French-

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man held up the revolver which he grasped in his right hand, while with the left he hurled the German back into his chair.

"Pray keep your seat," said he. "You have no cause to trouble about your men.



"PRAY KEEP YOUR SEAT."

They have already been provided for. It is astonishing with these stone floors how little one can hear what goes on beneath. You have been relieved of your command, and have now only to think of yourself. May I ask what your name is?"

"I am Captain Baumgarten, of the 24th Posen Regiment."

"Your French is excellent, though you incline, like most of your countrymen, to turn the 'p' into a 'b.' I have been amused to hear them cry 'avez bitié sur moi!' You know, doubtless, who it is who addresses you."

"The Count of Château Noir."

"Precisely. It would have been a misfortune if you had visited my château and I had been unable to have a word with you. I have had to do with many German soldiers, but never with an officer before. I have much to talk to you about."

Captain Baumgarten sat still in his chair. Brave as he was, there was something in this man's manner which made his skin creep with apprehension. His eyes glanced to right and to left, but his weapons were gone, and in a struggle he saw that he was but a child to this gigantic adversary. The Count had picked up the claret bottle, and held it to the light.

"Tut! tut!" said he. "And was this the best that Pierre could do for you? I am ashamed to look you in the face, Captain Baumgarten. We must improve upon this."

He blew a call upon a whistle, which hung from his shooting jacket. The old man-servant was in the room in an instant.

"Chambertin from bin 15!" he cried, and a minute later a grey bottle streaked with cobwebs was carried in as a nurse bears an infant. The Count filled two glasses to the brim.

"Drink!" said he. "It is the very best in my cellars, and not to be matched between Rouen and Paris. Drink, sir, and be happy! There are cold joints below. There are two lobsters fresh from Honfleur. Will you not venture upon a second and more savoury supper?"

The German officer shook his head. He drained the glass, however, and his host filled it once more, pressing him to give an order for this or that dainty.

"There is nothing in my house which is not at your disposal. You have but to say the word. Well, then, you will allow me to tell you a story while you drink your wine. I have so longed to tell it to some German officer. It is about my son, my only child, Eustace, who was taken and died in escaping. It is a curious little story, and I think that I can promise you that you will never forget it.

"You must know, then, that my boy was in the artillery, a fine young fellow, Captain Baumgarten, and the pride of his mother. She died within a week of the news of his death reaching us. It was brought by a brother officer who was at his side throughout, and who escaped while my lad died. I want to tell you all that he told me.

"Eustace was taken at Weissenburg on

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the 4th of August. The prisoners were broken up into parties, and sent back into Germany by different routes. Eustace was taken upon the 5th to a village called Lauterburg, where he met with kindness from the German officer in command. This good Colonel had the hungry lad to supper, offered him the best he had, opened a bottle of good wine, as I have tried to do for you, and gave him a cigar from his own case. Might I entreat you to take one from mine?"

The German again shook his head. His horror of his companion had increased as he sat watching the lips that smiled, and the eyes that glared.

"The Colonel, as I say, was good to my boy. But, unluckily, the prisoners were moved next day across the Rhine to Ettlingen. They were not equally fortunate there. The officer who guarded them was a ruffian and a villain, Captain Baumgarten. He took a pleasure in humiliating and ill-treating the brave men who had fallen into his power. That night, upon my son answering fiercely back to some taunt of his, he struck him in the eye, like this!"

The crash of the blow rang through the hall. The German's face fell forward, his hand up, and blood oozing through his fingers. The Count settled down in his chair once more.

"My boy was disfigured by the blow, and this villain made his appearance the object of his jeers. By the way, you look a little comical yourself at the present moment, Captain, and your Colonel would certainly say that you had been getting into mischief. To continue, however, my boy's youth and his destitution—for his pockets were empty—moved the pity of a kind-hearted major, and he advanced him ten Napoleons from his own pocket without security of any kind. Into your hands, Captain Baumgarten, I return these ten gold pieces, since I cannot learn the name of the lender. I am grateful from my heart for this kindness shown to my boy.

"The vile tyrant who commanded the escort accompanied the prisoners to Durlach, and from there to Carlsruhe. He heaped every outrage upon my lad, because the spirit of the Château Noirs would not stoop to turn away his wrath by a feigned submission. Aye, this cowardly villain, whose heart's blood shall still clot upon this hand, dared to strike my son with his open hand, to kick him, to tear hairs from his moustache —to use him thus—and thus—and thus!"

The German writhed and struggled.



"THUS—AND THUS!"

He was helpless in the hands of this huge giant whose blows were raining upon him. When at last, blinded and half-senseless, he staggered to his feet, it was only to be hurled back again into the great oaken chair. He sobbed in his impotent anger and shame.

"My boy was frequently moved to tears by the humiliation of his position," continued the Count. "You will understand me when I say that it is a bitter thing to be helpless in the hands of an insolent and remorseless

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enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been wounded by the brutality of his guard, was bound up by a young Bavarian subaltern who was touched by his appearance. I regret to see that your eye is bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German dashed his hand aside.

"I am in your power, you monster!" he cried; "I can endure your brutalities, but not your hypocrisy."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I am taking things in their order, just as they occurred," said he. "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk *tête-à-tête*. Let me see, I had got as far as the young Bavarian at Carlsruhe. I regret extremely that you will not permit me to use such slight skill in surgery as I possess. At Carlsruhe, my lad was shut up in the old caserne, where he remained for a fortnight. The worst pang of his captivity was that some unmannerly curs in the garrison would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That reminds me, Captain, that you are not quite situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are you, now? You came to trap a wolf, my man, and now the beast has you down with his fangs in your throat. A family man, too, I should judge, by that well-filled tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually remain widows long. Get back into the chair, you dog!

"Well, to continue my story—at the end of a fortnight my son and his friend escaped. I need not trouble you with the dangers which they ran, or with the privations which they endured. Suffice it that to disguise themselves they had to take the clothes of two peasants, whom they waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and travelling by night, they had got as far into France as Remilly, and were within a mile—a single mile, Captain—of crossing the German lines when a patrol of Uhlans came right upon them. Ah, it was hard, was it not, when they had come so far and were so near to safety?"

The Count blew a double call upon his whistle, and three hard-faced peasants entered the room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said he. "Well, then, the Captain in command, finding that these men were French soldiers in civilian dress within the German lines, proceeded to hang them without trial or ceremony. I think, Jean, that the centre beam is the strongest."

The unfortunate soldier was dragged from his chair to where a noosed rope had been flung over one of the huge oaken rafters which spanned the room. The cord was slipped over his head, and he felt its harsh grip round his throat. The three peasants seized the other end, and looked to the Count for his orders. The officer, pale, but firm, folded his arms and stared defiantly at the man who tortured him.

"You are now face to face with death, and I perceive from your lips that you are praying. My son was also face to face with death, and he prayed, also. It happened that a general officer came up, and he heard the lad praying for his mother, and it moved him so—he being himself a father—that he ordered his Uhlans away and he remained with his aide-de-camp only, beside the condemned men. And when he heard all the lad had to tell, that he was the only child of an old family, and that his mother was in failing health, he threw off the rope as I throw off this, and he kissed him on either cheek, as I kiss you, and he bade him go, as I bid you go, and may every kind wish of that noble General, though it could not stave off the fever which slew my son, descend now upon your head."

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered out into the wind and the rain of that wild December dawn.

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Marksmanship.

By Gilbert Guerdon.

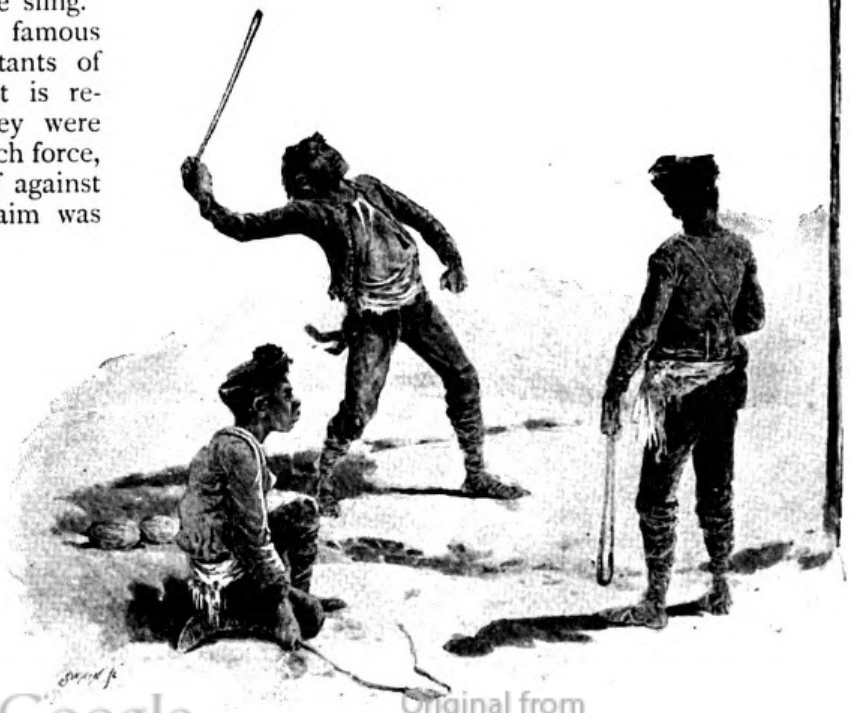
OF all our outdoor pastimes, shooting has always been a first favourite. Old and young alike are happy as long as they have something to aim at—something to hit. Let it be pigeons at Hurlingham, bull's-eyes at Bisley, cockshies for cocoa-nuts on the common, or puff-and-dart in the play-room—each in its way has its peculiar charm.

The art of aiming and hitting, sometimes called marksmanship, is natural to mankind, and is "as old as the hills." That was "a decided hit" of the stripling David when he "chose five smooth stones out of the brook," and with one of them, deftly flung from a sling, laid low the giant Philistine, Goliath of Gath. Stone-throwing has been practised by striplings ever since. Though a very primitive weapon of attack, the sling was used by soldiers for many centuries.

Virgil, as versified by Dryden, tells us that "The Tuscan king laid by the lance and took him to the sling."

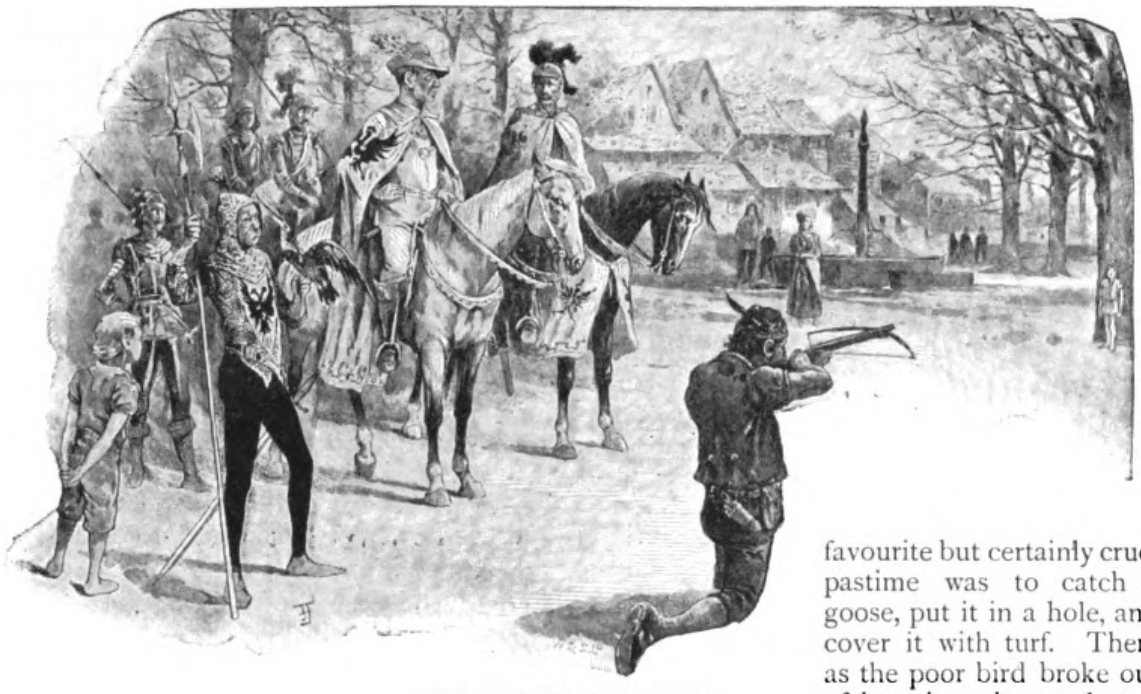
Amongst the most famous slingers were the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, and it is recorded of them that they were able to sling stones with such force, that no armour was proof against the blows, while their aim was unerring. They usually carried three slings, one tied round the head, another fastened to the girdle, and the third twisted round the right wrist. These world-renowned warriors were ambidextrous, and were quite as skilful with the left hand as they were with the right. This dexterity, or rather ambi-dexterity, was acquired by every-day practice, even from early childhood; for, while quite youngsters, they had to sling down their daily bread from the tops of high poles, where their parents put it, and the children only got what they brought down by their accurate slinging.

Archery succeeded slinging, and every young Englishman in the days of Edward III. was the owner of a bow of his own height. Usually it was made of yew. The string was of gut, horse-hair, hemp or silk, and, occasionally, of women's hair plaited or spun. The arrow was exactly half the length of the bow. It was dressed with three



SLINGING FOR DINNER.

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THE FEAT OF WILLIAM TELL.

favourite but certainly cruel pastime was to catch a goose, put it in a hole, and cover it with turf. Then, as the poor bird broke out of its prison, it was shot at till killed.

feathers, two of which were plucked from a gander and the other from a goose. Practice at the butts was constant, and it was considered disgraceful to shoot at less than 220yds. When perfection at that distance had been attained, practice at the popinjay was permitted. A

The longest bow and arrow shoot on record was made by a Lancashire toxopholite, and he in three flights covered a mile, being about 587 yards for each arrow.

Edward III. was an ardent archer, and enjoyed attending the shooting matches.



INDIAN ARCHERS.

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It was at a meeting of this kind near Nottingham that three famous archers shot before the King. The marks were two hazel rods set up at twenty-score paces. At the first flight—

> Cloudesley with
> a bearing arrow
> Clave the wand
> in two.

The champion archer then called his little boy and tied him to a stake, and placing an apple on his head, turned his face away and bade him stand steady. The confident father then stepped out six-score paces from the stake, and bidding the amazed spectators be silent he drew his bow, and as the old ballad says :—

> Then Cloudesley cleft the apple in two,
> As many a man might see.
> "The gods forbid it," said the King,
> "That you should shoot at me."

This pleasant little tale reads very like the familiar Swiss legend of William Tell, but both the English and the Swiss versions were current about the same time, and probably both originated in the still older Scandinavian fable of the matchless marksman.



NEGRO STICK-THROWER.

Archery, though now only practised as a pastime in civilized countries, is still in active use amongst the savage tribes of Africa and India. A favourite amusement with them is to shoot at a target while galloping past it, and the more skilful of them will put three out of four shots in the bull's-eye.



AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG.

Albert Smith amusingly described the boomerang as "the Australian crooked lath with the out-of-the-way name, that has the singular property when you throw it from you of returning and knocking the thrower's eyes out." This, of course, only referred to the boomerang when used as a toy at an evening party ; but serious injury can be done with it when used as a weapon of offence. It can be thrown with surprising accuracy, and is used for killing both ground game and birds. About half a century ago it afforded amusement to the students at Oxford and Cambridge.

In some respects akin to the use of the boomerang is the stick-throwing of an African negro. In the early days of the Wimbledon Rifle Meetings, Sambo used to astonish the marksmen by propelling perpendicularly into the air sticks about as long as an ordinary arrow, and making them drop within a marked-out space. When there was no danger of hitting anyone, he would aim at a target as if with a bow and arrow, and Sambo very seldom missed his mark. Latterly he may have been seen in the City throwing his sticks over the telegraph wires, whenever there was a chance of doing so out of sight of a policeman.

"Buffalo Bill," in his "Wild

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"BUFFALO BILL" SHOOTING AT GLASS BALLS.

West" Show, made us familiar with horseback shooting, but he used a gun and fired at glass balls or oranges which were thrown up by a young lady, also on horseback. Colonel Cody has had many imitators apparently quite as skilful, but there is a good deal of trickery in some of these performances. Of course, if bullets are used, the feat of breaking ten out of a dozen balls would be really wonderful; but if cartridges made up to look like bullets, but which are really filled with small shot, are used, there is nothing very marvellous in the performance.

When Dr. Carver, the once renowned American sharpshooter, was in England some years ago, he attracted a good deal of attention by the astonishing way in which he broke a hundred little glass globes in as many shots, but when the Doctor tried his hand against the crack shots at a Wimbledon Prize Meeting, he was simply nowhere.

If a proof were wanted of the popularity of indoor marksmanship, it would be easily found by looking over the programmes of the various music-halls from all parts of the kingdom. We should be sure to find "Professor" Snapshot, or some of his numerous rivals, announced with a grand flourish.



SHOOTING THE ASH OFF A CIGAR.

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One of our artist's sketches portrays a typical "Professor" with his handy-man, the latter perched on a high stool smoking a cigar, and evidently greatly gratified that the ash has once again been shot off without greater injury than a little dust in his eyes. It is a delightful luxury "for the likes of him to have to smoke a good cigar," and one which burns to a substantial ash. When you see such a performance you will not fail to observe how carefully the man smokes, watching the ash with anxious eye after every puff, knowing, as he does, that the longer the incinerated end becomes the more there will be to aim at, and less likelihood of damage to his nose.

The man is a study. Offer him a cigar on condition that he smokes it to be shot at, and he will say, to a certainty: "No, thankee; I prefer the Professor's." Don't ask him to drink with you till after the performance, but then, if he is in a yarning humour, you may spend a merry half-hour with him. Get him to tell you of his many hair-breadth escapes. He will, with a little encouragement, also immensely amuse you by relating his experiences in trying to get an understudy.

It will be readily understood that a deputy for such a post is not to be picked up "any when and anywhere."

When a likely party has been persuaded to get on the perch, smoking the fragrant weed, the "Professor" has to demonstrate to the embryo understudy that he really runs no risk—not the slightest. Most of the tyros, it appears, are so timid that Professor Snapshot has had to get a dummy figure put on the perch in the practice room, with an imitation cigar in its mouth with a detachable ash 1½in. long. At this mark the Professor fires, lying on his back on a table, and with such invariable success that the understudy gains confidence, and at last summons up resolution to change places with the dummy.

One of the most amusing understudies was a nigger called "Darky." He revelled in the cigars, but was apt to get sleepy. One night when he had to do deputy he shut his eyes as usual, and actually went to sleep on the stool. The explosion of the gun and the knocking away his cigar woke him with a start, and he fell forward on to the stage as if diving, and remained standing on his head with his legs resting against the stool. This startling and novel feature of the performance produced rounds of applause. It was "a decided hit," and vociferously encored. Nothing would, however, induce "Darky" to repeat the trick—not even a promise of a whole box of choice cigars. He declared that he had been killed once, and that was quite enough for him.

The Professor's practice room is usually underground, in some cellars or vaults, which apparently have belonged to a wine merchant, but are at present "to let." There is still a strong smell of wine about the place, and stalactites of cobwebs cover the arched roof and the dark walls. Ensconced in a safe corner, out of the way of stray shots, however erratic, but sufficiently near to see and hear, let us await the arrival of Professor Snapshot and his troupe.

He comes with Miss Lottie Duckfoot and her deputy, and the handy-man. Some assistants





MISS LOTTIE DUCKFOOT SHOOTING AT A CIRCLING BALL.

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arrange the shooting paraphernalia as it will be on the music-hall stage. Lottie, dressed



HEELS OVER HEAD.

à la vivandière, begins by practising at the bobbing balls; numerous stray shots rattling on the empty bottles in the surrounding bins telling truly enough that small shot and not bullets have been used.

A discussion ensues as to whether the public prefer "tights" to petticoats for the female performers. Lottie declares that "she abominates tights. They don't become her, and she won't show in them." The handy-man whispers to us that she did once appear in tights, when someone called out, "Bravo, shaky-shanks!" and she can't forget it.

But the chubby understudy is now practising in all the attractive charms of flesh-coloured tights. Lottie snarlingly suggests that there is "always something loose about tights"; whereupon the Professor has to intervene, and threatens to cancel Lottie's engagement, telling her that she is a regular dog in the manger, as she won't wear tights herself and won't let her deputy.

"Heels over head" is then practised, followed by some novelties, which may or may not be put on the stage, including the startling exploit of shooting with both eyes shut. This was so suggestive of the rest of the shooting being done by trickery, that the Professor's manager said it would open the eyes of the public too much and spoil the whole business. We have not seen it tried yet.

What in the music-hall bills is described as the "astounding feat of William Tell," might quite as fairly relate to the astounding feat of Sambo, who takes the part of the boy with the apple



SHOOTING OVER SHOULDER WITH LOOKING-GLASS.

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THE CHINESE KNIFE TRICK.

on his head in this scene of William Tell *redivivus*. H.-M.—that is, the handy-man—says that it is absolutely necessary to have someone who is firm on his feet for this job, and he declares that Sambo's foot is real good measure; thirteen inches, at least.

The advantage of a good footing is further exemplified in a performance at another music-hall, where the Professor has the rifle over his shoulder and takes aim from a bit of looking-glass, which he holds at the butt-end of the gun. He can just see the foresight of his gun and the orange on the negro's head, and when the two are in alignment he fires, and generally succeeds in hitting the orange.

Before we finish with the music-halls, let us take a peep at "Professor" Chin-Chow-How, the far-famed Chinese juggler. He aims with murderous-looking knives at a boy who stands against a wooden target, into which the knives are cleverly stuck all round, but without touching the half-scared boy.

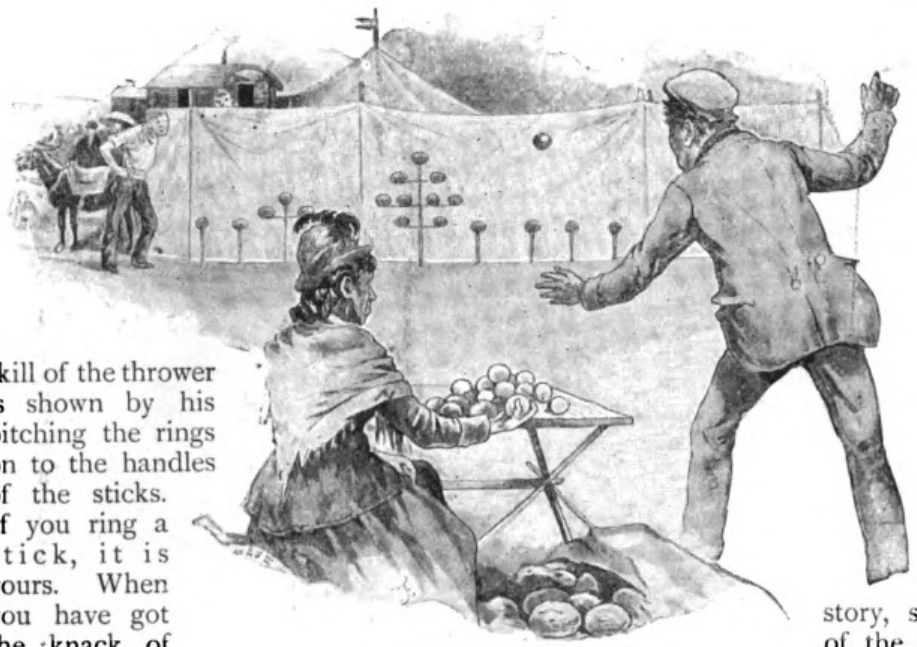
One of the latest additions to the already profuse programme is the Ambidextrous Pistoler, who, shooting first with one hand and then with the other, will put a dozen bullets successively into a visiting card at a distance of about ten yards.

We may now take a little outdoor exercise, and soon find ourselves in a crowd at a street corner looking at a game which appears to be miniature quoits. Lit by a flaming naphtha lamp, there is a stall, which looks like an overgrown umbrella-stand, full of walking-sticks of all kinds. At these a man is throwing wooden rings about as large as those used for cornice-poles. These are supplied by the proprietor of the stall at six a penny. The



THE AMBIDEXTROUS PISTOLER.

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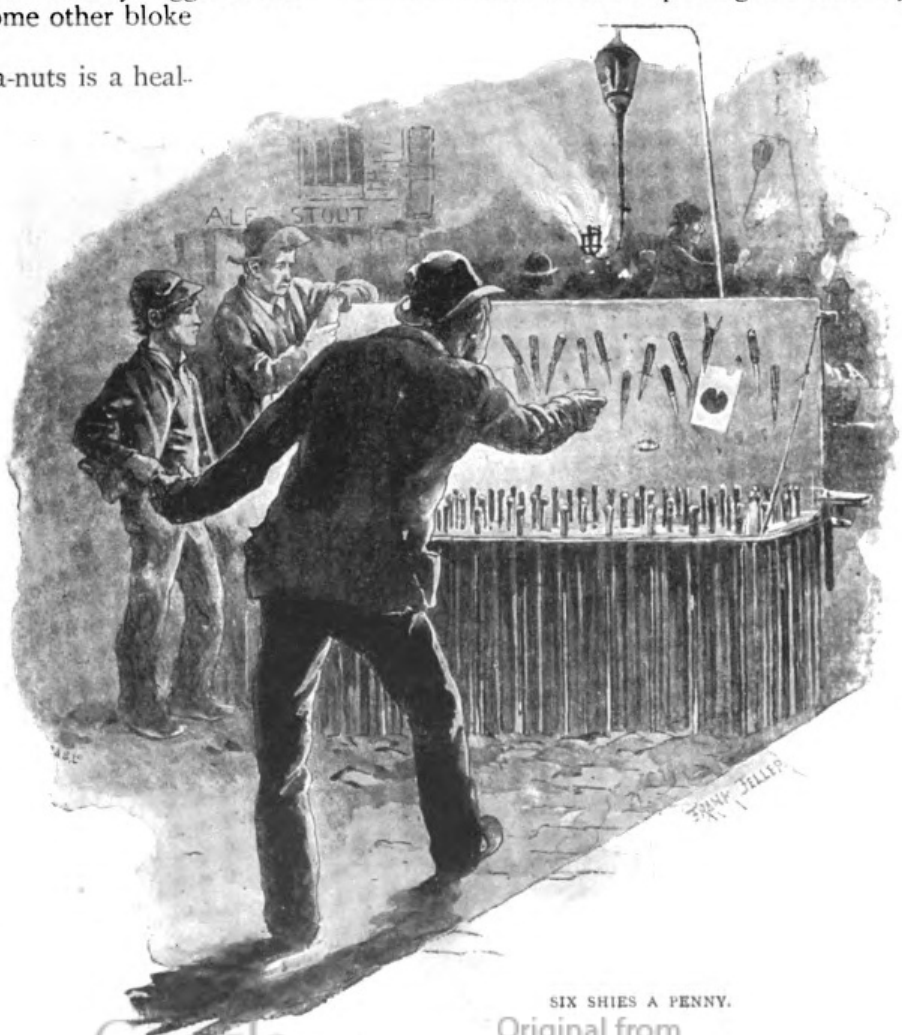
DEAD ON THE COCOA-NUTS.

skill of the thrower is shown by his pitching the rings on to the handles of the sticks. If you ring a stick, it is yours. When you have got the knack of aiming accurately, you can get one ring on out of three, and then the proprietor usually suggests that you should "Give some other bloke a turn."

Cockshies at cocoa-nuts is a healthier amusement, because it must take place in an open space, and if on the sands at the sea-side, it is healthful and invigorating. The odds are in favour of the nuts, but recently a gentleman, who was showing his boy how to aim at them, took a nut with every ball, till the owner, looking very glum, said, "You don't want to bust up a poor man, do you?" The winner only took one nut, though he had won eighteen, and he was at once proclaimed "a real gemman; one of the right sort."

Of pea-shooters and catapults the less said the better, unless it be by way of depreciation. By their admirers they may be looked upon as merely harmless toys, but on the other hand, they may be used in many dangerous ways, and are therefore very properly proscribed by the police regulations.

An amusing post-prandial story, showing the utility of the pea-shooter, comes to us from America. A very prosy parson had a cute young friend, to whom he had been deploring his inability



SIX SHIES A PENNY.

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to keep his congregation awake during his Sunday sermons. "If I could only keep my flock awake, my addresses would do them a world of good."

"Well," replied Mr. Cute, "I'll bet you five dollars I'll keep them awake next Sunday."

"How?" inquired the parson.

"Never mind how. You let me have a seat in the gallery behind you, and leave the rest to me."

Sunday came, and Mr. Cute with his pea-shooter was in the gallery. The parson was proceeding with his sermon in his usual sleepy style, and soon one of the congregation began to settle down in the pew corner for a snooze. But at the first nod he started up, rubbed his nose, and stared round. Each would-be dozer seemed to be similarly affected, till at last the parson turned and upbraided Mr. Cute on his want of decorum.

"Never mind," said he, in a loud whisper; "you go on with your sermon: I'll keep the flock awake."

The congregation were wakeful enough now, and the parson finished his discourse by telling his flock that :—

Some go to church for a walk ;
Some go there to laugh and talk ;
Some go there their time to spend,
Whilst others go to meet a friend.
Some go there to wink and nod,
But few go there to worship God.



PEA-SHOOTING.

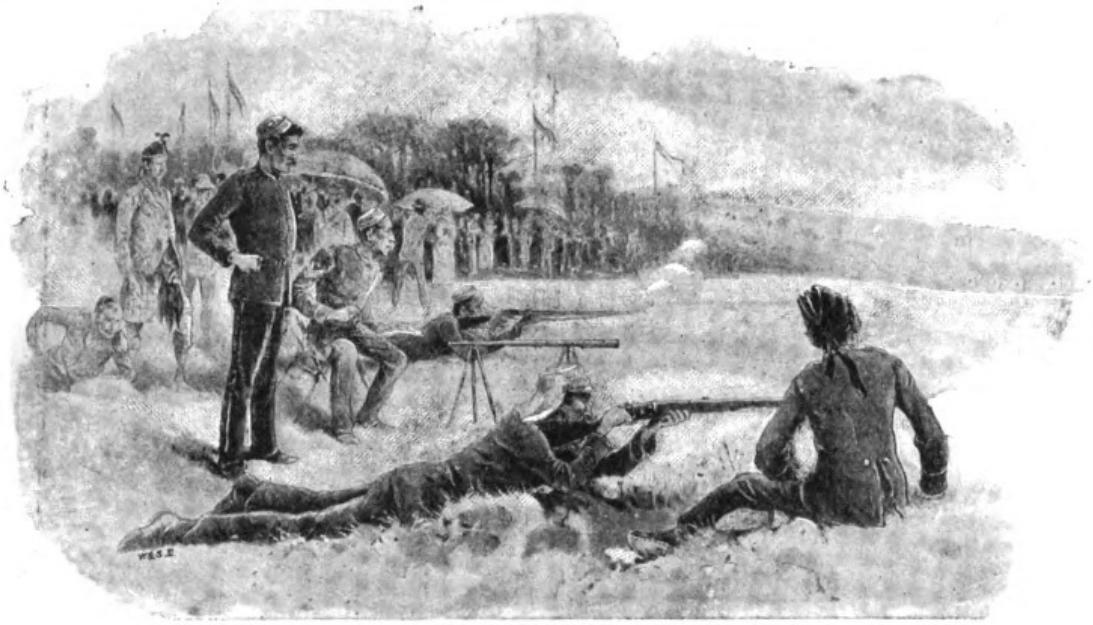
Amongst the oddest of odd shots was undoubtedly the man who amused Henry VIII. by making some marvellous scores with a bow and arrow while standing on one leg, the other being stretched across his breast. He was henceforth known as "Foot-in-Bosom." But this odd posture has been quite eclipsed in modern times by the renowned marksman, Farquharson, who some years ago, at a Wimbledon Meeting, startled the shooting world by firing his rifle while lying on his back. He made such marvellous scores, and won so many prizes, that the novel position was not only practised by most marksmen, but now the posture is actually taught as part of the musketry instruction in the regular army. In all-comers' contests where "any position" is permitted, competitors often assume it with marked success.



THE BACK POSITION.

The prone position, being the steadiest, is generally chosen for sighting rifles, and the pool ranges at Bisley are always fully occupied for this purpose. It often requires several shots to find the bull ; but as the entries are only limited by the length of the

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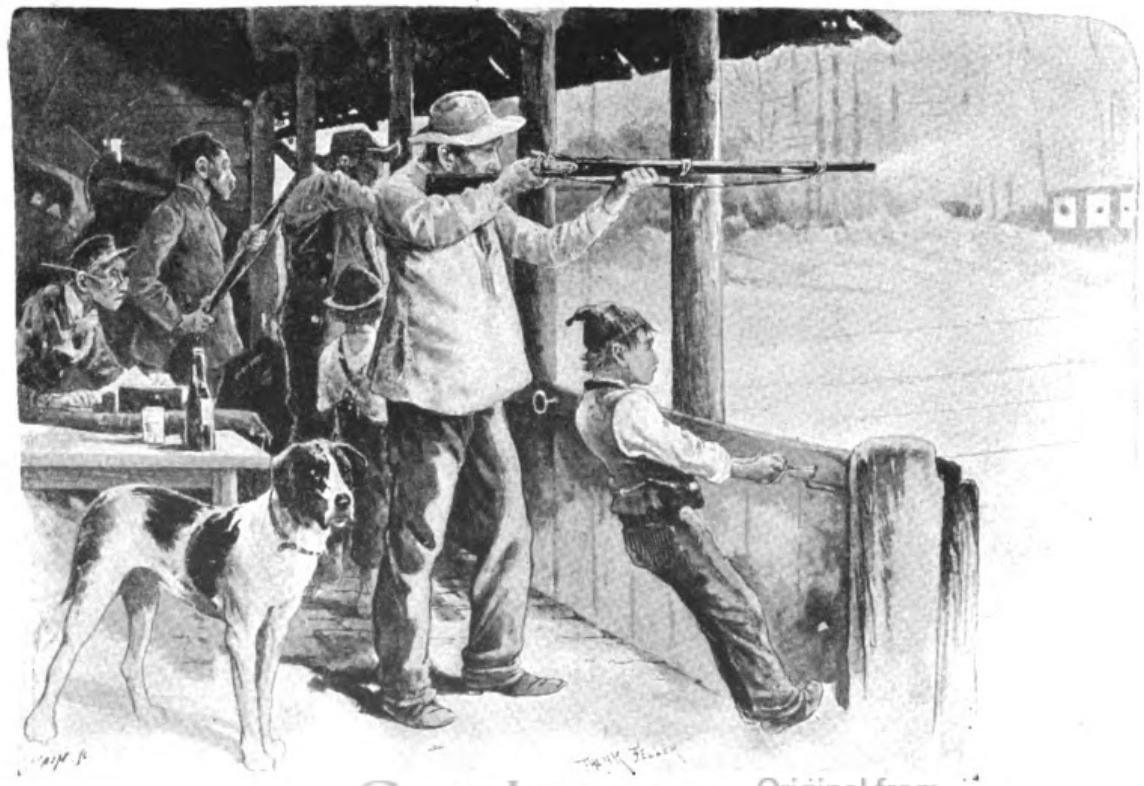


BISLEY POOL SHOOTING.

marksman's purse, he keeps on paying his shilling till he gets the correct elevation and finds the allowance to be made for that *bête noir* of the rifleman—a "fish-tail" wind.

The value of the bull's-eyes made at pool varies with the weather, being perhaps 5s. in fine weather and as many pounds in bad. The whole of the entries, less 25 per cent. deducted by the National Rifle Association, is divided amongst the makers of bull's-eyes, and paid in cash the next morning.

Half a century ago the Swiss had the reputation of being the most famous shots in the world, and it was not surprising that they should have been tempted by the splendid shooting prizes offered at the first Wimbledon Meeting to turn up in large numbers. That notable meeting of July, 1860, attracted marks-



SWISS SHOOTING FOR PRIZES.

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men from all parts of the world, but only four or five of the Swiss were able to hold their own against our Volunteers, though they were then but novices at rifle shooting. The Switzers took a few prizes at the shorter ranges, but were completely beaten at the longer distances.



TYROLESE MARKSMAN.

Nevertheless, the Swiss are still famous shots and love rifle shooting, and on Sundays, in the summer-time they may be seen in every village shooting for prizes, and the valleys re-echo with the ping of the rifle bullet on the old-fashioned iron targets, which they still prefer to the canvas substitutes which we use.

Their neighbours the Tyrolese are almost as good marksmen, and take as great a pride in teaching their children the art of shooting. They may be seen winter and summer in the mountains snugly perched on some crag of porphyry or dolomite, attended by a youngster who watches with eager earnestness and evident delight the result of his father's effort to knock over a capering wild goat half a mile away.

There is only one other foreign sharpshooter about whom we propose to say a word, and that is the Boer of South Africa. Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill told us only too well of their skill as sharpshooters, and though they are now principally occupied in agricultural pursuits, they generally ride from farm to farm armed with a good rifle, and carrying a well-filled bandoleer, ready to bring down any big game they may come across. May they always confine their sharpshooting skill to like purposes.



BOER SPORTSMAN.

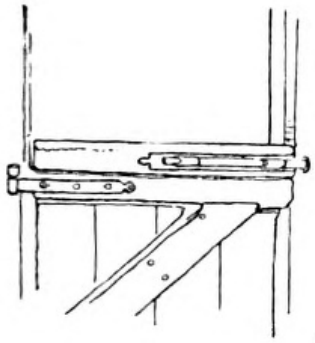
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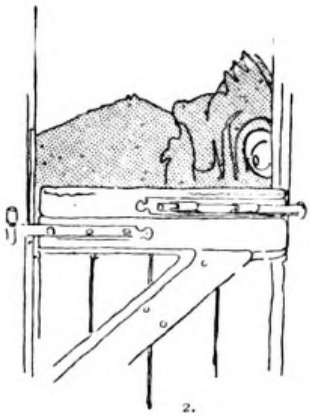


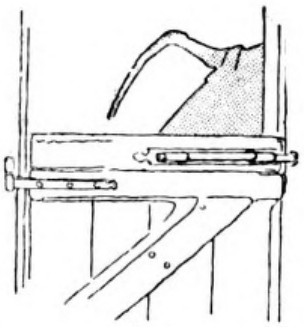
XXV.—ZIG-ZAG BOVINE.

THE antelope is bovine—in its own scientific way. It belongs to one sub-tribe of the bovina, while the respectable cow of our native dairy belongs to another; therefore, herein the antelope and the relations of the ox are spoken of together. The greatest of all the bovina in these Gardens—the Bos, in fact, if one may

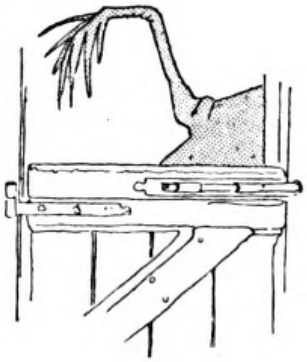
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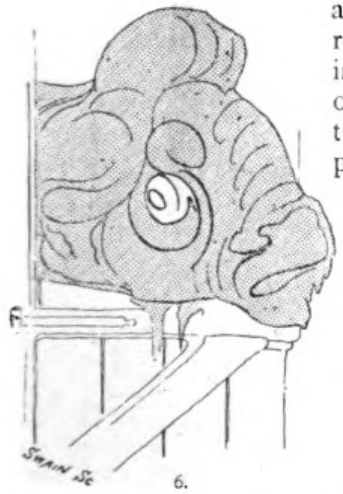

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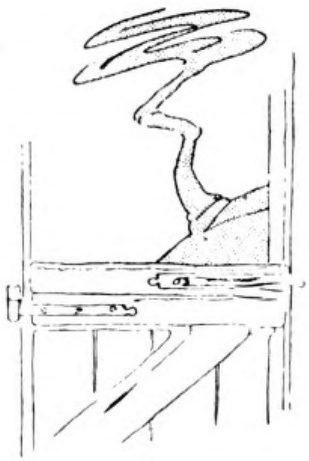

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7.

make a Yankee-Latin pun--is Jack, the American bison. There is a deal of beef behind Jack's skin, and dear beef, for there will never again be seen such another bison as Jack, and he is worth a deal of money. The bison which once paved the prairies with many miles of beef is now all but extinct—soon will be.

Jack is not as friendly as he might be. I cannot claim to have slapped Jack on the back, as I have slapped many creatures that may seem wilder than any mere cattle. As a matter of sober truth, Jack is about the most dangerous brute in the place. In the course of the preparation of this paper he has been found a disconcerting animal to sketch — if the attempt be made from the door of his residence, while he takes his walks abroad in his front garden. For he has strong opinions in the matter of trespass, and turns them over in his mind as he stalks past, afterwards communicating them to the trespasser by sundry glares of the eye, brandishings of the tail, sudden approaches of the spacious countenance, and threatening snorings; so that often the trespasser is fain to fall in with Jack's opinions suddenly, and get out without wasting time on ceremony or picking things up.


8.



9.

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A SHAM BOHEMIAN.

Jack is not amiable, even to relations. It is all a matter of space. Among his other strong opinions Jack has one, especially strong, on the question of adequate breathing and exercise area for a healthy bull. Anything smaller than the space here at his disposal he regards as unhealthy for more than one animal, and is apt to maintain his opinion by indisputable demonstration. Place him with another animal in a restricted space, and you will at once perceive that the arrangement is extremely unhealthy — for the other animal. Jack puts down his head, and in a very little while his companion will probably be found dead from overcrowding. The most fatal sort of overcrowding I know of is Jack's. His front garden is of a size that satisfies his notions, and he willingly allows the presence of Nell, his spouse, and a calf; but if either of these ventured into his private sanctum behind, she would be overcrowded to a pulp in five minutes.



CLERKLY ATTENTION.



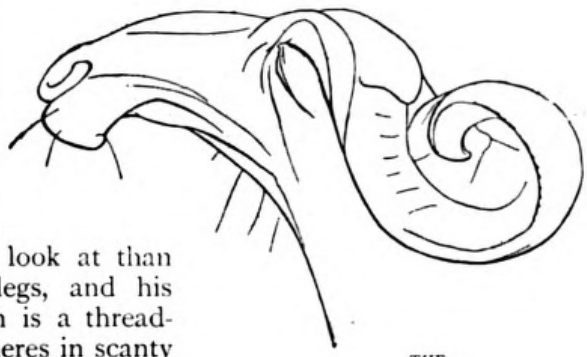
A SERIOUS PERSON.

Jack's outline—if you forget the tail—is grand, but his constant attitude of readiness to deal with a question of overcrowding gives him an air of clerkly and impartial attention, ignominiously suggestive of the Civil Service. His shaggy head, though, inclines him more to the aspect of the sham Bohemian. Still, however his appearance may strike the individual fancy, there is no doubt possible of the fact that he is for ever absorbed in profound meditation. Mere questions of air-space and overcrowding, I am convinced, affect him with only a passing interest. In general he is pathetically brooding, with bowed head, over his nearly approaching extinction. Not that



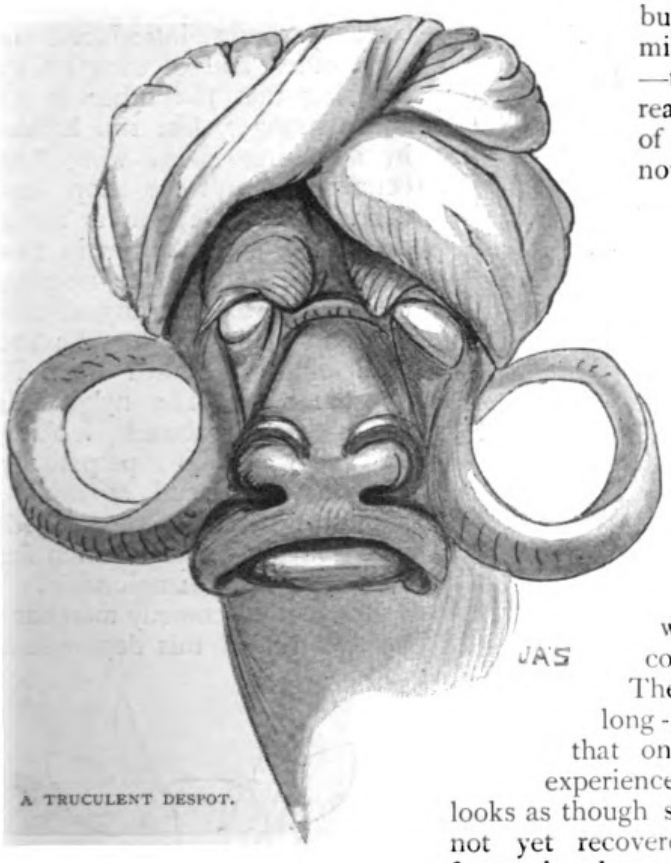
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extinction is an unpleasant fate—for is it not a rare and envied dignity? But he laments that he will drag into nothingness with him the last fragments of the old joke about the Indian resolved on skinning the bison to make his wigwam, and the bison making the Indian's wig warm without waiting to be skinned.

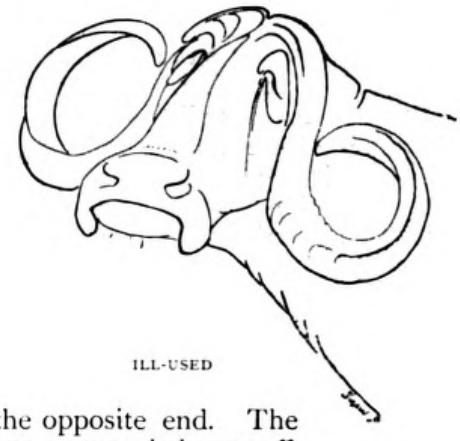


THE—

Jack's fore-end is by far more imposing to look at than the rest of him. He has neat, well-bred legs, and his steely muscles fill his skin well; but that skin is a thread-bare piece of upholstery, and the nap only adheres in scanty patches. I would respectfully suggest to the authorities that a new skin for Jack (of good quality and permanent nap) be included in the next estimate for repairs. If, at the same time, the question of a new tail were considered, something would have been paid of the large debt of gratitude owing to the ox tribe for the many things—shoe-leather, horn coat-buttons, some part of what we buy for milk, ox-tail soup, beef-tea, and bull's-eyes—that it gives to suffering humanity. Jack really does want a new tail. He grew out of the present small fitting long ago, and now it presents a ludicrous want of balance with the opposite end. The commonest pump is better off.

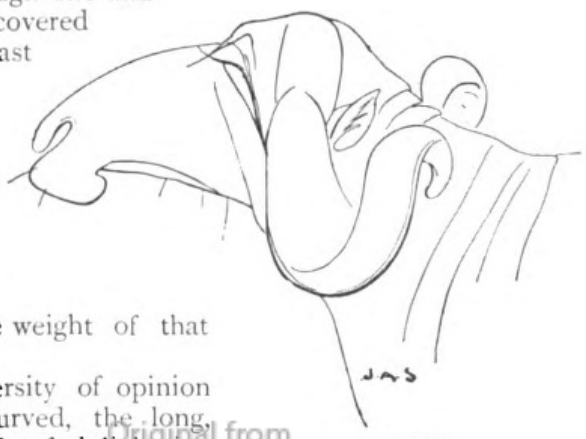


A TRUCULENT DESPOT.



ILL-USED

The Indian buffalo, close by, is such a long-suffering and melancholy-looking cow that one immediately infers bad matrimonial experiences. She looks as though she had not yet recovered from the last connubial thrashing. Fortunately her husband is somewhere far away in Asia—and a truculent despot he probably is. For tearfully and mournfully as his ill-used spouse regards you, it would be inadvisable to tempt her too far in the matter of overcrowding. It is a sad and a pathetic face, but I shouldn't like it to hit me full-butt in the stomach with all the weight of that wealth of Bengalee cow-beef behind it.



WIFE.

Over in the antelope-house there is a diversity of opinion in the matter of horns. The straight, the curved, the long, the short, the regular, the barley-sugar, and the fork-lightning

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ANIMATED JOKES—THE GNU HUMOUR.



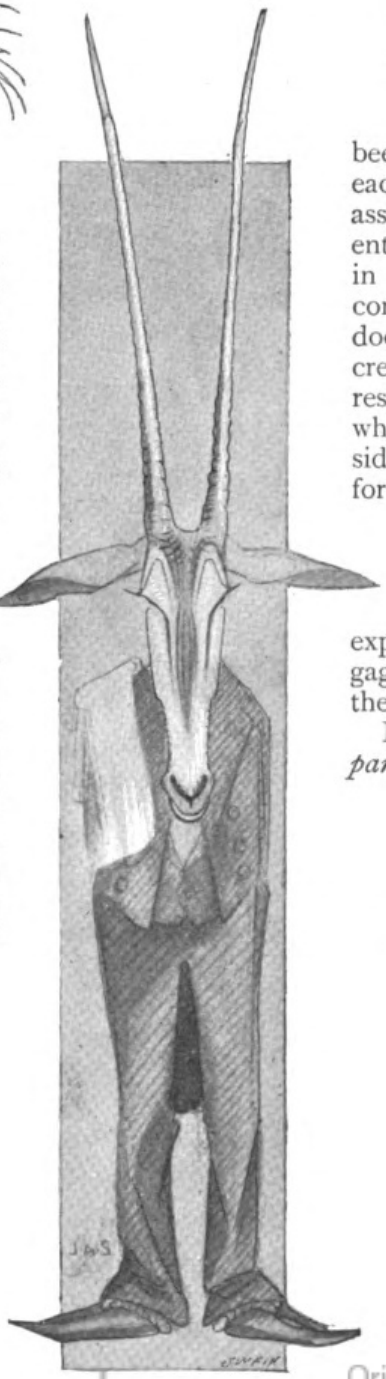


pattern—all have their wearers. And every antelope is very serious—no antelope ever saw a joke. They meditate and take life with the melancholy characteristic of the solitary waiter who is left here at the refreshment-rooms all the winter, to make strange visitors wonder what he is being punished for. All but the gnus. The gnu is an animated joke in himself, and is apt to be struck by a sudden remembrance of his own absurdity, and to go tearing round his paddock enjoying the fun. The gnu seems to have been built by way of using up odd scraps of material after the completion of the bull, the horse, and the donkey; and his fore-end and hind-end have an eternal air of never having been properly introduced to each other, and of each loudly asserting that the other is an entire stranger, like two hatters in adjoining shops with "no connection with the shop next door." Still, the gnu is not a creature of even temper, in this respect resembling the nylghai, whose repartee to any ill-considered joke is apt to take the form of an awkward drive in the ribs. The nylghai is a well-groomed looking fellow, who perpetually chews the cud at double express speed, as though engaged in a perpetual match for the ruminating championship.

But the low-comedy merchant *par excellence* of this department



A MERE PLATER.

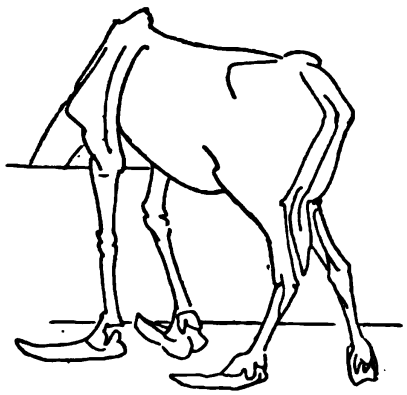


MELANCHOLY.

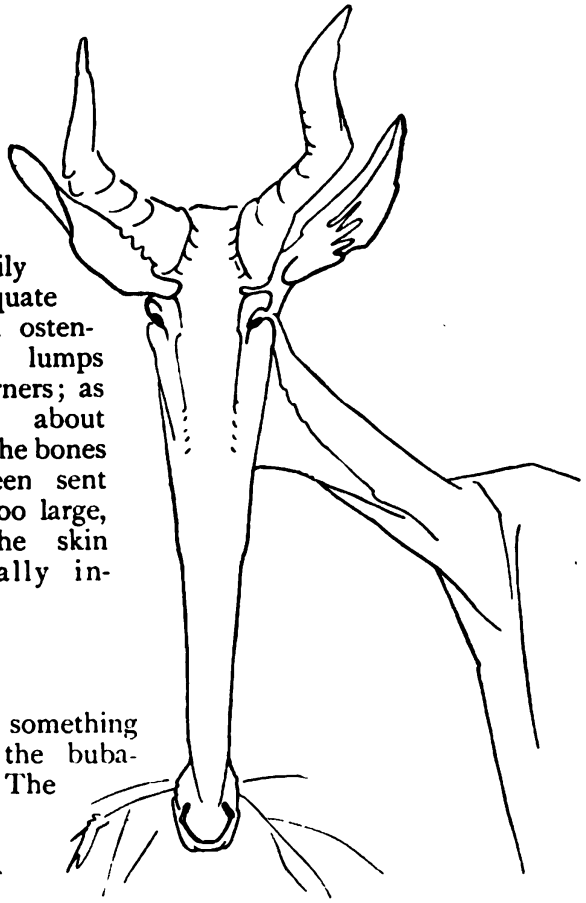


THE CUD CHAMPION.

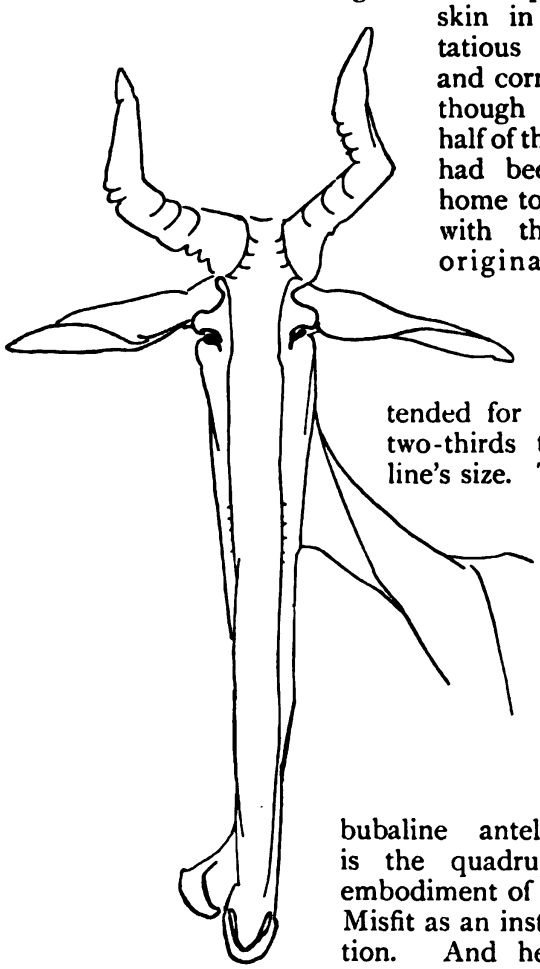
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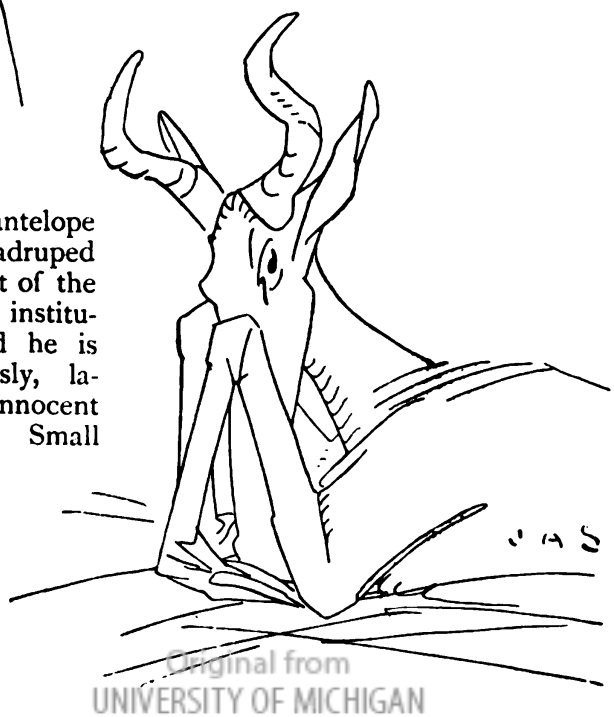
is the bubaline antelope. His hoofs spread out before his shins like the long boots of the dancing nigger, his horns are of the loudest thunder-and-lightning pattern, his ears are of the wildest donkey-design, his head is that of a cheap tack-hammer, and his nose—



but, there; there is no describing that nose—it puts the ant-eater to shame. His bodily framework asserts itself through the inadequate skin in ostentatious lumps and corners; as though about half of the bones had been sent home too large, with the skin originally intended for something two-thirds the bubaline's size. The

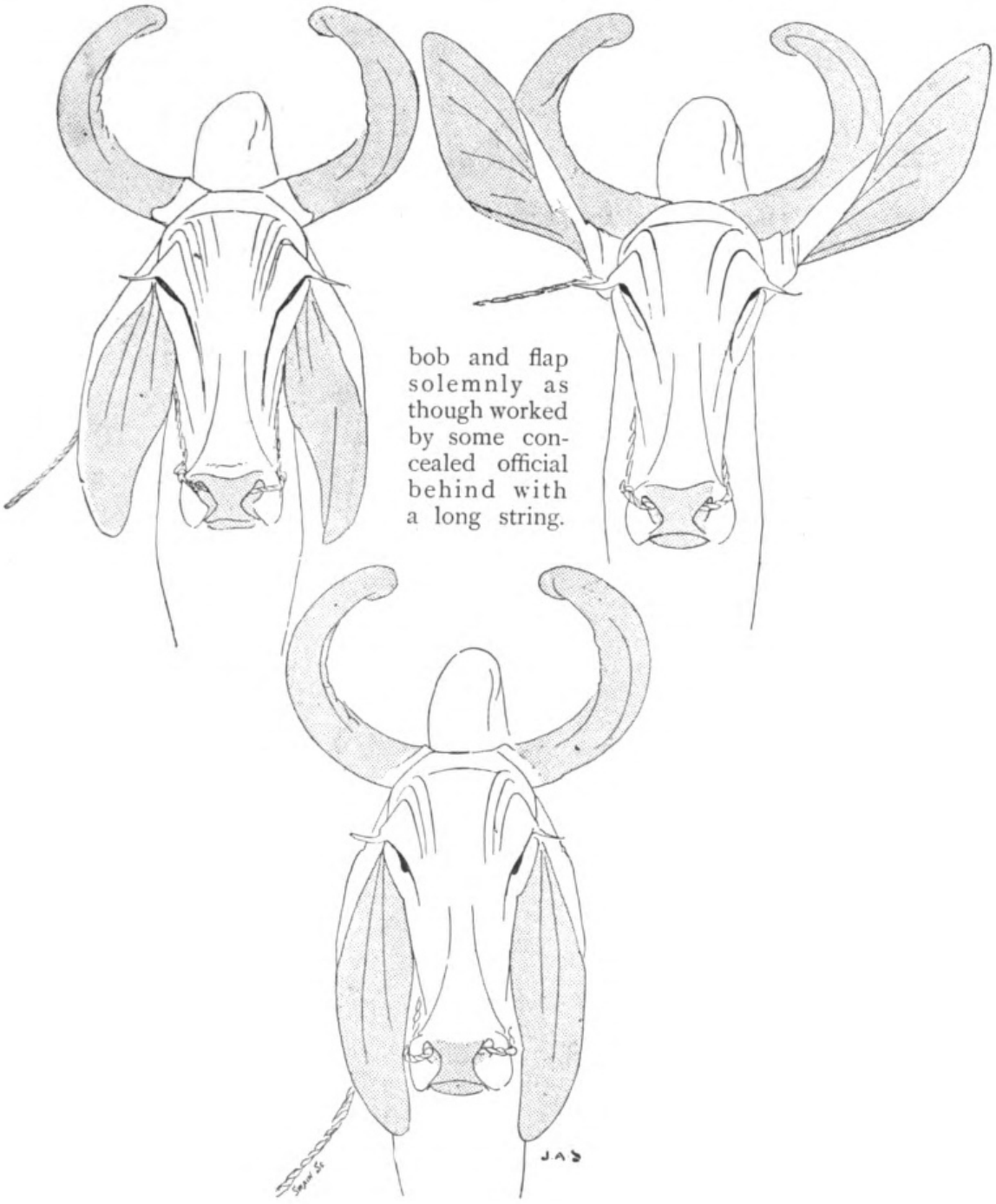


bubaline antelope is the quadruped embodiment of the Misfit as an institution. And he is so hopelessly, lamentably innocent and unconscious of his eccentricities! Small boys stand before his den and scream with laughter; the bubaline looks at them with a mild and grieved surprise. He has heard hundreds of visitors laugh like that, and could never understand why it was done. What can it be? Any animal with a sense of humour



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would at least cover up that nose. Over in the house where once the giraffes lived, solemnly ruminate the stately zebus. The zebu is a grand piece of scenery, and looks as though it might carry with it some excellent cuts of beef. But it is not active, and only its ears betray the fact that the whole thing is not stuffed. And those ears



bob and flap solemnly as though worked by some concealed official behind with a long string.

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By Beckles Willson.

If ever, gentlest reader, you should chance to visit the fair at Starn—the Show Fair, it is called in the Canadian province—you may come upon a blooming young woman in a flower booth. She will, doubtless, be standing among roses and ferns, mignonettes and tulip bulbs, and her wealth of shining black hair, you may even perceive, smoothed over her brown temples, falls in a long braid down her back. It was not always worn thus; for, many years ago, it had an odd habit of shooting upwards over her forehead. This was when Annette Pompin was a child, and earned for her a certain sobriquet. Quaint old Bedard, the schoolmaster at Bonneval, saw it. He immediately christened the child Mademoiselle Pompadour.

Annette's father was the miller of Bonneval. He lived with his wife and two children in a cottage adjoining the mill, which in those days was four miles from the village.

One day—it was early in autumn—Pompin took the money which he had got from the season's grist of the farmers and, tying it up in a linen bag, handed it to his wife, saying:—

"Here, Therèse, you know best where to hide this."

Madame Pompin was a hard-featured, close-fisted creature, who, in this respect, thoroughly justified the confidence her husband reposed in her. She well knew how to take good care of all the cash that touched her bony fingers. So Mme. Pompin took the money and thrust the linen bag into an old white stocking. After that she carried it down into the cellar and placed it behind one of the loose stones in the cellar wall. No one would think of looking for it there.

Late one night, some weeks after this had occurred, there was a hearty knock on the door of the Pompins. The family had retired, but the miller's wife at once stuck her head out of the window, and called out:—

"Halloa, you! what do you want?"

It was just like Mme. Pompin, who was never frightened. Mme. Pompin was never even nervous. But the person—whoever it

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"HERE, THERÈSE. HIDE THIS."

was — hidden under the portico, only answered by a knock louder than before.

Then Pompin himself got out of bed, seized a candle, lit it, and went down and unbolted the door. Four men brushing past him stalked into the house.

Now, Pompin was a good-natured, decent sort of soul—he might have made a capital schoolmaster—but, at this sight, his knees clapped promptly together like castanets.

"Come, Miller Pompin," cried loudly one of the four, slapping him on the shoulder, "don't let's have any monkeying with the buzz-saw. No tomfoolery, Pompin. Where's the cash kept?"

It was not a cold night, but Pompin shivered in his shirt. He was on the point of catching his breath to reply when his better half appeared. She had thrown on a shawl and a skirt of étoffe, and now stalked into the room with blazing eyes.

"Shut up, Pompin!" she began.



"SHUT UP!"

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Pompin had not spoken. Nevertheless, he felt relieved.

"Well, gentlemen, speak—what is it you want?"

Mme. Pompin addressed this question resolutely to the four robbers.

"Hem—it's this way," said the leader. "You have a little matter of four hundred dollars in the house. We are poor—we need it. It may be more, and it may be less. If it's more, we're not the men to stick at a few dollars. You shall have the benefit. If it is less, we shall take away a night-cap or a cheese or two to make up. We will give you five minutes to hand it over—otherwise—we shall take it by force!"

Mme. Pompin refused to be frightened. She only sneered politely. She laughed a dry little laugh only, responding in an icy tone:—

"You have committed a mistake. There is no money for you in this house. So you had better go!"

"Ha, ha! Go, is it?" growled one of the men, rudely catching her round the arm. "Not without the money, beldame!"

Mme. Pompin's eyes glittered cruelly. She drew herself up with wounded dignity. How dearly she would have loved to tear the infamous *grédin's* eyeballs out. Beldame, indeed! Instead, however, of attempting anything so foolish, she merely said:—

"Do not talk so loud, m'sieur. You will wake the children."

At this injunction the ruffians lost what good grace they had, for they shouted with laughter. Two of them seized Pompin and his wife and tied them, seated in two chairs, with ropes which they had brought. This rendered it extremely impracticable for the couple to stir hand or foot. The others, who had meanwhile gone above to reconnoitre, returned just as their companions had completed their task with the ropes.

"There's nobody upstairs but the two brats," they reported. The words were hardly spoken when the voices of Annette and André were heard on the stairs. Little André was bawling at the top of his lungs. He had taken the masked robber for the dreaded *Loup-garou* (Bogie-man). Annette, too, was frightened, but she did not scream; she was far too frightened for that.

Instinct led these children to their mother. She was sitting bolt upright, very white and glittering and still—like ice. The hysterical efforts of her offspring to wind themselves into her shawl and skirt were suddenly interrupted. The man who alone stood guard with a loaded revolver over the Pompins rudely tore them from their scant refuge.



"SHE WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT."

"Come away, you little beggars. Go back to bed, both of you! Don't you see your mother doesn't want you?"

Whereupon both the children set up such a terrific babel that one of the robbers came hastily forward to quell it. He was less hard-hearted than the rest.

"Let the kids be, Tim," he said, savagely. Then, addressing the father, he continued, with an oath: "Look you, Pompin, we're doing our best to help you. We can ransack this house from top to bottom in less than two hours. If we don't find what we're after, then we'll furnish a pair of corpses towards a funeral, that's all."

"Aye," said the man with the revolver, who stood guard, "if we go away empty-handed, ye'll stay empty-headed. Ha, ha! Remember that, Miller Pompin!"

The miller shivered. He knew his wife would die—or, rather, which was not quite the same thing, see him die—before she would

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teli where the money was hid. But Annette and André were still clamorously weeping.

"Curse you both! Can't you do something to keep these brats of yours quiet?"

Mme. Pompin was reasonable. She was appealed to by the robber. She opened her mouth at last.

"Pompin, amuse them," she muttered between her thin lips.

"Come here, *mes p'tites*," said their father, soothingly. "Don't cry, André. Dry your eyes, Annette, there's a good dear. Fetch your slate, and papa will draw you pictures."

The miller had considerable rude talent for drawing. As may be imagined, it was a source of rare delight to both children, but especially Annette, when their father could spare the time to make pictures of elephants and donkeys, and *bossus* and hook-nosed giants, and all the other worthies of Canadian folk-lore for their edification. In the midst of her present terror the idea had not lost all its charm for Annette, for she stopped sobbing at once.



"HE WROTE IN CAPITAL LETTERS."

"André," she ejaculated to the bawling infant, "papa's going to draw us pictures—look, pretty pictures!"

André's eyes stopped flowing on the spot, while Annette ran for the wonderful slate. As she removed it from the table the ruffian gave a grunt of satisfaction. It was his method of thanking Mme. Pompin.

The miller was enabled just to move his arms below the elbow. Annette and he held the slate in turns while he drew a row of grotesque outline figures by the candle-light. Then he stopped drawing figures, and wrote, or rather printed, in capital letters, this:—

"My darling Annette must not be frightened. She must be brave. Pretend papa is still drawing. Then go into the kitchen for a drink of water. Do not come back. You must run all the way to the village. Tell the priest robbers are going to kill your mamma and papa. Run as fast as you can. Be sure and ——"

As the robber made a movement forward Pompin was obliged to rub out what he had written. He had kept his little finger moistened for that purpose. But it was a false alarm.

"Be sure and wrap up in my coat, but do not stop for anything else. God bless thee, my child."

Pompin replaced these sentences with a very droll sketch of a Starn pig on horseback.

The little heart of Mademoiselle Pompadour beat fast and furiously for a moment. Then she made her mind up. André had gone to slumber on his father's shoulder.

"Please, Mr. Robber, may me and my little brother go to sleep in the kitchen?" she faltered.

The ruffian gave his assent heartily. Mme. Pompin said nothing; but Annette could not find the coat.

The tiny feet of Mademoiselle Pompadour flew over the ground. Never in her games with André had they run so fast. What made it hard was her feet being bare and the stones in the roadway sharp and plentiful.

She ran on and on for over a mile without even stopping. The way was very lonely, and the tall pines frightened her—they were so dark and forbidding. When she rested the night air was cold, and she thought she heard the cry of a wolf.

At the outskirts of the village lay the churchyard. It occurred to Annette to make a short cut over the churchyard wall, for she was very brave now, and the road did not run straight. But in getting over she fell,

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and the shrill, piercing cry of the child rang out in the darkness.

"Who's there?" cried a voice.

The bell of the ancient seigneury of Bonneval was ringing the hour of midnight. Père Joseph was hastening to attend a midnight mass, for which he was some moments late.

"It's me!" called Annette, when the bell had ceased ringing.

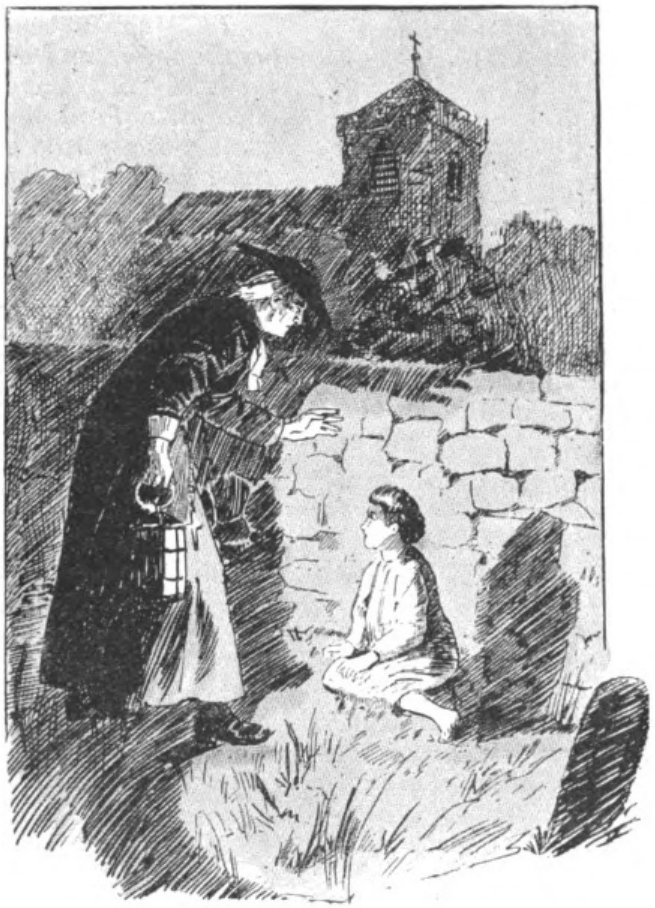
Père Joseph crossed over the wall, and the light from his lantern fell on the white, panting, upturned face of the child.

"Little Mademoiselle Pompadour!" he cried, in astonishment. He was a worthy priest. One does not see little girls lying in their night-gowns in the wet grass every night.

She had broken her ankle and could not move, but in spite of the pain she told her tale.

It turned out an easy capture for the little armed band of villagers, headed by the *forgeron*, who found the bandits in the cellar, and so shut them up as mice are shut up in a trap, until the morrow, when they were let out singly by the sheriff, each very thirsty and very hungry.

But the strange part of the story is how the perilous proximity to her secret affected Mme. Pompin. The *forgeron* unbound her with his own hands, and the little gaping crowd of villagers marvelled that she never stirred muscle. She had always a weak heart, and her face remained livid as she sat bolt upright, clutching the sides of her chair.



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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD ROSEBERY'S MISFORTUNE.

WHILST everybody, with the perhaps solitary exception of Mr. Labouchere, admits Lord Rosebery's qualifications for the Premiership, there is one aspect unfavourable to his claim which, as far as I have noted, has not been commented upon. The personal appearance of the new Premier does not adapt itself for familiar and friendly representation in the pages of *Punch*. Already Sir John Tenniel has had occasion to try his practised hand, and the result has been a melancholy failure. The stout, elderly-young man entering the lists in the double cartoon which welcomed the appearance on the scene of the new Premier was like, and yet hopelessly unlike, the statesman who has fallen into the line of succession of his favourite Minister, Pitt; not without reasonable expectation of emulating his fame. This is not Sir John Tenniel's shortcoming, as witness the spirited and picturesque appearance in the same block of Sir William Harcourt, squiring the new knight. Nor is it Lord Rosebery's fault. To quote the impressive phrase which occurs in the policies of marine insurance, it is "the act of God."



LORD ROSEBERY.

There are some men whom the cleverest and most *habile* artist cannot present with that likeness yet touch of exaggeration essential to success in caricature. An example is to be found in the case of Mr. John Morley. It would be hard, looking at his keen, intellectual face, to say why he is the despair of the caricaturist. That such is the case will appear from any paper, whether weekly or daily, devoted to this class of art. This inscrutable and inexplicable peculiarity is undoubtedly a misfortune for the public man whom it besets. As a rule, it will be found that all the men who have filled a prominent place in English political life during the last half century have been endowed with a personal appearance that has made it possible for Tenniel, or some of his colleagues on *Punch*, to create a counterfeit presentment which has struck the public fancy, and has made the statesman familiar in every household throughout the English-speaking world.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

It is by no means necessary, may indeed be fatal to immediate and full success, that the likeness should be of photographic fidelity. There is, for example, Harry Furniss's *Punch* portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill. At its inception Lord Randolph was invariably presented as a person considerably below the average height, he, as a matter of fact, being fully up to it. The ideal was created at a time when, leader of the numerically infinitesimal Fourth Party, he was emerging on the political horizon, and was nightly doing battle in the Parliamentary lists against the gigantic personality of Mr. Gladstone. When Lord Randolph first began to stump



"WAS I REALLY LIKE THAT?"

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the country at political meetings he was conscious of a feeling almost approaching distrust of his identity. The British public had been educated to expect to see a little man, and when Lord Randolph, with his at least five-foot-eight of height, stepped on the platform, the audience were genuinely surprised.

MR. G.'S COLLARS.

The same tradition has, through the same agency, attached to Mr. Gladstone's collars. These are actually of fuller, looser make than has been the fashion of late years. I have an etching from Watts's portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted some forty years ago. It bears, by the way, a striking resemblance to the eldest son of the house, William Henry, who died some years ago. Whilst he was yet with us in the House of Commons, sitting for, I think, a Worcestershire constituency, one was often struck by a look in his face that seemed to recall a something out of which his father had grown. I had not at the time seen this portrait of Watts's. Looking at the etching, the resemblance between W. H. Gladstone at forty-five and his father at the same age is very striking.



"THEY'RE NOT REALLY SO LARGE."

In this portrait the now famous Gladstone collars show with even fuller folds than have gladdened the eyes of the present generation. What has happened has simply been that the fundamental Conservative phase of Mr. Gladstone's character, in this connection untrammelled by the interests of the classes, has prevailed. When he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies and, later, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, gentlemen wore collars of a certain cut, comfortable and commodious, and he wears them to this day.

I have heard that Mr. Gladstone at one time grew a little weary of the iteration of the gigantic collars. A communication was made by one of the family to a member of the *Punch* staff. Mr. Gladstone, it was pointed out, was a constant student of the journal, the issue of whose first number he remembered. He had figured in its pages in all guises, represented under all circumstances, and knew no occasion upon which he was not able to join in the genial merriment of the public. But hadn't there been enough about the fabulous collars?

The hint was taken as kindly as it was conveyed. Harry Furniss drew a picture in which the big collars were presented undergoing the process of burial. But before long they were out again, flapping their folds in the political breeze.

Mr. Gladstone, first in most things, fulfilled in largest degree the by no means immaterial qualification of a public man that his personal appearance should be capable of striking reproduction in the pages of *Punch*. His mobile face, his nervous figure, his unique personality throb through the pages of that periodical for more than a quarter of a century. The late Lord Derby, Lord Brougham, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and at this day, happily for *Punch* and the public, Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt, have each and all, in distinct manner, this indefinable quality. As yet Mr. Arthur Balfour has not taken on with conspicuous success. But he will do, will come out all right as fuller opportunities for study are provided.

MR. BRIGHT AND PAM.

To his last appearance in the pages of *Punch*, John Bright was represented as wearing an eyeglass. To the readers of *Punch* the Tribune would not have been recognisable without an eyeglass. To his personal friends he would not have been recognisable with one, since he was never seen in its company. I once asked Tenniel why he always fixed him with the eyeglass. He said he did not know. It was there when he succeeded to the position of cartoonist, and he went on drawing it.

"If," he added, "Mr. Bright does not wear an eyeglass, it is very wrong of him. He ought to do so."

A similar mannerism was affected in all the cartoons in which Lord Palmerston figured. Ever he was presented with a bit of straw between his teeth. This probably had its origin in the jaunty Premier's love of horse racing. At some time in mid-century, Leech or Doyle, full of stable associations, placed the straw in Pam's mouth, and there ever after it remained.

BROUGHAM'S BREECHES.

Lord Brougham's trousers of Brobdingnagian check pattern supply another instance of the success with which *Punch* has arbitrarily associated a fable with the personal

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appearance of a public man. Possibly at one period of his turbulent career Lord Brougham may have worn small-clothes of loud check pattern. But trousers of such design as Dicky Doyle clothed the Lord Chancellor's nether limbs withal were never seen on sea or land. Apart from this fanciful touch, Brougham's face was a priceless endowment to the caricaturist. A photograph of it in profile would have been sufficient to illumine a satiric page. In the pages of *Punch* it lives through many years, sublimely grotesque with the slightest, subtlest touch of the caricaturist's pencil.

AN ORNAMENT OF DEBATE.

Mr. Field, the member for the St. Patrick's Division of Dublin, has long endeared himself to the House of Commons by his picturesque dress and his fine oratorical style. As I showed last month, he shines most brilliantly in his process of interrogating and cross-examining Ministers. He has a genuine thirst for information, almost as consuming as that which possesses Mr. Weir. That he can sustain an effort beyond that necessary for fragmentary questioning was demonstrated on the occasion when Mr. John Morley introduced his Irish Evicted Tenants Bill. Long looked forward to with keen interest by the Irish members, their reception of it was watched with some anxiety from the Treasury Bench. Mr. Field presented himself as the spokesman of the little Parnellite faction, and summed up the characteristics of the Bill in a sentence. "As Scripture says," he remarked, inflating his chest, and rearranging his glossy curls behind his ear—"As Scripture says, 'it is all sound and fury signifying nothing.'"



MR. FIELD.

This has not been beaten this Session, even by Dr. Macgregor, who, quoting the familiar remark, "When doctors differ, who shall decide?" recommended it to the attendance of the House as the utterance of Sydney Smith.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, M.P.

Sir Boyle Roche never sat in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. He was member for Tralee in the Irish Parliament, representing it from 1775 till its dissolution. There was a Sir David Roche, Bart., in the House of Commons up to so recent a period as 1865. But he sprang from another stock. Sir Boyle's family belonged to Fermoy, and as far as the baronetcy is concerned is now extinct. Happily the picturesque confusion of terms, the practice of which makes Sir Boyle's name live in history, still survives in the House of Commons. There are two of Sir Boyle Roche's bulls which still linger in the records of the Irish Parliament. "Mr. Speaker," he said, on one occasion, lamenting the distressfulness of Ireland, even then noteworthy, "single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." On another occasion he uttered the patriotic remark: "Sir, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortune."

BULLS OF MODERN BREED.

Mr. Shaw, for some time leader of the Home Rule Party, in succession to Mr. Butt and in advance of Mr. Parnell, was not a man who might be expected to approach Sir Boyle Roche in his peculiar felicity of language. Yet there was one sentence of his, of which I have preserved a note, that is reminiscent of the Tralee baronet's style. At one time during the earliest Home Rule campaign Mr. Shaw addressed a meeting at Cork, held on a Sunday. "They tell us," he said, "that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or the ass fall into the pit on a Sabbath day we are enjoined to take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it, and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out."

When Mr. Shaw came back to Westminster many efforts were made to get him to say of the farmer and the landlord which was the ox and which the ass. But he could never be induced to be communicative on the subject.

In a Budget discussion during the Parliament of 1880–5, Mr. O'Connor Power remarked: "Since the Government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns."

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The late A. M. Sullivan, a foremost figure in the same Parliament, assured me that when he was beginning his practice in Ireland he was present at a case where a small farmer brought an action against a neighbour for alleged malversation of three bullocks. His counsel, a well-known and popular member of the circuit, concluded his speech by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

ENGLISH BULLS.

But Irish members have by no means the monopoly of this particular turn of unconscious humour. In this very Session Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, speaking in the debate on the Scotch Grand Committee, which he desired to show was designed as a forward movement of the Home Rule Party, said: "They are getting in the thin end of the wedge by a sort of side wind."

A similar confusion of idea was more epigrammatically expressed by another member whose name I forget at the moment, who warmly protested against the House of Commons permitting members to "open the door to the thin end of the wedge." It is quite a common thing for nervous members of all nationalities to conclude their speech with the remark: "And now, Mr. Speaker, I will sit down by saying."

The ready orator always finds it dangerous to handle familiar tools and well-known pieces of machinery. I remember a short sentence delivered by Mr. Hopwood, in the Session of 1879. Talking in Committee of Supply, on a vote for the expenses of vaccination, the present Recorder for Liverpool said: "Don't drive the steam engine of the law over people's consciences." It was Mr. Alderman Cotton, a clear-headed man and an able speaker, to-day Remembrancer of the City of London, who turned out a gem of thought which I gratefully added to my collection. It was during debate on a motion made by Lord Hartington at a critical moment in the relations between Russia and Turkey in the year 1877. "Sir," said the Alderman, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, "it requires only a spark to let slip the dogs of war."



ALDERMAN COTTON.

In this same Session Mr. Rodwell, then member for Cambridge, who has long since quitted the Parliamentary scene, was opposing a proposition of the Chairman of Ways and Means affecting procedure in respect of private Bills. He piteously pleaded that, if carried, the amendment "would lead to gas Bills going into the House of Commons with a rope round their necks."

It was Mr. Thwaites, Conservative candidate for Blackburn, who made one of the freshest hits of the General Election of 1880. "Unfortunately," he said, "the Government is on the wrong side of the book. But, however, we have a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has done his best. The right hon. gentleman has done what I would like you all to do, namely: *When you lay an egg, put it by for a rainy day.*"

JIT AND TOTTLE.

The Home Secretary is the last man in the House of Commons who might be expected to distinguish himself by a slip of the tongue. Yet there is an occasion, cherished to this day in the memory of young Cambridge, in which Mr. Asquith, entering this new field of competition, characteristically beat the record. It happened before he became a Minister. The Eighty Club were being entertained by the Cambridge Liberal Association, not without an eye on the pending general election, at which that eminent and impartial "coach," Mr. R. C. Lehmann, stood as the Liberal candidate. A great speech was expected from Mr. Asquith, and he rose to the occasion. The Liberals were in high spirits, cheered by the result of a series of by-elections. Mr. Asquith desired to let whomsoever was concerned know that in going to the country the Liberal Party stood by every plank of their Newcastle Programme, abating not one jot or tittle of their demands. In the heat and excitement of the moment, what he with tremendous emphasis declared was: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of those just demands we abate not one jit or tottle."

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Young Cambridge was too polite to laugh outright at this slip on the part of its guest. Moderation was atoned for subsequently, wherever two or three were gathered together at the cheerful board. To this day "jit and tottle" is a catch phrase among those present on this interesting occasion.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NECKTIES.

In a chatty record of Signor Crispi's visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, it is mentioned that one day at luncheon the Princess went up to Bismarck, and deftly



AFTER HIS SPEECH.

adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear. "For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ever to the same side."

It is a curious point of resemblance between two of the mightiest men living at the same time in European history, that the little peculiarity here noted by Bismarck as attaching to himself also beset Mr. Gladstone. Often in critical epochs in the House of Commons, as he stood at the table adding to the record of momentous speeches, I have watched his necktie slowly but surely creeping round. Its course was towards the left side, and when Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after an energetic speech that had encroached far upon the second hour, his black necktie would be found ominously knotted under his left ear.

A TICKLISH ARGUMENT.

A certain indication of a great speech from Mr. Gladstone, whether as Premier or Leader of the Opposition, was the appearance of a flower in his buttonhole—usually the white flower appropriate to a blameless life. One time during a stormy epoch in the Parliament of 1880–5, the loving hand which thus decked him when he went forth to war selected a tall spray of lilies of the valley. As the Premier warmed to his speech, the little bouquet became dislodged. The spiky leaf was uplifted till it was high enough to touch the orator's jaw as he turned his head towards the Speaker's Chair. It was a serious time, and the speech was struck on the loftiest note. But it was irresistibly comical to see the Premier, absorbed in his theme, mechanically brushing away an imaginary fly whenever the motion of his head brought the tip of the leaf in contact with his cheek.

STARS AND GARTERS.

When the present Government was formed it was Sir William Harcourt's boast that when he and his colleagues sat in array on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, they would possess the unique distinction of not having amongst them a single ribbon or a solitary star. Early last year the spell was broken by the creation of a Knight Commandership of the Bath. But the ribbon was flung around the most modest and retiring figure on the Bench; and people did not notice or, having seen, forgot it. During the present year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been known to repeat the proud boast, forgetful that Sir John Hibbert is K.C.B.

Even with that exception the commonalty on the Treasury Bench is highly distinguished as compared with many strata of predecessors. Sir William Harcourt himself has a handle to his name, but that was the inevitable corollary of his exceedingly brief career as Solicitor-General. Sir Walter Foster was



SIR JOHN HIBBERT.

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created a baronet, whilst to Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Edward Grey baronetcies, like reading and writing in Dogberry's time, come by nature. There are also the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, who must needs be knights. With these exceptions, men who are practically the fountain of honour are chary about sprinkling its waters upon themselves. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly did much to maintain a lofty tradition founded by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. I suppose he has made more marquises, dukes, and a'that, not to mention bishops, baronets, deans, and knights, than any statesman of modern times. And yet to the end of the chapter he remains plain "Mr."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Mr. Disraeli was not able to withstand the glittering lure of a coronet. The temptation to transmute into actual life the Lord Beaconsfield of his early novel was, apart from other considerations, irresistible. But there was one other high tradition of English public life which the statesman whom his own political party at one time derided as an adventurer passed onward unstained. Master at various epochs of State secrets that might have been transmuted into fabulous wealth, Disraeli never was a rich man, and his chief sustenance, not counting what came to him with his wife, was the fruits of hard labour.

This state of things is happily so much a matter of course in English political life, that it seems almost an insult to comment upon its unbroken record. It is, nevertheless, a striking fact which, more especially when contrasted with wholesale charges and allegations made against public men in a neighbouring country, is something to be proud of.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

There is no doubt that, regarded from the point of view of pecuniary recompense, the service of the richest State in the world is poorly paid. It would not be difficult to add up the amount Mr. Gladstone has received in the way of salary through his more than sixty years' service to the State. Compared with the wage his supreme genius would have earned had it been directed in any other channel, the aggregate is pitiful in amount. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone has never accepted the pension available for Cabinet Ministers who care to make the declaration that would yield them the possession. Neither for himself nor his family has he been inclined to accept a penny more than was actually due to him in the shape of wages for work done. With all the fat places of the Church at his disposal, his son lives contentedly in the family parsonage, whilst his daughter married a curate, who, as far as the Premier was concerned, received no preferment. When he was returned to office in 1880, at the head of an overwhelming majority, with the Ministerial offices at his absolute command, he appointed his son, Herbert, his private secretary, the special arrangement being made that no salary should be attached to the office. It was not till Mr. Gladstone had retired from active participation in Ministerial affairs that the member for West Leeds received due recognition of long, arduous, and distinguished services to the Liberal Party, being made First Commissioner of Works.



HERBERT.

POLITICAL PENSIONERS.

It is generally supposed that it is only ex-members of the Cabinet who may benefit by the Political Offices Pensions Act of 1869. The pensioners are in nearly every case ex-Cabinet Ministers, but the rule is not inexorable. One of the earliest pensioners, a gentleman who for nearly twenty-four years has been drawing a yearly income out of the coffers of a grateful nation, is Mr. Headlam, who represented Newcastle-upon-Tyne for over a quarter of a century. He was Judge-Advocate-General from 1859 to 1866, acting also as Secretary to the Treasury for a year in the closing period of his office. These are services which, probably, in this less sentimental age, would scarcely be regarded as warranting a pension. Mr. Headlam had the good fortune to make his application in 1870.

THE OLDEST PENSIONER.

The oldest pensioner is Mr. C. P. Villiers, Father of the House of Commons, who entered it as member for Wolverhampton in the year 1835, and still sits for the borough. It would be too much to say that the Political Offices Pensions Act was created for the benefit of Mr. Villiers. But it is true that within a few weeks of the Act being added to the Statute Book a pension was granted to the member for Wolverhampton, then of the comparatively juvenile age of sixty-seven.

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Like Mr. Headlam, Mr. Villiers had held the office of Judge-Advocate-General, being in a subsequent Ministry promoted to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, which he held from 1859 to Midsummer, 1866.

No place was made for him in the Ministry of 1868, but Mr. Gladstone, careful for the welfare of former colleagues, passed the Political Offices Pensions Act even amid the herculean labour of dealing with the Irish Church; and gave his old friend the benefit of its earliest dispensation. As sometimes happens to annuitants, Mr. Villiers still lives on to green old age. Up to last Session he was vigorous enough to come down at the crack of the Tory whip to vote against his old chief and his old party. During the present Session he has been paired with Mr. Gladstone, their united ages being 177.



MR. CHILDERS.

YOUNGER PENSIONERS.

Mr. Childers comes next on the roll of honour, his pension dating back to October, 1881. At least he had the claim of incessant work in a high position, under which his health broke down. He held in succession the offices of First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. For many years Mr. Shaw-Lefevre drew the pension, resigning it when his private circumstances no longer justified the declaration which must be made before the pension is assigned.

When what Mr. Chamberlain in unregenerate days called the Stop-Gap Government came into office in 1885, one of its earliest acts was to make provision for two of its most esteemed members. On the 6th of July in that year Parliament re-assembled, after adjournment for the election of new Ministers. Four days later the names of Lord John Manners and Sir Stafford Northcote were added to the Pension List. Lord Iddesleigh lived only eighteen months to enjoy the well-earned recognition of a useful and unselfish life. Lord John Manners, succeeding to the Dukedom of Rutland, resigned his pension in March, 1888. A few days later it was bestowed upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who still retains it. In 1892 Lord George Hamilton found himself in a position to make the necessary declaration, and obtained the reversion of Lord Iddesleigh's pension.

Lord Cross's pension dates from the 1st of January, 1877. As he was at that time Secretary of State for India, drawing a salary of £5,000 a year, he of course would not add on the pension. He was simply, to adapt Mr. Thwaites's imagery quoted on an earlier page, getting the Treasury to lay for him an egg which he put by for a rainy day. This came with the General Election of 1892, and since then Lord Cross has drawn his pension. The last name on the list, though not in point of date, is that of Lord Emly, whose pension dated from Midsummer Day, 1886. His claim rested on the fact that as Mr. Monsell, for many years member for County Limerick, he successively served as Secretary to the Board of Trade, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Postmaster-General.



DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Lord Emly's recent death leaves a pension vacant. There can be little doubt as to the quarter in which it will be disposed. In this connection it is interesting, summing up the list, to find that, as between ex-members of Liberal Cabinets and ex-Conservative Cabinet Ministers, the proportion stands as one to three — Mr. Childers against Lord Cross, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Lord George Hamilton.

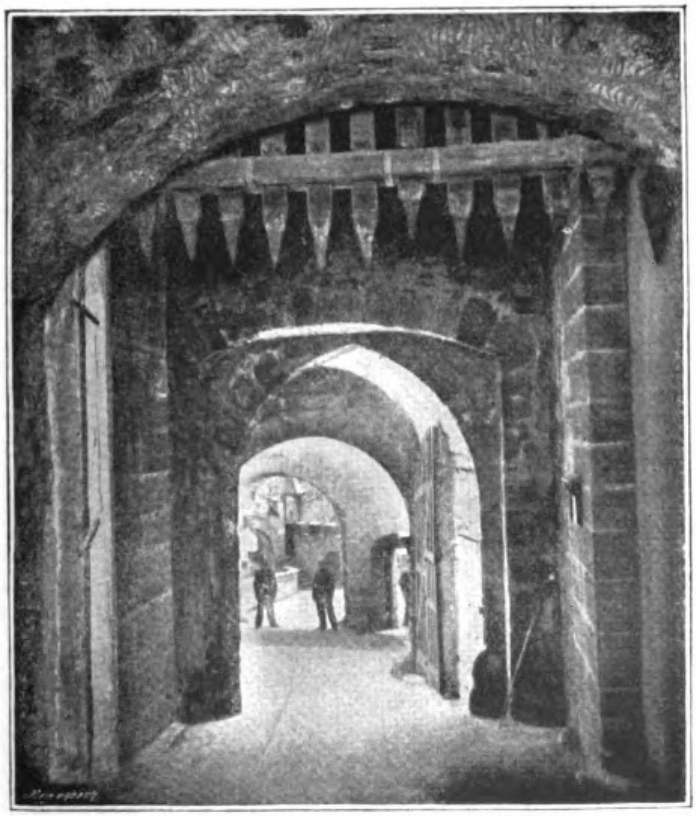
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The Duke of Saxe-Coburg's Palaces.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

THE old Castle of Coburg, around which the town has really grown up, is situated on the summit of a hill, nearly six hundred feet above the level of the town, and has perhaps the most interesting and historical associations of any castle in the Duchy. For a considerable period it was a Royal residence; and during the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, it was a house of refuge for Luther, and one may now see the rooms which he occupied in exactly the same state as they then were. The little iron bedstead on which he slept, the table at which he studied and wrote, and other articles are indissolubly connected with the religious struggle of the period. Early in 1600 Wallenstein laid siege to the castle; but successful resistance was made, and he had to retire defeated.

At the end of the last century, or early in the beginning of this, the castle was turned into a prison, but in 1838 it was completely restored, and is now practically a museum, to thoroughly inspect which would very well occupy a day or two. Of the immense solidity of the building you can form some idea by the accompanying picture, which shows the spiked and strongly-guarded entrance. Situated as the castle is at such a great height, you can as well imagine as I can describe the steep approach thereto; but it is charmingly picturesque, and the view from the summit well repays the really arduous climb.



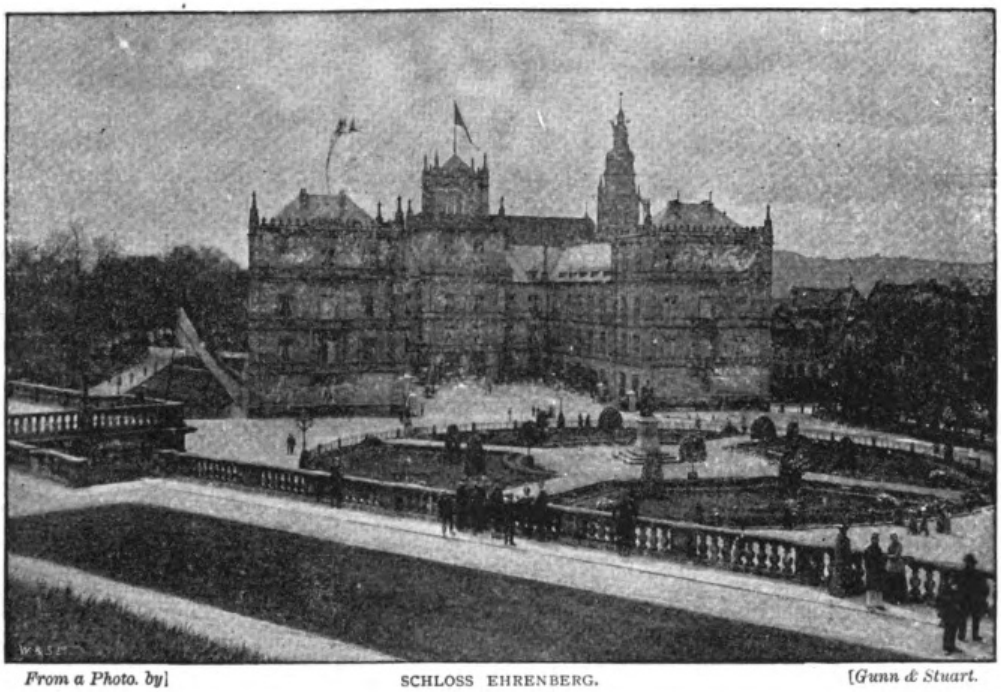
GATEWAY OF THE OLD CASTLE OF COBURG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

At the foot of the hill is the Schloss Ehrenberg, a handsome palace in the Early English Gothic style, the original part of which was formerly a monastery. It was rebuilt and much added to by Duke Ernest I. in 1549, and was then at once converted into the chief Ducal residence of the town, a position which it has since maintained. In the centre of the platz in which it is situated stands a statue in bronze of Duke Ernest I., executed by Schwanthaler; surrounding which are some prettily laid-out beds and colonnades, one side of the platz having two flights of steps leading up to what is known as the "Hofgarten." In this "Hofgarten" may be seen a pavilion with a cast of the Prometheus group by Müller, also the mausoleums of Duke Francis and the Duchess Augusta Caroline. This is also the road to the old castle of which I have already spoken.

Passing across the courtyard, and entering beneath the archway, I immediately mount the grand staircase, with roof and walls of marble, the stairs being handsomely carpeted in green plush with a crimson border; balustrades in white and gold, with the hand-rail covered in green plush. Several marble sculptured figures, some bronze statuary, vases and urns of palms and ferns, and in each corner, and on each lobby, banks of the same, with beautiful camellia trees in full flower—all combine to present a very effective appearance.

From here I go first through the picture gallery, and direct

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From a Photo. by] SCHLOSS EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

into the "Risensaal"—or Giants' Hall; truly the most magnificent apartment of the palace. Right round the room are columns faced by twenty-eight caryatides, each supporting candelabra of crystal and ormolu, containing wax candles. In addition there are also three immense ormolu and crystal chandeliers, and in two of the corners lofty porcelain candelabra on pedestals. Quite within the last few weeks the electric light has been carried into the hall. The painting and sculptured relief of the ceiling are truly exquisite. The centre painting shows the noonday sun with an eagle flying in its direct rays; smaller paintings surrounding representing the clouds; outer-painted panels

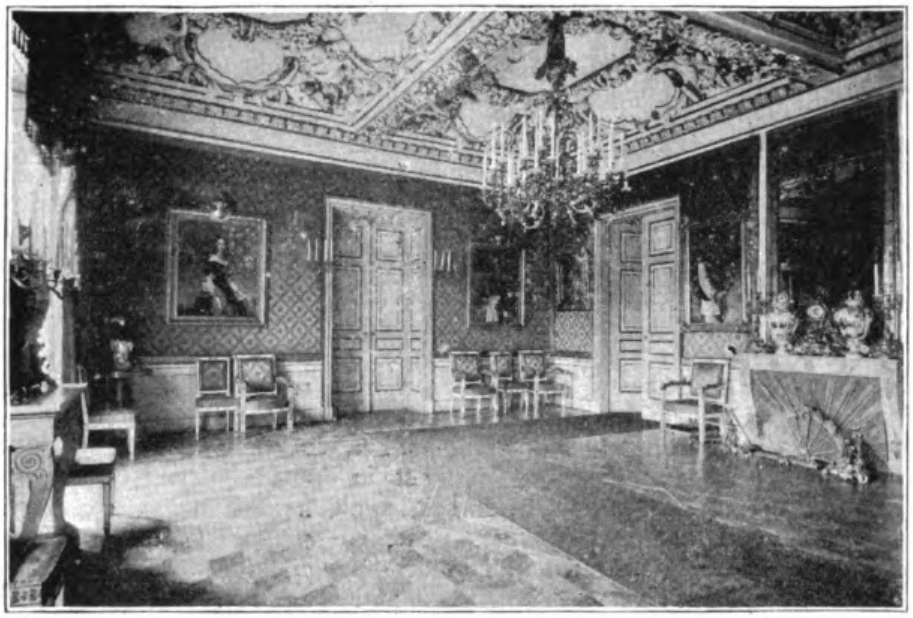


From a Photo. by] THE GIANTS' HALL—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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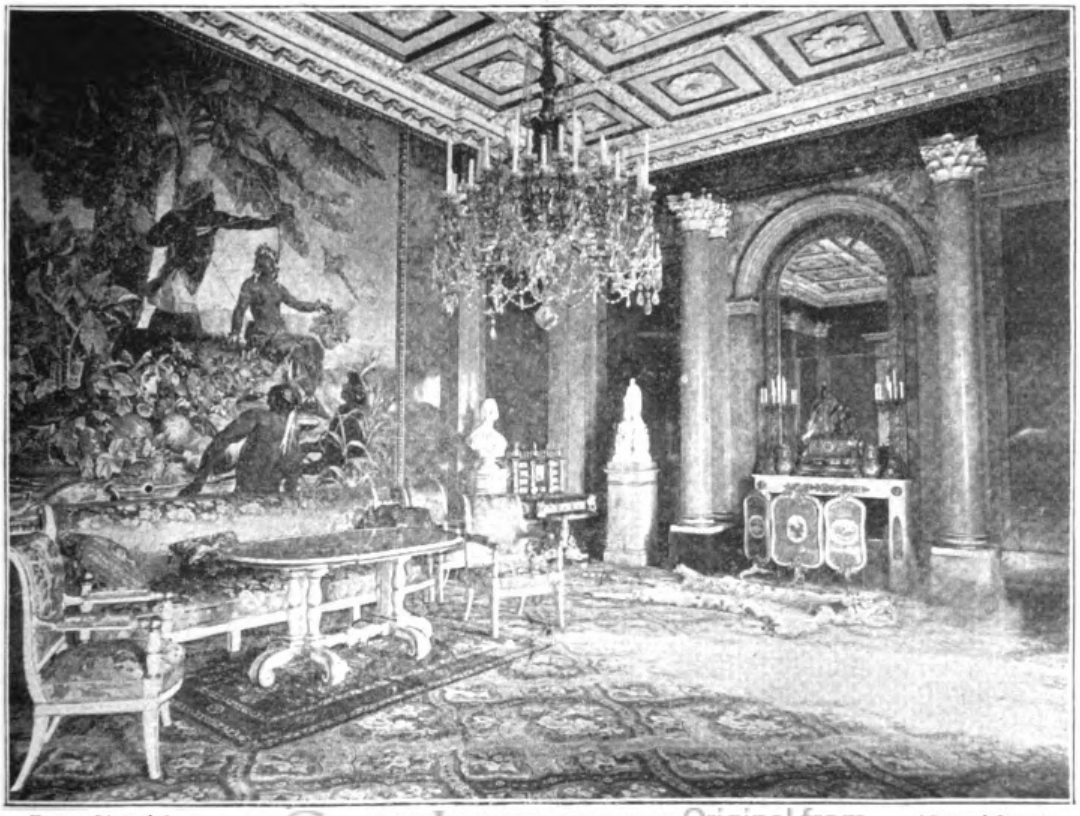
showing the arms of all branches of the family.

At one end of the room is a large tablet recording a visit of Queen Victoria and the Emperor Joseph of Austria, in 1863. A large number of beautiful mirrors, the sculptured busts of the Duke and Duchess, and the handsome tapestry curtains depending from the gold cornice-work, the rose-wood, crimson and white and gold furniture, all present a very brilliant effect. The floor is of inlaid oak, kept in a highly polished state for dancing. The hall, however, is used for other purposes, and comes much into requisition now—the week of the Royal wedding. As I write, a large stage is erected at one end for a theatrical performance, at which the Queen and the entire number of Royal personages in Coburg will be present.



From a Photo. by] STATE DRAWING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The first room I enter, called the State drawing-room, seems to be really the ante-room to the throne-room. It has a beautiful ceiling, with decoration of fruit and flowers in relief. The walls are hung in red, with frame-work and beading of gold, on them



From a Photo. by] RECEPTION-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart*

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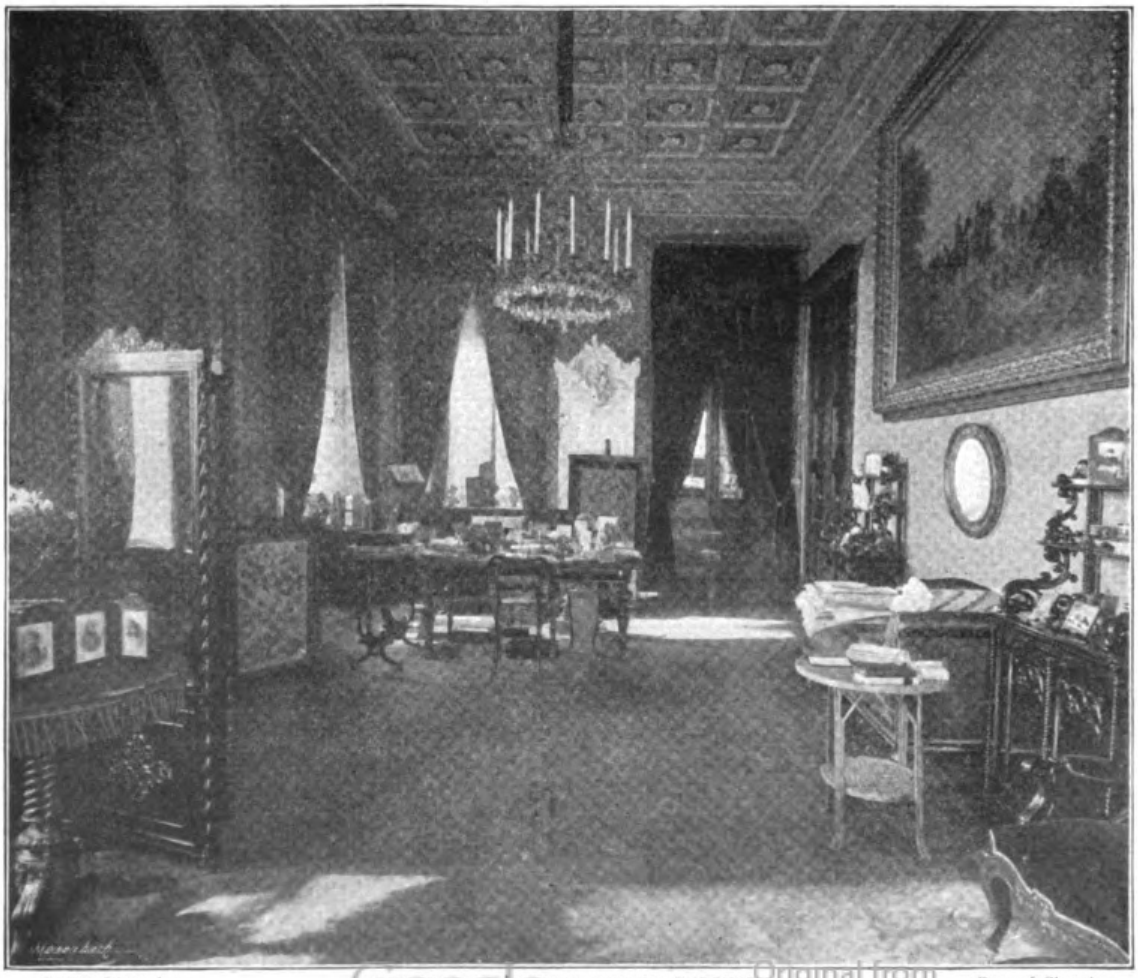
being portraits of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the late Duke of Albany, etc.

When I entered the throne-room, every table and every spot was filled with basket-work of every description, size, and shape. One of the Queen's officials had been commissioned to make large purchases in the town, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice was busy arranging the collection in readiness for Her Majesty's inspection. It is well known that both the Queen and her daughter take much interest in straw and basket work, more especially, perhaps, in the former; the Queen, indeed, has been wont to occupy some of her very few leisure moments for years past in the manipulation of this article, and I have it on good authority that the Princess Beatrice has so successfully mastered the art that she has just turned out a very serviceable hat for her husband. But this is rather a digression, and I will now call your attention to the State reception-room.

This is hung in very fine Gobelins tapestry, the figures thereon reminding one of Her Majesty's Indian Empire. The ceiling is in relief, showing crowns, roses, and figures. The walls are marble, fronted with Corinthian marble columns.

The carpet is Axminster, with pattern of roses and leaves. The furniture is white and gold frame-work, upholstered in gold and blue satin; curtains are to match, with inner ones of real lace.

Her Majesty's sitting-room opens from this, and when I enter one morning soon after seven, I feel that this is the most important room in the whole palace. It is a very beautiful room, but looks also a business room, for despatch boxes and documents of formidable aspect are prominent. The ceiling is of imitation marble, with a painted floral centre; from it hangs a costly chandelier of crystal and ormolu, the upper part being draped in crimson velvet. The floor is covered in crimson and pale green Axminster. The doors of the room are rosewood, with black beading; the furniture also of the same, and covered in crimson velvet to match the hangings. On the chiffonniers I note some rare pieces of Sèvres, several portraits of Her Majesty's grandchildren, and also some of

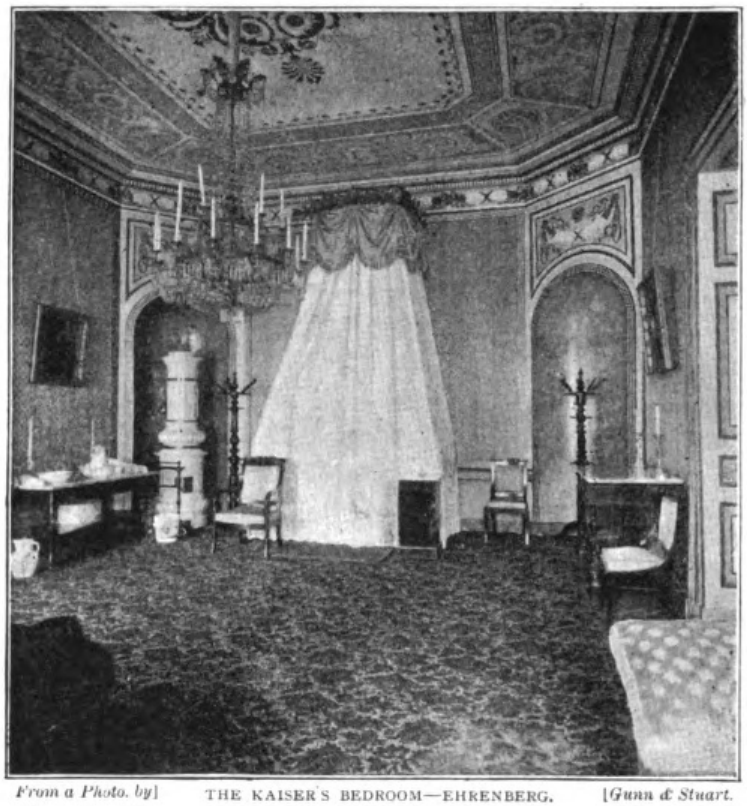


From a Photo by QUEEN VICTORIA'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *(Gunn & Stuart.*

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the favourite dogs. The writing-table stands nearly in the centre of the room, and without, of course, making a close examination, I note a handsome gold ink-bottle, surmounted by a crown, several miniatures and portraits of the Royal Family, a quantity of roses, tulips and lilies, in exquisite specimen glasses; and a mass of correspondence in neat piles. The chair in front of the table is of gold over-burnish, upholstered in gold and cream brocade, having also a back pad; the whole being covered with lace.

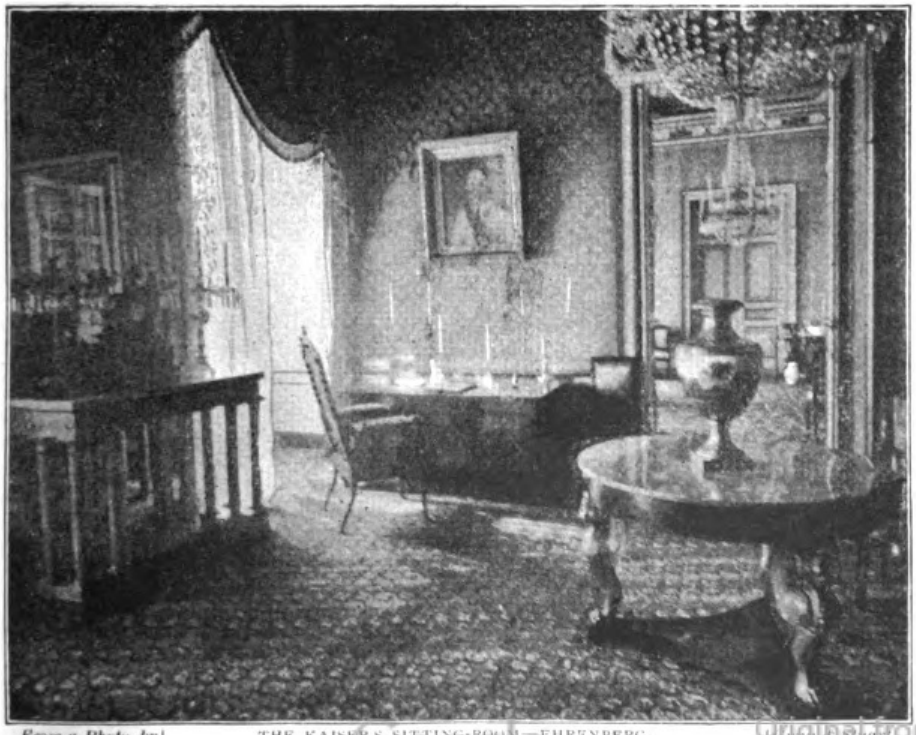
On another table is a collection of periodicals, illustrated and otherwise; several handsomely bound volumes, amongst which I notice "Echoes from a Sanctuary," with markers inserted at presumably favourite passages. Two very beautiful screens are worth notice: one of floral handwork in a rosewood frame, and one exquisitely painted on glass. On a chair lies the handsome shawl and lace scarf which I had seen Her Majesty wearing late in the day yesterday, and I certainly do look at them and note their beauty.



From a Photo. by] THE KAISER'S BEDROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

In the same wing is the suite of apartments set apart for the Kaiser, comprising two handsome and commodious rooms.

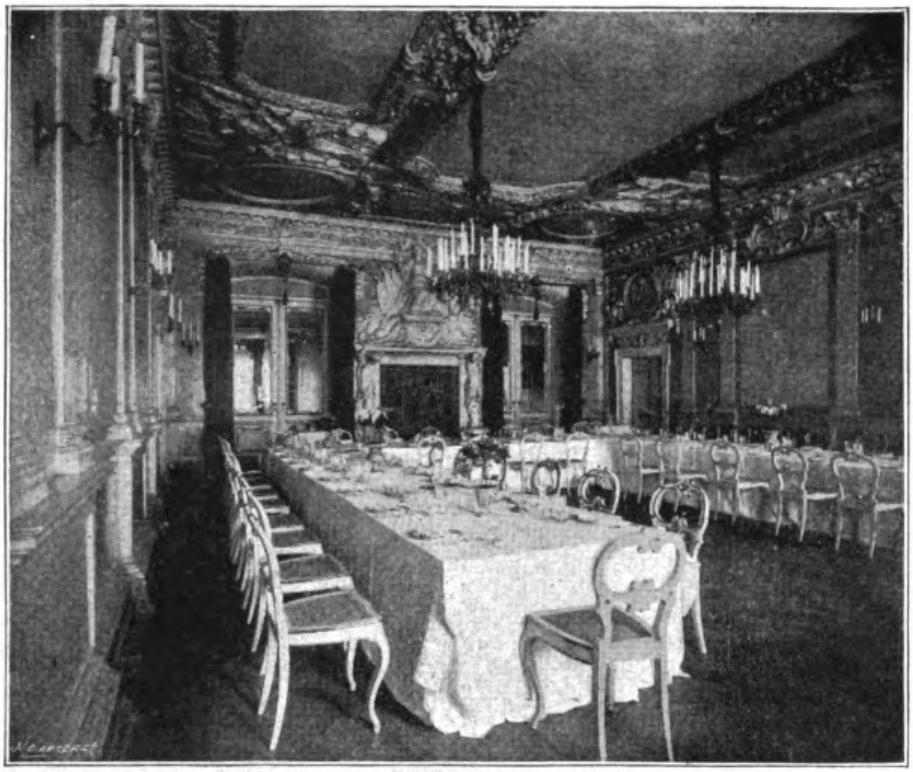
The bedroom has a ceiling painted in gold, cream, and pale blue, with walls hung in blue silk brocade, relieved with marble alcoves in each corner. In the centre hangs a brass and crystal chandelier, and in various parts of the room are eight tall and massive silver candlesticks. Some fine paintings are on the walls, and a very large mirror in white and gold frame. The suite of furniture is in rosewood, with carvings to match walls; the chest of drawers is Amboyna. The bed is quite a feature, it is surmounted by a crown, fitted in blue silk brocade, and hung with white curtains of real Brussels lace.



From a Photo. by] THE KAISER'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The sitting-room

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From a Photo. by] THE HOUSEHOLD DINING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

had used them; in front of which stands a carved oak and tapestry covered chair.

From here I go on to the household dining-room: this having a cloud, flower, and fruit painted ceiling, interspersed with figures in stucco relief. The chandeliers are very massive—of brass; the furniture of white and gold; the walls are of marble, on them being large and beautifully framed mirrors, with plaster casts over the doorways, showing crowns, wreaths, etc.; the hangings are all in rich crimson. The tables are just laid, and very pretty they look, with the plate, flowers, and other accessories.

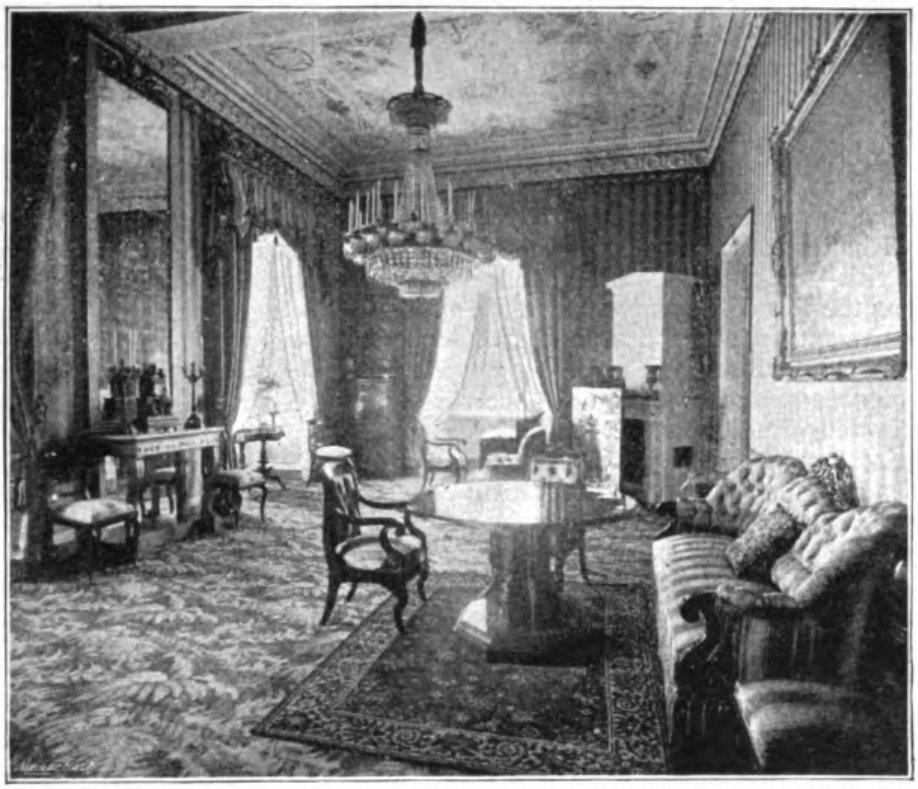
Stepping out of this room you come to a door immediately on your right hand—this is the entrance to the suite occupied at the present time by the Prince of Wales. It is adjoining is decorated in much the same manner; the walls, however, being hung in red silk brocade, with curtains of the same, but lined with gold, and having inner ones of real lace. The furniture is also covered in red silk with rosewood frames. Under a large mirror between the windows is a splendid marble-topped ormolu table, having thereon a timepiece and two candelabra of the same metal. At one side of the room is a rosewood piano of German make, and opposite is a mosaic table supported by columns of marble and platinum mounts: on this table stands a beautiful hand-painted vase. His Imperial Majesty's writing-table is large, and handsomely furnished with all necessaries, with gold crowns and inscriptions; blotting-books, pens, etc., just as the Kaiser



From a Photo. by] THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

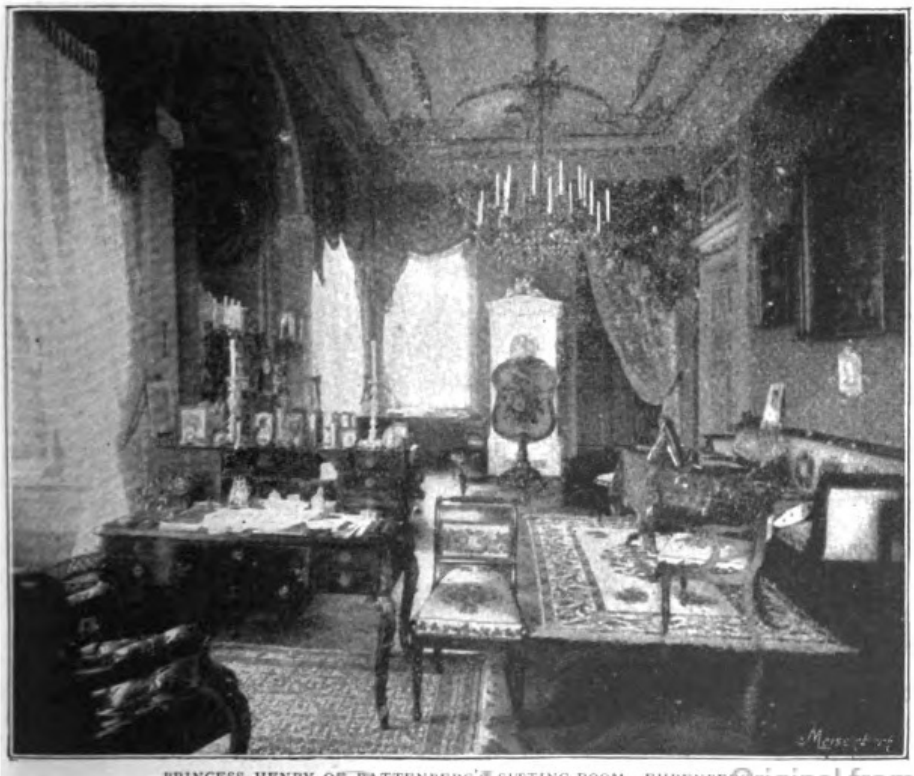
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exactly what His Royal Highness likes — a quiet corner, with an extensive view of town and country from its windows. The two rooms are quite plain, with oaken floors, ceilings in plaster relief, and walls covered with green flock-paper. I notice in the sitting-room a bust of Voltaire, some old paintings, a fine tiger skin, writing, smoking tables, etc., and the usual collection of articles found in such rooms. But as there is not much worth mention beyond the fact that they are in the occupation of the Prince, I just secure one photograph and hurry off elsewhere.



From a Photo. by] THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The next suite I enter is that of the Empress Frederick. The sitting-room has a very prettily hand-painted floral ceiling; the walls are draped in satin of alternate stone and navy stripe, with curtains and furniture all to match, the windows also having inner curtains of real lace. The furniture itself is all of walnut, with ormolu mounts, the writing-table en suite showing a blue satin top. There is a bust of the Prince Consort, two or three good paintings, and a very handsome screen with art needlework and hand painting in combination. The floors in this suite are covered in Brussels.



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S SITTING-ROOM—EHRENBERG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

The bedroom is decorated in much the same character, only that the walls are here hung in

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grey and green. All the doors are in white, with gold beading. There is a very handsome chandelier—not of the ordinary type, as it is of alabaster with metal mounts. The bedstead is quite a work of art, having very beautiful gold carving, silk coverlets, and real lace hangings. Quantities of flowers make the rooms look bright and pretty.

I have another room on the opposite side to visit—the sitting-room of Her Royal Highness the Princess Henry of Battenberg. This apartment has a beautiful outlook right over the Schloss Platz; it is charmingly pretty—every recess and every available corner being crowded with flowers. Birds and flowers are painted on the ceiling, the relief of which is also very fine. The floor is inlaid, scattered with Persian rugs. The hangings are of stone and blue silk, with inner ones of real lace. Over at one side is a boudoir grand, open and scattered with music; near it being indications of quite another sort of occupation, namely, a large basket of knitting; the sort of work all our Princesses do in their spare moments for the benefit of the needlework and other guilds with which the majority of them are connected. Lots of portraits may be seen in every direction numbers of which represent the very pretty children of their Royal Highnesses.

You will understand that it was not here that the Duke and Duchess were actually residing. They were on the other side of the platz, at what is known as the "Schloss Edinburgh." Here I made my way early one morning—before the family were really up, being compelled, as they were in residence, to attend either at a very early hour or when they were out for any photographic purposes. It is a pretty but not large house, standing in its own grounds exactly opposite to the other Schloss.

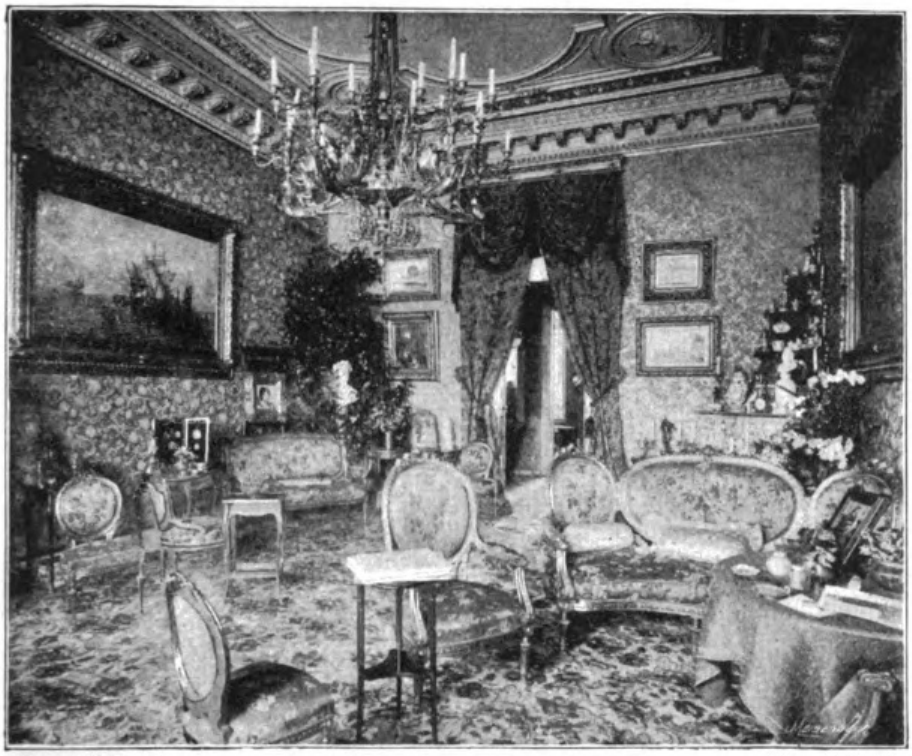
I enter from the garden, and proceed by a covered veranda direct to the glass room.

This is an antique-looking apartment with carved oak ceiling and walls, midway on the latter being a projecting shelf widening out at the mantel-piece to beautiful carved projections. On all of these shelves is a wonderful collection of glass. It seems to be one of the hobbies of His Royal Highness the Duke to collect glass from



From a Photo. by] THE GLASS ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

The drawing-room is wondrously pretty. Note the very admirable arrangement of the statuary, ferns, and flowers; the tastefully arranged curios, portraits, medallions, and all the little accessories of a well-appointed drawing-room. The same cream and gold decoration of ceiling and Persian floor covering prevail as in the smaller room, the furniture being of over-burnished gold and floral velvet of a strawberry hue. On the walls are some fine landscapes and a naval picture.

every quarter of the globe, the result being a large number of specimens both unique and costly. Over the mantel is a fine painted panel, the mantel itself being composed of rare china. Glass cabinets and cupboards are filled with such costly curios as is customary in these Royal houses, many of them presents in commemoration of some civic or official ceremony. There is a fine painting of the Duke on one side of the room and another of one of his daughters taken some few years back. Choice wood tables with ormolu mounts, and octagon tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and quantities of flowers (of which the Imperial Duchess is very fond) are everywhere *en evidence*.

The dining-room has a fine ancient carved oak ceiling, with walls in flock-paper. Here, too, is a part of the wonderful collection of glass and pieces of plate for which the Duke is famous. I take



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—SCHLOSS EDINBURGH. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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up several goblets and tankards, finding in each of them records of time and place of purchase. Within the last few weeks the electric light has been carried into this palace, and here you see costly new fittings for the same. It is not only that new lighting arrangements were needed, but varieties of repairs in all directions, and in every castle appertaining to the Duchy; and I am told that His Royal Highness is spending considerable sums of money in carrying out the absolutely necessary alterations.

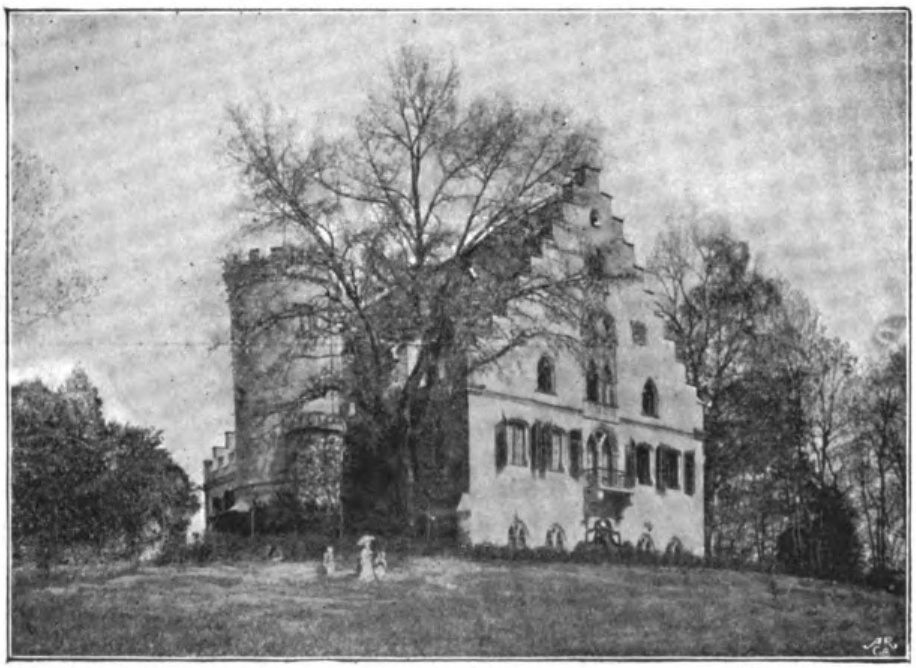
Just before the Royal wedding this room was crowded day after day with members of the various Royal Families then assembled in Coburg, who dined at this table, unless a State dinner was being given in the opposite Schloss; whilst outside the bands, alternately of the Prussian Dragoons and the Thuringians, discoursed sweet music. The hangings of the room are of green; the furniture being upholstered in leather of the same colour. It is a particularly light and pleasant room, the windows on one side looking out into the very tastefully laid out gardens, and on the other, on turf-covered banks, quantities of fine trees, the Greek Church, of which you know Her Imperial Highness is a member, and the distant hills in the background.

On the other side of the staircase, and passing through the serving-rooms, you enter immediately into the billiard-room. Here you are greeted with evidences of the great love for sport which is characteristic of the Duke and his brothers. Three large bears stand erect in various corners, shot in Russia by the Duke in 1883, while all around the walls, as well as from the top to the bottom of the staircase, I noted quite a multitude of deer-horns, which testify to the prowess of the Duke in his shooting expeditions. Each of these bears a small plate recording date and place.

This Schloss is not particularly large; what it has not in size it certainly makes up for in comfort. But as I have now one other palace to describe, I decide not to further linger here, as the Schloss Rosenau is a palace which must not be dismissed in a few words.

This Schloss is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Saxon Germany. When I say that it was the birthplace of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, I am sure of at once commanding your interested attention.

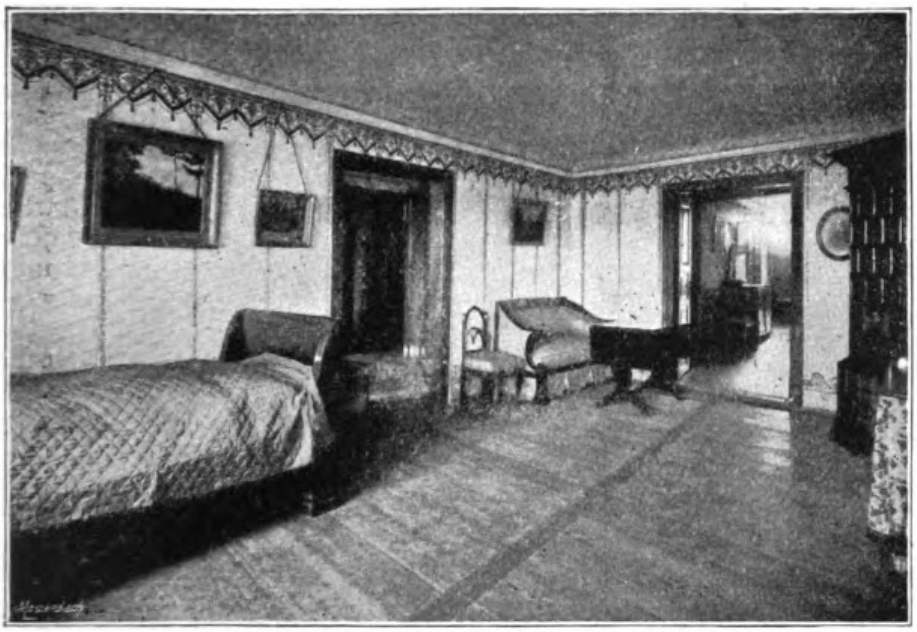
From its gardens the view is simply magnificent, and one that must really be seen to be understood. Beneath the terraces runs a winding stream, with the sounds of a waterfall in the distance. On the left, and in the grounds, is a castellated tower with porter's lodge. Shrubs and trees are in profusion. Over the fields is seen a village lying beneath the shelter of towering hills. I should not like to give an estimate of how many miles one is able to see, but certainly the view is one of the finest of the very fine ones of the locality.



From a Photo. by] SCHLOSS ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

Walking round the grounds I pause to admire the scenery, and at the same time secure one or two good exteriors. Then I enter by a small iron gate, and bearing in mind the connections of the place, proceed direct to the room in which the Prince Consort was born. Simple in the extreme, an oaken floor, with papered ceiling and walls, and plain furniture with chintz covers. On one side stands a very antique wooden bedstead,

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ROOM IN WHICH PRINCE ALBERT WAS BORN—ROSENAU.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

with a coverlid of quilted magenta; on the other an antique cabinet and chest of drawers. Several old paintings are to be seen on the walls, the chief one of which is descriptive of a hunting scene immediately near the old castle; in it are several figures that are really portraits; the principal ones being the Prince Consort and his brother the Duke Ernest, and Prince Leopold—he who is known to us as having married the Princess Charlotte of Great Britain, and afterwards became the King of the Belgians.

After leaving this room I go to the one where the two brothers studied together many years ago; this is situated right at the top of the house and of course has a most charming outlook. An oaken floor and a plastered ceiling with pink-papered walls, and a number of prints thereon, with some walnut-framed furniture, nearly black with age, are the predominant appointments. On a small table at one side stands the delf toilet set formerly used by the Prince Consort, and a fine painting of His Royal Highness is hanging in close proximity. Also a painting of Her Majesty when an infant — which I place on a chair for greater prominence. Here the two brothers spent many happy hours, none the less so for the real work which they had to get through, for both the Princes possessed abilities and intellect of no mean order; abilities which were destined to shine in the world's history. Of the splendid services rendered to art and science in all its branches by the one who came over to wed Victoria, Queen of England, it is not necessary for me to speak—it is indelibly recorded in the pages of England's history.

Going into another room in the upper part of the house, I find on the wall a painting of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, now our Queen, representing her as a wee child cuddling her favourite dog. This seemed to me to be well worth photo-



From a Photo. by] STUDY OF PRINCE ALBERT WHEN A BOY—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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graphing ; carrying one back as it does over a period of seventy years, when the parents of the little Princess scarcely dreamed of the future exalted position their little daughter would be called upon to take.



From a] QUEEN VICTORIA, AGE 4. *[Painting.*

Passing down the staircase I enter some of the State apartments of the castle, making indeed an entire circuit of these rooms, but only photographing one as a specimen: this one being a drawing-room now used by Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, but formerly known as Queen Victoria's drawing-room. It is now about fifty years since the Queen first visited this castle soon after her marriage to the Prince Consort ; intermediate visits have been paid, but as I write this Her Majesty has just left from what I suppose will be her last visit for some time to come.

One can easily imagine that the memories which this place must bring before the Queen must be many and varied ; perhaps predominantly saddening. It is well known that she is very much attached to the place, for reasons which will be readily understood by everyone. This apartment is essentially a summer one, and appointed as such. Windows curtained in real lace look out on to tennis lawn and



From a Photo. by] QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING-ROOM—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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shrubberies ; the ceiling and walls are papered in a pretty, light manner ; the floor is covered with Indian matting, with here and there Persian rugs.

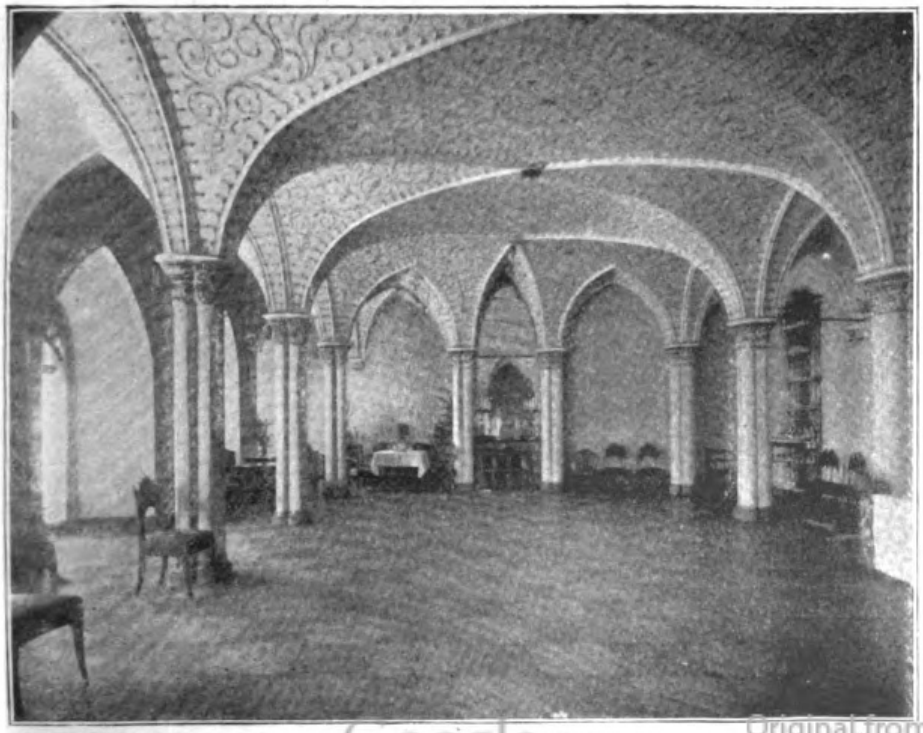
I note one or two very beautiful tables with inlaid floral wreaths thereon ; an exquisite hand-painted screen, evidence of the talent of the young members of the family, and also specimens of their skill in art needlework, in the very beautiful antimacassars of velvet worked in silk. Standing at one side of the room is a glass case full of gold and silver curios, a handsome writing-table, evidently used by the Duchess, a few landscapes, and various articles of vertu—all combine to make a very elegant looking apartment.



FONT IN WHICH PRINCE ALBERT WAS CHRISTENED—ROSENAU.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

Down a flight of stairs again as far as the iron gate from whence I started, then still lower, apparently to the basement. Proceeding along a dimly lighted corridor I come to a small apartment, in which from time immemorial the Princes of the House of Coburg have been christened. The font used for the ceremonies is shown in the centre of the room : it is of pure alabaster, very finely carved. The decorations of the room are purely Gothic, and of oak. Rosewood frame cupboards, with green silken fronts, surmounted by painted panels interspersed with arched recesses, form part of the background of the octagon-shaped room.

In one of the recesses is a small statue of the late Prince Consort, and an old-fashioned bronze chandelier, with branches for wax candles, depends from the centre of the mitre-shaped ceiling. I take an opportunity of inspecting the contents of the cupboards, finding such highly interesting — inasmuch as not only is much antique china shown, but also the small tea services, etc., used by the Prince and his brother at a very early age, when the size of the cup was not an object : these are of the liliputian order.



From a Photo. by] GOTHIC DINING-HALL—ROSENAU. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

Then I go to the Gothic dining-hall,

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a really magnificent apartment of immense proportions, and entirely of marble. The ceiling, beautifully ornamented in gold and white, is supported by fifteen quadruple columns, with caps ornamented to match the ceiling. The room is effectively lighted by eight hanging candelabra and some immense bronze side-lights, supported by figures of black slaves. At either end of this huge apartment are marble and ormolu mantel-pieces, and on one side of it are two beautiful lofty stands, composed of marble with ormolu mounts, containing some fine specimens of old china. At the top end, amidst waving palms, ferns, and baskets of flowers, stands a cosy little tea-table, on it being a silver service and other five o'clock tea appointments. Her Majesty has just occupied the chair on the left of the table, and enjoyed her cup of tea in her customary manner. The old gentleman in attendance has lived here all his life, and his father before him, and he chatters volubly to me of days that are gone and events big with importance.

Then I step out again on to the lawn, and am just in time to witness the arrival of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and her sister the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg, who have driven over from Coburg. They are presently followed by the younger sister, Princess Beatrice, mounted on her pony. The opportunity is too good to be lost, a request is made to which a smiling assent is given, and before you you have the Royal party posed in easy attitudes under the trees, together with the pony and dogs. This finished, I drive away from Rosenau, having most thoroughly enjoyed my visit to this historic Schloss.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, AND PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

The following day I turn my face to England, for the festivities are over; the Queen is going home, and Coburg is again settling down to its quiet, everyday existence.

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AGE 34.
From the Painting by J. B. Keene



AGE 55.
From a Photo. by J. Perkins, Bath.

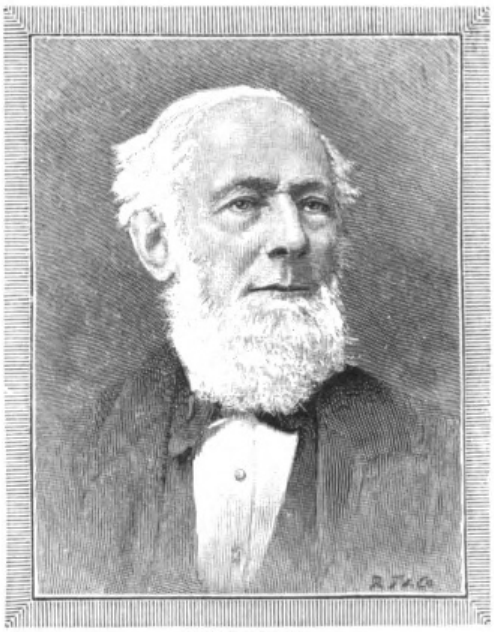
SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

BORN 1813.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN was born at Trowbridge, Wilts, and educated at the Grammar School of that town. He came to London in 1831; he established the British School at Wotton-under-Edge in 1836, and removed to Bath in 1839. He is the inventor of phonography, and his first treatise relating to it appeared in 1837. Sir Isaac edits and prints the *Phonetic Journal*, which reports the progress of the "Writing and Spelling Reform," of which he is the originator; besides this, Sir Isaac has issued a little library of about eighty volumes printed entirely in shorthand, ranging from the Bible to "Rasselas." He was made a Knight in May of this year.



AGE 46.
From a Photo. by J. Perkins, Bath.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Friese, Greene, & Co., Bath.

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From a] AGE 4. [Photograph.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN, PH.D.

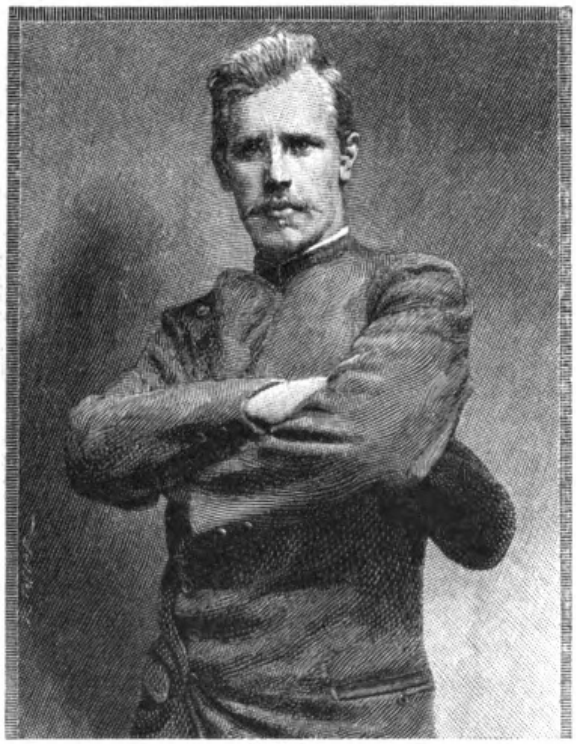
BORN 1861.

READERS of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will, no doubt, remember the interesting article which appeared from the pen of Dr. Nansen in the December issue of 1893, and we are now happy in being able to give the portraits of the great explorer at different times



From a] AGE 12. [Photograph.

of his life. Fridtjof Nansen, Ph.D., was born near Christiania, and went to the University there in 1880, where he decided upon studying zoology. In July, 1882, he returned from his first expedition in Iceland and Greenland. In 1888 he took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, and in May of that year started on his memorable journey to Greenland, which continent he crossed, returning in



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Ad. Lønborg, Copenhagen.

May, 1889. He has published "Across Greenland"—being an account of his last expedition. Last summer Dr. Nansen sailed in the *Fram* on an expedition to the North Pole, a grant of 200,000 kroner having been granted by the Norwegian National Assembly for that purpose.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gibbsson, Christiania.

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From a] AGE 2. *[Photograph.*

MISS ANNIE ALBU.

MISS ANNIE ALBU has a very sweet voice, and art, coupled with experience, has taught her how to use it properly. Her first appearance on the stage was at Milan, as *Amina* in "La Somnambula." Since then she has delighted the English public by her



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Milano, Montabone.*

noted appearances as the *Messenger of Peace* in "Rienzi," as *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," and many others. Miss Albu is at present in negotiations for her appearance in concerts and oratorios, in which she has proved herself very successful.





AGE 20.
From a Photo. by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.

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THE RIGHT HON. HENRY H. FOWLER, M.P., P.C.
BORN 1830.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER was born at Sunderland, and educated at Woodhouse Grove School and St. Saviour's School, Southwark. He was Mayor of Wolverhampton in 1863, and first chairman of the Wolverhampton School Board. From 1880 to 1885 he sat as a Liberal for the undivided Borough of Wolverhampton, and after the Redistribution Act was returned for the East Division. In December, 1884, he was appointed Under Secretary for the Home Department, and in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1886 he held the post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He was created also a Privy Councillor in June, 1886. He was President of the Local Government Board during Mr. Gladstone's recent Administration, and is at the present time Secretary of State for India, having been appointed to that post on the occasion of Lord Rosebery's succession to Mr. Gladstone.



AGE 47.
From a Photo. by Sarony & Co., Scarborough.



AGE 55.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Williams, Wolverhampton.



AGE 25.
From a Photo. by W. H. Dodds, Wolverhampton.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

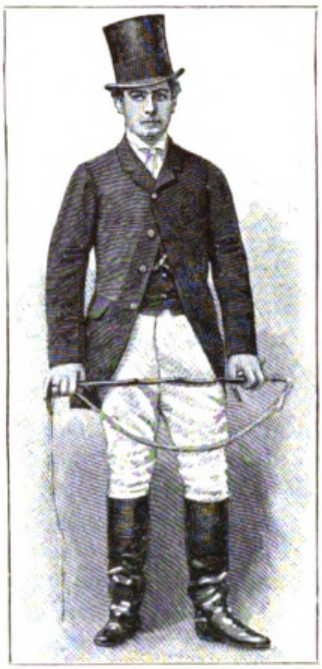
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From a] AGE 12. [*Photograph.*



AGE 15.
From a Photograph.



From a] AGE 21. [*Photograph.*



AGE 28.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



AGE 35.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 46.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

BORN 1844.

WE have pleasure in giving here a most interesting set of portraits of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was born at Windsor Castle on the 6th of August, 1844. In 1862 the Throne of Greece was offered to the Duke, who declined it, succeeding to the Throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha about a year ago. Additional interest will be attached to this set owing to the appearance of the article on the Duke's palaces in the present number.

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Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

V.—THE QUINTON JEWEL AFFAIR.

IT was comparatively rarely that Hewitt came into contact with members of the regular criminal class—those, I mean, who are thieves, of one sort or another, by exclusive profession. Still, nobody could have been better prepared than Hewitt for encountering this class when it became necessary. By some means, which I never quite understood, he managed to keep abreast of the very latest fashions in the ever-changing slang dialect of the fraternity, and he was a perfect master of the more modern and debased form of Romany. So much so, that frequently a gipsy who began (as they always do) by pretending that he understood nothing, and never heard of a gipsy language, ended by confessing that Hewitt could *rokker* better than most Romany *chals* themselves.

By this acquaintance with their habits and talk, Hewitt was sometimes able to render efficient service in cases of especial importance. In the Quinton jewel affair Hewitt came into contact with a very accomplished thief.

The case will probably be very well remembered. Sir Valentine Quinton, before he married, had been as poor as only a man of rank with an old country establishment to keep up can be. His marriage, however, with the daughter of a wealthy financier had changed all that, and now the Quinton establishment was carried on on as lavish a scale as might be; and, indeed, the extravagant habits of Lady Quinton herself rendered it an extremely lucky thing that she had brought a fortune with her.

Among other things, her jewels made quite a collection, and chief among them was the great ruby, one of the very few that were sent to this country to be sold (at an average price of somewhere about £20,000 apiece, I believe) by the Burmese King before the annexation of his country. Let but a ruby be of a great size and colour, and no equally fine diamond can approach its value. Well, this great ruby (which was set in a pendant, by-the-bye), together with a necklace, brooches, bracelets, earrings—indeed, the greater part of Lady Quinton's collection—were stolen. The robbery was effected at the usual time and in the usual way in cases of carefully planned jewellery robberies. The time was early evening—dinner-time, in fact—and an entrance had been made by the window to Lady Quinton's dressing-room, the door screwed up on the inside, and wires artfully stretched about the grounds below, to overset anybody who might observe and pursue the thieves.

On an investigation by London detectives, however, a feature of singularity was brought to light. There had plainly been only one thief at work at Radcot Hall, and no other had been inside the grounds. Alone he had planted the wires, opened the window, screwed the door, and picked the lock of the safe. Clearly this was a thief of the most accomplished description.

Some few days passed, and although the police had made various arrests, they appeared to be all mistakes, and the suspected persons were released one after another. I was talking of the robbery with Hewitt at lunch, and asked him if he had received any commission to hunt for the missing jewels.

"No," Hewitt replied, "I haven't been commissioned. They are offering an immense reward, however — a very pleasant sum, indeed. I have had a short note from Radcot Hall, informing me of the amount, and that's all. Probably they fancy that I may take the case up as a speculation, but that is a great mistake. I'm not a beginner, and I must be commissioned in a regular manner, hit or miss, if I am to deal with the case. I've quite enough commissions going now, and no time to waste hunting for a problematical reward."

But we were nearer a clue to the Quinton jewels than we then supposed.

We talked of other things, and presently rose and left the restaurant, strolling quietly towards home. Some little distance from the Strand, and near our own door, we passed an excited Irishman — without doubt an Irishman, by appearance and talk — who was pouring a torrent of angry complaints in the ears of a policeman. The policeman obviously thought little of the man's grievances, and with an amused smile appeared to be advising him to go home quietly and think no more about it. We passed on and mounted our stairs. Something interesting in our conversation made me stop for a little while at Hewitt's office door on my way up, and while I stood there, the Irishman we had seen in the street mounted the stairs. He was a poorly dressed but sturdy-looking fellow, apparently a labourer in a badly-worn best suit of clothes. His agitation still held

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him, and without a pause he immediately burst out :—

"Which of ye jintlemen will be Misther Hewitt, sor?"

"This is Mr. Hewitt," I said. "Do you want him?"

"It's protecshin I want, sor—protecshin.



"IT'S PROTECSHIN I WANT, SOR."

I spake to the polis an' they laff at me, begob. Foive days have I lived in London, an' 'tis nothin' but battle, murdher, an' suddhen death for me here all day an' ivery day. . . An' the polis say I'm dhrunk!"

He gesticulated wildly, and to me it seemed just possible that the police might be right.

"They say I'm dhrunk, sor," he continued, "but, begob, I b'lieve they think I'm mad. An' me being thracked an' folleyed an' dogged an' waylaid an' poisoned an blandandhered an' kidnapped an' murdhered, an' for why I do not know!"

"And who's doing all this?"

"Sthrangers, sor — sthrangers. 'Tis a sthranger here I am mesilf, an' fwhy they do it bates me, onless I do be so like the Prince av Wales or other crowned head they thry to slaughter me. They're layin' for me in the sthreet now, I misdoubt not, and fwhat they may thry next I can tell no more than the Lord Mayor. An' the polis won't listen to me."

This, I thought, must be one of the very common cases of mental hallucination which one hears of every day—the belief of the sufferer that he is surrounded by enemies and followed by spies. It is probably the most usual delusion of the harmless lunatic.

"But what have these people done?" Hewitt asked, looking rather interested, although amused. "What actual assaults have they committed, and when? And who told you to come here?"

"Who towld me, is ut? Who but the payler outside—in the street below? I complained to 'um, an' sez he, 'Ah, you go an' take a slape,' sez he; 'you go an' take a good slape, an' they'll all be gone whin ye wake up.' 'But they'll murdher me,' sez I. 'Oh, no!' sez he, smilin' behind av his ugly face. 'Oh, no, hey won't; you take ut aisy, me frind, an' go home.' 'Take ut aisy, is ut, an' go home!' sez I; 'why, that's just where they've been last, a-ruinationin' an' a turnin' av the place upside down, an' me strook on the head onsensible a mile away. Take ut aisy, is ut, ye say, whin all the demons in this unholy place is jumpin' on me ivery minut in places promiscuous till I can't tell where to turn; descendin' an' vanishin' marvellious an' onaccountable? Take ut aisy, is ut?' sez I. 'Well, me frind,' sez he, 'I can't help ye; that's the marvellious an' onaccountable departmint up the stairs forninst ye. Misther Hewitt ut is,' sez he, 'that attinds to the onaccountable departmint, him as wint by a minut ago. You go an' bother him.' That's how I was towld, sor."

Hewitt smiled.

"Very good," he said, "and now what are these extraordinary troubles of yours? Don't declaim," he added, as the Irishman raised his hand and opened his mouth preparatory to another torrent of complaint; "just say in ten words, if you can, what they've done to you."

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"I will, sor. Wan day had I been in London, sor; wan day only, an' a low scutt thried to poison me dhrink; next day some udther thief av sin shoved me off av a railway platform undher a train, malicious and purposeful; glory be, he didn't kill me, but the very docther that felt me bones thried to pick me pockut, I du b'lieve. Sunday night I was grabbed outrageous in a darrk turnin', rowled on the groun', half strangled, an' me pockets nigh ripped out av me trousies. An' this very blessed mornin' av light I was strook onsensible an' left a livin' corrpse, an' my lodgin's penethrated an' all the thruck mishandled an' bruk up behind me back. Is that a panjandhery for the polis to laff at, sor?"

Had Hewitt not been there I think I should have done my best to quiet the poor fellow with a few soothing words and to persuade him to go home to his friends. His excited and rather confused manner, his fantastic story of a sort of general conspiracy to kill him, and the absurd reference to the doctor who tried to pick his pocket, seemed to me plainly to confirm my first impression that he was insane. But Hewitt appeared strangely interested.

"Did they steal anything?" he asked.

"Divil a shtick but me door-key, an' that they tuk home an' lift in the door."

Hewitt opened his office door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell me all about this. You come too, Brett."

The Irishman and I followed him into the inner office, where, shutting the door, Hewitt suddenly turned on the Irishman and exclaimed, sharply: "*Then you've still got it?*"

He looked keenly in the man's eyes, but the only expression there was one of surprise.

"Got ut?" said the Irishman. "Got fwhat, sor? Is ut you're thinkin' I've got the horrors, as well as the polis?"

Hewitt's gaze relaxed. "Sit down, sit down," he said. "You've still got your watch and money, I suppose, since you weren't robbed?"

"Oh, that? Glory be I have ut still, though for how long—or me own head for that matter—in this state of besiegement, I cannot say."

"Now," said Hewitt, "I want a full, true, and particular account of yourself and your doings for the last week. First, your name?"

"Leamy's my name, sor—Michael Leamy."

"Lately from Ireland?"

"Over from Dublin this last blessed Wednesday, and a crooil bad poundherin' ut was in the boat, too—shpakin' av that same."

"Looking for work?"

"That is my purshuit at prisint, sor."

"Did anything noticeable happen before these troubles of yours began—anything here in London or on the journey?"

"Sure," the Irishman smiled, "part av the way I thravelled first-class by favour av the gyard, an' I got a small job before I lift the train."

"How was that? Why did you travel first-class part of the way?"

"There was a station fwhere we shtopped afther a long run, an' I got down to take the cramp out av me joints, an' take a taste av dhrink. I overshtayed somehow, an' whin I got to the train, begob it was on the move. There was a first-class carr'ge door opin right forninst me, an' into that the gyard crams me holus-bolus. There was a juce of a foine jintleman sittin' there, an' he stares at me umbrageous, but I was not dishcommoded, bein' onbashful by natur'. We thravelled along a heap av miles more, till we came near London. Afther we had shtopped at a station where they tuk tickets, we wint ahead again, an' prisintly, as we rips through some udther station, up jumps the jintleman opposite, swearin' hard undher his tongue, an' looks out at the windy. 'I thought this train shtopped here,' sez he."

"Chalk Farm," observed Hewitt, with a nod.

"The name I do not know, sor, but that's fwhat he said. Then he looks at me onaisy for a little, an' at last he sez, 'Wud ye loike a small job, me good man, well paid?'

"'Faith,' sez I, 'tis that will suit me well.'

"'Then, see here,' sez he, 'I should have gòt out at that station, havin' particular business; havin' missed I must sen' a telegrammer from Euston. Now, here's a bag,' sez he, 'a bag full of imporrtant papers for my solicitor—imporrtant to me, ye ondershtand, not worth the shine av a brass farden to a sowl else—an' I want 'em tuk on to him. Take you this bag,' he sez, 'an' go you straight out wid it at Euston an' get in a cab. I shall stay in the station a bit to see to the telegrammer. Dhrive out av the station, across the road outside, an' wait there five minuts by the clock. Ye ondershtand? Wait five minuts, an' maybe I'll come an' join ye. If I don't, 'twill be bekaze I'm detained onexpected, an' then ye'll dhrive to my solicitor straight. Here's his address, if ye can read writin',' an' he put ut on a piece av paper. He gave me half a crown for the cab, an' I tuk his bag."

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"I THOUGHT THIS TRAIN SHTOPPED HERE.

"One moment—have you the paper with the address now?"

"I have not, sor. I missed ut afther the blayguards overset me yesterday; but the solicitor's name was Hollams, an' a liberal jintleman wid his money he was too, by that same token."

"What was his address?"

"'Twas in Chelsea, and 'twas Gold or Golden something, which I know by the good token av fwhat he gave me; but the number I misremember."

Hewitt turned to his directory. "Gold Street is the place, probably," he said, "and it seems to be a street chiefly of private houses. You would be able to point out the house if you were taken there, I suppose?"

"I should that, sor—indade, I was thinkin' av goin' there an' tellin' Misther Hollams all my throubles, him havin' been so kind."

"Now tell me exactly what instructions the man in the train gave you, and what happened."

"He sez, 'You ask for Misther Hollams, an' see nobody else. Tell him ye've brought the sparks from Misther W.'"

I fancied I could see a sudden twinkle in Hewitt's eye, but he made no other sign, and the Irishman proceeded.

"'Sparks?' sez I. 'Yes, sparks,' sez he. 'Misther Hollams will know; 'tis our jokin' word for 'em; sometimes papers is sparks when they set a lawsuit ablaze,' and he laffed. 'But be sure ye say the *sparks from Misther W.*,' he sez again, 'bekase then he'll know ye're jinuine an' he'll pay ye han'some. Say Misther W. sez you're to have your reg'lars, if ye like. D'ye mind that?'

"'Aye,' sez I, 'that I'm to have me reg'lars.'

"Well, sor, I tuk the bag and wint out of the station, tuk the cab an' did all as he towld me. I waited the foive minuts, but he niver came, so off I druv' to Misther Hollams, and he threated me han'some, sor."

"Yes, but tell me exactly all he did."

"'Misther Hollams, sor?' sez I. 'Who are ye?' sez he. 'Mick Leamy, sor,' sez I, 'from Misther W. wid the sparks.' 'Oh,' sez he, 'thin come in.' I wint in. 'They're in here, are they?' sez he, takin' the bag. 'They are, sor,' sez I, 'an' Misther W. sez I'm to have me reg'lars.' 'You shall,' sez he. 'What shall we say now—a finnip?' 'Fwhat's that, sor?' sez I. 'Oh,' sez he, 'I s'pose ye're a new hand; five quid—ondershtand that?'"

"Begob, I did ondershtand it, an' moighty plazed I was to have come to a place where they pay five-pun' notes for carryin' bags. So whin he asked me was I new to London an' shud I kape in the same line av business, I towld him I shud for certin, or anythin' else payin' like it. 'Right,' sez he, 'let me know whin ye've got anythin'—ye'll find me all right.' An' he winked frindly. 'Faith, that I know I shall, sor,' sez I, wid the money safe in me pocket; an' I winked him back, conjanial. 'I've a smart family about me,' sez he, 'an' I treat 'em all fair an' liberal.' An' saints, I thought it likely his family ud have all they wanted, seein' he was so free-handed wid a stranger. Thin he asked me where I was livin' in London, and when I towld him nowhere, he towld me av a room in Musson Street, here by Drury Lane, that was to let, in a house his fam'ly knew very well, an' I wint straight there an' tuk ut, an' there I do be stayin' still, sor."

I hadn't understood at first why Hewitt

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took so much interest in the Irishman's narrative, but the latter part of it opened my eyes a little. It seemed likely that Leamy had, in his innocence, been made a conveyer of stolen property. I knew enough of thieves' slang to know that "sparks" meant diamonds or other jewels; that "regulars" was the term used for a payment made to a brother thief who gave assistance in some small way, such as carrying the booty; and that the "family" was the time-honoured expression for a gang of thieves.

"This was all on Wednesday, I understand," said Hewitt. "Now tell me what happened on Thursday—the poisoning, or drugging, you know?"

"Well, sor, I was walking out, an' towards the evenin' I lost mesilf. Up comes a man, seemin'ly a sthranger, and shmacks me on the showldher. 'Why, Mick,' sez he, 'it's Mick Leamy, I du b'lieve!'

"'I am that,' sez I, 'but you I do not know.'

"'Not know me?' sez he. 'Why, I wint to school wid ye.' An' wid that he hauls me off to a bar, blarneyin' and minowdherin', an' orders dhrinks.

"'Can ye rache me a poipe-loight?' sez he, an' I turned to get ut, but lookin' back suddent, there was that onblushin' thief av the warl' tippin' a paper full av powdher stuff into me glass."



'TIPPIN' A PAPER FULL AV POWDHER STUFF.'

"What did you do?" Hewitt asked.

"I knocked the dhirty face av him, sor, an' can ye blame me? A mane scutt, thryin' for to poison a well-manin' sthranger. I knocked the face av him, an' got away home."

"Now the next misfortune?"

"Faith, that was av a sort likely to turn out the last av all misfortunes. I wint that day to the Crystial Palace, bein' dishposed for a little shport, seein' as I was new to London. Comin' home at night, there was a juce av a crowd on the station platform, consekins av a late thrain. Shtandin' by the edge av the platform at the fore end, just as the thrain came in, some onvisible murdherer gives me a stupenjus dhrive in the back, an' over I wint on the line, mid-betwixt the rails. The engine came up an' wint half over me widout givin' me a scratch, bekase av my centraleous situation, an' then the porther-men pulled me out, nigh sick wid fright, sor, as ye may guess. A jintleman in the crowd sings out, 'I'm a medical man!' an' they tuk me in the waitin'-room, an' he investigated me, havin' turned everybody else out av the room. There was no bones bruk, glory be, and the docthor-man he was tellin' me so, after feelin' me over, whin I felt his hand in me waistcoat pockut.

"'An' fwhat's this, sor?' sez I. 'Do you be lookin' for your fee that thief's way?'

"He laffed, and said, 'I want no fee from ye, me man, an' I did but feel your ribs'—though on me conscience he had done that undher me waistcoat already. An' so I came home."

"What did they do to you on Saturday?"

"Saturday, sor, they gave me a whole holiday, and I began to think less av things; but on Sunday night, in a dark place, two blayguards tuk me throat from behind, nigh choked me, flung me down, an' wint through all me pockets in about a quarter av a minut."

"And they took nothing, you say?"

"Nothing, sor. But this mornin' I got my worst dose. I was trapesing along distreshful an' moighty sore, in a street just away off the Strand here, whin I obsarved the docthor-

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man that was at the Crystial Palace station a-smilin' an' beckonin' at me from a door.

"'How are ye now?' sez he. 'Well,' sez I, 'I'm moighty sore an' sad bruised,' sez I. 'Is that so?' sez he. 'Shtep in here.' So I shtepped in, an' before I could wink there dhropped a crack on the back av me head that sent me off as unknowledgeable as a corrpse. I knew no more for a while, sor, whether half an hour or an hour, an thin I got up in a room av the place marked 'To Let.' 'Twas a house full av offices by the same token, like this. There was a sore bad lump on me head—see ut, sor?—an' the whole warl' was shpinnin' roun' rampageous. The thirgs out av me pockets were lyin' on the flure by me—all barrin' the key av me room. So that the demons had been through me posseshins again, bad luck to 'em."

"You are quite sure, are you, that everything was there, except the key?" Hewitt asked.

"Certin, sor. Well, I got along to me room, sick an' sorry enough, an' doubtsome whether I might get in wid no key. But there was the key in the open door, an' by this an' that, all the shtuff in the room—chair, table, bed an' all—was shtandin' on their heads twisty-ways, an' the bed-clothes an' everythin' else; such a disgraceful stramash av conglomerated thruck as ye niver dhreamt av. The chist av drawers was lyin' on uts face, wid all the dhrawers out an' emptied on the flure. 'Twas as though an arrmy had been lootin', sor!"

"But still nothing was gone?"

"Nothin' so far as I investigated, sor. But I didn't shtay—I came out to spake to the polis, an' two av them laffed at me—wan afther another!"

"It has certainly been no laughing matter for you. Now, tell me, have you anything in your possession—documents, or valuables, or anything—that any other person, to your knowledge, is anxious to get hold of?"

"I have not, sor—divil a document. As to valuables—thim an' me is the cowldest av sthrangers."

"Just call to mind, now, the face of the man who tried to put powder in your drink and that of the doctor who attended to you in the railway station. Were they at all alike, or was either like anybody you have seen before?"

Leamy puckered his forehead and thought. "Faith," he said, presently, "they were a bit alike, though wan had a beard an' the udther whiskers only."

"Neither happened to look like Mr. Hollams, for instance?"

Leamy started. "Begob, but they did! They'd ha' been mortal like him if they'd been shaved." Then, after a pause, he suddenly added: "Holy saints! is ut the fam'ly he talked av?"

Hewitt laughed. "Perhaps it is," he said. "Now, as to the man who sent you with the bag. Was it an old bag?"

"Bran' cracklin' new—a brown leather bag."

"Locked?"

"That I niver thried, sor. It was not my consarn."

"True. Now, as to this Mr. W. himself"—Hewitt had been rummaging for some few minutes in a portfolio, and finally produced a photograph, and held it before the Irishman's eyes—"Is that like him?" he asked.



"IS THAT LIKE HIM?"

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"Shure, it's the man himself! Is he a frind av yours, sor?"

"No, he's not exactly a friend of mine," Hewitt answered, with a grim chuckle. "I fancy he's one of that very respectable *family* you heard about at Mr. Hollams's. Come along with me now, to Chelsea, and see if you can point out that house in Gold Street. I'll send for a cab."

He made for the outer office, and I went with him.

"What is all this, Hewitt?" I asked; "a gang of thieves with stolen property?"

Hewitt looked in my face and replied: "*It's the Quinton ruby!*"

"What? The ruby? Shall you take the case up, then?"

"I shall. It is no longer a speculation."

"Then do you expect to find it at Hollams's house in Chelsea?" I asked.

"No, I don't, because it isn't there—else why are they trying to get it from this unlucky Irishman? There has been bad faith in Hollams's gang, I expect, and Hollams has missed the ruby and suspects Leamy of having taken it from the bag."

"Then who is this Mr. W. whose portrait you have in your possession?"

"See here." Hewitt turned over a small pile of recent newspapers and selected one, pointing at a particular paragraph. "I kept that in my mind, because to me it seemed to be the most likely arrest of the lot," he said.

It was an evening paper of the previous Thursday, and the paragraph was a very short one, thus:—

"The man Wilks, who was arrested at Euston Station yesterday, in connection with the robbery of Lady Quinton's jewels, has been released, nothing being found to incriminate him."

"How does that strike you?" asked Hewitt. "Wilks is a man well known to the police—one of the most accomplished burglars in this country, in fact. I have had no dealings with him as yet, but I found means, some time ago, to add his portrait to my little collection, in case I might want it, and to-day it has been quite useful."

The thing was plain now. Wilks must have been bringing his booty to town, and calculated on getting out at Chalk Farm, and thus eluding the watch which he doubtless felt pretty sure would be kept (by telegraphic instruction) at Euston, for suspicious characters arriving from the direction of Radcot. His transaction with Leamy was his only possible expedient to save himself from being hopelessly taken with the swag in his possession. The paragraph told me why Leamy had waited in vain for "Mr. W." in the cab.

"What shall you do now?" I asked.

"I shall go to the Gold Street house and find out what I can, as soon as this cab turns up."

There seemed a possibility of some excitement in the adventure, so I asked, "Will you want any help?"

Hewitt smiled. "I *think* I can get through it alone," he said.

"Then may I come to look on?" I said. "Of course, I don't want to be in your way, and the result of the business, whatever it is, will be to your credit alone. But I am curious."

"Come, then, by all means. The cab will be a four-wheeler, and there will be plenty of room."

Gold Street was a short street of private houses of very fair size, and of a half-vanished pretension to gentility. We drove slowly through, and Leamy had no difficulty in pointing out the house wherein he had been paid five pounds for carrying a bag. At the end the cab turned the corner and stopped, while Hewitt wrote a short note to an official of Scotland Yard.

"Take this note," he instructed Leamy, "to Scotland Yard in the cab, and then go home. I will pay the cabman now."

"I will, sor. An' will I be protected?"

"Oh, yes. Stay at home for the rest of the day, and I expect you'll be left alone in future. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you in a day or two; if I do, I'll send. Good-bye."

The cab rolled off, and Hewitt and I strolled back along Gold Street. "I think," Hewitt said, "we will drop in on Mr. Hollams for a few minutes while we can. In a few hours I expect the police will have him, and his house, too, if they attend promptly to my note."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge, though I may know him by some other name. Wilks I know by sight, though he doesn't know me."

"What shall we say?"

"That will depend on circumstances. I may not get my cue till the door opens, or even till later. At worst, I can easily apply for a reference as to Leamy—who, you remember, is looking for work."

But we were destined not to make Mr. Hollams's acquaintance, after all. As we approached the house, a great uproar was heard from the lower part giving on to the

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area, and suddenly a man, hatless, and with a sleeve of his coat nearly torn away, burst through the door, and up the area steps, pursued by two others. I had barely time to observe that one of the pursuers carried a revolver, and that both hesitated and retired on seeing that several people were about the street, when Hewitt, gripping my arm and exclaiming, "That's our man!" started at a run after the fugitive.

We turned the next corner and saw the man thirty yards before us, walking, and pulling up his sleeve at the shoulder, so as to conceal the rent. Plainly he felt safe from further molestation.

"That's Sim Wilks," Hewitt explained, as we followed, "the 'juce av a foine jintleman' who got Leamy to carry his bag, and the man who knows where the Quinton ruby is, unless I am more than usually mistaken. Don't stare after him, in case he looks round. Presently, when we get into the busier streets, I shall have a little chat with him."

But for some time the man kept to the back streets. In time, however, he emerged into the Buckingham Palace Road, and we saw him stop and look at a hat-shop. But after a general look over the window and a glance in at the door, he went on.

"Good sign," observed Hewitt; "got no money with him—makes it easier for us."

In a little while Wilks approached a small crowd gathered about a woman fiddler. Hewitt touched my arm, and a few quick steps took us past our man and to the opposite side of the crowd. When Wilks emerged he met us coming in the opposite direction.

"What, Sim!" burst out Hewitt, with apparent delight. "I haven't piped your mug* for a stretch†; I thought you'd fell.‡ Where's your cady?"‖

Wilks looked astonished and suspicious. "I don't know you," he said. "You've made a mistake."

Hewitt laughed. "I'm glad you don't know me," he said. "If you don't, I'm pretty sure the reelers§ won't. I think I've faked my mug pretty well, and my clobber,¶ too. Look here: I'll stand you a new cady. Strange blokes don't do that, eh?"

Wilks was still suspicious. "I don't know what you mean," he said. Then, after a pause, he added, "Who are you, then?"

Hewitt winked and screwed his face genially aside. "Hooky!" he said. "I've had a lucky touch* and I'm Mr. Smith till I've melted the pieces.† You come and damp it."

"I'm off," Wilks replied. "Unless you're pal enough to lend me a quid," he added, laughing.

"I am that," responded Hewitt, plunging his hand in his pocket. "I'm flush, my boy, flush, and I've been wetting it pretty well to-day. I feel pretty jolly now, and I shouldn't wonder if I went home cannon.‡ Only a quid? Have two, if you want 'em—or three—there's plenty more, and you'll do the same for me some day. Here y'are."

Hewitt had, of a sudden, assumed the whole appearance, manners, and bearing of a slightly elevated rowdy. Now he pulled his hand from his pocket and extended it, full of silver, with five or six sovereigns interspersed, toward Wilks.

"I'll have three quid," Wilks said, with decision, taking the money; "but I'm blowed if I remember you. Who's your pal?"

Hewitt jerked his head in my direction, winked, and said in a low voice, "He's all

* Robbery. † Spent the money. ‡ Drunk.



* Seen your face. † A year. ‡ Been imprisoned. ‖ Hat. § Police. ¶ Clothes.

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right. Having a rest. Can't stand Manchester," and winked again.

Wilks laughed and nodded, and I understood from that that Hewitt had very flatteringly given me credit for being "wanted" by the Manchester police.

We lurched into a public-house, and drank a very little very bad whisky and water. Wilks still regarded us curiously, and I could see him again and again glancing doubtfully in Hewitt's face. But the loan of three pounds had largely reassured him. Presently Hewitt said:—

"How about our old pal down in Gold Street? Do anything with him now? Seen him lately?"

Wilks looked up at the ceiling and shook his head.

"That's a good job. It 'ud be awkward if you were about there to-day, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"Never mind, so long as you're not there. I know something, if I *have* been away. I'm glad I haven't had any truck with Gold Street lately, that's all."

"D'you mean the reelers are on it?"

Hewitt looked cautiously over his shoulder, leaned toward Wilks, and said, "Look here, this is the straight tip. I know this—I got it from the very nark* that's given the show away. By six o'clock No. 8, Gold Street, will be turned inside out, like an old glove, and everyone in the place will be——" He finished the sentence by crossing his wrists like a handcuffed man. "What's more," he went on, "they know all about what's gone on there lately, and everybody that's been in or out for the last two moons† will be wanted particular—and will be found, I'm told." Hewitt concluded with a confidential frown, a nod, and a wink, and took another mouthful of whisky. Then he added, as an afterthought: "So I'm glad you haven't been there lately."

Wilks looked in Hewitt's face and asked: "Is that straight?"

"*Is* it?" replied Hewitt, with emphasis. "You go and have a look, if you ain't afraid of being smugged yourself. Only *I* shan't go near No. 8 just yet—I know that."

Wilks fidgeted, finished his drink, and expressed his intention of going. "Very well, if you *won't* have another——" replied Hewitt. But he had gone.

"Good," said Hewitt, moving towards the door, "he has suddenly developed a hurry. I shall keep him in sight, but you had better take a cab and go straight to Euston. Take tickets to the nearest station to Radcot—Kedderby, I think it is—and look up the train arrangements. Don't show yourself too much, and keep an eye on the entrance. Unless I am mistaken, Wilks will be there pretty soon, and I shall be on his heels. If I *am* wrong, then you won't see the end of the fun, that's all."

Hewitt hurried after Wilks, and I took the cab and did as he wished. There was an hour and a few minutes, I found, to wait for the next train, and that time I occupied as best I might, keeping a sharp look-out across the quadrangle. Barely five minutes before the train was to leave, and just as I was beginning to think about the time of the next, a cab dashed up and Hewitt alighted. He hurried in, found me, and drew me aside into a recess, just as another cab arrived.

"Here he is," Hewitt said. "I followed him as far as Euston Road and then got my cabby to spurt up and pass him. He has had his moustache shaved off, and I feared you mightn't recognise him, and so let him see you."

From our retreat we could see Wilks hurry into the booking-office. We watched him through to the platform and followed. He wasted no time, but made the best of his way to a third-class carriage at the extreme fore-end of the train.

"We have three minutes," Hewitt said, "and everything depends on his not seeing us get into this train. Take this cap. Fortunately, we're both in tweed suits."

He had bought a couple of tweed cricket caps, and these we assumed, sending our "bowler" hats to the cloak-room. Hewitt also put on a pair of blue spectacles, and then walked boldly up the platform and entered a first-class carriage. I followed close on his heels, in such a manner that a person looking from the fore-end of the train would be able to see but very little of me.

"So far, so good," said Hewitt, when we were seated and the train began to move off. "I must keep a look-out at each station, in case our friend goes off unexpectedly."

"I waited some time," I said; "where did you both get to?"

"First he went and bought that hat he is wearing. Then he walked some distance, dodging the main thoroughfares and keeping to the back streets in a way that made following difficult, till he came to a little tailor's shop. There he entered and came out in a quarter of an hour with his coat mended. This was in a street in Westminster.

* Police spy. † Months.

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Presently he worked his way up to Tothill Street, and there he plunged into a barber's shop. I took a cautious peep at the window, saw two or three other customers also waiting, and took the opportunity to rush over to a 'notion' shop and buy these blue spectacles, and to a hatter's for these caps — of which I regret to observe that yours is too big. He was rather a long while in the barber's, and finally came out as you saw him, with no moustache. This was a good indication. It made it plainer than ever that he had believed my warning as to the police descent on the house in Gold Street and its frequenters; which was right and proper, for what I told him was quite true. The rest you know. He cabbed to the station, and so did I."

"And now, perhaps," I said, "after giving me the character of a thief wanted by the Manchester police, forcibly depriving me of my hat in exchange for this all-too-large cap, and rushing me off out of London without any definite idea of when I'm coming back, perhaps you'll tell me what we're after?"

Hewitt laughed. "You wanted to join in, you know," he said, "and you must take your luck as it comes. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely anything in my profession so uninteresting and so difficult as this watching and following business. Often it lasts for weeks. When we alight we shall have to follow Wilks again, under the most difficult possible conditions—in the country. There it is often quite impossible to follow a man unobserved. It is only because it is the only way that I am undertaking it now. As to what we're after—you know that as well as I; the Quinton ruby. Wilks has hidden it, and without his help it would be impossible to find it. We are following him so that he will find it for us."

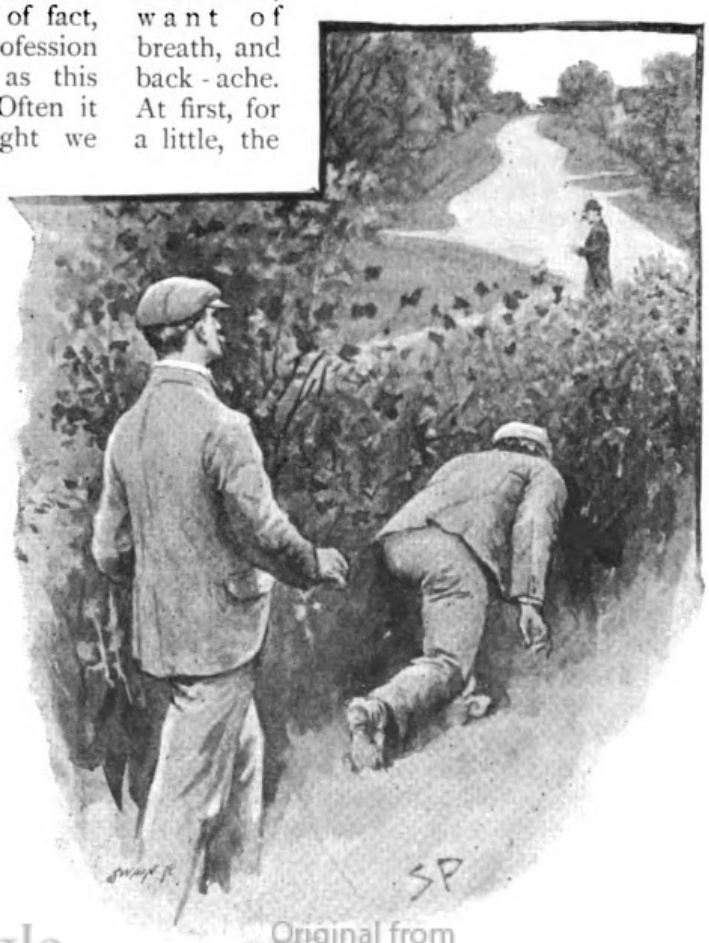
"He must have hidden it, I suppose, to avoid sharing with Hollams?"

"Of course, and availed himself of the fact of Leamy having carried the bag to direct Hollams's suspicion to him. Hollams found out, by his repeated searches of Leamy and his lodgings, that this was wrong, and this morning evidently tried to persuade the ruby out of Wilks's possession with a revolver. We saw the upshot of that."

Kedderby Station was about forty miles out. At each intermediate stopping station Hewitt watched earnestly, but Wilks remained in the train. "What I fear," Hewitt observed, "is that at Kedderby he may take a fly. To stalk a man on foot in the country is difficult enough; but you *can't* follow one vehicle in another without being spotted. But if he's so smart as I think, he won't do it. A man travelling in a fly is noticed and remembered in these places."

He did *not* take a fly. At Kedderby we saw him jump out quickly and hasten from the station. The train stood for a few minutes, and he was out of the station before we alighted. Through the railings behind the platform we could see him walking briskly away to the right. From the ticket collector we ascertained that Radcot lay in that direction, three miles off.

To my dying day I shall never forget that three miles. They seemed three hundred. In the still country, almost every footfall seemed audible for any distance, and in the long stretches of road one could see half a mile behind or before. Hewitt was cool and patient, but I got into a fever of worry, excitement, want of breath, and back-ache. At first, for a little, the



"I WAS MUCH STARTLED."

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road zig-zagged, and then the chase was comparatively easy. We waited behind one bend till Wilks had passed the next, and then hurried in his trail, treading in the dustiest parts of the road or on the side grass, when there was any, to deaden the sound of our steps. At the last of these short bends we looked ahead and saw a long white stretch of road with the dark form of Wilks a couple of hundred yards in front. It would never do to let him get to the end of this great stretch before following, as he might turn off at some branch road out of sight and be lost. So we jumped the hedge and scuttled along as we best might on the other side, with backs bent, and our feet often many inches deep in wet clay. We had to make continual stoppages to listen and peep out, and on one occasion, happening, incautiously, to stand erect, looking after him, I was much startled to see Wilks with his face toward me, gazing down the road. I ducked like lightning, and, fortunately, he seemed not to have observed me, but went on as before. He had probably heard some slight noise, but looked straight along the road for its explanation, instead of over the hedge. At hilly parts of the road there was extreme difficulty; indeed, on approaching a rise it was usually necessary to lie down under the hedge till Wilks had passed the top, since from the higher ground he could have seen us easily. This improved neither my clothes, my comfort, nor my temper. Luckily we never encountered the difficulty of a long and high wall, but once we were nearly betrayed by a man who shouted to order us off his field.

At last we saw, just ahead, the square tower of an old church, set about with thick trees. Opposite this Wilks paused, looked irresolutely up and down the road, and then went on. We crossed the road, availed ourselves of the opposite hedge, and followed. The village was to be seen some three or four hundred yards farther along the road, and toward it Wilks sauntered slowly. Before he actually reached the houses, he stopped and turned back.

"The churchyard!" exclaimed Hewitt, under his breath. "Lie close and let him pass."

Wilks reached the churchyard gate, and again looked irresolutely about him. At that moment a party of children, who had been playing among the graves, came chattering and laughing toward and out of the gate, and Wilks walked hastily away again, this time in the opposite direction.

"That's the place, clearly," Hewitt said. "We must slip across quietly, as soon as he's far enough down the road. . . . Now!"

We hurried stealthily across, through the gate, and into the churchyard, where Hewitt threw his blue spectacles away. It was now nearly eight in the evening, and the sun was setting. Once again Wilks approached the gate, and did not enter, because a labourer passed at the time. Then he came back and slipped through.

The grass about the graves was long, and under the trees it was already twilight. Hewitt and I, two or three yards apart, to avoid falling over one another in case of sudden movement, watched from behind gravestones. The form of Wilks stood out large and black against the fading light in the west, as he stealthily approached through the long grass. A light cart came clattering along the road, and Wilks dropped at once and crouched on his knees till it had passed. Then, staring warily about him, he made straight for the stone behind which Hewitt waited.

I saw Hewitt's dark form swing noiselessly round to the other side of the stone. Wilks passed on and dropped on his knee beside a large, weather-worn slab that rested on a brick understructure a foot or so high. The long grass largely hid the bricks, and among it Wilks plunged his hand, feeling along the brick surface. Presently he drew out a loose brick, and laid it on the slab. He felt again in the place and brought forth a small dark object. I saw Hewitt rise erect in the gathering dusk, and with extended arm step noiselessly toward the stooping man. Wilks made a motion to place the dark object in his pocket, but checked himself, and opened what appeared to be a lid, as though to make sure of the safety of the contents. The last light, straggling under the trees, fell on a brilliantly sparkling object within, and like a flash Hewitt's hand shot over Wilks's shoulder and snatched the jewel.

The man actually screamed—one of those curious sharp little screams that one may hear from a woman very suddenly alarmed. But he sprang at Hewitt like a cat, only to meet a straight drive of the fist that stretched him on his back across the slab. I sprang from behind my stone, and helped Hewitt to secure his wrists with a pocket-handkerchief. Then we marched him, struggling and swearing, to the village.

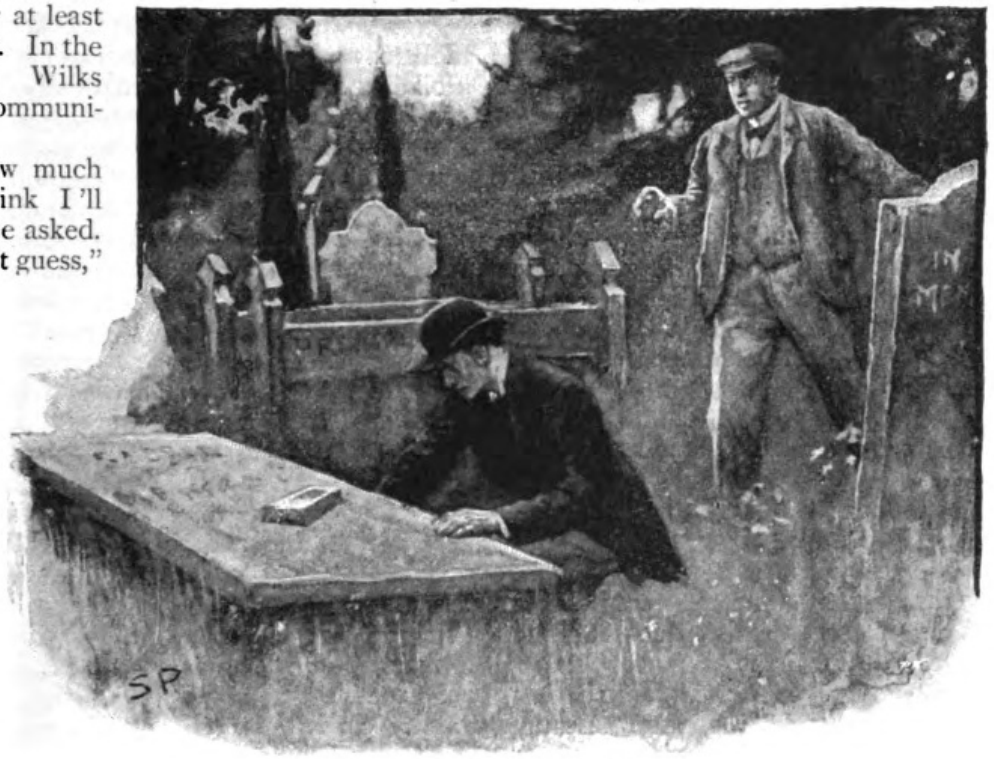
When, in the lights of the village, he recognised us, he had a perfect fit of rage, but afterwards he calmed down, and admitted

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that it was a "very clean cop." There was some difficulty in finding the village constable, and Sir Valentine Quinton was dining out and did not arrive for at least an hour. In the interval Wilks grew communicative.

"How much d'ye think I'll get?" he asked.

"Can't guess,"



"HE FELT AGAIN IN THE PLACE."

Hewitt replied. "And as we shall probably have to give evidence, you'll be giving yourself away if you talk too much."

"Oh, I don't care—that'll make no difference. It's a fair cop, and I'm in for it. You got at me nicely, lending me three quid. I never knew a reeler do that before. That blinded me. But was it kid about Gold Street?"

"No, it wasn't. Mr. Hollams is safely shut up by this time, I expect, and you are avenged for your little trouble with him this afternoon."

"What did you know about that? . . . . Well, you've got it up nicely for me, I must say. S'pose you've been following me all the time?"

"Well, yes—I haven't been far off. I guessed you'd want to clear out of town if Hollams was taken, and I knew this"—Hewitt tapped his breast pocket—"was what you'd take care to get hold of first. You hid it, of course, because you knew that Hollams would probably have you searched for it if he got suspicious?"

"Yes, he did, too. Two blokes went over my pockets one night, and somebody got into my room. But I expected that. Hollams is such a greedy pig. Once he's got you under his thumb he don't give you half your makings, and if you kick, he'll have you smugged. So that I wasn't going to give him *that* if I could help it. I s'pose it ain't any good asking how you got put on to our mob?"

"No," said Hewitt, "it isn't."

We didn't get back till the next day, staying for the night, despite an inconvenient want of requisites, at the Hall. There were, in fact, no late trains. We told Sir Valentine the story of the Irishman, much to his amusement.

"Leamy's tale sounded unlikely, of course," Hewitt said, "but it was noticeable that every one of his misfortunes pointed in the same direction—that certain persons were tremendously anxious to get at something they supposed he had. When he spoke of his adventure with the bag, I at once remembered Wilks's arrest and subsequent release. It was a curious coincidence, to say the least, that this should happen at the very station to which the proceeds of this robbery must come, if they came to London at all, and on the day following the robbery itself. Kedderby is one of the few stations on this line where no trains would stop after the time of the robbery, so that the thief would

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have to wait till the next day to get back. Leamy's recognition of Wilks's portrait made me feel pretty certain. Plainly, he had carried stolen property; the poor innocent fellow's conversation with Hollams showed that, as in fact did the sum, five pounds, paid to him by way of 'regulars' or customary toll from the plunder for services of carriage. Hollams obviously took Leamy for a criminal friend of Wilks's, because of his use of the thieves' expressions 'sparks' and 'regulars,' and suggested, in terms which Leamy misunderstood, that he should sell any plunder he might obtain to himself, Hollams. Altogether it would have been very curious if the plunder were *not* that from Radcot Hall, especially as no other robbery had been reported at the time.

"Now, among the jewels taken only one was of a very pre-eminent value—the famous ruby. It was scarcely likely that Hollams would go to so much trouble and risk, attempting to drug, injuring, waylaying, and burgling the rooms of the unfortunate Leamy, for a jewel of small value—for any jewel, in fact, but the ruby. So that I felt a pretty strong presumption, at all events, that it was the ruby Hollams was after. Leamy had not had it, I was convinced, from his tale and his manner, and from what I judged of the man himself. The only other person was Wilks, and certainly he had a temptation to keep this to himself, and avoid, if possible, sharing with his London director, or principal; while the carriage of the bag by the Irishman gave him a capital opportunity to put suspicion on him, with the results seen. The most daring of Hollams's attacks on Leamy was doubtless the attempted maiming or killing at the railway station, so as to be able, in the character of a medical man, to search his pockets. He was probably desperate at the time, having, I have no doubt, been following Leamy about all day at the Crystal Palace without finding an opportunity to get at his pockets.

"The struggle and flight of Wilks from Hollams's confirmed my previous impressions. Hollams, finally satisfied that very morning that Leamy certainly had not the jewel, either on his person or at his lodging, and knowing, from having so closely watched him, that he had been nowhere where it could be disposed of, concluded that Wilks was cheating him, and attempted to extort the ruby from him by the aid of another ruffian and a pistol. The rest of my way was plain. Wilks, I knew, would seize the opportunity of Hollams's being safely locked up to get at and dispose of the ruby. I supplied him with funds and left him to lead us to his hiding-place. He did it, and I think that's all."

"He must have walked straight away from my house to the churchyard," Sir Valentine remarked, "to hide that pendant. That was fairly cool."

"Only a cool hand could carry out such a robbery single-handed," Hewitt answered. "I expect his tools were in the bag that Leamy carried, as well as the jewels. They must have been a small and neat set."

They were. We ascertained on our return to town the next day that the bag, with all its contents intact, including the tools, had been taken by the police at their surprise visit to No. 8, Gold Street, as well as much other stolen property. Hollams and Wilks each got very wholesome doses of penal servitude, to the intense delight of Mick Leamy. Leamy himself, by-the-bye, is still to be seen, clad in a noble uniform, guarding the door of a well-known London restaurant. He has not had any more five-pound notes for carrying bags, but knows London too well now to expect it.

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The Handwriting of Mr. Gladstone.

FROM MARCH, 1822, TO MARCH, 1894.

(Born 29th December, 1809.)

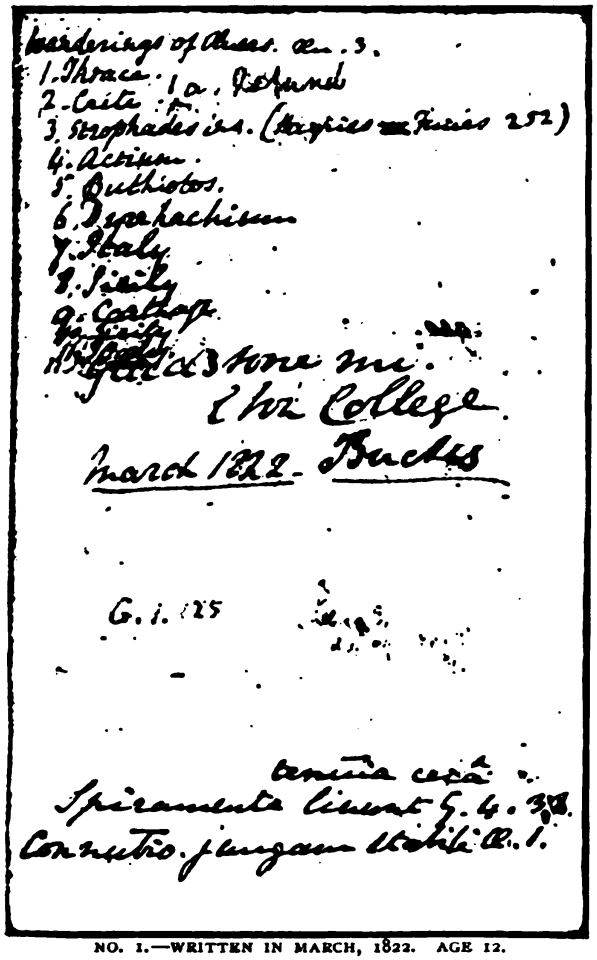
BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

ONE day while I was collecting the materials for this article, an observant man said to me: "There's not much character about Gladstone's writing. His signature is very commonplace." The speaker had not made any special study of the form of gesture which handwriting gives to us.

Is this series of human actions—traced by perhaps the most notable man of this century—lacking in characteristic traits, and are those signatures at which we will look commonplace? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. Let us examine them and try to answer the questions.

The great man who has been great among great men for nigh on fifty years, and who has been specially exposed to the peculiar for-and-against bias that stamps and invalidates political opinions of all shades, will not be studied here as the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the politician, orator, and demagogue — but as plain William Ewart Gladstone, the man. It will indeed be strange if he whose facial movements, eyes, voice, walk, and general bodily gestures go some long way to show his individuality, should fail to show us something of himself in the recorded gestures traced by his hand when acting under the direct control of certain nerve-centres of his brain.

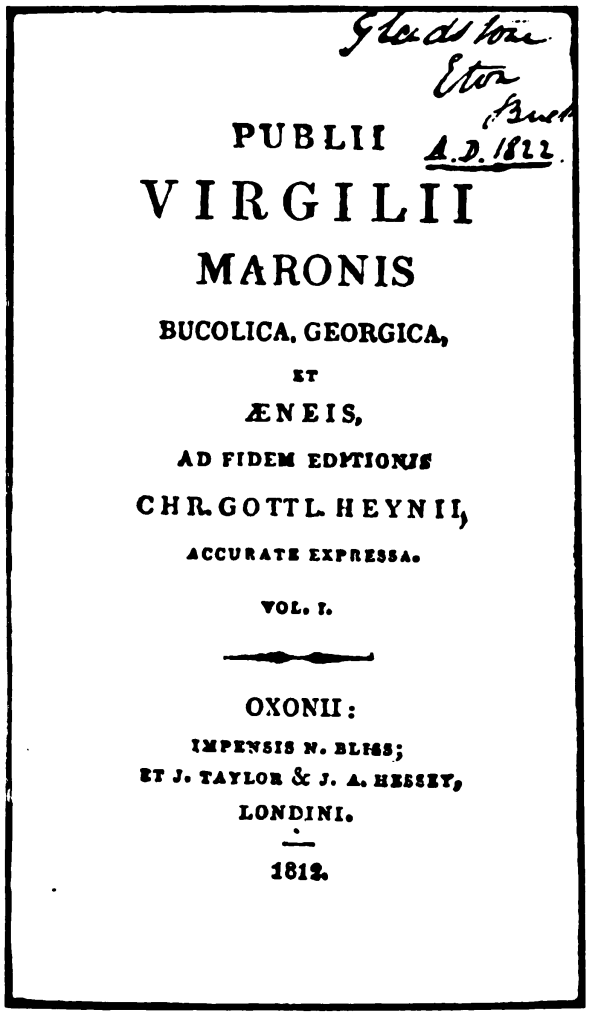
Look at every specimen of Mr. Gladstone's writing which is on these pages—in no one



NO. 1.—WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone mi.; the notes about the "Wanderings of Æneas" were written during 1822—1827. From the fly-leaf of the "Virgil" used by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.



Gladstone
Eton
Bucks
PUBLII A.D. 1822.
VIRGILII
MARONIS
BUCOLICA, GEORGICA,
ET
ÆNEIS,
AD FIDEM EDITIONIS
CHR. GOTTL. HEYNII,
ACCURATE EXPRESSA.
VOL. I.
OXONII:
IMPENSIS N. BLISS;
ET J. TAYLOR & J. A. HESSEY,
LONDINI.
1812.

NO. 2.—WRITTEN IN 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone, Eton, Bucks, A.D. 1822. The title-page of the "Virgil."

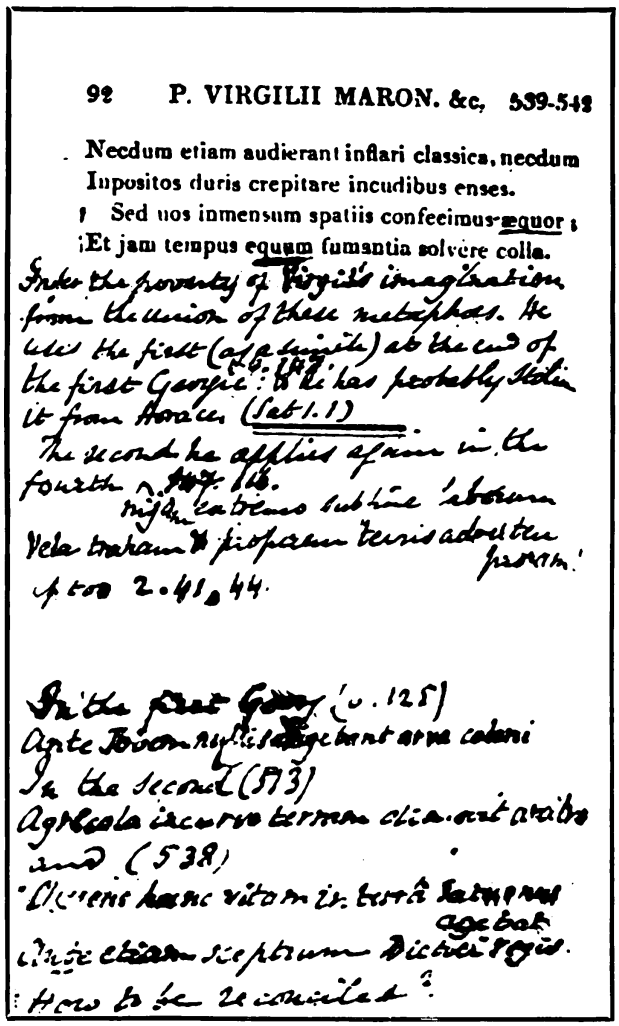
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of them will you see any embellishment of the signature, nor any complicated movements. Is this feature commonplace? I venture to say it is not: on the contrary, such simplification of handwriting is a most rare trait, but it may be seen in the writing of men who are remarkable for integrity, sincerity, and absence of ostentation. Moreover, the fact of doing any action in a simple as contrasted with a complicated manner is, psychologically, one of the marks of a high intellect. "But what about some of Mr. Gladstone's speeches?" I hear my readers exclaim. Ah! There we touch the tactful politician—not the man. When Mr. Gladstone intends to express himself definitely he stands unrivalled for a simple and direct choice of words: when Mr. Gladstone does not intend to express himself definitely, and when—*as a politician*—he thinks it wise to evade a point, he stands unrivalled for ingenious indefiniteness and subtle evasion. This quality of finesse is shown by the undulating, non-rigid direction of the lines of his handwriting across the page, and by the gradually decreasing height of the letters of his signature towards the end of it—for an illustration of my statement see No. 8; for a proof of its truth use your own observation in daily life.

What is another prominent characteristic of Mr. Gladstone? His vigour? Aye! that it is. His opponents have felt *that*, while they admired the strength that hit them, and which has sometimes seemed badly directed—like the power of a steam-hammer whose gear is for a while faulty. A power that, well controlled, will now lightly crack an empty egg-shell, and now deal mighty blows at a mass of iron worthy of the Titan's force. Where will you find such up-and-down direct vigour of movement as is plain—even to the non-expert eye—in these facsimiles of Mr. Gladstone's adult handwriting? I cannot match these gestures in vigour and energy with those of any other man except Prince Bismarck, and of Cromwell in his prime.

Is a strong—nay—a passionate nature one of the qualities of this great fighting man? How does a strong, earnest man often disclose himself by gesture alone—by gesture which will reinforce or even effectually take the place of spoken words? Is it not by the emphasis of nerve-muscular action that we judge a strong emotional side of a man? An earnest voice, a deep eye as compared with a shallow glance, a strong hand-gesture as contrasted with lax movement, will often show to us such a trait. Now look at the incisive and clearly-traced writing with its deeply-cut strokes—they are the actions of a man who is thoroughly in earnest and whose nature is fiery and strong; no cynic, no insincere or shallow man can write in the way now mentioned. Had I the space, I would ask you to compare a letter written by Charles II. with the splendid writing of No. 23. And note this: strong as these movements are, they are held in thorough control; it is not until we reach the later specimens that some want of control over the strong nature is evidenced by the writing, which is also caused to be more irregular by defective sight.

Another point about this writing is the attention that is given to detail. The *i*'s are dotted, the *t*'s are crossed, the punctuation and arrangement of the writing are careful. These things show order and attention. See, too, how frequently Mr. Gladstone has placed a little separate stroke at the top of the small *r*, in order to show

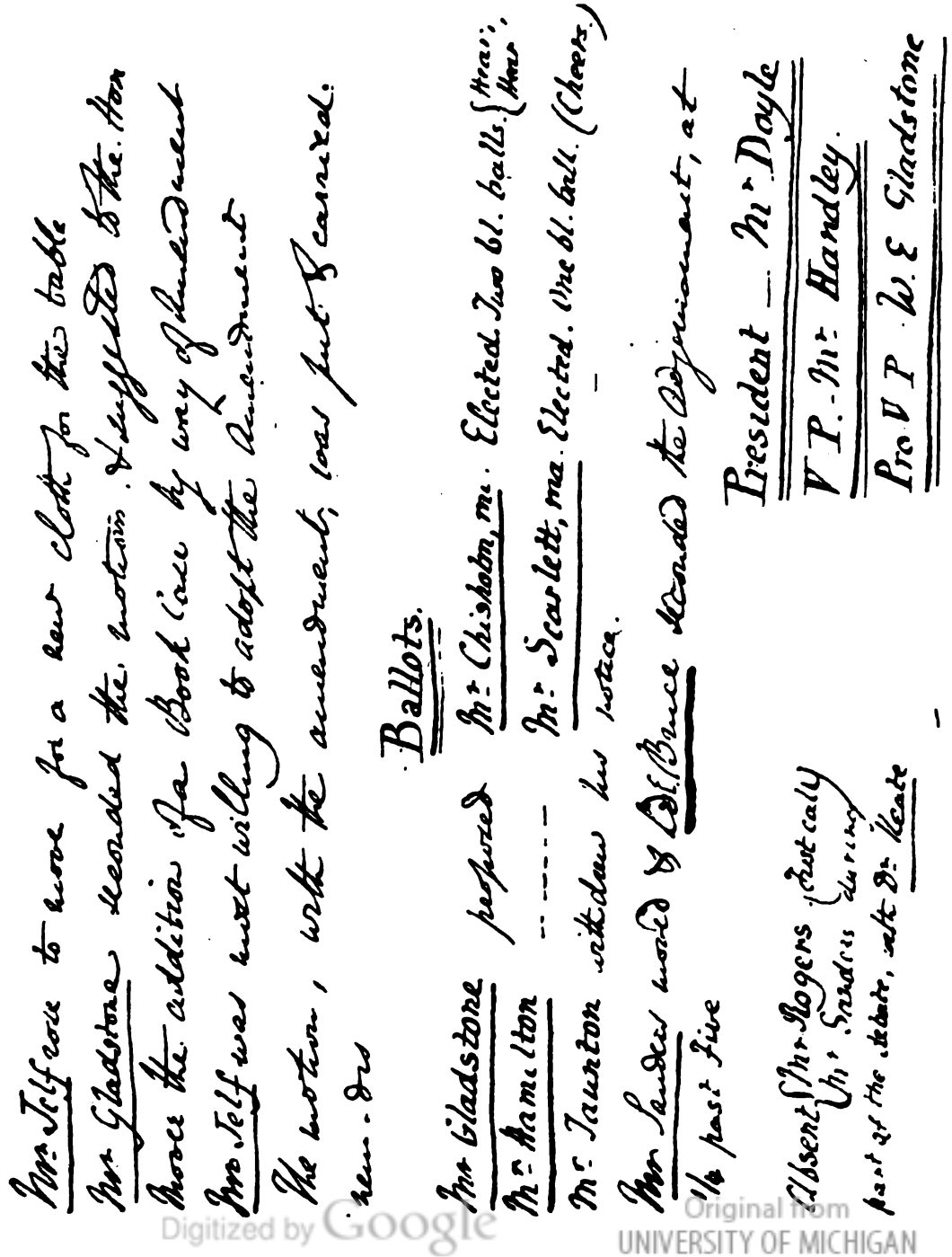

92 P. VIRGILII MARON. &c. 539-548

Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor,
Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

NO. 3.—WRITTEN 1822—1827.
(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)
A page of the "Virgil" annotated by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.

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that it is an *r*. This may be seen in No. 6 *(Parsonage)*, in No. 7 *(spare)*, in No. 8 *(understand, presuming, urge)*, in No. 9 *(dear)*, in No. 11 *(sincerely)*; and even as late as No. 30 *(character, your, yourself)* there is the same peculiarity, which, small and apparently insignificant as it is, has yet some real significance—for this is a little bit of evidence of deliberate care and fastidiousness that no careless or slovenly man can show in his writing. The boy showed the same carefulness; turn back to No. 3, which time has made indistinct, and there is much evidence of a fastidious precision and care. The Eton scholar wrote at the bottom of No. 3, "How to be reconciled?" and this is why the question was written. The boy wished to know how Virgil could reconcile two contradictory statements occurring in the 1st Georgic, line 125, and the 2nd Georgic, line 513; in the former the poet states that before the time of Jupiter, in the Saturnian age, agriculture was not in use, being unnecessary for the production of crops; whereas, in the latter quotation, the rustic of the Saturnian age is represented as turning the soil with his curved ploughshare. "How to be reconciled?" asked Gladstone

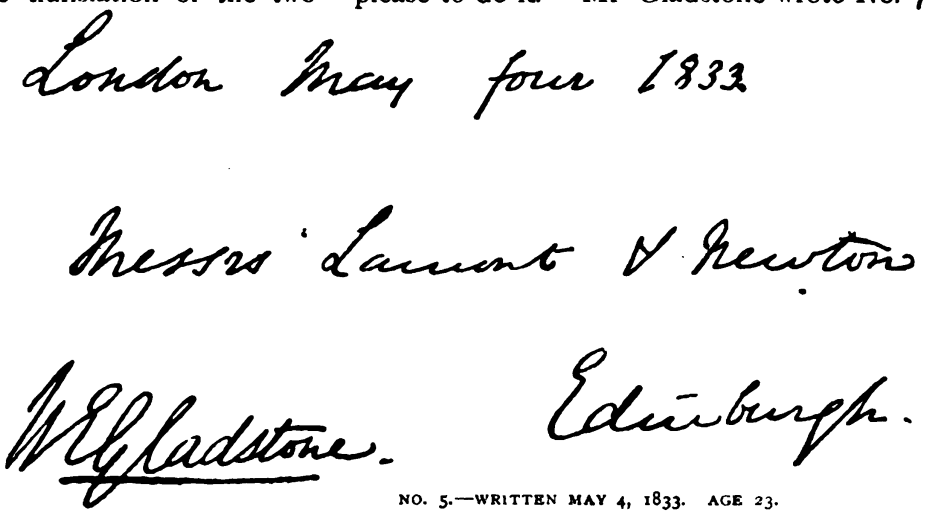


NO. 4.—WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1827. AGE 17. (Lent by the President (1921) of the Eton Society.)

A page from the Journal of "Pop." This was all written by Mr. Gladstone as Pro-Vice-President of the Debate, which took place on the 20th October, 1827. The meeting was held over Miss Hat on's "sock-shop," the question for debate being: "Was Cæsar Justified in Passing the Rubicon?"

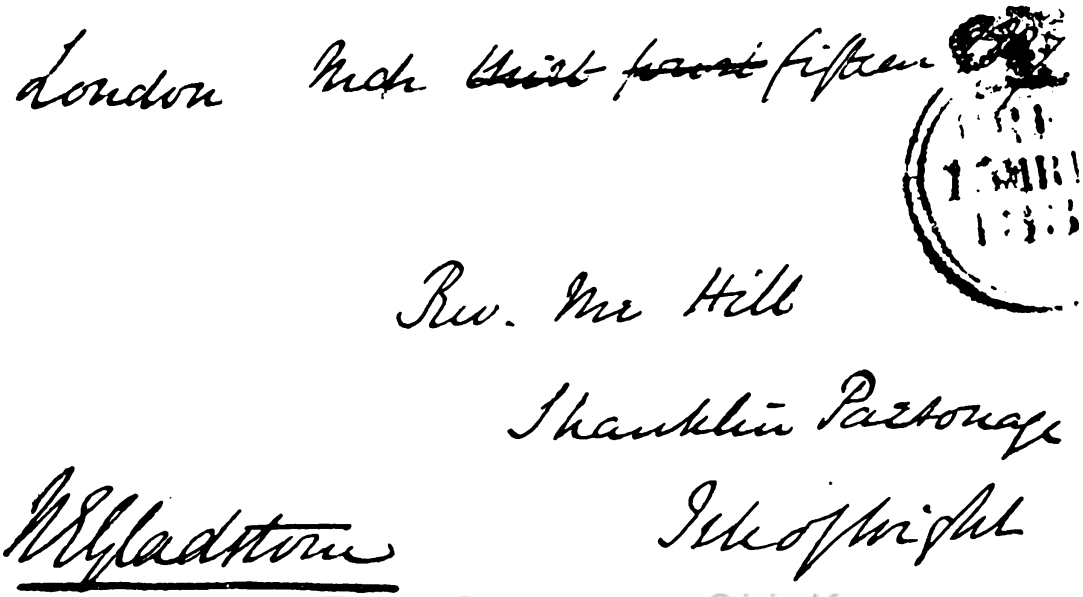
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minor. When, at the top of No. 3, he wrote, "Infer the poverty of Virgil's imagination from the union of these metaphors," Gladstone minor made a slip, despite his care, for *æquor* here means "level surface" and not "sea," as the youth seems to have supposed. There is only one metaphor used, viz., that of a race-course, and the translation of the two printed lines marked by young Gladstone is as follows: "But we have covered a large surface in the lists (race-course), and now it is time to loose the steaming necks of the steeds." Thus, Virgil did not commit the error attributed to him of faulty metaphors, confusing horses and sea.



NO. 5.—WRITTEN MAY 4, 1833. AGE 23.

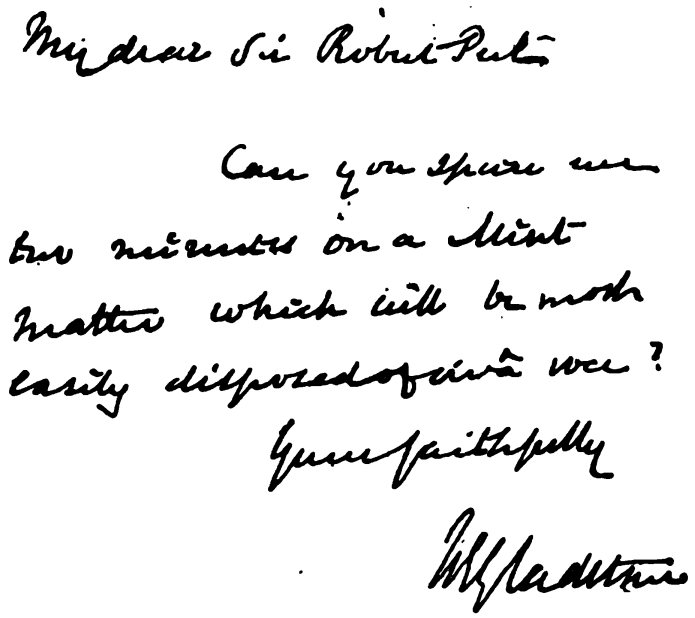
By the way, is it not curious even to think of Mr. Gladstone ever having been Gladstone *minor?* A line worth noting occurs in No. 4: "Mr. Gladstone seconded the motion, and suggested to the Hon. Mover the addition of a Book Case by way of Amendment." As touching on Mr. Gladstone's love for books, I may point out that No. 19 was written to a bookseller: "Please to send me the marked lots as usual"; and that No. 32 refers to the removal of books from Downing Street when Lord Rosebery recently succeeded Mr. Gladstone. The words in No. 4, "Absent. Mr. Sanders during part of the debate, with *Dr. Keate*," suggest a *mauvais quart d'heure* for Mr. Sanders, as Dr. Keate was the head master of Eton, and was known as the "terrific" Dr. Keate. The letter from which No. 19 has been taken said, with reference to the books ordered, "if any require 'doing up' please to do it." Mr Gladstone wrote No. 7 at the Board of Trade. It was sent by hand to Sir Robert Peel, who returned it, writing on the back: "My dear Gladstone, I shall be very glad to see you *now* on Mint matter, and then to fix a time to see you on some other matters.—R. P." This specimen shows very plainly—as, indeed, do nearly all the others—the habit of clearly spacing-out the words in a line of writing, and the lines of writing in a letter: there is no confusion or entanglement of the upstrokes of one line with the downstrokes of an adjacent line—for the reason that a man whose mind works



NO. 6.—WRITTEN MARCH 15, 1837. AGE 27.

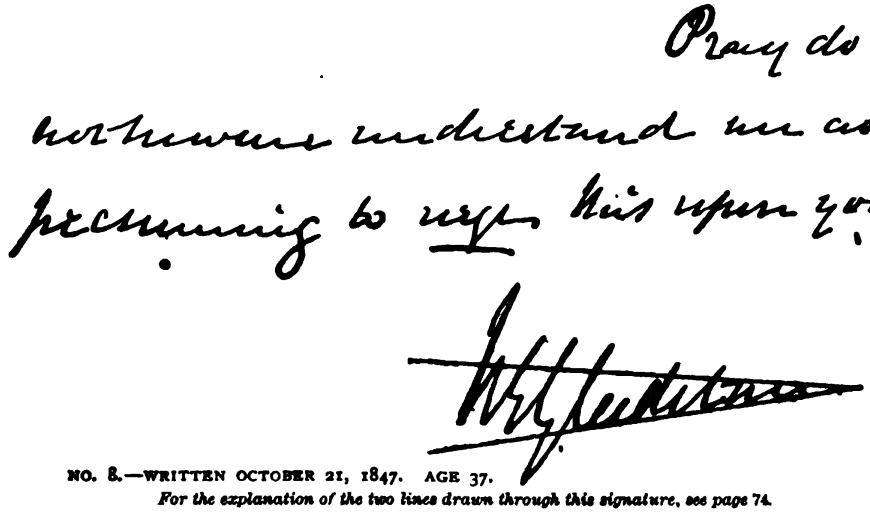
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clearly and with precision, almost unconsciously performs all his actions with clearness and precision of method; he can only confuse and entangle his handwriting under exceptional circumstances, such, for example, as great agitation, illness, defective sight, etc. On the other hand, it is usually the case that persons who are not in the habit of forming clear and distinctive ideas upon the various sensations conveyed to the brain, also show in the choice and arrangement of spoken words a more or less marked degree of confusion and of want of lucidity, and the handwriting of such persons is remarkable for the lack of a proper spacing-out of the words or of the lines of words on a page of manuscript; frequently, the downstrokes of one line will be confused and intermingled with the upstrokes of the line below. A man who thinks clearly and with precision avoids all such confusion in his writing, even when circumstances cause him to write much on a small piece of paper—he merely varies the size of his writing, and thus preserves a clear differentiation of the symbols used in the act, a procedure which is in itself evidence of an intelligent adaptability to circumstances. For an illustration of this point compare Nos. 23 and 28, and notice how the confusion of gesture now alluded to is absent from every specimen on these pages, even from No. 32, which was written when eyesight was seriously defective. In fact, the letter from which No. 32 has been copied contains these words: "I hope, however, to reach Victoria on Wednesday, at eleven, and see Nettleship at 12"—this statement referred to Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to the oculist. This feature of lucidity, and the great attention to detail already noticed in the writing, show a marked capacity for exactness in thought, rigorous definition, and fastidiousness in the choice and arrangement of words made use of to express thought—although, as has been stated, such expression is sometimes purposely obscured and rendered vague for the reason pointed out when I referred to the signature of No. 8 as illustrating finesse and a subtle mind.



NO. 7.—WRITTEN JANUARY 17, 1844. AGE 34.

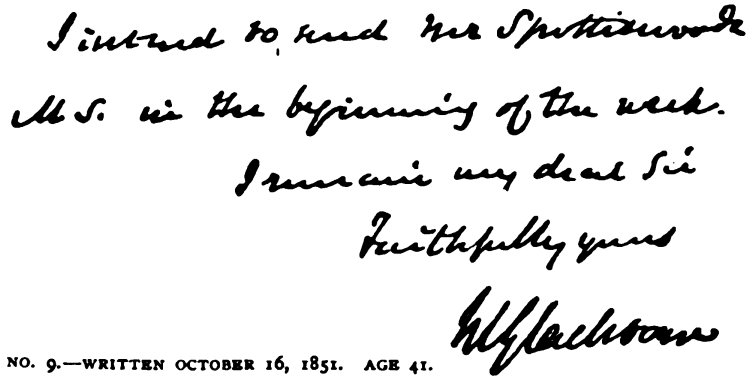
The entire absence of pretension that is so strongly evidenced by the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone is also illustrated by the wording of many of his letters. No. 8 is taken from a long letter full of careful and precise advice to a relative; the reasons for a certain line of action are set out with the most painstaking detail, and then comes the sentence facsimiled: "Pray do not, however, understand me as presuming to *urge* this upon you." Look also at the simple and considerate statement in No. 10: "do not let any one wait beyond usual



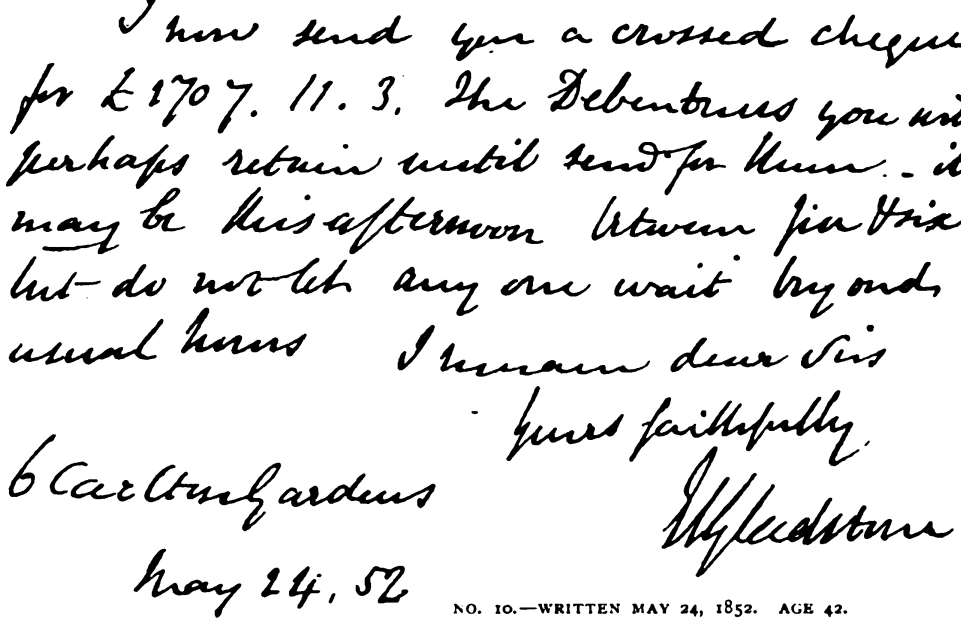
NO. 8.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 21, 1847. AGE 37.
For the explanation of the two lines drawn through this signature, see page 74.

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hours"; and at No. 11, which contains the first announcement of Mr. Gladstone's famous work on Homer. Can anything be more graciously simple than No. 12, both as regards the wording and the gesture which clothes the words? And No. 13, which is a fine specimen of simple, unpretentious movement, says: "If you have a mind to mention to your Editor a classical article for the Quarterly, I think I could write one." It is curious to observe

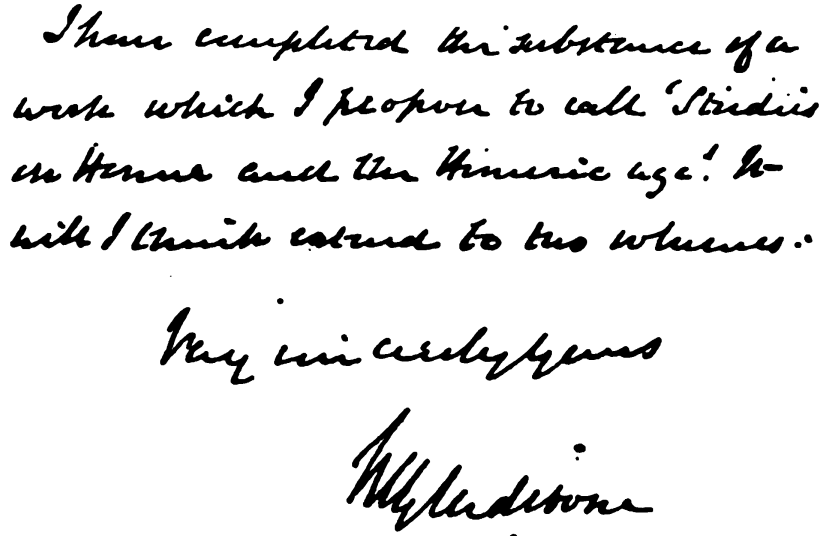


NO. 9.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 16, 1851. AGE 41.



NO. 10.—WRITTEN MAY 24, 1852. AGE 42.

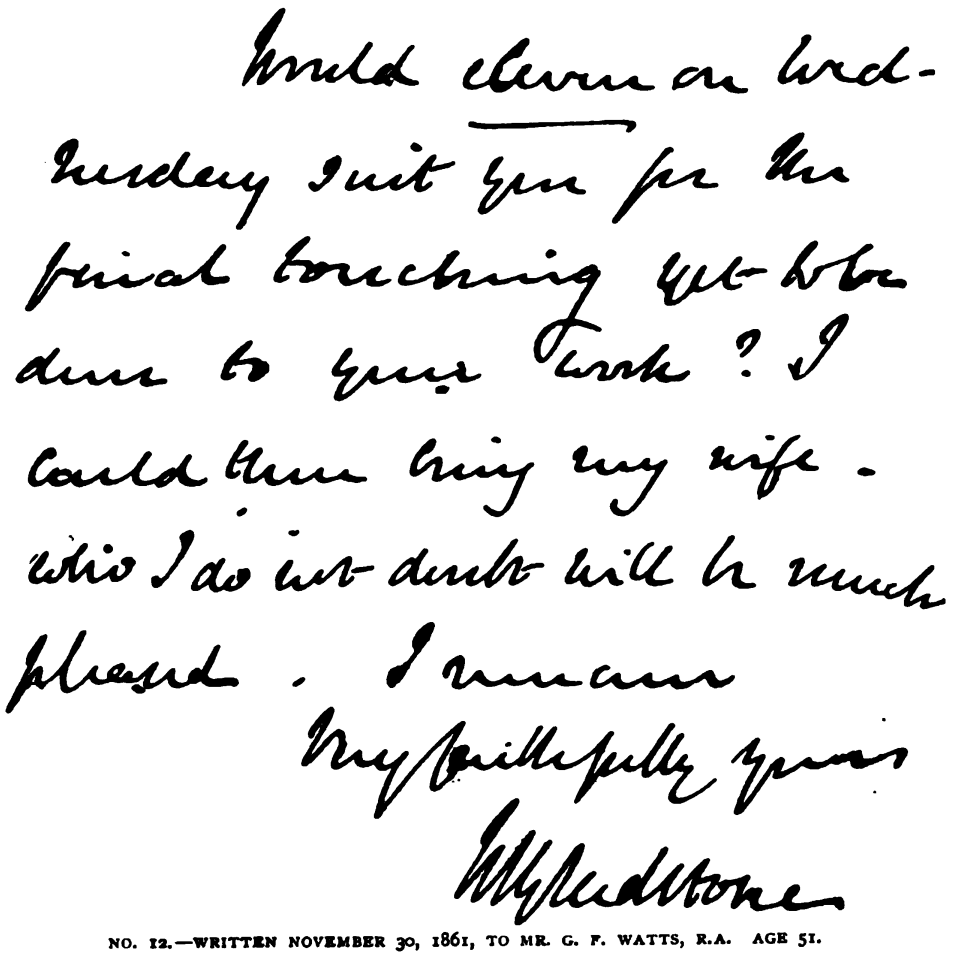
the utter want of anything like pretension or conceit in this handwriting, and then to notice side by side with this trait of character a pronounced — I had almost written a reckless — imperiousness of temper. This latter trait comes out in the vehement and sustained "rush" of the handwriting across the paper, in its strong and rather ascendant movement, in the heavy downstrokes, which sometimes end with a significant little angular hook, and in the rigid commencing strokes of the signature, which are often carried up much higher than the strokes which follow them. I have already laid stress upon the sincerity and conscientiousness that are shown in this writing, the absence of pretension has just been illustrated, and yet I am now pointing out an imperiousness which some may consider contradictory to the previous statements. But this is not the case. The writer of gestures such as these must be aware of his own superiority; he is, as I have shown, a man of strong convictions and earnest nature, and I explain the



NO. 11.—WRITTEN JANUARY 7, 1857. AGE 47.
The first announcement of Mr Gladstone's work on Homer.

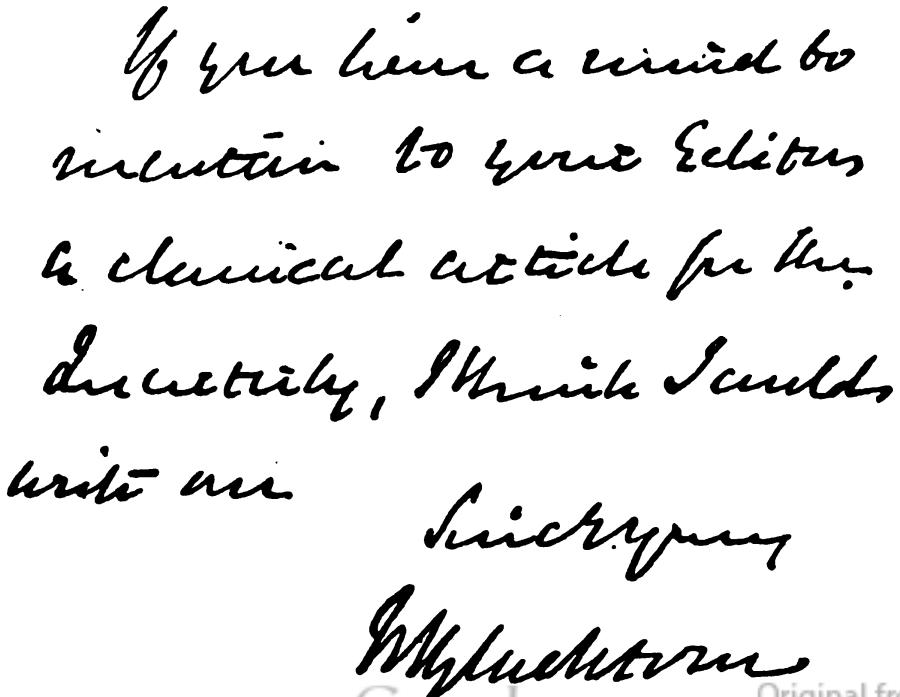
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existence of this vehement imperiousness of gesture by the fact that Mr. Gladstone has probably a deeply-rooted, sincere, and conscientious conviction that what he does and thinks is right and true—it is not possible, in the presence of the fine traits noticed, to ascribe this imperiousness to a mere personal vanity and love of power.



NO. 12.—WRITTEN NOVEMBER 30, 1861, TO MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A. AGE 51.

No. 14 shows the two ends of a slip of paper, similar to those now used, that was placed inside a locked despatch-box sent by Mr. Gladstone to his private secretary, Mr. West. When the House is sitting you may see official messengers carrying these despatch-boxes to and fro. One end of the slip projects from the lid and shows the name of the addressee and the name of the sender of the despatch-box: when this is returned, the position of the slip in the locked box is reversed, the other end being left projecting. Notice the strong line below the signature, how it thickens and ends in a sort of club shape at its end—it is a gesture of determination and resolute force, which is again well shown, for example, in No. 18.



NO. 13.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 17, 1867. AGE 57.

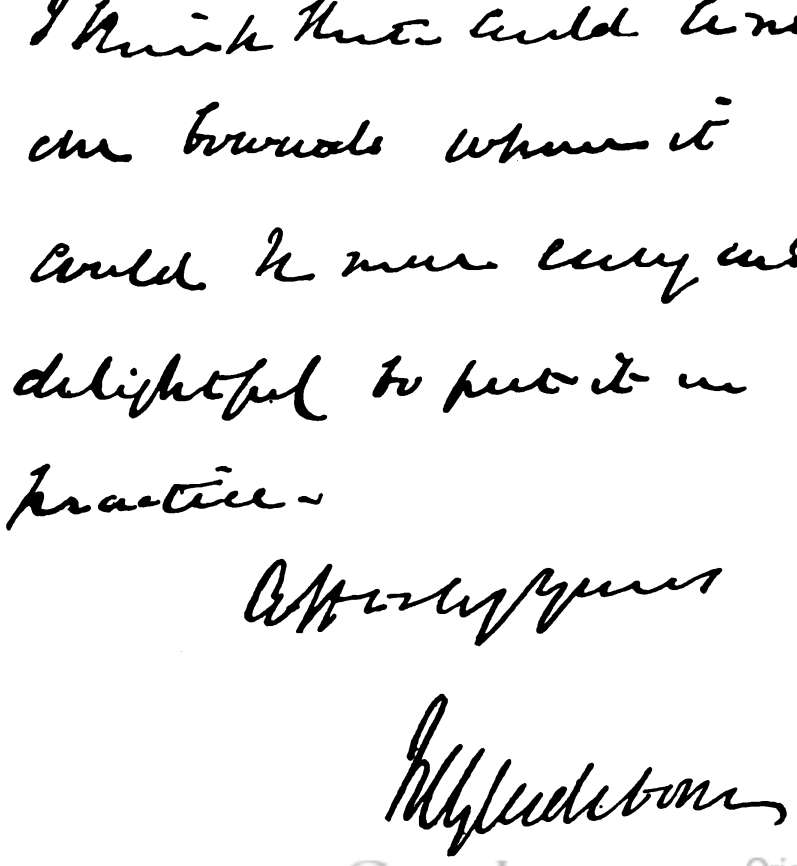
In No. 15 there is much less of the strong angularity we have observed and do observe in many of the other speci-

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mens. Notice the more curved form of the final strokes of the words in No. 15 as compared with the vigorous angles of many other illustrations: for example, the *e* of *one*, the *t* of *it*, the *d* of *could*, the *l* of *delightful*, the *e* of *Gladstone*, etc. The words of this facsimile, "I think there could be no one towards whom it could be more easy and delightful to put it in practice," are taken from a very splendid letter in which the writer referred to the exercise of the "virtue of forgiveness." The graciousness of the words is matched by the graciousness of their gesture, and we do not need to be very observant to know that kindly and gracious acts are usually accompanied in their expression by pliant and gentle movements, rather than by abrupt and angular bodily gestures. In such cases, the nerve-muscular machinery that controls the hand will impart to that also a gentler and more rounded movement. This is specially true when a man of sensibility and feeling acts upon the impulse of kind feelings. We here touch upon another side of Mr. Gladstone's nature—his sensibility. Even a casual glance over the many facsimiles now given will show considerable variation in the handwriting, even at short intervals of time. There is variation in the slope of the writing and in the size of it, in the shape of the same letter of the alphabet; and, most marked of all, there is variation in the height of letters composing single words. All these little facts, which are plain enough when pointed out, combine to show a sensitive as contrasted with a phlegmatic and immobile temperament—and for the following reason: A calm, philosophic, unemotional man, who is guided mainly or entirely by cold processes of reason, shows little variation in his various forms of outward expression, handwriting



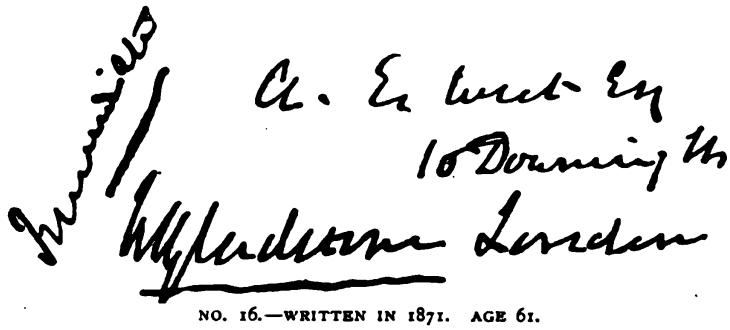
NO. 14.—WRITTEN IN 1869. AGE 59.
A despatch-box slip.



NO. 15.—WRITTEN JULY 14, 1870. AGE 60.

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among the number. He may appeal to the intellect of others, but he will not stir their emotions and feelings as will a man of keen sensibility, who is also a man of great intellectual power and vivid energy and force. Such a man is Mr. Gladstone, but we may see the signs of sensibility I have now mentioned in the handwriting of many persons who show no signs of the great power which is here enhanced and rendered brilliant by this very quality of sensibility to impressions. With many men, this trait is a defect of the character, even though it lead, as it often does, to the *delicatesse* of observation and quick perception which go to make the temperament of an artist—whatever be his art.



NO. 16.—WRITTEN IN 1871. AGE 61.

A good contrast with No. 15 is the quick,



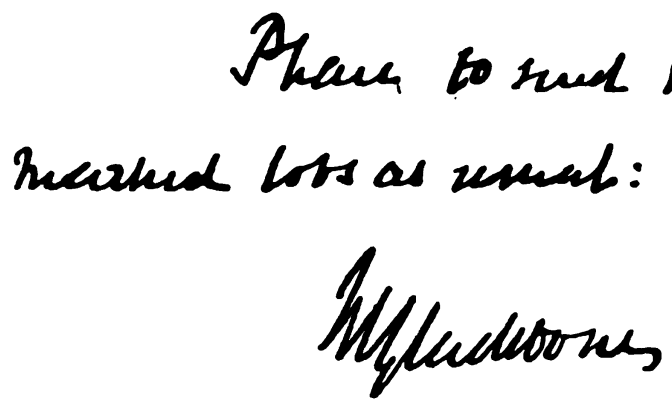
NO. 17.—WRITTEN DECEMBER 28, 1871. AGE 61.

impetuous movement of No. 16. Here, nearly every stroke combines with another to form an acute angle—a sufficiently plain example for the observant reader of how the movements of a sensitive man vary with his mental state. Again, it has been noticed that when we write under the impulse of strong affection for the person addressed, our writing slopes more to the right hand, more away from a vertical position than when we write a letter upon some business matter to a person about whom we care nothing. No. 17 illustrates this, for it slopes very considerably, and it was written to a person to whom Mr. Gladstone is deeply attached. Of course, I speak of free and natural gesture in writing, because handwriting is not free and natural gesture when a writer deliberately cultivates a special style of writing, such, for example, as that of a Civil Service candidate, who may spend six months in de-naturalizing his own handwriting in order to acquire the conventional style that his examiners may require from him. Quite recently, a letter of this sort was submitted to me, and at once rejected as faulty data upon which to base an opinion, simply because the gesture of it was obviously studied and non-natural.

One of the ways in which Mr. Gladstone shows his extraordinary energy and ardour is the almost constantly ascendant movement of his writing upon the paper—his signature especially. To maintain this peculiarity through the seventy-two years of his life that are now under analysis is an altogether abnormal instance of vitality and force. Examine your own writing when you write under conditions of mental depression or bodily fatigue, and note how the words in a line tend to droop below the horizontal level from which each starts, and how the lines of writing will often descend towards the right hand of the page. In No. 20 we have one of the very few instances, out of a large number of specimens, where even Mr. Gladstone's writing droops. Inspection of this facsimile of a black-edged post-card will show that numerous words drop down, and that the "W. E. G." at the end shows the same abatement of ardour. This was

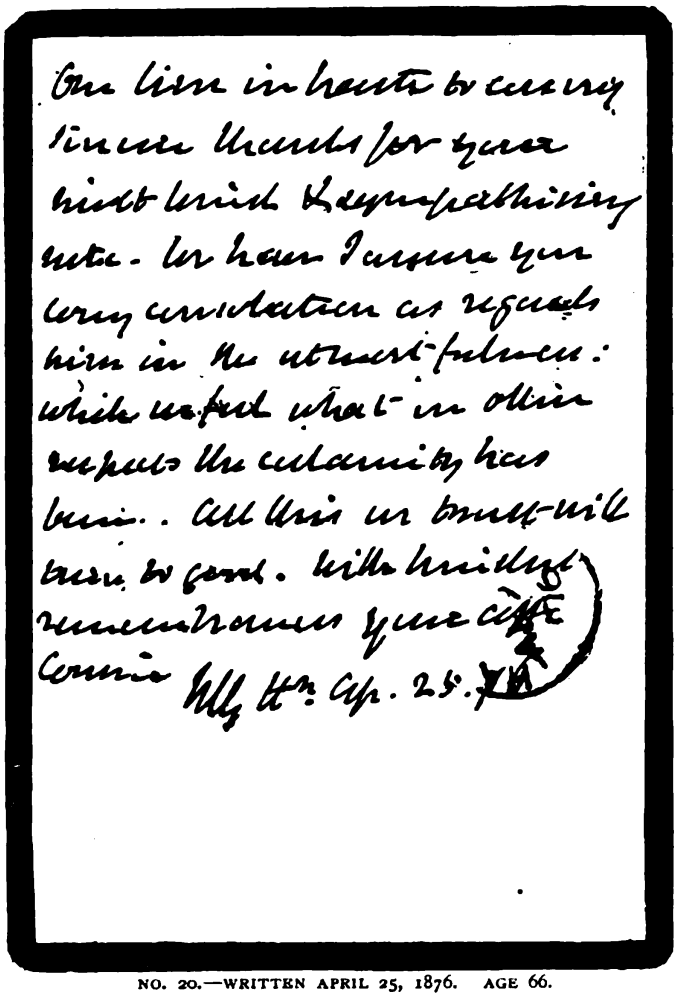


NO. 18.—WRITTEN IN 1873. AGE 63.



NO. 19.—WRITTEN IN 1874. AGE 64.

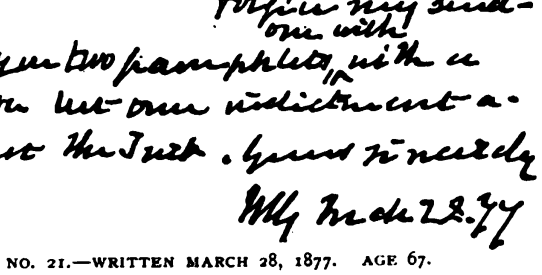
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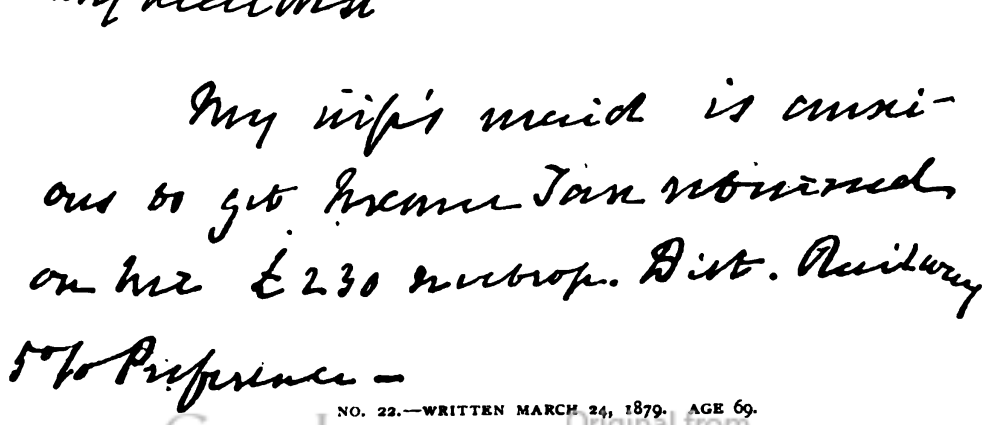
NO. 20.—WRITTEN APRIL 25, 1876. AGE 66.

written under sad circumstances. If we wish to see how deep feeling, emotion, or agitation will sometimes cause us to unnecessarily repeat our written as well as our spoken words, we can look at No. 21, which says: "Forgive my sending you two pamphlets, one with with a horrible but true indictment against the Turk." We may also compare the agitated movement of No. 21 with the much calmer and very different gesture of No. 22, which was written to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, asking him to see about the return of Income-tax to a maid of Mrs. Gladstone's.

Very different is No. 23 from either No. 21 or No. 22, which have just been referred to. In this splendidly simple and vigorous piece of movement, which, to the sensitized eye, seems to diffuse courage and manful action as much by its black and white tracing as by the noble words it contains, we have as plain a piece of evidence as we could wish to see of the noble simplicity, integrity, and fiery earnestness of Gladstone the man. Nearly every line runs straight across the paper—there is scarcely any of the undulating direction of the lines which has been cited as evidence of the politician's subtlety —the strokes are all firm, strong, and simple. Mr. Gladstone was speaking right from his heart when he wrote these lines, and the words which follow those facsimiled are: "Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. And may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labours with reward." So long as the page of handwriting shown in No. 23 remains in existence, so long will there exist for future biographers indisputable evidence of the great and noble

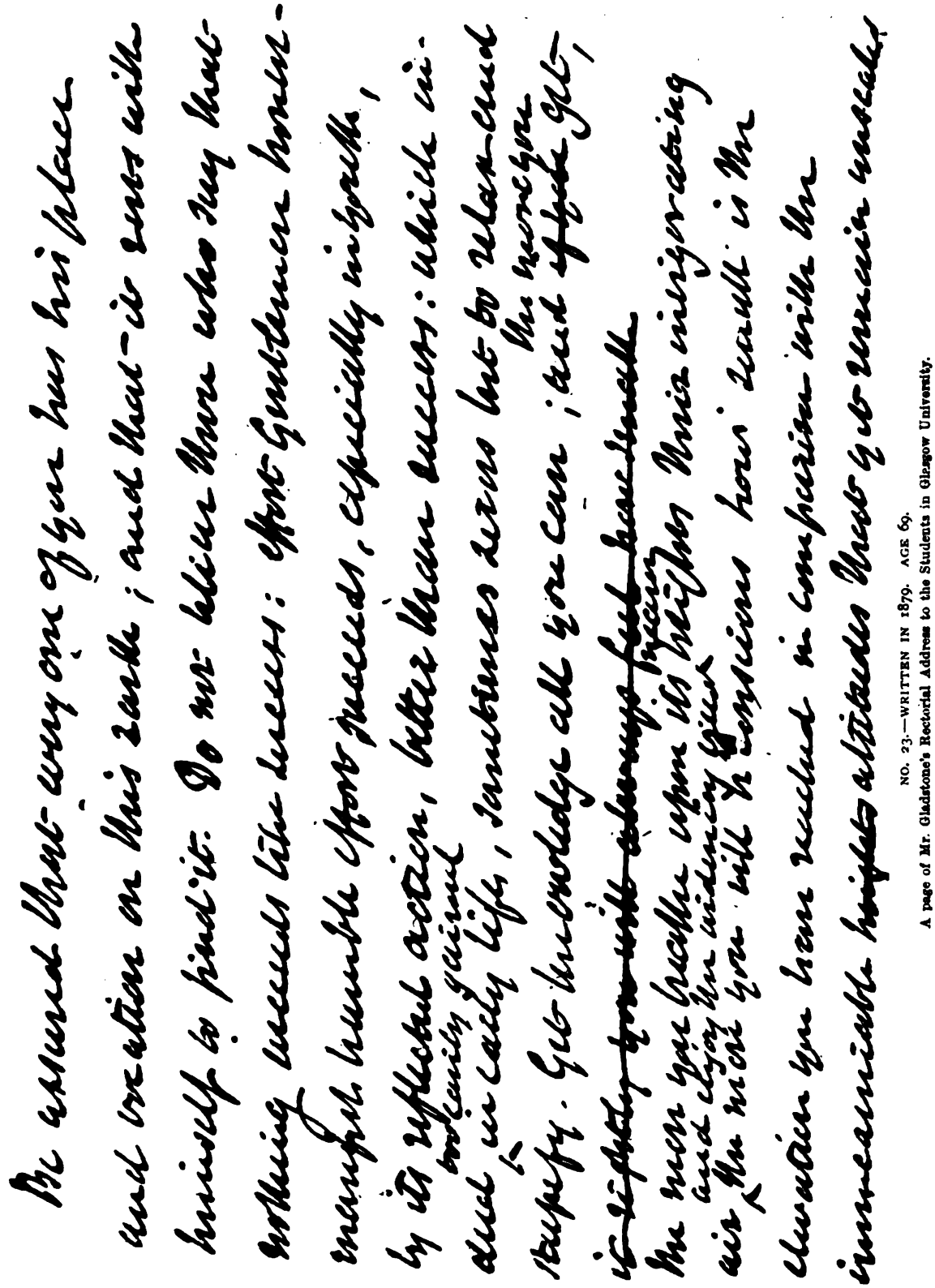


NO. 21.—WRITTEN MARCH 28, 1877. AGE 67.



NO. 22.—WRITTEN MARCH 24, 1879. AGE 69.

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NO. 23.—WRITTEN IN 1879. AGE 69.

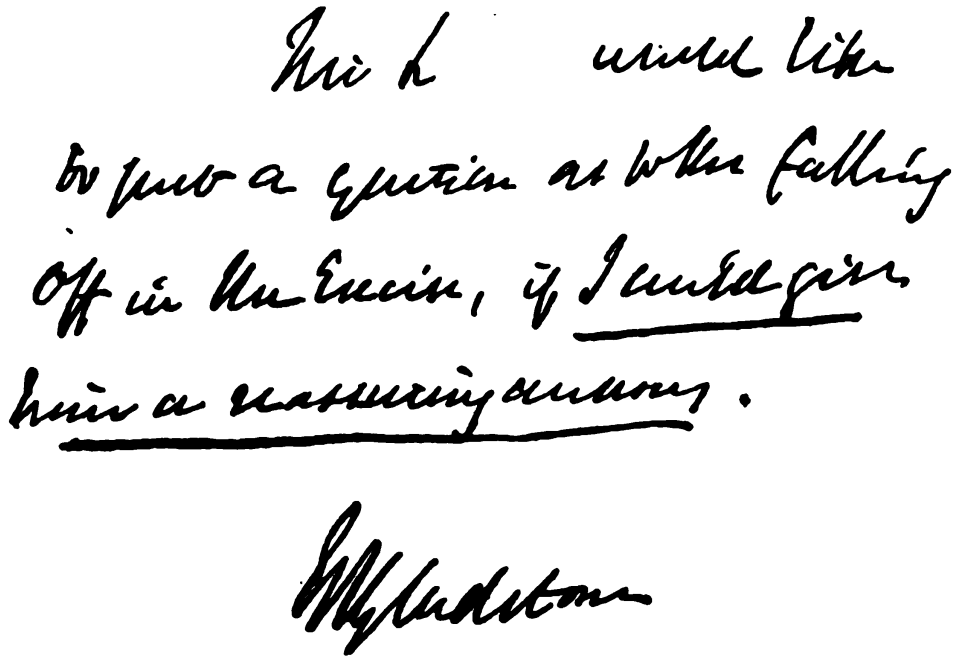
A page of Mr. Gladstone's Rectorial Address to the Students in Glasgow University.

qualities possessed by Mr. Gladstone—the more so because this study of gesture is advancing in the estimation of men who observe carefully and who reflect cautiously upon what they see.

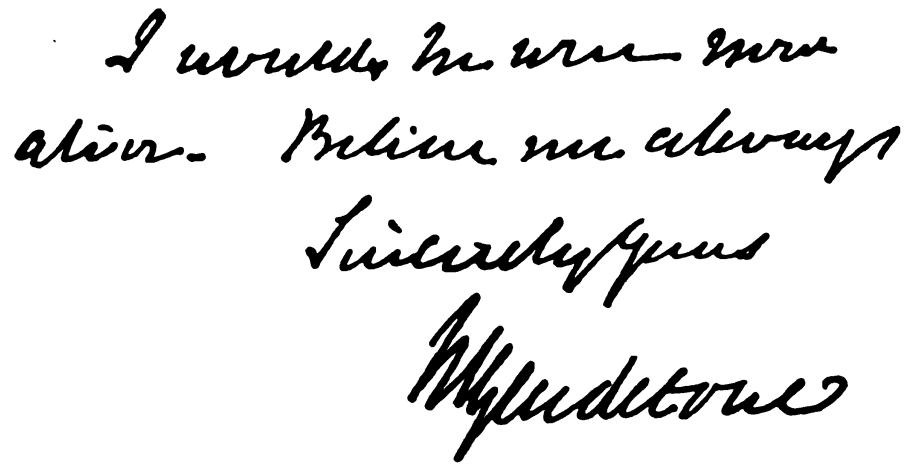
To those who can catch the spirit of this interesting study there will come something like a revulsion of feeling when they look at No. 24 and then again scan No. 23. In No. 24 the politician comes out, although the letter is, of course, a perfectly proper one in the circumstances under which it was written.

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Here we again see the undulating lines of writing across the page, and here is a good specimen of the undulating signature dwindling into a point. If Mr. Gladstone had tried to write his Glasgow address (No. 23) in the same kind of writing used for No. 24, he could not have written the splendid words of that address—for the reason that his mental conditions differed widely upon the two occasions. Is it not to be regretted that so many little persons with political sentimentalities will rancorously express opinions upon this or that great politician which are based, if indeed they can be said to have any base, upon a scanty and superficial survey of political actions of any kind—for who can understand the mazes and intricacies of a prominent political life? And how few are the politicians who can show to us in their recorded gestures upon paper the magnificent qualities that are here detected and exposed—the handwriting of some of these men makes me wonder at their effrontery in occupying a seat in the House of Commons, while the election of them reflects small credit upon the intelligence of their constituents, and upon the capacity of these voters for drawing even the most elementary deductions from facial expression.

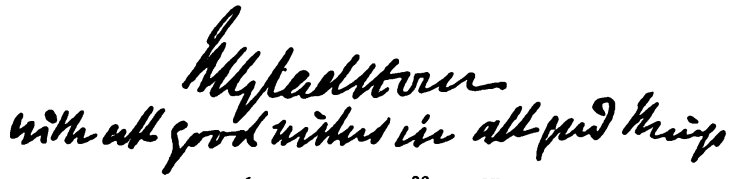


NO. 24.—WRITTEN APRIL 1, 1881. AGE 71.



NO. 25.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 13, 1884. AGE 74.

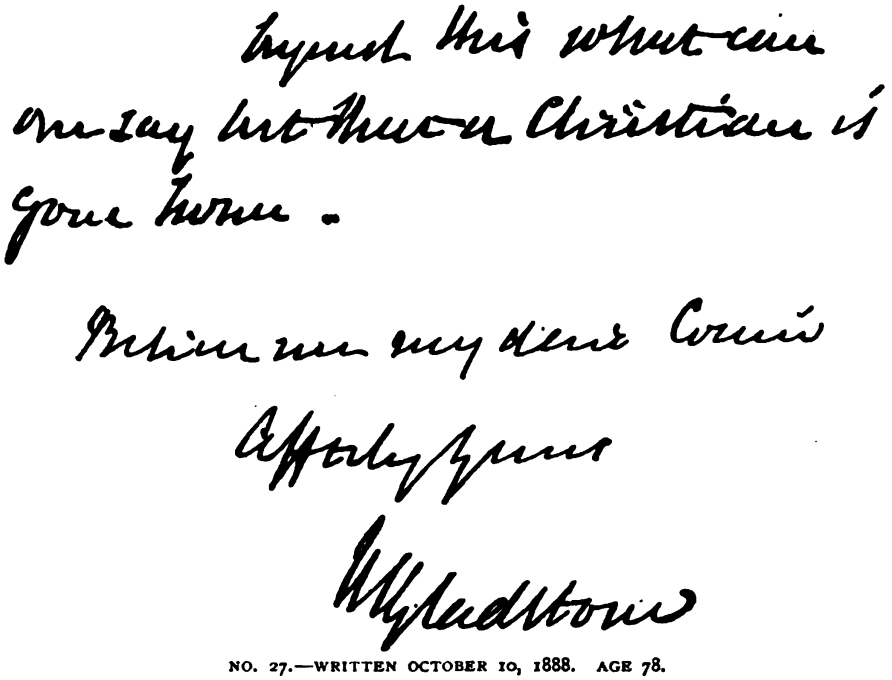
In No. 25 we have the concluding words of a specially interesting letter that contains Mr. Gladstone's sentiments towards Edmund Burke. After writing, "Yet I venerate and almost worship him, though I can conceive its being argued that all he did for freedom, justice, religion, purity of government in other respects and in other quarters, was less than the mischief which flowed out from the Reflections," Mr. Gladstone wrote the one short sentence facsimiled, "I would he were now alive." This No. 25 is an excellent



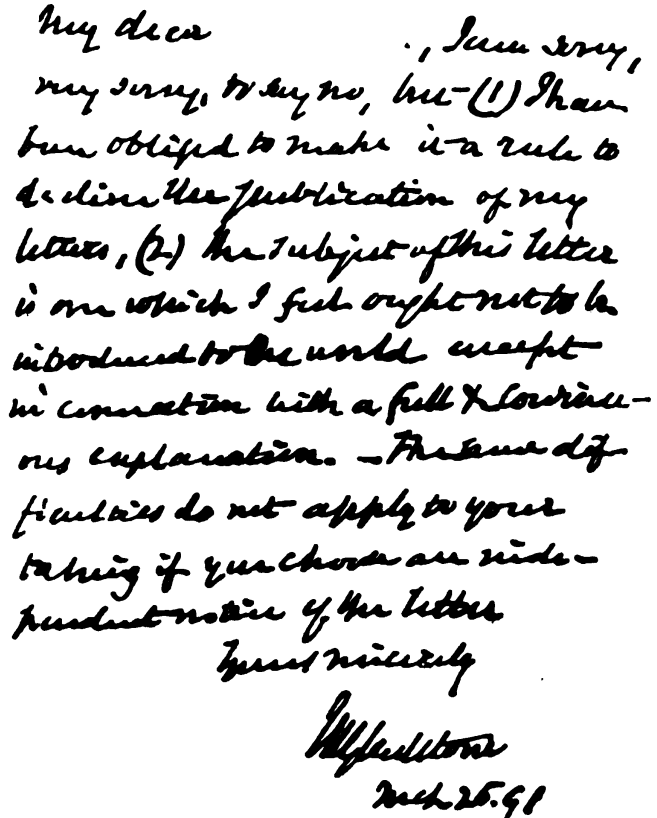
NO. 26.—WRITTEN IN 1885. AGE 75.
From a "Tennyson" Birthday-book, lent by a relative of Mr. Gladstone.

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illustration of sincere, earnest, and frank gesture—observe the straight "run" of the writing, and see how the concluding letters of the signature increase in size instead of being fine-drawn down to a point. The "Tennyson" birthday-book, from which No. 26 has been taken, contains three quotations printed in the space allotted to the 29th of December. I quote the first and last of these because, curiously enough, they illustrate with approximate truth two extremes of the opinion held, as regards Mr. Gladstone, by some of his most ardent political adherents and opponents. The first quotation is, "Our noblest brother and our truest man" ("Gareth and Lynette"); the last, "He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin" ("The May Queen"). As the great majority of those who hold strong opinions in favour of or against Mr. Gladstone have probably no surer basis for their appreciation of him than the published accounts of his political words and acts, it would appear that an equally reliable way of forming such opinion lies in the chance association of this or that quotation in a printed book with the great man's name—certainly, this method would be far less troublesome in its application.



NO. 27.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 10, 1888. AGE 78.

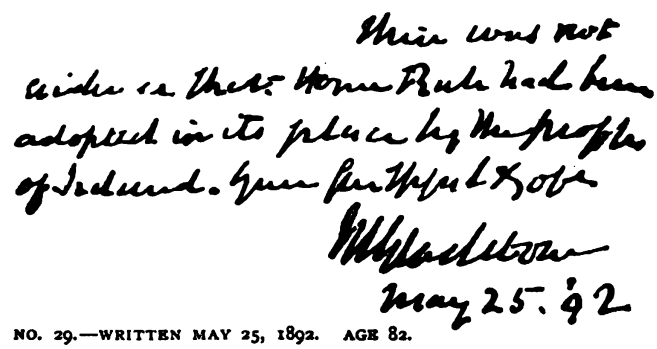


NO. 28.—WRITTEN MARCH 25, 1891. AGE 81.

The letter from which No. 27 is copied was written in reply to one sent to Mr. Gladstone by a relative announcing the death of a kinsman: "Beyond this, what can one say but that a Christian is gone home." Simple and homely words, that illustrate the plain sincerity of their writer's religious belief. No. 28 is worth more than casual attention, and for more than one reason. In the first place, the "rule" expressed on this post-card has limited the illustrations here given to a careful selection of extracts, and has prevented the insertion of many passages of even greater interest than those now facsimiled; in the second place, the painstaking detail of No. 28 is specially noteworthy, not only as regards the words written, but also on the score of the marked attention that is given to the details of the writing—here comes in another feature of Mr. Gladstone's nature, his courtesy.

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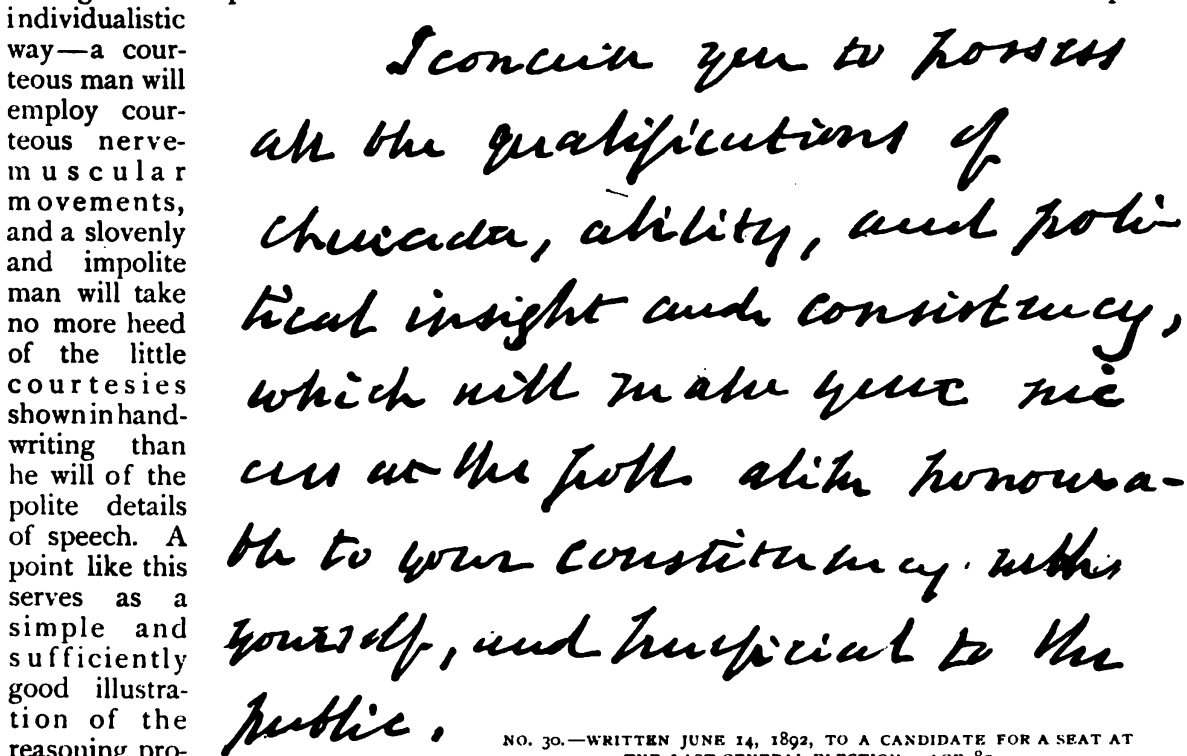
In going through a large number of his letters, etc., I have been much impressed by the courteousness of the gesture, quite apart from the wording of the letters. For when we write a letter, it is surely a mark of courtesy to give full attention to the way in which we perform that action, just as much as the numerous little courtesies of speech will proclaim the refinement and politeness of a speaker. Whether Mr. Gladstone is writing to a stranger, or sending an order to a bookseller, or writing to a personal friend, there is the same attention given to the details and arrangement of the handwriting—he cannot permit his written gestures to be slovenly and therefore wanting in proper courtesy to his correspondent. This peculiarity, the reason of which is obvious as soon as it is pointed out, might escape notice if I did not specially mention it, for many intelligent persons overlook the fact that in the act of writing each of us performs that act in our own individualistic way—a courteous man will employ courteous nerve-muscular movements, and a slovenly and impolite man will take no more heed of the little courtesies shown in handwriting than he will of the polite details of speech. A point like this serves as a simple and sufficiently good illustration of the reasoning processes which may be usefully employed in this study of gesture: it will probably appeal to those who can recognise that facts entirely overlooked, or which are regarded as being of small account by ordinary observers, are really of great moment in their special provinces—it will probably not appeal to those who attach no weight to facts unless they are presented to their consciousness by the ton weight or by the square acre.



NO. 29.—WRITTEN MAY 25, 1892. AGE 82.

An article upon Mr. Gladstone—even a non-political one—could, perhaps, scarcely be regarded as complete without some reference to Home Rule, so, in No. 29, I give part of a post-card, written prior to the general election of 1892, that contains a statement by Mr. Gladstone about Home Rule and "the people of Ireland." No. 30 also relates to political matters, and must have been pleasant reading to the receiver of this letter, especially as he probably attached no importance to the droop below their horizontal level of many words in this specimen—even if he noticed this unusual peculiarity in Mr. Gladstone's writing, which smacks of weariness and fatigue, that we are not surprised to notice when we consider how many letters similar to No. 30 were, almost of necessity, written at the stated time by this aged leader of men.

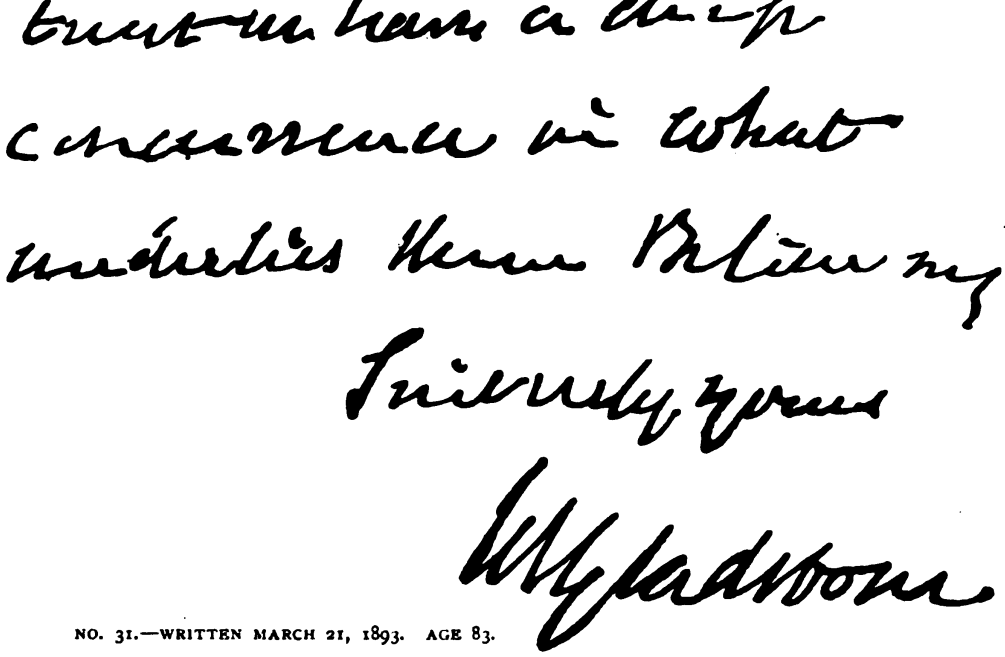
I am not permitted to give the text of the letter from which No. 31 has been extracted, nor can the name be mentioned of the person



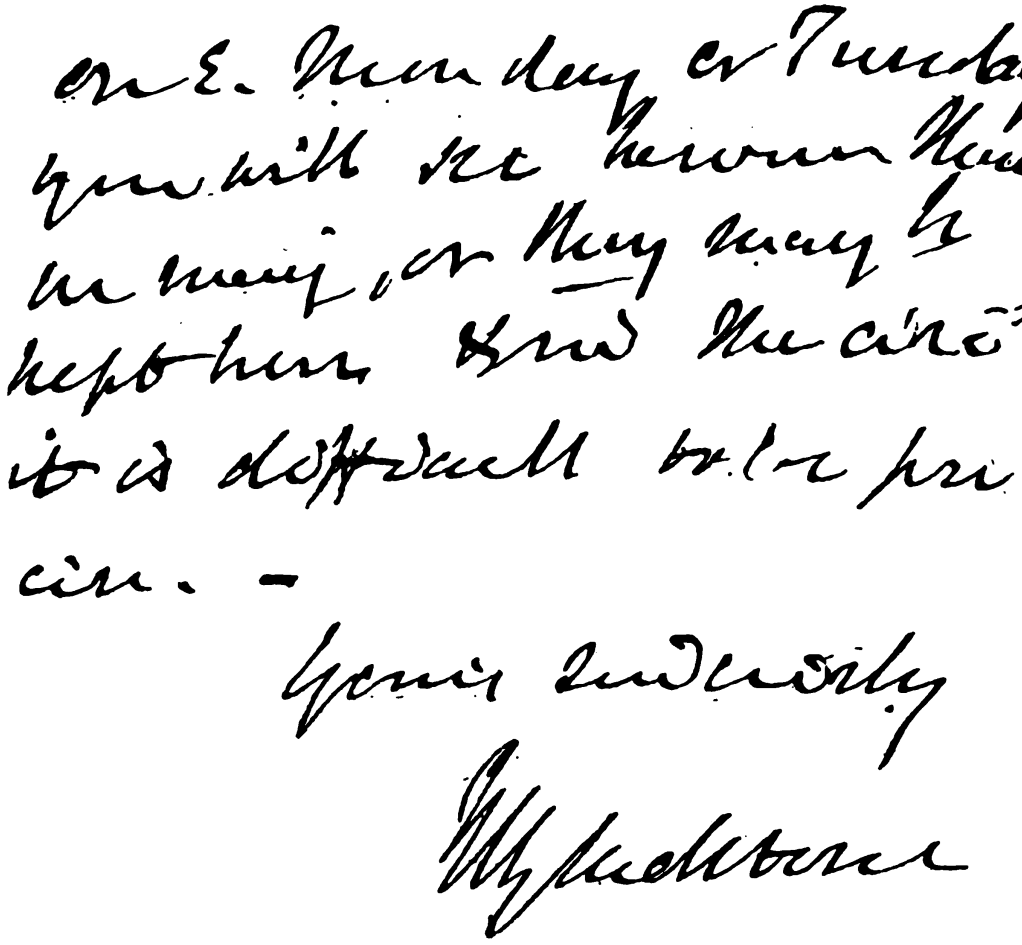
NO. 30.—WRITTEN JUNE 14, 1892, TO A CANDIDATE FOR A SEAT AT THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION. AGE 82.

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to whom it was written. It must suffice to say that the last sentence, part of which is shown, ran: "This is all the more kind because we do not altogether agree in matters of opinion, although I trust we have a deep concurrence in what underlies them." Here again is the fine signature, larger than preceding ones, perhaps because of eye-trouble, but with the end of the signature as large or larger than the other non-capital letters of it. The whole of this writing is a wonderful piece of movement, in its earnest vigour, to come from the hand of a man aged 83–84—despite certain irregularities which may have been



NO. 31.—WRITTEN MARCH 21, 1893. AGE 83.

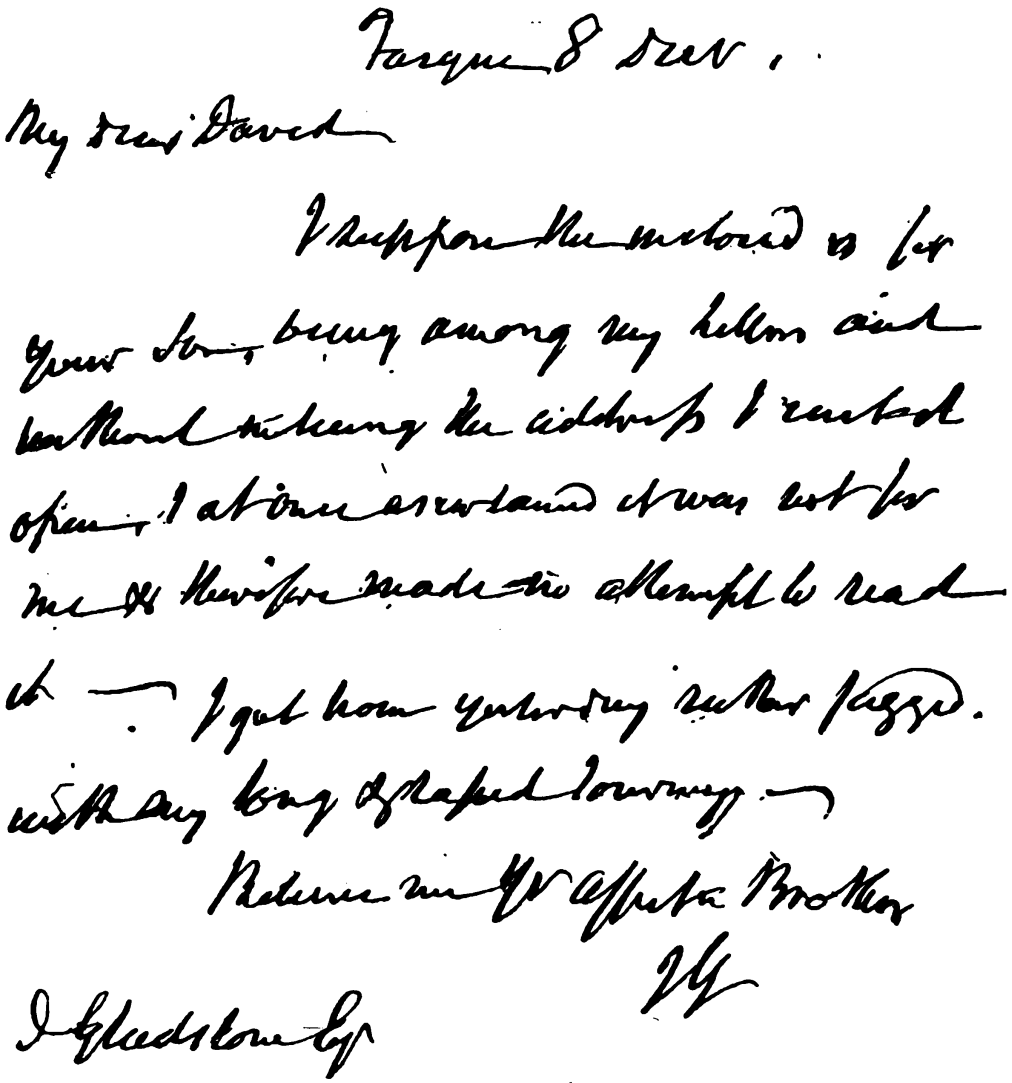


NO. 32.—WRITTEN MARCH 19, 1894, FROM LION MANSION, BRIGHTON. AGE 84-85.

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caused by defective sight as well as by the emotional feeling expressed in the letter: genuine and deep feeling is often a sad disturber of regularity in handwriting, as it is, indeed, in speech and in other modes of expression.

Not the least remarkable of the pieces of Mr. Gladstone's writing that we have here is that given in No. 32. It was written two or three days before the oculist consulted by Mr. Gladstone gave his recent opinion upon his patient's eyesight. Although many individual strokes are here indistinctly defined—owing to the infirmity mentioned—there is no confusion between word and word, or between line and line of the letter. The clear-thinking, precise, and fastidiously courteous mind triumphs over grave physical trouble, backed up and invigorated as it is by the splendid energy of the man. Look at the signature of No. 32, straight, firm, and powerful; with an upward movement instead of the droop that might so well be expected in the signatures of smaller men in similar circumstances—there is but one slight defect at the top of the *W*. Not only did this letter refer to an appointment with the oculist on the 21st of March, but it mentioned the illness of Mrs. Gladstone, and said: "Our little grandchild has the beginnings of what will probably be declared measles or whooping-cough." Notwithstanding the illness of those dear to Mr. Gladstone, despite his own illness and trouble, he goes on to mention details about "some book-clearing-out business for Thursday morning" at Downing Street. The portion facsimiled relates to the moving of these books, the last words being: "and in the circumstances it is difficult to be precise." The first words of this letter are: "The stars seem rather to fight against us." If no other act of Mr. Gladstone, except the gesture of this letter, existed to prove his splendid courage, this facsimile alone would furnish ample proof of it.



LETTER BY MR. GLADSTONE'S FATHER.

A letter written by Sir John Gladstone, Bart., on December 8th, 1847, at the age of eighty-three. In this facsimile there is a general likeness to the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone, and there is a particular correspondence as regards the forceful energy, marked simplicity, and the clear "spacing-out" of the written gestures of both father and son. The extreme angularity of Sir John Gladstone's handwriting runs almost into harshness—certainly it shows a stern and imperious nature—while the graciousness that comes out in Mr. Gladstone's writing is not so apparent in this specimen of his father's gesture.

We have answered the questions with which we started, and now for a word of explanation blended with an apology—if such be needed—for plain speech. In these sketches of character based upon written ges-

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ture it is perhaps to be preferred that the subjects chosen for them should be of a generation prior to our own. I have analyzed the writing on these pages by the light that many years' study of one branch of psycho-physiology ought to give to a student, and, while preserving the respect that is due to my subject, I have striven to maintain the fidelity that must be preserved in the exercise of my art. In most cases, the reasons for this or that piece of deductive reasoning have been given side by side with the deduction stated—but it has, of course, been impossible to give in a magazine article all the detail of explanation and of demonstration that I have given elsewhere. "Handwriting and Expression," Kegan Paul, 1892. The basis and the method of this study of gesture should appeal to any sound intellect, but its accurate practice as an art cannot be undertaken by those who have not completely studied the data upon which the scientific theory is based.

For the concluding illustration, let us place close to the old man's letter, written on March 19th, 1894, a facsimile of the inside cover of the boy's "Virgil," used at Eton in March, 1822, which shows the Gladstone crest and the Gladstone motto: *Fide et Virtute*—for has not this *man* among men as just a right to have this motto placed close to him in his old age, as had the valorous and pure-minded scholar—who turned his glass upside down and refused to drink a coarse toast proposed, and who, at Eton Fair, championed some pigs that were being tormented by his school-fellows, offering in response to their banter to write his reply "in good round hand upon their faces"—a justly-earned right, even then, to paste this book-plate in his "Virgil" as a guiding star to him throughout his future life?



NO. 33.—INSIDE COVER OF "VIRGIL."
(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)
The inside of the cover of his "Virgil" used at Eton, showing Mr. Gladstone's crest and motto.

NOTE.—I express gratitude for valuable aid as regards the loan of MSS., letters, etc., to Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. David Gladstone, Mrs. Bennett, of Aigle, Switzerland, Archdeacon Denison, Mr. W. S. Holt, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., Mr. Sidney Harvey, Mr. John Murray, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, Mr. F. Warre Cornish, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton, M. J. Crépieux-Jamin, of Rouen, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. G. H. Murray, C.B., of No. 10 Downing Street, the President (1894) of the Eton Society, The Graphological Society of Paris, Mr. Arthur Nash, of Exeter College, Oxford, and to Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 508, New Street, Birmingham, who very kindly placed their large collection at my service.—J. H. S.

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Beauties :—Children.

From a Photo. by A. & W. Millard, Norwich.



NELLIE BATES



Esmeè Vallerie
de Vere Verey.

From a Photograph.



Gundred Iris de Haga Haig

From a Photo. by Spink, Brighton.

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From a Photo. by *F. Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.*



DORA BARTON.



AGNES BIRDWOOD.



FLOSSIE PERRY.



JEANNIE HERRIES.

From a Photo. by Barraud, Ltd., Oxford Street.

From a Photo. by Auty, Tynemouth.

From a Photo. by F. Brown, Leicester

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The Khedive of Egypt.

By Stuart Cumberland.

HIS HIGHNESS ABBAS II., whose visit to England will increase the popular interest in his personality, is a very different man from the ordinary type of Oriental Sovereign. He has none of his religious bigotry, his narrowness of thought, or ignorance of the outside world, its people and its languages. On the contrary, he is a man of considerable enlightenment, speaks several languages fluently, has visited many European countries, and is now seeking to draft on to the Egyptian system such of the European institutions as he considers suitable for his country.

Whilst the Khedive Abbas is, and has for some time past been, about the most-discussed ruler the world takes cognizance of, he is at the same time the most misunderstood. To the public eye he is a stubborn, stiff-necked Oriental with the wilfulness of youth, fanatical in his hatred of England and the English, and, as a ruler, uncompromisingly despotic in his instincts. This view of him has been arrived at through the telegraphic fiction which malice and political exigencies have caused to be given to the world.

It is time the public saw the other side of the picture; that His Highness should be depicted as he really is, and not as he has been most falsely represented to be.

A young man, called to rule at an age when most Europeans have scarcely begun to seriously consider the question of the battle of life; full of energy, pluck, and ambition; possessed of an indomitable will, impatient of restraint, and anxious to be up and doing. Such was Khedive Abbas II. when he was called to the Khedivial throne — a throne which had been graced with the most amiable, the most easy-going ruler Egypt has ever known.



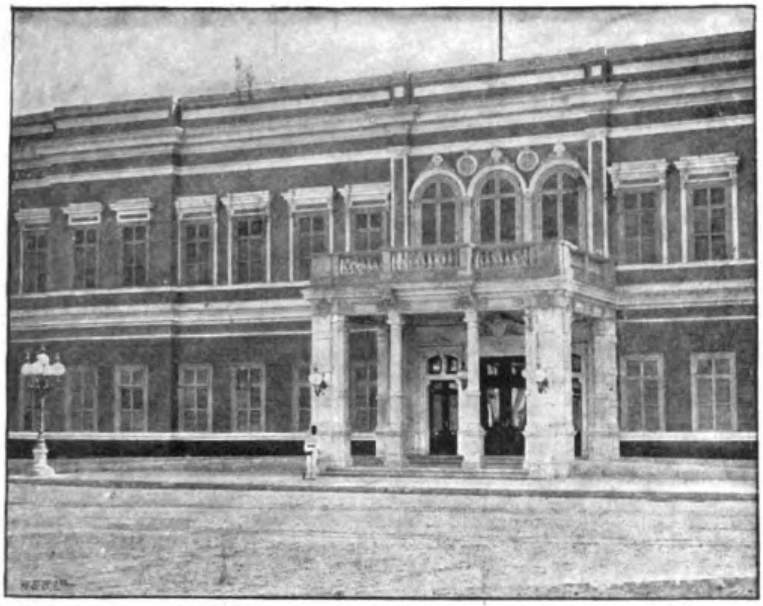
From a Photo. by] THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT. *[Heyman, Cairo.*

I first saw His Highness when the much-made-of crisis was at its height, when I was assured that I, as an Englishman—so great was His Highness's hatred of everything English—would receive no sort of consideration at his hands. As it happened, His Highness received me most cordially, and on this and subsequent occasions I had ample opportunity of closely studying him.

In manner His Highness strikes one at first as being somewhat cold—the coldness of Oriental reserve tempered with not a little natural shyness. But this reserve once broken, quite another man unfolds himself before one. His frank, pleasing countenance lights up with almost European vivacity, the half-mistrustful, questioning look in his eyes gives place to a look of confidence; he converses brightly, intelligently, seizes a point with marked quickness, and is most ready with his replies. For one so young his general knowledge and insight into things are really remarkable. He has a high opinion of his dignity, and the training he received at the strictest Court in Europe—that of Austria—has left a strong impression upon him. The officials, who under the easy-going régime of his father had such an easy time of it, find him a somewhat severe disciplinarian, but no one can honestly question his sense of justice.

Since his coming to the throne he has made many radical changes at the palace. In the old days people used to drop in, much after the fashion of dropping in at a club, under the pretext of State affairs, to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes with the officials. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, however, for Khedive Abbas emphatically declared at the outset that he would not have his palace turned into a Viennese *café*; so to-day free coffee, free smokes, officially speaking, are "off" at the Abdin Palace; the inevitable gossip, minus the smokes and

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From a] PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

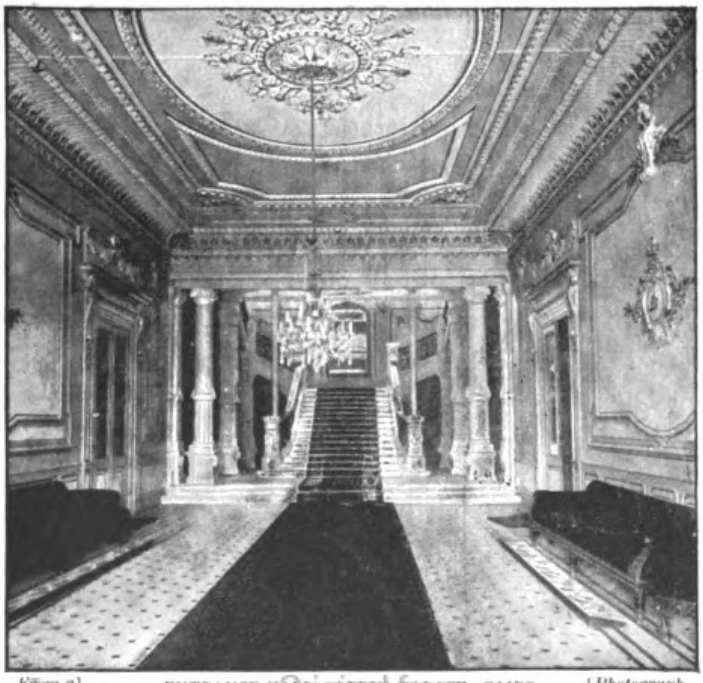
the drinks, is, however, still on—very much on. The most exacting Khedive in the world could not, I fear, stay the gossiping tongue of an Egyptian official short of cutting off his head. The Abdin Palace, I may mention, is the official palace, in Cairo. It is a straggling, although somewhat striking, structure in pink and white. It has a really magnificent staircase, a romantic conservatory, and a gorgeous State reception-room, picked out in white and gold.

Khedive Tewfik was not a great stickler for forms and ceremony, but there is nothing that the present Khedive is so particular about as the manner in which those no matter how highly placed conduct themselves in his presence, any relaxation of the prescribed form of respect meeting with severe condemnation at his hands. His Highness's look of indignation when a certain European official presumed to cross his legs whilst seated in his presence will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

At the reception which His Highness did me the honour of extending me at the Abdin Palace (in the State reception-room), I was much struck by the great deference paid him by his Ministers. They know only too well that, like the heroine in Rider Haggard's fantastical romance, he is one who must be obeyed, and, outwardly at least, their obedience is unquestionable.

There is much solemnity attached to the display of respect on the part of those surrounding the Khedive. To the European mind it at first seems strange to see grave and learned seniors practically abase themselves with their low bow and humbly clasped hands in the Khedivial presence; but it is not long before one sees that it is more than a mere matter of form; usage requires it, but it has its origin in the Oriental reverence of rank and power. Between the ruler and the ruled there is a wide gulf which, in this world at least, is not to be bridged over, and, as a being apart as it were, deep obeisance towards the ruler on the part of the ruled is the natural outcome of the situation.

It is asserted in European official quarters in Cairo that the Khedive is much given to treating his Ministers as if they were children. True it is that he imposes his will upon them, and they, as I have pointed out, show him every deference; but as to treating them as children, that is another matter. Undoubtedly, His Highness, with his indomitable will, quickness of thought, and activity of purpose, is at times a little impatient of the circumlocution attached to Ministerial deliberations,



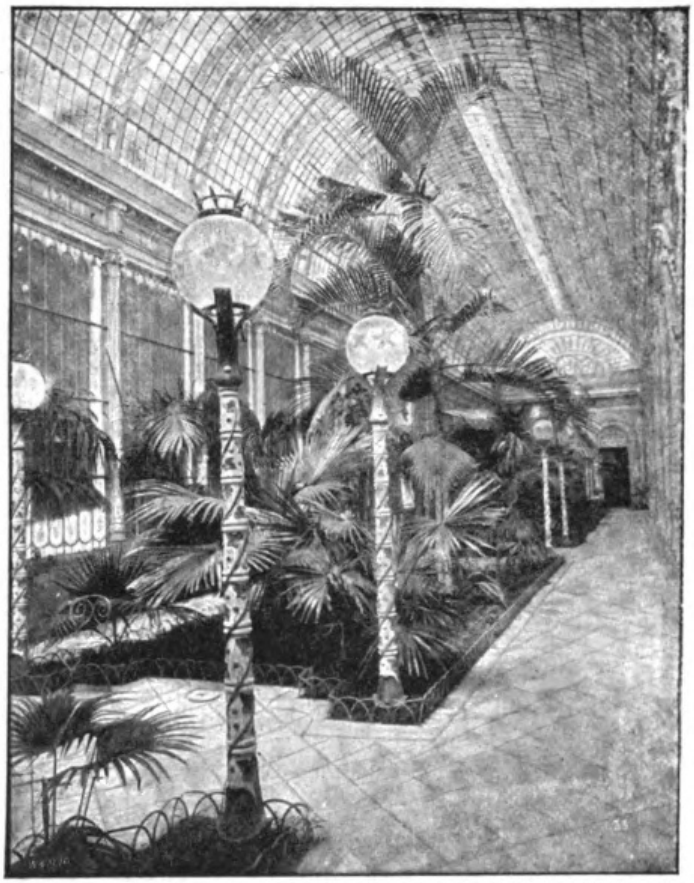
From a] ENTRANCE-HALL, ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*
(Showing Grand Staircase.)

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and there are probably occasions when he would like to act altogether independently of his Ministers, few of whom have, in spite of his youth, his strength of character and determination of purpose. But His Highness is young, it must be remembered, and youth is impatient.

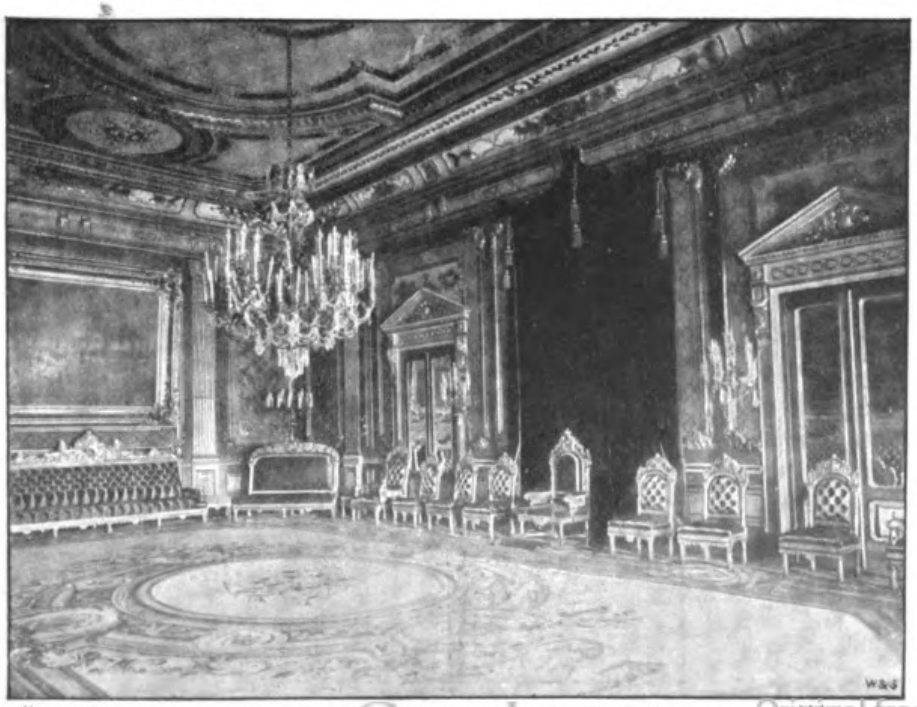
As an instance of His Highness's sense of justice and his impatience of stupidity, I may mention a little incident that occurred at my thought-reading reception at the Abdin Palace, already referred to. I had tried the experiment of writing out a word in Arabic with one of the Court officials, who, through a combination of obstinacy and denseness, did not wish to have his thoughts read, with indifferent success, and was trying with another official of the same mental calibre with a like result, when His Highness hurriedly arose from his seat and said, "I will show you how it should be done."

I took the Khedive by the hand and at once wrote out, in Arabic characters, a word thought of by him.



From a] CONSERVATORY—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

In the experiments I performed with His Highness I found him to be possessed of considerable concentration of thought, whilst his quickness at grasping an idea was most marked. As a rule, Orientals are not good "subjects" for me; they, generally speaking, won't think straight. Superstition has a good deal to do with it, for, truth to tell, they are afraid of having their thoughts read. Your Oriental thinks that if you can get at his thoughts in simple matters, what is there to prevent you from divining everything that may be passing in his mind? Those who know the Oriental official will know what a terrible thought this must be to him. But the Khedive is an enlightened man, and I found him to be a most excellent "subject."



From a] STATE RECEPTION-ROOM—ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

One of the

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things strongly urged against the Khedive in the European quarter is that he is anti-English, even to the selection of his staff.

Now, as to this, the Swiss gentleman who acted as the Khedive's private secretary, and who, during the first "crisis," was the one man who, it was asserted, influenced His Highness against the English policy, no longer has the ear of the Khedive in the way that he was alleged to have had. This Helvetian gentleman must not be confounded with His Highness's English secretary, Brewster Bey, one of the most straightforward and at the same time most amiable of the Khedive's personal staff. In Brewster Bey, who is an Englishman, His Highness has implicit confidence, and he could, no doubt, relate many instances of the generous treatment Englishmen have received at the Khedive's hands, for he is the medium between His Highness and his countrymen, and knows, perhaps better than anyone else, the Khedive's real feelings towards England and the English.

Much has been made of the assertion that His Highness is given to taking heed of evil advisers. All I know is, that His Highness is a seeker after truth, and that he appeared to be most anxious to know how he could tell the true from the false. Almost his last words to me were: "How can you know when a man is trying to deceive you? How can one tell that a man saying one thing may mean another? Is there anything in your art to tell me this?"

I ventured to suggest to His Highness that this was the very rock upon which poor human nature had been splitting for centuries untold, and that experience plus a natural perception would alone aid him to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion.

His Highness has never, unfortunately, stood well with the representatives of the English Press in Cairo, and the British public has formed its opinion of him from the views advanced by these representatives in the newspapers here. The first difference with the English Press arose in a very curious way — but from small things do great matters sometimes spring. A representative of one of the great London dailies called at the Abdin Palace to see the Khedive, attired in a garb proscribed by the rules and regulations at the palace—the orthodox frock-coat and chimney-pot hat being *de rigueur* for callers. The Khedive, as was to have been expected, refused to see his visitor. A complaint was made to Lord Cromer, but, of course, without result, and the representative and his colleagues—for the Press in Cairo is a close fraternity—took it out of His Highness in their own way.

His Highness is quite a sportsman, is an excellent shot, and is fond of riding and driving. It is astonishing the amount of really fatiguing work he can get through without being in the least knocked up; indeed, his activity is frequently provocative of much groaning amongst his *entourage*, many of whom have neither his high spirits nor powers of endurance.

His Highness has all an Oriental's love of horse-flesh, and he has recently caused a Commission to be appointed to improve the breed of horses, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 are given by him at horse shows in different parts of the country.



From a] BACK ENTRANCE—KOUBBEH PALACE, NEAR CAIRO. *[Photograph.*

At Koubbeh, which is his favourite residence—it can scarcely be called a palace—a short drive from the Abdin Palace, he leads almost the life of a typical English squire. There he has 800 acres of farm land, which he strives to make quite a model farm of, *pour encourager les autres.* On this farm he has

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From a] PALACE OF RAS-EL-TIN. [Photograph.

all the newest English agricultural machinery, with the object chiefly of impressing upon the native landowners the advantages to be gained by model farming as compared with the antiquated methods in vogue elsewhere. At this model farm one sees imported specimens of all that is best in Europe of horses, cattle, and poultry. His paternal efforts on behalf of the labourers and workpeople on his estate are equally praiseworthy. For them he has erected a model village, with school, club, and mosque; they have also a fire-engine station. All these His Highness supports at his own expense. How much further can enlightenment in a ruler go?

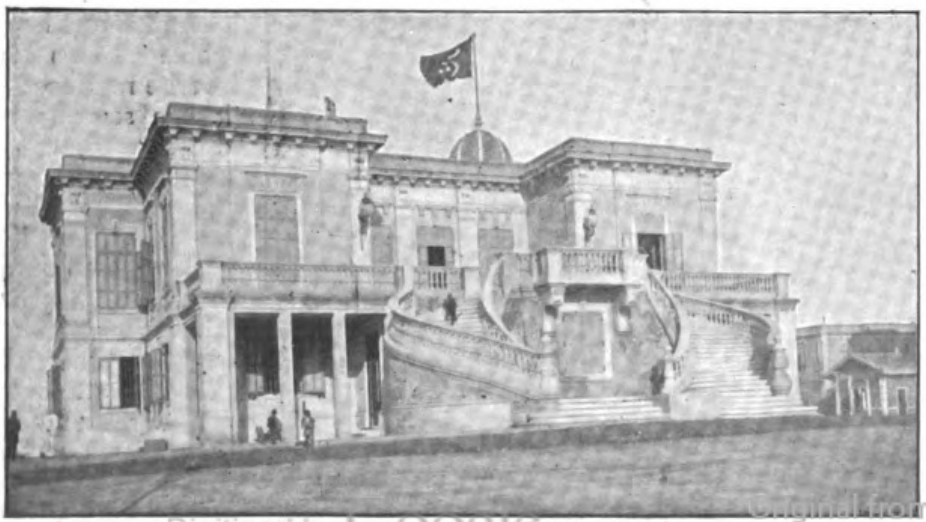
A few words as to His Highness's personal habits. Like the Sultan of Turkey, he, from a State-work standpoint, is a hard worker. He rises every morning a little after five, and, after dressing, rides round the home farm or to the parade ground at Abbassyeh, returning to Koubbeh at half-past seven to breakfast. His breakfast is generally brief, being over in about half an hour, so that at eight o'clock he commences work on affairs of State, not in a merely perfunctory way, but in real earnest; for he goes minutely into every detail of any question that comes before him, and, until this is done, nothing is either put aside or decided upon. His attention to State business lasts till noon, when he lunches with his personal suite.

Luncheon over, he attends to his private correspondence, and reads the newspapers of the day, for His Highness is an omnivorous reader. From three to five he receives visits from the Diplomatic Corps and other officials. This over, he rides or drives until sunset, seldom failing to visit the stables, dairy, etc., at the home farm before sitting down to dinner.

His Highness, like the Kaiser Wilhelm, is much given to paying surprise visits in order to see that his orders have been properly executed, and he prefers giving his orders personally instead of intrusting them to those about him.

After dinner His Highness passes the evening with his Khedivial mother—by-the-bye, one of the most beautiful women in the East—and his sisters.

In the summer months the Khedive leaves Cairo for the cooler air of Alexandria, where he resides at the Palaces of Ras-el-Tin or Ramleh.



From a] SUMMER PALACE—RAMLEH, NEAR ALEXANDRIA. [Photograph.

Such is the daily life of the young ruler of Egypt, about whom so much that is erroneous has been written, and who, through the medium of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, will become better and more correctly known to the English-reading people.

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THE WHITE MOUSE

FROM THE FRENCH OF HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

THERE was once a villainous King of France, named Louis the Eleventh, and a gentle Dauphin, who was called Charles, awaiting the time when he became Charles the Eighth.

Ordinarily the superstitious and sickly old King reigned, trembled, and suffered, invisible behind the thick walls of his castle of Plessis-lès-Tours; but towards the middle of the year 1483 he went on a pilgrimage, dragging himself to Notre Dame de Cléry, near Orleans, supported by Tristan l'Hermite, his executioner; Coictier, his physician; and François de Paule, his confessor; for the old tyrant went in great fear of men, of death, and of God.

One memory of blood, among a thousand —that of the death of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours — tormented his soul. That great vassal had paid with his head for an attempt at rebellion against his suzerain. So far, only justice had been done; but the cruel conqueror had compelled the three young children to be witnesses of the execution of their father, and, from that time, he had repented of this luxury of vengeance. He repented, but he did not atone. By a strange inconsistency, common to evil-minded men, remorse in him awaked no pity, and at the very moment when he was placing the Madonna between him and the phantom of Nemours, one of the innocent sons of the late duke was languishing to death in a dungeon at Plessis-lès-Tours.

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A terrible and mysterious dwelling-place was that castle: its vestibules dark with priests, its courtyards glittering with soldiers, its chapels ever ablaze with candles, its drawbridges always raised, gave to it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. People talked in whispers, walking on tip-toe, in its great halls, as in a cemetery; captives by hundreds, indeed, lay groaning and buried from the world in its vaults—some for having spoken of the King, some for having spoken of the people—but by far the larger number for nothing. Every stone in the castle might be looked upon as the gravestone of a living prisoner; and it was there that, idle, with an adventurous spirit, an ardent soul, the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth year, was being reared.

Poor King's son! He sought in vain to rest his eyes from the horrors surrounding him. A fresh and green forest waved at the foot of the castle; but from the oaks there hung, not acorns, but the bodies of men. The Loire flowed by, brightly and gaily—but every night the King's justice troubled and reddened its waters. So passed his early youth, wearily and painfully.

One day, however, his looks and gestures betrayed a less passive state of weariness.

The noonday angélus had already been rung, and his morning meal, consisting, in accordance with his orders, of light pastry and sweetmeats, stood untouched on a table, which the young prince rapped impatiently. Every now and then he rose from his seat, panting with hope, inquietude, and called:—

"Blanchette! Blanchette! why don't you come? The breakfast is melting in the sun, and if you don't soon come, the flies will eat up your share!"

And as the forgetful convive returned no answer to his appeal, the poor amphitryon continued to tap the floor with his feet and become more and more uneasy. Suddenly a slight sound in the tapestry made him start; he turned his head, uttered a cry, and sank back in his chair, filled with joy, and murmuring a sigh of immense relief:—

"At last!"

No doubt it will be imagined that the "Blanchette" so much desired was some noble lady, a sister or cousin of the young prince. She was nothing of the sort. Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, as her name indicated—so lively that, on seeing her run across the floor, she might have been mistaken for a flitting sunbeam, and so gentle she might have found mercy even with a hungry cat.

Charles caressed his pretty visitor, gazing at her with delight while she nibbled a biscuit in his hand; but then remembering that he owed it to his dignity to scold her a bit, he said to her in a pleasantly grave tone:—



"HE SANK BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

"Now, mademoiselle, will you tell me what you think I ought to say to such conduct? Here, I treat you like a duchess; I have forbidden my door to my father's barber and favourite, Olivier le Daim, because his cat-like face is displeasing to you; Bec-d'Or, my beautiful falcon, has died with jealousy; and every evening, ungrateful that you are, you leave me, to race about the fields like a mere vagabond mouse! Where do you go in this way, heedless of your own danger and of my anxiety? Where do you go?—tell me; I insist on knowing!"

Pressing though the question was, poor Blanchette, as may be imagined, returned no answer to it; but, with a look of sadness, fixing her intelligent eyes on those of the scolding lad, she turned over the pages of the book of the Gospels, which was lying upon the table, and placed her rosy paws upon these words: "Visit the prisoners."

Charles was surprised and confused, as happens to presumptuous persons when they receive a lesson at the moment when they

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think they are giving one. For more than once he had heard tell of strange things concerning the inhabitants of the underground vaults of Plessis-lès-Tours, and more than once he had meditated making a pious pilgrimage to the prison of young Armagnac, whose age and birth more particularly excited his curiosity and sympathy; but the terror with which his father inspired him had hitherto restrained him, and now he reproached himself for his timidity as a crime. He resolved to expiate it that very evening.

A few minutes after the curfew had sounded, he slipped from his tower, and, followed by a young valet carrying a basket containing bread, wine, and fruits, he proceeded into one of the interior courtyards of the castle.

One of the company of the Scotch guard, pacing in the moonlight along the walls, challenged him in a hoarse and threatening voice:—

"Who goes there?"



"WHO GOES THERE?"

"Charles Dauphin."

"He cannot pass."

But Charles approached the officer of the watch and whispered a few words in his ear.

"If it is so, go on, Monseigneur," replied the soldier, visibly disconcerted. "Go on, and God protect you, for if you are discovered, I shall be hung!"

Persisting in his purpose, the young Dauphin applied the same means successfully with the keeper of the prison; the magic words which he employed being simply these: "The king is *very* ill." He had before tried the power of this formula, which reminded the people of old Louis XI.—soldiers, courtiers, gaolers, or valets—that the boyish pout of a Dauphin might suddenly change into the terrible anger of a King.

The Dauphin and the page, guided by the gaoler, ventured, not without some little hesitation, into a damp and dismal vault and down a spiral flight of stairs, every slimy step endangering their foothold. All three proceeded by the fitful light of a resinous torch, now beaten by the blind wings of a startled bat, now nearly extinguished by water dropping from the roof. At length a sound, vague at first, but growing more and more distinct—a sound of sighs and moans—told them that they had reached their journey's end. The guide retired, and Charles fell back in horror at the sight which met his eyes.

Imagine an iron cage, fixed to the wall, so low and narrow that every movement of the prisoner within it must have caused him a thrill of pain, in which his sleep must have been a nightmare!—and the captive was a mere boy, seventeen years of age, but so emaciated and pale as to appear, at most, not more than twelve years old.

Scarcely arrived at adolescence, the unfortunate Duc de Nemours had suffered so much that his tenacious longevity had filled his executioners with wonderment, and made the gaoler who brought him his daily allowance of water and black bread pause on the threshold of his dungeon, and ask himself whether the grave-digger would not have been a fitter visitor.

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To open a conversation with the prisoner, the Dauphin searched for tender words, but found only tears. Nemours understood this silent greeting, and responded to it by a smile of gratitude; then both conversed through the iron bars.

When the one timidly announced himself as the son of Louis XI., the other could not repress a movement of astonishment and alarm; but this repellent feeling speedily gave way before the frank speech and guileless face of the Dauphin. Ten years a stranger to what was passing in the outer world, the recluse at first asked his noble visitor questions as *naïve* as those of anchorites to rare travellers in a desert island: "Are they still building cities?—are marriages still being celebrated?" But an unforeseen circumstance gave a new and more pointed turn to the conversation, in which a third person intervened without the least hesitation or apology.

The newcomer was no other than the Dauphin's table-companion, the successful rival of Bec-d'Or—Blanchette, since her name must be given. Passing through the bars, by favour of her tiny bulk, she climbed up the chained legs and arms of Nemours, and lavished on the prisoner caresses as fond, or even fonder, than those obtained by the prince at an earlier hour of the same day.



"SO YOU KNOW BLANCHETTE?"

"So you know Blanchette?" said Charles, surprised and nettled.

"Know her!" replied Nemours; "for ten years she has been my mouse, my friend, my sister!"

"The little ingrate! This very morning, at the castle, she shared with me my breakfast biscuits!"

"For ten years, Monseigneur, she has come to my dungeon every day to share with me my black bread."

"Indeed!" murmured the young prince.

But his boyish anger quickly melted before the cunning smile of Nemours.

"I do not think, Monseigneur, you will do me the honour to break a lance with me for the bright eyes of a mouse. It would be impossible for me, at this moment, to accept your challenge. See!"

And he held up before the eyes of his rival his arms, bending under the weight of their chains.

Then broke forth an original and affecting discussion between the son of Louis XI. and the prisoner, each declaring himself to be more unfortunate than the other. One made his adversary feel the damp walls and bars of his prison; the other described the atmosphere of weariness and the living chain of courtiers and spies by which he was weighed down; one displayed his bodily torture, the other his bleeding heart; and at the end of their discussion, both arrived at the same conclusion:—

"Therefore, you see, Nemours—therefore, you see, Monseigneur—I need Blanchette to help me to live and suffer."

But as this was no settlement of the question, they agreed to take the object of their discussion as arbiter between them.

"Now then, mademoiselle," said the Dauphin to Blanchette, "say frankly to which of us you wish to belong."

Thus appealed to, the little white mouse went from one to the other caressingly, and then, stopping midway between them, looked

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at each in turn, her sparkling little eyes seeming to say:—

"To both, my children!"

Here it must be explained that Blanchette, as her intelligence, tender-heartedness, and gentle manners may have suggested, was something more than an ordinary mouse; she was, in fact, a fairy—named, for her compassionateness, The Fairy of Tears—who, for a slight offence given to a malignant sister fairy, had been transformed into her present shape for one hundred years, ninety-nine of which she had already passed, going from palace to prison (often prisons both), and from sorrow to sorrow, pitilessly gnawing to pieces all the bad books she came upon (there are, alas, no such mice nowadays!) and even munching up death-sentences in the pocket of Tristan, the headsman!

It was not long before that worthy companion of Louis XI. returned to the castle and his master with him; and with them came back distrust and terror. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; in fact, they became from day to day longer and more frequent, and even the gaoler—a fact which would have awakened suspicion in any mind less ingenuous than the young prince's—from having obeyed him reluctantly and with fear and trembling, seemed now to encourage these interviews and provoke them by his complaisance.

One evening he and the poor young duke were talking as usual, Charles with his elbows resting on the ledge of the window in the door of the dungeon, while Blanchette flitted backwards and forwards between them, distributing her caresses with edifying partiality. The conversation, which had for some time been desultory, turned at last to the subject of Charles's projects for his future reign.

"What are you going to do, when you become King?" gaily asked the prisoner, who, older in years, and more still in misfortune, exhibited in the conversation a marked superiority over his young friend.

"A pretty question to ask me! I shall make war."

Nemours smiled sadly.

"Yes," continued the Dauphin, tapping his forehead, "I have long had my plan formed, here. I shall, first, go and conquer Italy: Italy, you see, Nemours, is a wonderful country, where the streets are full of music, the bushes covered with oranges, and where there are as many churches as there are dwelling-houses. I shall keep Italy for myself; then, in passing, I shall take Constantinople for my friend André Paléologue; and, lastly, with the help of God, I count on being able to deliver the Holy Sepulchre."

"And after you have done all that?" asked the young duke, mischievously.

"Oh!—after that—after that," repeated the Dauphin, slightly embarrassed, "I shall have time, perhaps, to conquer some other kingdoms, if there are any others."

"And will taking so much care of your glory make you neglect your people?—will you do nothing for *them*, Monseigneur?"

"Certainly I will! In the first place, before setting off, I'll give Olivier and Tristan to the Evil One, if he will have them; and I will abolish executioners." And as Blanchette frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever at these words, he added, gaily: "I'll do something for you also, Blanchette; I'll suppress cats."

Both burst into laughter at this sally. But their gaiety was brief as the passage of a flash of lightning. They stopped suddenly and looked at each other in terror, for they had seemed to hear other laughter—altogether too unlike their own to be an echo—ring from out the shadow beside them. They presently recovered from their alarm, however.

"Hope and courage!" said the Dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand in sign of leave-taking.

The poor captive raised himself to press this consoling hand; but his limbs, stiffened by long torture, served ill his pious desire; he uttered a cry of pain and sank back upon his stool.

"Oh, God! when shall I be King?" the young prince could not refrain from crying, as his eyes filled with tears.

"Soon, please God!" said Nemours.

"Never!" exclaimed a third speaker, until then invisible. And Louis XI. appeared, followed by Tristan, Coictier, and some others of his familiars. By the light of a lantern, which one of them had held hidden beneath his mantle, the Dauphin beheld the terrible old man move with slow and feeble steps towards him like a spectre, muttering these words, broken by an irrepressible cough:—

"Ah! gallant damoiseau, you turn hungry eyes towards my crown, while I still live! Pious and provident son, you are looking forward to my funeral! Wretch, your sword!"

A fit of coughing more violent than the others interrupted him.

Charles offered no resistance; only, with a gesture of indignation, he repulsed Tristan, who moved forward to disarm him, and him-

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self handed his sword to one of the gentlemen present. Presently, on a sign from the King, he was led away by the guards.

Before quitting the dungeon, Louis XI. cast a look of hate towards the cage of his victim, then in the ear of his creature, Tristan, he whispered a few words.

"I understand," said the headsman; "an end is to be made of it. Leave it to me. At midnight——" and he completed by pantomime the sense of a phrase already but too clear.

The King and his attendants then quitted the dungeon and, amid the fading sounds of their retreating footsteps, Nemours could long distinguish the voice of the nearly dead despot, coughing, scolding, and gasping out sentences of death with his last breath.

Poor Nemours! — that gentle beam of Heaven, called hope, had penetrated his dungeon, then, only to make the darkness deeper that followed it!

"To be seventeen," he thought; "to have a brother like the Dauphin Charles, and a sister like Blanchette, and to die!"

And in each vague and distant stroke of the great castle clock, which was measuring out his last hours, he heard these words distinctly: "Die! — you must die!"

Then, presently, down the long spiral stairs leading to the vaults came the sounds of hurrying footsteps. A thin band of light filled the narrow space between the floor and the bottom of his dungeon door—escaped from the lantern of his executioners, no doubt!

Then, feeling this his last hour was surely come, he hastily set down upon the ground the fairy-mouse which he had been holding to his heart, and cried:—

"Farewell, my little mouse. Get away quickly and hide yourself well, or they will kill you also."

Meanwhile the approaching sounds had grown louder, the streak of light became wider, the door of the dungeon turned on its hinges, and then, believing he already saw upon the wall the gigantic shadow of Tristan, Nemours joined his hands, closed his eyes, for the last time commended his soul to God, and waited for the end.

He was not kept waiting long.

"Duc de Nemours," said a soft and well-known voice, "you are free!"

The captive started at these words, ventured timidly to look around him, and thought he was dreaming.

Charles was there, no longer constrained and downcast, but calm, grave, speaking and bearing himself masterfully, already aggrandized and ripened by an hour of royalty. Noble ladies were about him, contemplating with smiles and tears the young prisoner in his cage; then gentlemen, who, at sight of this outrage to infancy—a thing sacred to chivalry—laid hands upon their sword-hilts in a convulsive movement of indignation; and, finally, there was a crowd of pages and squires, bearing torches, and waving their plumed velvet caps to the cry of "Long live the King!"



"THE HEADSMAN."

"Yes," continued Charles VIII., "an hour ago, Heaven made me an orphan and a King. Nemours, forgive my father and pray for his soul." Then, turning towards his suite, he added, hastily, "Let this cage be instantly broken down and its fragments thrown into the Loire, so that not a vestige or remembrance of it may remain."

The workmen, directed beforehand, set to work vigorously; but, oh, surprise! Their files passed over the bars without biting into them, and the stone in which they were set only returned a dull, mocking sound to the blows of the sledge-hammers!

"Sire," said an old monk, shaking his head, "no human power will avail to execute your orders, for this cage is not the work of human hands. I have heard say that a Bohemian, a sorcerer, as they all are, made it, in times past, to save himself from the gallows; to break it down the wand of a fairy would now be needed, and fairies have

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"A CROWD BEARING TORCHES."

ceased to exist, and the Bohemian who constructed it has long since disappeared."

"Let him be sought for and brought before me," said the King. "To the man who finds him—honour and largesses!—a diamond from my crown if he is noble, his weight in gold if he is of low birth."

And with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant retinue.

Left alone, with the exception of a few pages, who watched them from a distance, the two friends gazed at each other in silence. A terrible anxiety, which they dare not express, made their hearts palpitate in unison: "If the magic workman were dead! —if the cage could never more be opened!"

They wept—and, strange fact! —Blanchette appeared unmoved by their tears. There was a strong and natural reason for this.

It will be remembered that her expiatory metamorphosis was to endure for one hundred years. Now, at that moment, ninety-nine years three hundred and sixty-four days twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes had elapsed since she became Blanchette. The clock of Plessis-lès-Tours began to strike the hour—and instantly the dark and fetid dungeon was filled with sweet perfume and light; the iron cage fell to the ground and disappeared. The terrified orphans thought that the castle had been stricken by a thunder-bolt.

"Blanchette! Blanchette, where are you?" they cried, trembling for the existence of their adopted sister.

"I am here, my children," replied a gentle voice above their heads. And, raising their eyes, they beheld with amazement the retransformed fairy, standing, wand in hand, upon a pedestal of cloud.

"Have no fear," she continued; "I am she whom you called Blanchette: my companions call me the 'Fairy of Tears.' Your tears are staunched, and my mission to you is fulfilled. Farewell!"

The little duke and the little King besought her not to abandon them yet; but she replied, gravely:—

"It must be; you have no need of consolation, but it is wanted elsewhere. I hear, near this castle, the sobbing of a beggar-child, and hasten to her. Adieu, Sire! Adieu, Monseigneur!" And she disappeared in a great burst of light.

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The Queer Side of Things.

THE MAN WITH A MALADY.

THE only silent person at our table d'hôte was a very tall, careworn man, who passed nearly every dish offered to him,



and played with such scraps as he did take as if unaware of their presence on his plate. He sat with knitted brows, painfully preoccupied and obviously brooding. The comfortable German next to him, who sat with both elbows on the table, picking his teeth with one hand and ladling spoonfuls of chopped-up meat into his mouth with the other, tried to draw him into conversation in well-masticated English, but the thin man replied either monosyllabically or not at all.

But suddenly, while the German, with many snorts and gurgles, was sucking in an ice from a spoon, the bowl of which rested in the palm of his hand—his elbow being, of course, always on the table—the silent man suddenly turned to him and said :—

"I think you had better begin to see about packing your portmanteau—you will have to do it in such a hurry after the telegram arrives."

"Telechram?" said the German, the words, the ice, and a gulp of wine all struggling for mastery in his throat. "Vwat telechram? Vwich telechram?"

"Oh! about your warehouse in Hamburg, you know—the fire in it——" Then he broke off suddenly, and said: "Ah—I forgot—I was only thinking aloud."

The German choked, gulped, snorted, and sputtered—even more than he had during the meal; but his ejaculatory inquiries failed to elicit anything more from his neighbour; and at length, stuffing a fig, a piece of cheese, some bread, and some wine all at once into his mouth, he tore the table-napkin from his collar, and choked indignantly out of the room.

During the next day I did not come across the thin man. In the middle of the night following I was violently waked by a heavy stamping and a stentorian shouting in the corridors; this was followed by loud chokes and gurgles, which died away down the stairs and were heard again on the front steps—and I knew the German was departing by the night train. Next morning, at breakfast, I heard from the waiter that the German had gone to Hamburg in consequence of a telegram he had received. He had appeared greatly excited and upset, and the "boots" had heard him talking excitedly to himself about a fire.

That evening, as in duty bound, I stepped over to the Casino; in the peristyle I found the thin man, with his arms behind him, walking very slowly backwards and forwards; the cigar between his teeth being hopelessly out, and unnoticed. Suddenly he flung away the cigar and hurried into the theatre; but he did not seem to hear the concert, and as the music ceased he started up, muttering to himself, "Let's go and see that fellow lose his seven thousand pounds!" and hurried away feverishly to the tables. He walked straight to the second roulette table on the right, where a visitor was engaged in staking little piles of gold pieces—twenty little piles at a time. That time he won on his tallest pile, staked on a full number, making a considerable addition to the heap he had already won.

"I should advise you to stop *now*," murmured the thin man, standing by his chair; but the plunger merely stared at him and resumed his placing of little piles all over the table.

"Hum! of course, if you *will* do it," muttered the thin man. "But don't say I didn't warn you!"

Zero turned up; and the plunger (who despised the even chances) lost all his little piles: but on he went again—full numbers, full transversals, carré, à cheval; and again zero turned up, and away went the little

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piles. Then the plunger placed a very tall pile on zero—and zero did *not* turn up; and so he went on until his heap had disappeared, and he had changed note after note, and lost all the change. Then he slowly rose, glared at the thin man, grinned a ghastly grin at the nearest croupier, and disappeared. (I subsequently heard that he had lost seven thousand pounds.)

The thin man was becoming interesting to me. He placed a 5f. piece on "manque": "manque" won; twice more on the same, which won; then twice on "passe," which won. Fifteen or twenty times he staked on the even chances, and never failed to win. Then he placed on black the fifteen or twenty 5f. pieces he had won, saying to a croupier, "I'll lose those": and black lost. He then placed his original piece on a full number—15: 15 won. He left the 175f. he had won on he table and placed his 5f. piece on 9: and 9 turned up.



"HE NEVER FAILED TO WIN."

By this time the other players had begun to notice him. He placed a limit stake on the 1; several persons followed him and staked there: 1 turned up. Twice he repeated the action on other numbers — and others followed him—and the numbers won. The croupiers interchanged glances, and said a few words to one another. Then one of the chefs got off his high chair, and went round to speak to the winner: but the winner was not there; his stakes and winnings, however, were still on the table, where he had left them. The chef went round the rooms to look for the thin man, but he was nowhere to be found. I had seen him quietly retire as the croupier had cried "One!" and quietly walk out of the rooms.

Next morning, after breakfast, the thin man was smoking a cigar on the hotel terrace, and an irresistible curiosity forced me to speak to him.

"I must congratulate you on your luck last night," I said.

"Luck, sir!" repeated the thin man, without removing his gaze from the pavement. His voice was hollow and dismal in the extreme—utterly without hope. "No luck about it at all, except bad luck—deuced bad luck, sir!"

"You certainly did not appear to attach much value to your success, to judge by your leaving your stakes and winnings as you did I presume you are *aware* that you won a considerable sum?"

"Aware? Oh, perfectly."

"And you do not call that luck?"

"I do not call it luck, simply because it is *not* luck, and luck has nothing to do with it," replied the thin man, turning his gaze gloomily on me. "It is certainty, that's all. I happen, I am very sorry to say, to *know* what number will turn up."

"What, always?"

"Yes, always—confound it! That's what's the matter with me, sir! Do you think I should have left my comfortable home and come among a lot of jabbering foreigners if my confounded doctor hadn't ordered me to? Do I look like it, sir?"

"Well, no; I must admit you don't. I trust your health will be speedily re-established, at any rate."

"Not it, sir. When one's fool enough to go and get one of these symptoms which the doctors haven't come across before, one doesn't easily get rid of it. I shouldn't wonder if this beastly knowledge of the future were to hang about me for——"

"Knowledge of the future? Surely that can hardly be classed as a disease?" I said.

"Oh, can't it, though? The deuce it can't, sir! It's abnormal, isn't it? Very well, what's abnormal's a disease, isn't it?"

"But," I said, "it—is it not a very—an extraordinarily unusual ailment to suffer from?"

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"Of course it is," replied the thin man; "and doesn't that make it all the worse?"

"But what does it spring from?"

"Why, from the fashionable, up-to-date complaint—nervous exhaustion. Overwork, sir, resulting in super-excitation of the cerebral tissues—or some jargon of that sort. I tell you it's a disease, sir: the ancient seers suffered from it, I suppose: anyhow, *I* do and that's enough for *me!* And I came away to get rid of it by change of air."

"Pray forgive me," I said, "but your case is so very peculiar and interesting that I am impelled to ask how this ailment first manifested itself."

"Oh! — usual thing. I felt tired and depressed — couldn't sleep —had no energy— couldn't fix my thoughts. Then one day, when somebody asked me whether I thought the fine weather was likely to last, I surprised myself by saying 'No; it will begin to rain at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and keep on all night.' I *knew* it would, sir; and when my prophecy turned out correct, my feelings were mixed, sir.

"First I was surprised—then frightened—then glad; but on the whole fright prevailed. It wasn't comfortable, sir; and I tried to believe it was all nonsense; but events *would* turn out as I foresaw, and conviction was forced upon me.

"Now, sir, I daresay you think, 'What a wonderful power to possess! What a magnificent advantage!' *Is* it? Take my word for it, you'd have a different opinion if you actually suffered from it. Advantage, sir! Do you consider it an advantage to foresee a lot of miserable and horrible things which are destined to happen to you years hence, and to look forward to them and brood upon them all the time until they happen? It's bad enough to remember a past misfortune if its effects continue, but it's a confounded deal worse to foresee one, and see it getting bigger and bigger like an express train advancing from the distance to smash you like a fly!



"I TELL YOU IT'S A DISEASE, SIR."

"Eh — what? 'Certain worldly advantages attached to the disease.' What's the good of them, sir, when you know what's going to happen to you? *I* don't want wealth, sir; shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it. I'm well enough off for all *my* requirements: and I don't want power, sir—nor influence; I want to be quiet and jog along — and how the deuce can a man afflicted with the gift of prophecy be quiet and jog along? I tell you, my knowledge of my future is like a nightmare; and it makes me nasty and vindictive; and the only use I care to put my ailment to is to worry people out of their wits. You, sir, for instance, would be deuced uncomfortable—and that's putting it pretty mildly —if I were to tell you what will happen to you just about this date three years hence. I'll spare you that; and you have reason to be very thankful to me."

I began a smile of amused incredulity: but somehow it would not work! I tilted my hat a little to one side, and gave my cigar a jaunty cock to show my indifference; but I very soon put my hat straight again and allowed my cigar to fall into its usual serious position. I turned away from the thin man and sauntered into the reading-room, took up *Galignani*, and sat down; and it took five minutes to reveal to me the fact that I was holding the newspaper upside down.

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Then I got up resolutely and went out again to the thin man, and, staring boldly at him, began: "I shall take it as a favour if you will tell me," but here my voice somehow seemed to die of inanition, and I finished up with "the time."

The thin man chuckled inside him in a Mephistophelean way which told me he knew well enough that I had not come to ask the time. With a sudden violent resolve not to be a fool, I began to talk again about his affair at the table.

"You must have puzzled them considerably over there," I said.

"I have," he replied. "The administration fellows are talking the matter over now in a pretty state of mind! One of them will call on me here this afternoon with a cheque for my winnings, and an inquiry as to what I propose to do. Of course they've long ago grasped the fact that I can smash the entire concern if I choose; but my conduct has puzzled them. I could have broken the bank at every table if I had liked last night—but that's not my object. I want to tease them. If you're curious, you may as well be present at our interview."

I accepted eagerly—anything to distract my mind. After lunch I went up with the thin man to his room; and within fifteen minutes the porter came to say that a gentleman wished to speak with the thin man.

"Show him up," said the latter.

The visitor entered.

"You are anxious—very anxious—to have a chat with me?" said the thin man, settling himself luxuriously in his chair. "Pray go on—my friend here does not matter at all—you can speak quite freely in his presence."

The visitor hesitated; then proceeded:—

"I have brought to Monsieur his winnings which he forgot to take last night at the table. This cheque——"

"Ah, many thanks," said the thin man; "but I'm not in need of it just at present. If you would like to put it aside for me—or, better still, if you would like to devote it to the good of the poor hereabouts—eh?"

The Casino official looked bewildered, and fidgeted, and stroked his beard. There was a silence — awkward on the part of the official; employed in suppressed chuckles by the thin man.

"Monsieur proposes to make a stay in Monte Carlo?" asked the official, very uneasily.

"Well—I really haven't decided," said the thin man, cheerfully.

"Ah!—then—Monsieur proposes to continue towards us the honour of visiting the tables?"

"Why, I haven't made any plans about that, either."

The official stroked his beard in a desolated way: the expression of anxiety on his brow was obvious and painful. He glanced from the thin man to me.

"Monsieur might—ah!—might perhaps be disposed to acquiesce in some little arrangement touching his departure?" he said at length, somewhat hoarsely. "The administration are always liberal, and ——"

"Oh, I'm not in want of money," said the thin man, cheerfully. "You might glean that from my leaving my winnings last night."

"That is true, my faith!" said the official. "But—the truth is—Monsieur appears to enjoy extraordinary good fortune — wonderful chance!"

"Luck, you mean, of course. It is not luck, however, my dear sir: it is simply a knowledge of the future—that is all. Will you kindly keep your eye on the corner of that house on the sea-front there, while I tell you about the persons who will pass from behind it on the pavement? A fat man in a brown coat—there he is, you see; three ladies and a little dog—there they are; a policeman and a gendarme carrying a white parcel;



"A GENDARME CARRYING A WHITE PARCEL."

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next, a white dog; now a woman with a large basket."

There was no possibility of the thin man having seen the pedestrians before they appeared from behind the house. The Casino official turned pale and scratched his nose.

"You perceive—there's no 'luck' about it," continued the thin man; "I wish there were, confound it! Well, it may have occurred to you that it is in my power to foretell every coup in the play-rooms?"—he kept his twinkling eye fixed on the official, whose jaw had dropped in despair, and chuckled inwardly all the time he spoke—"to communicate the knowledge to others—to everyone in the rooms, in fact. I might break every bank, every day, until the place simply had to be shut up; think of that, my dear sir—*shut up!* I could simply sweep away the whole place; just turn that over in your mind! But perhaps you *have?*"

There was little doubt that the official *had:* he was ghastly pale, and his eyes were staring like a madman's; while the thin man, grinning cheerfully, sat up in his chair and looked straight into the other's eyes.

"But — surely — Monsieur — *mon Dieu* — Monsieur has not the hardness of heart to propose to himself so terrible a plan? We have not offended Monsieur in any way? We are at Monsieur's commands. Anything we can do to make him pleasure—all our possible—is at his disposition! Monsieur would like to accept a share in the undertaking—a very large share? Even a quarter —a half? Monsieur will do the honour of joining the administration?"

The thin man laughed softly.

"Oh, dear, no!" he said, pleasantly; "I have no ambition in that direction. Really, I haven't decided on any plan. I may amuse myself at the tables"—(the official winced, and his teeth chattered)—"or, on the other hand, I may never enter again. Goodness knows."

"But—at least—Monsieur will give me his promise to abstain from communicating his terrible knowledge to persons—to the crowd? He will be so gentle as to promise——"

"Oh—I really can't make any promises, you know. Why should I?"

"But — reflect — you do not hate us, Monsieur?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the thin man, agreeably. "Not a bit of it. You have amused me with splendid concerts, and all that, all for nothing. I am inclined to like the administration. Whatever I do will simply be to amuse myself—of course, it *may* be bad for you—I don't say it *will*, you know."

The official rose, pale and bewildered. He



"THE OFFICIAL ROSE."

passed his hand across his forehead, damp with drops. He went towards the door—hesitated and turned back—then bowed and went slowly out.

"Now, you know, this affair will tease those fellows. They'll be in an awful state of mind, eh? That's what I want—I shall leave them in perplexity—see? Hang over them like a sword—they'll always be on the tremble for fear I'm going to turn up, or set up an establishment to give people tips about the winning numbers!" He chuckled consumedly; then he added:—

"As a matter of fact, I'm off to-night; but I shall tell the landlord that I may return very shortly; *they'll* find that out over there; and they will have a time of it!"

I could eat no dinner that day; I could not keep my pipe alight that evening; I could not listen to the concert at the Casino; the thin man's words to me, "I'll spare you that, and you have reason to be very thankful to me!" buzzed in my head until I felt giddy. Three or four times I went to his door to seek him and beg him to tell me at once *what* was to happen to me; but I could not screw up my courage to hear it. I loathed him; but that did no good. He was

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going away that night—could I let him go, carrying that secret with him, and perhaps never see him again? Then I said to myself: "Don't be a fool! Treat it all as a stupid imposture, or a dream!" and I actually undressed and got into bed; and immediately got out again and dressed. He was going westward by the midnight train; I went down and got my bill and told them to put my luggage on the omnibus for that train.

He chuckled again when I got into the omnibus with him, and said: "You've decided to depart very suddenly, haven't you? No bad news of any kind, I hope?"

Twenty times in the train I opened my mouth to ask him *what* it was that was to happen to me just about three years hence; and at last the question did burst out wildly.



"TWENTY TIMES I OPENED MY MOUTH TO ASK HIM WHAT IT WAS."

"Oh—that?" he said; "you haven't forgotten those chance words of mine? Oh, dear; let's forget them; we won't bother ourselves about that. You'll find out in good time, *I* can tell you!" He grinned and nodded his head several times. "Now, shall I tell you what I'm going to do? It will amuse you. There's an American millionaire in Paris who has just been operating tremendously—plunging heels over head in a certain speculation.

"I happened to get this information in a letter from a friend of mine in Paris; I don't know what's happening synchronously around me except in the ordinary way of knowing it; it's only the future that this confounded ailment of mine causes me to see—hang the thing! Well, I foresee that that speculation will come to the most disastrous smash unless the American fellow takes a certain course; and I'm going to tell him that, but keep him in the dark as to the course he ought to choose—see? It will turn his hair grey, eh?"

"You really seem very vindictive!" I exclaimed, in spite of myself.

His whole expression changed suddenly—he seemed to become suddenly haggard, the victim of an overpowering horror, as he replied:—

"It is about two months now since the foreknowledge of the hideous thing which is to happen to me seven years hence first darted into my brain. The thing in store for me at that time is about as awful as anything I have ever imagined—*and it will happen!* I've brooded on it now for these two months, until I wonder I am not mad. I was a stoutish man before this horrible ailment of mine—look at me now!

"Well, this foreknowledge has embittered me—soured me. I lie awake all night brooding on that thing which is to come, until I scream sometimes.

"It has made me ill-natured—my only diversion is to give other people a touch of what I feel myself. I try to keep my mind off my own misery by that amusement. There's *your* case, for instance—there's the thing which is to happen to *you* on the 19th of March three years hence—the 19th of March; don't forget! It is not quite so horrible as *my* fate—but in all conscience it is enough to make one shudder, my dear sir! You can't avert it: it's sure to come—but, there; it's one of those things which it is best not to dwell upon; so let's forget it, and talk about other things. Look at that station-master there—

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there's a nice thing to happen to him in three weeks' time; egad, I should like to get down and tell him about it, only I can't speak French well enough. Dear, dear; now I regret that I can't; what a drawback it is to be unable to speak a language!"

I let him rattle on, and ceased to hear what he said. Should I refuse to hear what my fate was to be—get out at the next station and hurry off? Or should I beg him to tell me, for mercy's sake? Or should I *make* him reveal it—threaten to kill him unless——? Pooh! He ***knew*** I could not kill him: he ***knew*** he had to live seven years at least—until that calamity came upon him.

So I determined to keep touch with him; travel with him to Paris, and never lose sight of him: and I went to the same hotel with him at Marseilles. I overheard him tell the porter of his intention to leave by the train on the following night: but next day I found he had gone by the morning train. I took the next train to Paris, and used every plan I could think of to find him—for three weeks I was on his track: but I had lost him.

So there was that 19th of March three years thence hanging over me! I struggled hard to thrust the thing from my mind, taking up all kinds of occupations to drive it away; but the thought would come upon me at intervals with such force that I could get no sleep for weeks together. My hair began to turn prematurely grey, and my face became wan and furrowed.

I was told by friends that I was a ghastly sight; and my unconquerable gloom drove them from my society.

And one day I was travelling on the District Railway, face to face with the only other occupant of the compartment. He was a plump, contented-looking man; and there was something in his manner which I seemed to recognise. Suddenly he began to stare at me; then an expression of great mental distress passed over his face; and he said: "Were you ever at Monte Carlo?"

A conviction was growing in my mind as I replied, "Yes — unfortunately for me!"

He placed his hand on mine, nervously, as if in great pity.



"I WAS TRAVELLING ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY."

"In March—two years ago?" he asked.

"Yes—curse the time!"

"Do you know me?" he said, in a trembling voice.

"Yes!" I almost screamed, starting up. "You are the fiend who—— *Will* you tell me *now* what is to happen to me—a year hence—the 19th of next March?"

He was silent; he passed his hand over his brow as if in a strained effort to remember; and he looked at me in a way so helpless, so remorseful, so beseeching, that I felt my expression of deadly hate relax and my clenched fists open. Again he laid his hand on mine, and said, in a faltering voice:—

"I can recollect nothing—*nothing*—of the things I foresaw during my ailment. When I returned to London I recovered from my abnormal condition of mind, and all the future faded from me. I can remember that I foretold something which was to happen to you at some date or other, but that is all." He looked at me and shuddered; there was no need for him to ***tell*** me how changed I was.

"Try!" I said, hoarsely. Again he tried—it was useless.

Then, suddenly, it came over me that *now* had arrived my opportunity for revenge; he had evidently forgotten that a horrible fate was to overtake ***him*** five years from then. I chuckled inwardly in a demoniac way, and thought over the words in which to remind him of the coming catastrophe—but he was still looking at me with that crushed look of remorse and pity; and I could not say the thing. He covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled from between his fingers. I was silent. "Why don't you kill me?" he said.

"Perhaps," he said, suddenly brightening—"perhaps that foreknowledge of mine was all nonsense—merely a mental hallucination. It must have been—the thing is impossible!"

"Do you recollect the numbers on the roulette table?" I said, "and the people passing along the sea-front? and the German's telegram?"

"I will try my hardest, day and night, to recollect!" he said. "Here is my address ——. Cc nd stay with me, so that if, at any moment, the recollection

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comes upon me, you may be at hand to hear. What a demon I must have been at that time —*why?* I wonder. What can have changed me so then? It is not my nature!"

Here was the opportunity to enlighten him—and I was silent.

* * * * *

He has tried for a year, now, to recollect —tried incessantly. He has grown careworn again—nearly as much so as when I first knew him.

For the last three months I have been always at his side, watching his face for the first gleam of memory; but it has never come. Again and again, in my moments of horror, I have almost told him of the fate hanging over *him*, and due in a little over four years—but I have not done it. I feel half mad at times. I am very ill, and have become an old man at thirty-four. He is sitting by me, holding my hand, and reading to me.

Now and again a shudder passes over him, and he ceases to read, and passes his hand across his knitted brow. The sun is setting in a bank of black clouds. It is March 18th!

J. F. SULLIVAN.



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A writer tells us that the coming Women Volunteers are divided on the question of uniform into a 'progressive' and 'moderate' section. The former boldly advocates the adoption of the ordinary Volunteer uniform, without addition or subtraction of any kind. The less advanced party suggest an alternative of a short skirt.



Some ingenious mediator has already come forward with a third suggestion – that a little skirt should be worn over and above the ordinary 'continuations' of a Volunteer uniform, and be fastened at the back with a single button, to the end that it may be promptly discarded by its wearers at the word of command when going into action.

But would that button always work? – might not the nervous excitement of the moment paralyse the fingers of the fair combatants?



Of course in summer time, and given fine weather, Volunteer camps from the picnic standpoint, would be pleasant enough.



But how about marching or manœuvring in bad weather? – unless umbrellas and mackintoshes are included in the kit



This is the sort of thing we may expect to see on Sundays in the park.



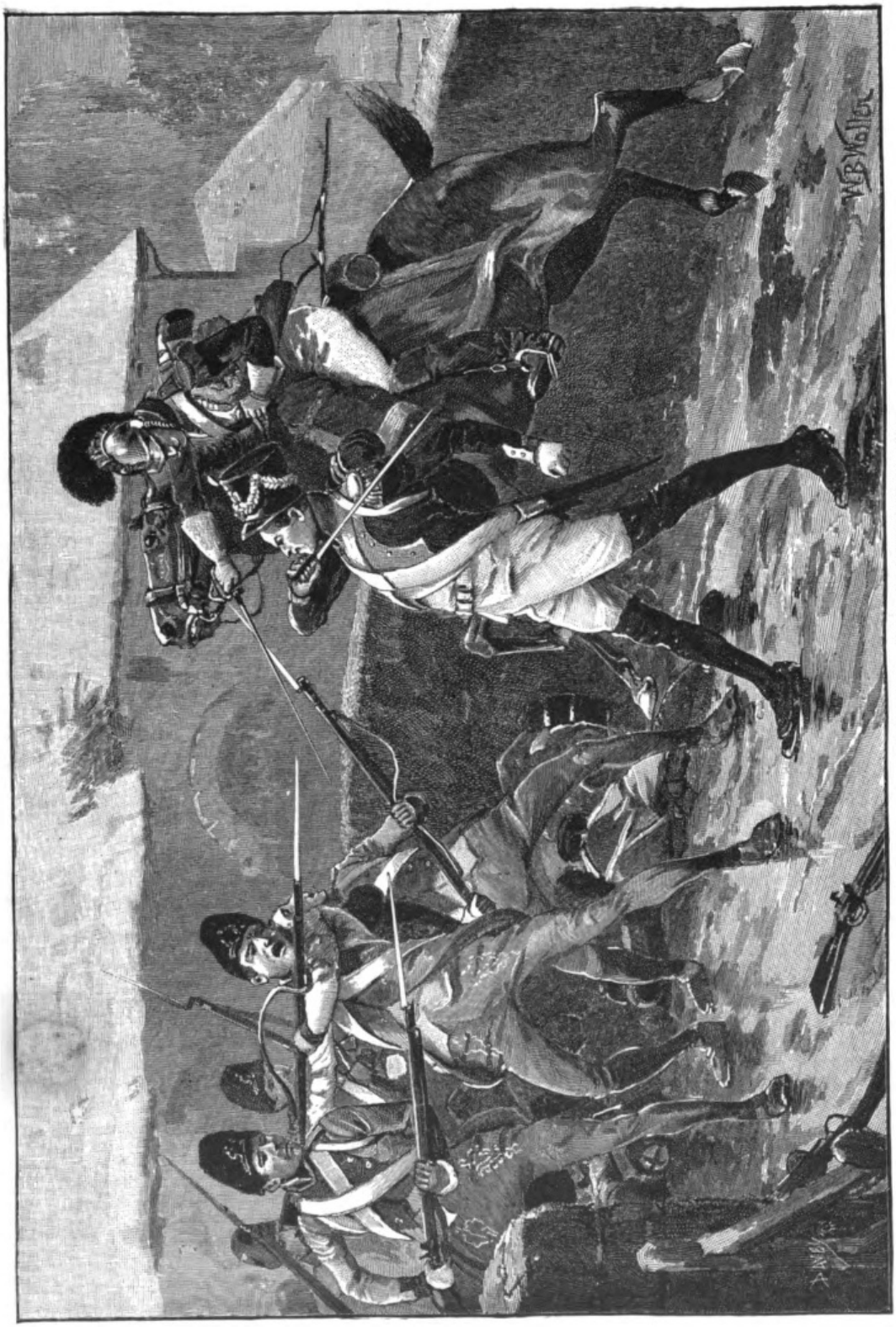
The two insuperable obstacles to the movement, as the writer points out, are firstly the necessity for firing, looking to the noise and the recoil; and secondly the difficulty of maintaining discipline having regard to the notorious objection of most women to submit to the authority of their own sex, and to their no less notorious tendency to argue the point.



Something of this kind would probably happen
Sergeant. 'Shoulder arms!'
Chorus of Pirates. 'No we sha'nt – why should we? We shall just carry the nasty things as we like.'

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AT THE BRIDGE OF MONTEREAU.
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The Croissey Yew.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MAURICE SAINT-AGUET.

I.

I AM going to tell you, monsieur, why I come every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissey Yew.

My story goes back to the end of the year 1812. Brought up by an old uncle, the curé of a neighbouring village, having already a footing in the Pope's army, I had escaped the requisitions of the Emperor; as an ecclesiastic the conscription had spared me. But almost at the same time my old uncle died, and the worthy man, from having given all he possessed to the poor, even to the shirt off his back, had nothing to leave to his nephew but the poverty from which he had drawn others. There was I, then, at twenty, free, alone in the world, without means, and full of disgust at my calling, undecided as to all others; in short, in that state in which one is at the mercy of mere chance.

I have told you that I loved to dream, while waiting for the means of living; and I often came to this spot to rebuild the "Château en Espagne" I had reared the night before, and which had crumbled in the interval. But I had wearied of standing at the foot of this colossal yew-tree which covers in and freezes us with its shade, and which stands on the edge of the precipice expressly to shelter the spectator, and I had established a sort of dwelling-place in its branches, where I succeeded in making myself believe that I was isolated like an eagle on the watch, and secure from discovery as the most confirmed misanthrope or dullest philosopher could desire to be.

One evening I was at my post. The moon was rising. Suddenly I heard something below me: it was the voice, or rather the sob, of a woman, saying:—

"The last time!"

Then I heard something which sounded to me extremely like a kiss, followed by the voice of a man, replying:—

"Come, come, Louise; a little courage!"

Another voice, that of a young girl, soft but decided, then said:—

"No, no—not the last time—I will not have it so, I tell you!"

Considerably mystified by this stray fragment of conversation, I peered through the branches, and perceived in the moonlight a young man in the dress of a workman, having in his hat the bow of ribbons and the fatal number. He was sustaining with his right arm a young girl, who was weeping on his bosom, and giving his left hand to another and smaller girl, who was not weeping. It was she, doubtless, who had said: "I will not have it so." I quickly understood that it was the conscript's parting that was taking place.

"Poor Christine," replied the young man, smiling sadly; "your will goes for nothing in this matter, sister—I am not the master."



"THE CONSCRIPT'S PARTING."

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"But, brother, since it is you who have reared me, you are the father of the family? You must not go away—besides, you are married, for you are betrothed to Louise—who does nothing but weep, as if *that* would do anything!"

And the pretty rebel, who appeared to be charming in the moonlight, fell to crying too. Louise replied in a voice broken by sobs:—

"Christine—is unreasonable—isn't she, Eugène—unreasonable?"

"My poor dears!" replied Eugène, tenderly, pressing them to his bosom.

"Well, then, Louise," cried Christine, suddenly, "prove to me the strength of your courage! Since he will not listen to either of us—since he believes that we can do nothing for him—you see the quarry before us; it is deep and goes straight down from the brink—come with me!"

And, completely losing her head, she took the hands of Louise and drew her from the arms of Eugène.

"Are you both mad?" cried Eugène. "Can't you see that I must go with the others to fight for France?—for you?—for the cross? Louise, Christine, I shall return in eight years, and if I do not find my sister and my beloved one then, what will there be left for me? Do you wish me also to kill myself?—that I should not have the memory of you in my heart, to make me fight like a lion, to bring you back a pair of epaulettes? Let me go; one only has to serve one's time, and all is said."

"Oh! his time!" replied Christine. "There was Stephane, the mechanic, who went away with the others to Russia: *he* served his time—he died at Moscow—and his mother is in mourning for him. The others, will they ever come back? His time! with their dog of an emper——"

"Will you hold your tongue?" interrupted Eugène, clapping his hand over her mouth.

"No, I will not hold my tongue! Haven't you a colonel—he who enrolled you? Well, go to him, throw yourself on your knees before him and say, 'Monseigneur, I don't want to go with you—I don't want to be killed. I have a sister and a wife who cannot live without me, and who will throw themselves into the river if I am taken from them. Beat me, Colonel—put me in prison, but don't take me away for a soldier. Long live the Emperor!—he's a worthy man; let him leave me in peace and go wherever he likes. Look you, Colonel, I am a man, I am free, and I have no right to leave my sister Christine against her will—and she'll detest you, Colonel, if you compel me to go.'"

"That would be pretty conduct on the part of a soldier!" replied Eugène, who could not help laughing.

"Unfeeling, cruel brother!" she cried, in tears, throwing herself into the arms of Louise.

II.

A MOMENT of silence followed. I was deeply touched—so absorbed in the situation, that I forgot my own. Presently Christine raised herself, and was apparently a little more calm.

"Heavens!" she said, "is there not a man—a comrade—who will replace you? Others have means. Oh, how I would love him!"

"It could all be done as you say," assented Eugène, "only to do it we need money—and that by to-morrow."

"Well," cried Christine, "I'll give all I have—my gold cross, my earrings, my neck-handkerchiefs, my lace collars, all my jewellery—to whoever will go in your place."

"All that would not make the price of a man," replied Eugène.

Christine reflected for a while, and then, seizing her brother's arm, said:—

"But I—I am worth a man—more than a man; I am sure I am! I'll give myself; I'll say to someone: 'Go instead of my brother, and I'll be your wife! See! I'm good-looking—a little over-petted, but that's no harm. I'll love you so dearly, if you save my brother!—I swear it on the gold cross in which there is a lock of my mother's white hair! I'll cheerfully marry whoever will devote himself for you.'"

"Good sister, I know you would do all you say, but you are over-excited to-night, and do not see how utterly impracticable are all your dear follies. Let us get away from here," he added, laughingly, "for if you go on, I shall really become afraid of the precipice before us."

I could not catch what Christine said in reply, and presently I lost sight of all three in the shadow of the trees; but both my head and my heart remained filled with the charming girl, and I became lost in thought.

That evening, as they were seated at their supper without being able to eat a morsel, and gazing at each other through their tears, somebody knocked loudly at the door.

"Come in!" cried the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant appeared before them and said:—

"Good evening! Does the conscript Eugène Livou live here?"

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"DOES THE CONSCRIPT EUGÈNE LIVOU LIVE HERE?'

"Yes, sergeant."

"That's for you, then," said the trooper, throwing a letter on the table.

Eugène read, at first slowly, then devouring the contents. It was a release in form!

He looked up at the old soldier in bewilderment.

"It says that you have been replaced, conscript—that's all. But I can't congratulate you—because a little gunpowder would have made your moustache sprout. Different people, different tastes—if you are satisfied, all's said. Good evening to you."

He had turned to go, but stopped suddenly and cried:—

"Thousand bullets! I was forgetting half my errand. You have a sister—Mam'zelle Christine—where is she?"

"Here, sergeant," said Eugène, indicating Christine, pale with happiness and surprise.

"This is for you, mam'zelle," and he threw a second letter on the table.

"You'll drink a glass of wine, soldier?" asked Eugène.

"With all my heart, conscript."

While Eugène was preparing to ask the old soldier a number of questions, Louise, out of her senses with joy, kissed her betrothed again and again, half crying, half laughing, while placing fresh bottles on the table and filling the glasses.

Agitated, trembling, Christine sat, holding the letter and looking fixedly at the table.

"What is the matter?" asked Eugène, anxiously. "It is that letter distresses you? Who has written to you? Let me see it, dear."

He hastily read the letter, which he had taken from her unresisting hands.

"Read it aloud," she said; "it is all the same to me—all the same!"

Eugène read out the letter:—

"Mademoiselle, I demand nothing, I go without making any condition, I replace your brother; you have need of him, no one has any need of me. But I love you—have loved you ever since I saw your tears. I send you a ring which belonged to my mother. If you feel pity for me, you will take the cross containing a lock of your mother's white hair, which shone on your neck this evening in the light of the moon, and place it in a crack in the side of the great yew-tree, high up, near the branches. To-morrow morning I will go for it. You will wait for me two years, and, if I am not dead, I will bring it back to you. Will you remember that you have made an oath on that cross? Adieu!"

"What does this mean? How could anybody know?" said Eugène, slowly. "Do you understand this, sergeant?"

"Oh! a vedette near you? Bah! I have it! it comes from a novice—a youth who knows how to write, but for want of practice, doesn't know how to tell a woman just what he means," replied the sergeant, laughing.

Eugène shook his head.

"Your hand, soldier," he said; "I'll not accept this substitute—my sister shall not be sacrificed; I'll go with you."

And taking up his release he was about to tear it, when Christine stayed his hand.

"But if I wish it!" she said. "He has acted nobly. He is going away unconditionally; he is unhappy. I have no other

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means of keeping him—and—and I wish to love him! For the rest, he has done well not to show himself—perhaps I might too much have regretted it. I will take my cross, as he directs; but I should like to know—Sergeant, have you seen him?"

"Yes, I've set eyes on him."

"Well, he's not hunch-backed or bandy-legged, is he?"

"Thousand thunders! Hunch-backs and bandy-legs in the French army!" cried the sergeant, scandalized.

"Is he a good fellow?" asked Eugène.

"That I can answer for," replied the old soldier, heartily.

"Well, then," said Christine, detaching her cross with its black ribbon from her pretty neck, "tell him that what he has done was well done; and, yourself, put this cross in the side of the great yew-tree. Do not tell him anything about it: but do not lose sight of him, and try and return with him; he is worthy of you—he has begun as a brave man, and he will continue as a brave Frenchman."

Eugène and Louise gazed at her without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, and received the cross, while tears sparkled in his eyes.

Christine then turned towards her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same: her character had suddenly become serious. She said to Louise:—

"I, too, am betrothed; my pledge is in the hands of a soldier of the guard."

Next morning, on setting off, my knapsack on my back, I found the cross hidden in the side of the yew-tree—and I fancied I saw amid the close-grown branches the uniform and red epaulettes of a sergeant of the guard who was watching me.

III.

A YEAR later, the campaign of Saxony was finished: the campaign of France was going to begin. Eugène was married to Louise. The terrible requisition reached him as well as others, but this time he was not kept back. It was foreseen that the anxiety would not be of long duration; and then it was so clearly evident that the defence of France was necessary; lads ran away from their colleges to get to the frontier, and it would have been shameful in any man who, in default of a sword, had not seized up his ploughshare, shameful in the woman who still hung upon the arm of that man.

Eugène went this time, and joined the army in Champagne. At the bridge of Montereau, after having long fought at the outposts, he found himself without cartridges, and was defending himself as well as he could with his short infantry sabre against five Austrian grenadiers, when a lieutenant of carabineers sprang before him, crying:—

"Conscript, go and find your sister and your wife; leave those to die who have nothing to live for!"

And the lieutenant cut down two white-coats with his long sabre. But his horse received a bayonet stab and fell under him. He received two others and fell also. A French fusillade laid low the three men of the enemy; and Eugène, who had sprung to the body of his rescuer, carried him to a neighbouring house and brought him back to life.

The soldier and the officer became friends and brothers in arms; but the soldier could not understand the devotion of the officer, nor the sense of the words that had accompanied it. He was but the more proud, the more fascinated; and then, the officer was so fond of him and spoke to him so kindly, that he was wholly at a loss how to repay so much goodness. When, at the end of the drama, the armies were disbanded, he said to him:—

"Lieutenant, if you have neither father, children, nor family—if you are alone in the world—come to my home. I am only a workman, but my people will be very fond of you. I have a good wife and a pretty sister—you hear what I am saying, Monsieur Charles? You will not disdain my family, even if you do not consent to make part of it? At least you will not deny me the pleasure of showing them my preserver."

The lieutenant could only throw himself on Eugène's neck and thank him warmly. A week afterwards, Eugène, stifled in the embraces of Louise and Christine, tore himself free from their arms and, pointing to the friend he had brought home with him, cried:—

"Here is a brave man who saved my life without knowing me, and exposed his own because he had no family to weep for his death; but now he has one! He is my brother; he has said that he will not disdain my home—let it be his! We will work together, and, some day, perhaps, we shall be rich and my house more worthy of a lieutenant."

"A lieutenant!" cried Christine, involuntarily.

"Sister," whispered Eugène, "this one is worth more than the other."

Christine cast down her eyes and looked

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furtively at the officer. He was not ill-looking; his epaulettes, his wounds received for a dear brother, and, above all, his determined efforts to please Christine and prove to Eugène that he did not despise his family, resulted, at the end of two months, in causing her to appear thoughtful, while blushes suffused her cheeks in answer to the expressive looks of Charles; at which signs Eugène smiled.

One day he took his friend and his sister apart.

"I am very happy," he said. "You love my sister, Charles?"

"I love her," replied the lieutenant, gazing on Christine, pleadingly.

"Do you love him, sister?"

"Yes."

"More than you love me?"

"In a different way," she answered, simply.

Imagine my delight, monsieur! for I was the lieutenant. I who had repented of having engaged the young girl's promise, and had wished to die, so as to release her from it. I who longed to win her free and voluntary love! I fell on my knees before her.

"Will you be his wife, Christine?" asked Eugène.

"No," she replied, sadly, but firmly; "no, I have given my promise to another. I am betrothed."

"Folly!" cried Eugène. "Betrothed!—to a man you have never even seen—who asks nothing of you—who is ugly, perhaps, and as old as I am?—a man, in short, who has never cared to show himself, and who by this time is dead, no doubt!"

"Dead! If so, he died for you, Eugène. Have you forgotten the year of happiness you owe to him, of which I am the price? The bargain is sacred. If he is dead, the pledge returns to me, and I will wear mourning for him as for a husband. If he is not dead, I will wait."

"But have not the two years passed?"

"Though that may be, I will still wait for him who, poor and friendless, trusted in my promise. Oh, no, let him come; let him return me my gold cross—and, if he pleases, set me free!"

Eugène was losing patience, but I restrained him by a gesture. I was still kneeling at Christine's feet.

"Christine, Eugène," I said, "it is time that you should know all. It was I, my friend, who replaced you; I who, hidden in the great yew-tree, overheard your tearful parting; I who accepted Christine's pledge; I who love her and who ask her, on my knees, to restore to me my mother's ring."

"You! you!" they both cried at once. Christine had already drawn from her bosom the ring and the letter inclosing it; but suddenly she paused.

"Do not deceive me," she cried. "Can it be possible? Ah, you have agreed together, you and my brother! He has told you the secret! Where is my gold cross?"



"NO, SIR, I'M NOT DEAD!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you refuse to believe me? Is not my voice that of truth?—my soldier's word?"

"The cross! the cross!" she repeated.

"I have it not," I replied, sadly. "I have it no more! It was the old sergeant——"

"Where is he?" asked Christine.

"He is dead—he died at Leipsic," I replied, hopelessly.

"No—thousand thunders!—I'm not dead," cried a voice behind us; "and I've arrived just in the nick of time, or I'm a Prussian! Lieutenant, don't you recognise me?"

"What! you are still living?" I cried, throwing my arms about him.

"As you can see for yourself! I've come from the hospitals at Leipsic; but while I've been grunting there—thousand bombshells!—changes have been going on, it seems. The Little Corporal—but enough of that for the present; we'll talk about it some other time. What we've got to deal with is

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Monsieur Charles's affair. Look at him, mam'zelle—though he had not courage to speak to you under his Jesuit's cassock, he knew how to fight under his tonsure. I saw him slip your cross out of the old yew-tree, kiss it, and put it under his uniform—where I have mine now; but that's not the same thing. I followed him everywhere. He went under fire—thousand cartridges!—as if he were entering a ball-room! At Dresden, owing to his education and his dare-devilry, he was made a sub-lieutenant. At Leipsic, in a tussle on the bridge, I saw him dash right upon the crowd of white-coats, and I said to myself: 'What is he about? Does he want to get himself wiped off the roll?' Then I took the liberty of laying hold of the tail of his coat, and saying to him: 'Lieutenant, are you forgetting that you have a pledge to return to somebody—down yonder?'

"That told him that I knew all about the business, and he said to me: 'I've seen you somewhere—yes, I remember. Here is the pledge you speak of. Take it to Croissey; it weighs on my conscience. I have no friends, and I would not tempt fate by buying a wife—I leave that to the Turks. To give her back her liberty I am going to get myself killed. Fly! Save yourself! Let the old moustaches return to France — they have need of one another!' I wished to take an oath; but, bah! he was gone. As for myself, I got jammed between a gun-carriage and the parapet of the bridge; and that laid me up in bed for eleven months, with a dozen poultices to keep me company. But here I am, at last, and—no disrespect to my lieutenant—I find him still a bit of a conscript where women are in the case."

"How could I win her trust in me?" I said, looking beseechingly at Christine.

"Forgive me," she cried, throwing herself into my arms; "forgive me for having been too faithful to you! I will love you twice as much."

"The cross! the cross!" cried Eugène, mimicking her voice.

"Here it is!" replied the old sergeant, delightedly.

Christine took it with transport, and, holding it, between our kisses said to me:—



"LIEUTENANT, ARE YOU FORGETTING?"

"May it render them sacred!"

We are now old married people. The sergeant died at Waterloo. Eugène and I have prospered by labour: we conduct the manufactures of M. de V———; we live in the little white and rose coloured house you see in the midst of the foliage of the island yonder, and every evening I come to smoke my pipe under the Croissey Yew.

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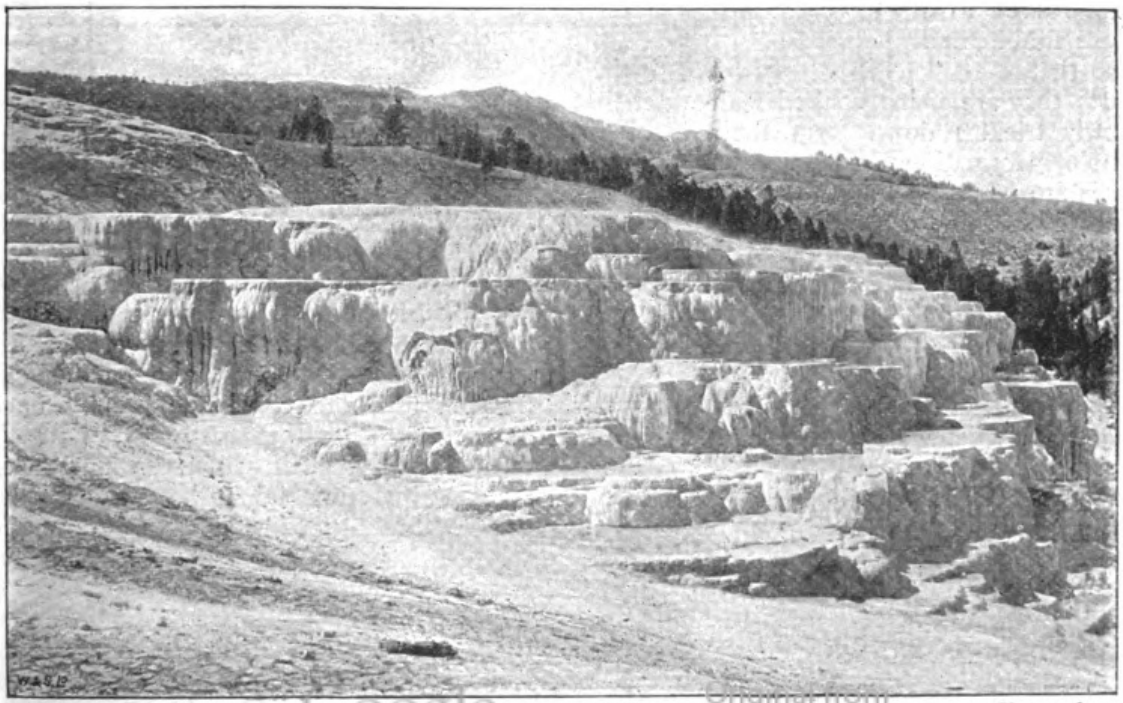
Wonderland in America.

By Mrs. Fenwick Miller.

THERE is a corner of the earth—only a corner, though it is some sixty square miles in extent — where Nature seems to have resolved to leave for our inspection a sample of the way in which our globe was made into the world in which we have to live to-day. Moreover, this show of her marvellous methods might have been organized by the late Mr. Barnum, so well is it laid out to keep up the interest of the visitor, and to show him ever new and constantly greater marvels. This is Nature's own arrangement, and not the artfulness of the surveyors who made the forest clearings that they are pleased to call roads. Geographically inevitable is it that one finds increasing marvels as one goes on, till the wonders of the beginning are presently looked back upon as comparatively small matters. But in memory the whole fuses into one gigantic Wonderland.

It is called "Yellowstone Park," from the chief river that flows through it, and afterwards passes down to fall into the great Missouri. This river was named the "Yellowstone," from the singular colour of the clay that washes down with it and stains its waters, and when the Wonderland was visited first, the explorers kept along the river's bed for their guide, and named the whole region after it.

That first formal exploration took place only a matter of some twenty years ago. A few trappers had previously penetrated these recesses, and returned to tell tales that were jeered at by the incredulous hearers. But it was not till 1870 that the first exploring party, headed by the Surveyor-General of Montana, went through and prepared a formal report of its marvels. The Park is situated in the extreme north-west corner of Wyoming, and is at so high an altitude that the climate is bitterly cold during most of the year, so that the land can never be cultivated. As it could not be utilized in that way, the United States Government resolved, on the report of the Surveyor, to reserve it for show purposes, and it was forthwith declared national property. Rules were made for its protection, and a party of cavalry was detailed to police it permanently. Moreover, the Government proceeded to make more or less effective roads through it, and it can now be visited with both safety and comfort. It is nearly four days' journey from New York—three days' from Chicago—but there are dining-cars and sleeping-cars on the two excellently managed railways over which the journey is made direct, the Wisconsin Central from Chicago to St. Paul, and the



From a] "Minerva Terrace." [Photograph.

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Northern Pacific from there to the beginning of the Park; and in the Park itself there is a company which provides coaches and hotels, and which takes possession of the traveller, and conveys him from stage to stage of the show.

The first item on the programme is remarkable enough. In a wide valley, surrounded on every hand by tall and distant mountains, one comes upon a space of several acres covered by what at first sight seems to be a collection of low cliffs or rocks of chalk, shining brilliantly white under the fierce sun of the land. But the singular forms of these rocks demand closer inspection; for they are arranged as a series of terraces, rising one above another like wide steps in some places, while in others it is as though the waves of a mighty sea had been suddenly petrified, and only a few runlets of foam had trickled over before being frozen in place as they dropped. On making one's way up to and over them, one finds that the rocks are not so solid and hard as chalk, but are softer and more friable, and also that in many parts they are being soaked with water that slowly trickles down from the top of the whole "formation." Pursuing the flow of moisture on to its source, one comes, at the summit of each particular "formation," to a more or less large pool, constantly overflowing, because constantly replenished from the spring beneath; and the cloud of vapour that lingers over its whole surface, no less than the curious varieties of colours that surround the edges and tell of chemical deposits, makes us aware that this is no common pool. How should it be so, situated so strangely on the summit of a rock? It is, in fact, a large hot spring—not quite boiling, but so hot that, like the clever child who put down the red-hot poker without waiting to be told, the venturous visitor pulls out promptly the testing finger that he inevitably inserts. Yes, these are hot springs; and they have made all the rocks or "formations" that you see. The water rises from the earth at nearly boiling point, and thus, holding in solution a great deal of lime and other chemical matter, which is deposited as the water cools in the air, forms the curious rock-like shapes and terraces that are all around.

The whole covers over 170 acres, and there are thirteen distinct terraces. One that particularly impressed me was a ridge nicknamed "The Elephant's Back," scarce wider than the summit of Jumbo's person, and about thirty feet long. There are about a hundred little openings along this ridge of rock, out of each of which a tiny but fierce spurt of boiling water is violently thrusting itself in a furious effort to get free and out to the light, the water from each spreading over the surface already made, and there depositing more and ever more of the lime that itself serves to obstruct the further passage of the water that holds it, by depositing it for building up the terrace. Here for the first time I felt the sensation—afterwards renewed more strongly in other parts of the region—that the wild struggle of a mighty force to overcome a resistance made the ground unsafe beneath my feet—that it was only a question of time when a great convulsion must occur, and that that time might be now—in short, the comfortable conviction of standing on solid earth is seriously disturbed under such conditions, and a respectful uncertainty takes its place. Science has taught me before now that I live on a crust of soil over mighty subterranean fires and fierce internal commotions; but I have been hitherto where the crust was

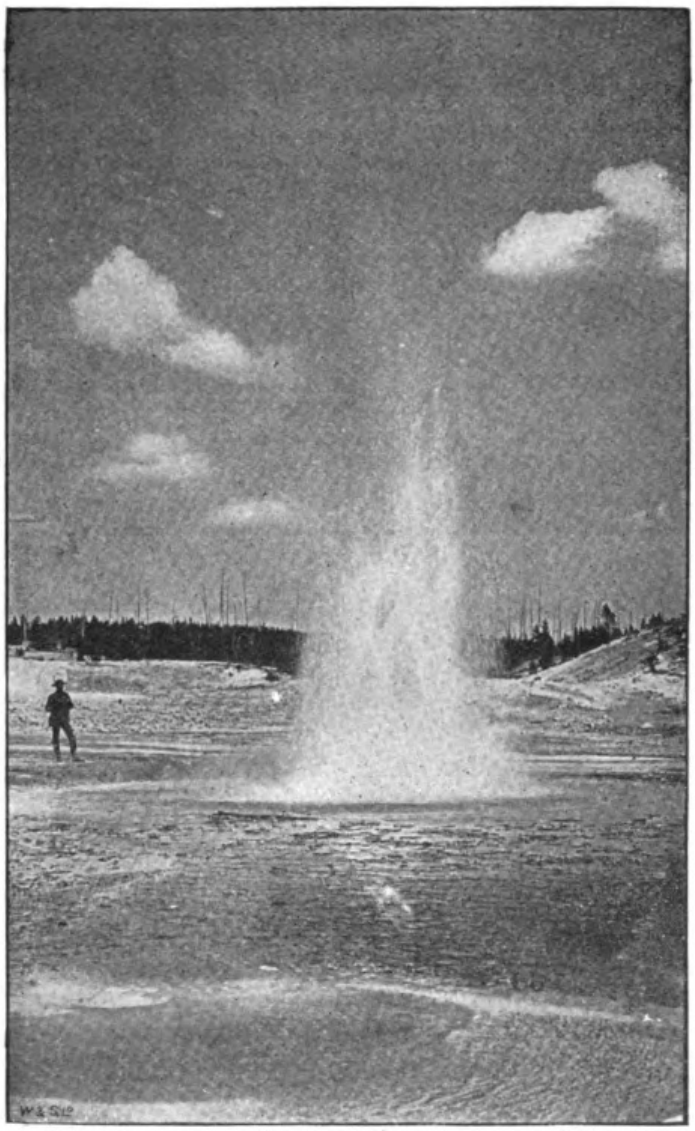


From a] "GOLDEN GATE." *[Photograph.*

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thick, and have not realized the solemnity of the truth. Here, the crust is a shell, and is pierced often enough to give a glimpse of the interior. It is disquieting to peep like this behind the merciful veil that covers in Nature's mysterious and awful processes; and worse is to come.

Some twenty-two miles farther on is the first of the geyser valleys or basins. It is reached by a road that is for the most part a monotonous passage through rows of tall and gloomy pine trees, but that has its diversities to prevent the traveller getting dull. There is a wonderful piece of road-making, to begin with, where the Government spent £3,500 in blasting a single mile of road out of the solid rock. They have left a tall splinter of the rock at one end, in order to show where the whole was at one time, and this is called the "Golden Gate," because the face of that tall cliff is all lined and streaked with yellow as though it were the quartz of gold.



From a] "MINUTE" GEYSER. *[Photograph.*

At last, after a drive of nearly four hours from the Mammoth Hot Springs, we reach the first geysers. It is a singular scene. Imagine a large field, fringed by a row of stunted and half-dead pines, the ground consisting of a dull white rock, and all over its surface, at frequent points, puffs of steam rising as though from the mouths of chimneys belonging to subterranean engines. As you look, suddenly a stream of water rises high in the air from a spot in the midst of the field. It lasts for some twenty seconds, and then disappears, but while yet you are gazing at the spot it darts up again, only to vanish once more as soon as before. This is the "Minute Geyser," that goes off as regularly every sixty seconds as though the subterranean engineer in charge were provided with a chronometer of excellent construction. The pool from which this eruption takes place is twenty-four feet in diameter, and the water is thrown some forty feet in the air.

This is almost certain to be the first geyser that the visitor sees, and for that reason the impression that it makes is strong. But it is by comparison with many others an insignificant one. There are fifty or more geysers at different points in the Park—in most cases a cluster of them is found together, though there are a few solitary ones—and amongst these there are all possible differences. Size, shape, time of going off, manner of performing, are different in each case. Some act with clockwork regularity; others have only been seen at work by dint of long-continued watching. Amongst the regular performers there is every possible variation as to the time of repose that they require. I hardly know which is the more surprising fact—that such convulsions should be regular or that they should be erratic; but certainly either is extremely astonishing to contemplate.

Near to the "Minute" is one more impressive in its ways. You look down into a

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large hole, some twenty or twenty-two feet in circumference ; the interior and all round the edges is lined by a black, rocky "formation," from which the geyser is named the "Devil's Inkpot"; his Satanic Majesty, traditionally having the management of subterranean fires, naturally plays a considerable part in the nomenclature of this region. The water in the depths of the hole, however, is not black as ink, but only like soapsuds in a laundress's tub, a dirty bluish white. As you stand and watch, the water is gradually and quietly rising in the hole before you ; slowly it mounts till the pit is full to the brim.

Then with startling suddenness there is a leap in its centre—a pause, and then a series of jumps like violent boiling ; and then the whole volume of water springs fiercely in the air with a hissing noise, and a cloud of hot steam around it, while all around the edges waves wash far out of the pool, flooding over the black "formation" that they, in fact, have deposited on previous occasions. This wild outburst lasts some five minutes, and then, all at once, the central commotion stops, and the water runs away down into the hole, exactly as though a gigantic mouth beneath were sucking it in. A dozen of those wild aspirations of the unseen drinker, and behold! the water has sunk down into the hole so far that only by leaning over can you catch a distant glimpse of its sullen, gleaming surface in the depths of the pit. Yet in twenty minutes the whole performance will be repeated.

But perhaps even more awe-inspiring than the geysers are those spots where steam escapes continuously and violently from a cleft in the earth, and as you stand beside it, terrible noises incessantly going on beneath your feet warn you of the struggle that the imprisoned power is waging against the superincumbent earth. To see so comparatively little and to hear so much impresses the imagination even more than the visible escape of the force. Not far from the "Inkpot" there is such an escape valve of a mighty invisible engine. Through a narrow slit torn in the earth the "Black Growler" pushes high into the air, without ceasing for an instant, a cloud of boiling hot steam, the hissing with which it is ejected being only an accompaniment to the horrid noises of rumbling and howling and growling that are making the earth under you shiver. Yet, so cold is the region where these exhibitions of the power of heat are going on, that when I was there, on June 19th, the bank of earth and "formation" that backs the "Growler" still had upon it a snow-drift some three feet thick, and the road in many parts was flanked by snow heaps. These, by the way, formed a great object of interest to two Californian men who were on the same coach with me. Born and brought up in that happy "Garden State," they had only seen snow falling two or



From a] "DEVIL'S INKPOT." *[Photograph.*

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three times in their lives, and had never seen it lying on the ground. They ran about in it and played snow-ball with each other with great glee.

That the danger of being amidst such convulsions of Nature in the Yellowstone is not only a matter of imagination is proved by what is to be seen a short distance off from the "Growler," just through the belt of trees, viz., the "New Crater," which suddenly burst forth from a previously placid spot only three years ago. Huge blocks of stone and rock were flung forth with mighty force, and lie about in confusion, as though Titans had fought with missiles there; and the torn and rent earth, not yet covered up and concealed by the deposit of "formation," as it will be centuries hence, shows that there is some risk attendant on being amidst such scenes.



F. om a] "OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER. [*Photograph.*

The multitude of boiling pools, the varieties of "formation" around them—according to the chemical element that predominates in the water—the various colours of the water dependent on the same cause, and the odours that many of the hot springs emit, make up a startlingly interesting scene. Yet this geyser basin sinks into insignificance after one has seen the more varied and splendid displays of more distant parts of the region.

A drive of some twenty miles more, passing on the way numerous hot springs, skirting a river that at one point develops a beautiful fall, over mountain passes, and through forests of pine, and we arrive at the next great geyser valley or basin. It is some thirty square miles in extent, and contains seventeen geysers and about seven hundred boiling springs. The principal geyser there is the "Fountain," which springs from an opening thirty feet in diameter, and plays irregularly, every two to four hours.

This is one of the quietest and most pleasing of the geysers. Like a tamed tiger, it may be perhaps a dangerous plaything, but it conceals its power of ferocity and only reveals its strength as supple beauty. The main body of the water only rises about fifteen feet, so as not to alarm you, but beauty is secured at the same time by the constant flinging up of fine jets to some sixty feet; the effect is light and beautiful, as the sunshine catches the dancing jets and the spray and light steam-clouds above the mass of rising water.

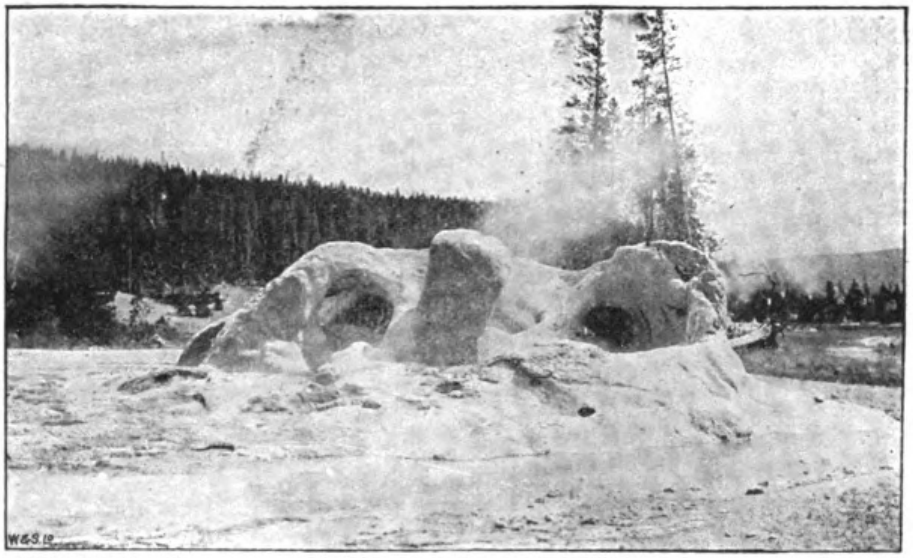
Ten miles farther on again is the chief geyser basin, the valley where the largest number of the geysers and the most powerful and most regularly acting phenomena are found. It is a singular spot—a large bare field about a mile long and half a mile wide, with a river running through its midst, its surface irregularly dotted with the strangely-shaped cones and "formations" of the numerous geysers, and eternal clouds of steam hovering over it.

Of the many geysers here no fewer than

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seventeen are large and important enough to be worth naming and describing separately, but of course no visitor sees them all, for some act only at long intervals, such as the "Giantess," which takes fourteen days' repose after performing; and others are utterly irregular and spasmodic in their habits. But on the other hand, here is situated one of the most beautiful of its kind, which is so good as to play with perfect regularity.

Every sixty-five minutes, night and day, summer and winter, this fine display is given. The water slowly rises in the open throat of the deep cleft in the rock; and when it is nearly full, suddenly the fountain is flung high into the air, a full, bright, shimmering stream rising to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet or more, the main body of it being two feet in diameter, though the steam that floats up makes it look far higher, and that which is blown around gives added width beyond the actual water.



From a] "GROTTO" GEYSER. *[Photograph.*

So great is the force with which this geyser rushes up that there is none of the jumping effect of a fountain; the tall column of water seems to stand stationary in the air for the full period of four minutes, and then, with only two or three gasps of hesitation, it falls down altogether. It is a truly glorious sight. The unworthy name given to this brilliant and powerful performer is "Old Faithful," in allusion to its regularity of action.

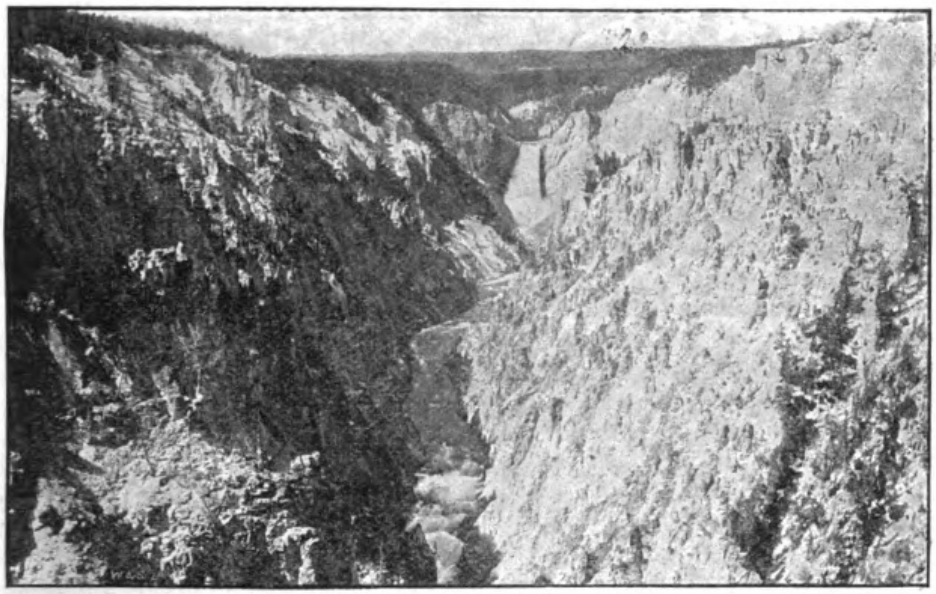
But to me the most impressive and awe-inspiring of all the geysers that I saw was the "Grotto." Its "formation" or cone has a singular shape—two rocky caves such as one might seek a witch within, and a tall central column standing up isolated between the two openings, like a stone for sacrifice—an unholy altar. As you pass it when it is in repose, there is no trace of what it is; no water around, no steam, but just the deep, dark, mysterious holes and the tall, suggestive pillar. Then to return to it, and to find it all a scene of wild commotion, violent hissing, and roaring sounds, clouds of steam so thick that only as the wind stirs them can you see through them, a rush of water all around, and at the centre the strong, fierce dash of wide column after column of water out of each hole, meeting in the centre over the tall pillar, grappling above it, each stream thrown foaming over it to seek refuge in the other side, and then flung back by striking against the rival outrush from the other side, the water flung twenty feet high, and the spray of the wild contest far higher, is like watching a combat of Titans: it brings confused but vivid fancies of all that has gone to make the earth, the days when such combats and terrors of Nature were at work all over the round globe; and one holds one's breath in presence of such overwhelming, uncontrollable force.

I have done with the geysers now; but before we travel away, some reader may care to be told what is the theory of science as to their method of action. In the first place, it is clear that either the crust of the earth is here thinner above the heated interior, or, what is another way of stating the same idea, the heated rocks of the centre of the globe are there nearer the surface than in most places. To them descends the water of the rains and the melting snows. It gathers their heat, it forms steam. This steam gets into the tube which some previous explosion of steam has formed and which has since naturally become a gathering-place for the lateral drainage of the earth.

Most people know that the boiling point of water differs at various elevations, owing to the different pressure of the air, which is heavier at the bottom of the ocean of air in

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which we live than it is on mountains, and grows progressively lighter or heavier as we ascend or descend in altitude. Very well: the steam generated far below, seeking an outlet, gradually ascends the geyser tube under the surface of the earth, and pushes up the hot water in the tube above it, till the water is raised to that level in the tube where the air-pressure is reduced enough to make it boil at the heat which it possesses. Then it boils suddenly, and so produces a tremendous new pressure of steam at that point, which, in its effort to escape, flings all the water above it out of the hole, and keeps doing so till the steam of the interior is exhausted, when there is a pause until it is again generated, and the process is repeated.



From a] "GRAND CANYON." *[Photograph.*

After leaving this last of the great geyser basins, the Yellowstone traveller goes on to a lake, a pretty one, but dependent for exciting interest in those who have seen the Swiss and English lakes on the rather poor grounds that it is the highest lake in America, and that, though its waters are cold, there are hot springs in such close proximity that a fisherman can catch a fish in the lake, and without moving from his standing-place can turn round on his own axis and boil that fish in a hot pool, which will prepare it for eating in fifteen minutes. Hot springs have by this time, however, become so commonplace to us that we are rather surprised, and perhaps a little injured, to find any water that is cold.

Eighteen miles more, and we arrive at the last and not the least interesting feature of this remarkable excursion. It is a deep, long gorge, ravine, or, as they call it here, "canyon," that is unsurpassed for magnificence. It is some twelve to fifteen hundred feet deep, and the soft stone of which the sides are composed is worn into a thousand fantastic shapes. Here it is turreted and pinnacled like a Gothic temple, there rounded into the semblance of an ancient castle, or sculptured like a huge Egyptian statue against the face of the rocks. The Yellowstone River runs through the gorge, and looking along it one sees the spot at its entrance where the river plunges over a central layer of rock in a great cataract three hundred and sixty feet high — more than twice the height of Niagara Falls, but much narrower. But the true marvel and attraction of the great canyon is the wondrous, the incredible colouring of the rocks. It is more like a sunset spread at one's feet than anything else to which I can compare it. There are tracks of creamy white; layers of palest yellow shading through all tints to the deepest orange; reds and browns of all tones. These hues are mixed and mingled amongst the fantastic shapes, so that one hardly knows whether to be silent in amazement or to smile at the bizarre and unnatural spectacle, so like a showman's arrangement. But it is too huge and too mighty and too essentially grand to be smiled at; and one tears oneself reluctantly from the dizzy height at last, feeling, like the Queen of Sheba about Solomon's glory, that "the half cannot be told."

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Favourite Books of Childhood.

By Frances H. Low.

THE following paper is mainly concerned with a sketch of children's books from early days, and a comparison of the stories in favour with children of to-day with those of preceding generations. The difficulty of finding out what boys read thirty, forty, and fifty years ago has been solved in the happiest manner by the graceful courtesy and co-operation of a group of distinguished living men, whose personal reminiscences will give a great fund of innccent pleasure and delight to all those who admire greatness, whether in statesmanship, literature, or science.

Story-books written especially for children are of comparatively modern growth, the first systematic attempt at supplying juvenile literature having been made in 1765 by Newberry, the publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, of whom Leigh Hunt speaks with affection as being "the most illustrious bookseller of our boyish days, his little penny books being radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures."

But if children's books were unknown in the earlier days of English national life, it is not to be concluded that the little people were without rhyme and romance about which to delight and dream. Legends, the common inheritance of every race and nation, ballads, fables — there was the ever ingenious "Æsop," as well as others — were told and retold, and handed down by tradition until they were eventually printed; and in the chap-books of the 17th century most of the old-time nursery rhymes and legends are to be found. These entered every farm-house and cottage, and naturally came into the hands of the children.

Steele, in the *Tatler*, speaks of a little boy of eight years, who frankly declared he did not care much for "Æsop's Fables," because he did not believe they were true, but who was much better pleased with the lives and adventures of "Don Belliani of Greece," "Guy of Warwick," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," and other historians of that age. "Guy of Warwick" was a popular hero with boyhood, and no wonder. His adventures and prowess out-hero Baron Munchausen's, and on one occasion he is set upon by sixteen assassins, whom he overcomes, slaying *en passant* bears, monsters, dragons, and the like.

The valiant "Jack the Giant-Killer," the complacent, boastful little "Jack Horner," "Tom Thumb," and many another nursery hero, were familiar and beloved personages to 17th century children through these odd little chap-books. Some of these chap-books—written with an eye to edify, or, as it would seem to us, to terrify, the small folk—are very curious reading.

By way of compensation, the 17th century child had one book that has ever had a perennial charm for generations of children, as well as for their elders; and the allegory, imagery, and poetry of which have imprinted spiritual truths upon immature minds with an ineffaceable stamp. I mean, of course, the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is in no way necessary here to point out the qualities of this beautiful tale that strike a child's fancy and captivate his imagination, whilst at the same time interesting, satisfying, and delighting the sage and philosopher.

About this book, and the masterpiece of Defoe, which appeared a little later, in the early part of the 18th century, there is a remark to be made. The head masters of some of the London and country public schools have kindly aided me in discovering what books are most popular with modern schoolboys, by having an inquiry made upon this point. The boys examined for the most part belong to the middle and upper middle rank, and their sincere, undraped confessions are instructive as well as (to me, at least) astonishing. Three hundred of these lists lie before me, and in only five of their number does the name of Bunyan's wondrous legend occur at all. It is the same with the girls. The head mistress of a large school for girls in the north of London kindly permitted a similar inquisition, with the result that only two little girls out of one hundred and fifty gave in their allegiance to the "Pilgrim's Progress."

But if I turn to the roll-call of stirring names contributed by the older men, I find that the "Pilgrim's Progress" has frequently, if not invariably, a place of glory. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. W. E. Lecky, Mr. Walter Besant, Prof. Dowden (who says, "I had a

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good deal of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' by heart before I was eight"), Mr. Leslie Stephen, all read the book closely, and loved it dearly in "the bright, untroubled days of boyhood."

The second point is still more curious. Should we not expect the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" to figure in *every* literary calendar drawn up by schoolboys? But that there is a vast proportion of modern schoolboys completely indifferent to "Robinson" must certainly be admitted; for in nearly one half of the papers the book does not figure at all. Yet what a crowd of illustrious names have repaid their childish debt to Defoe by the praise with which they have done him homage! "Was there ever anything written by mere man," asked Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its reader?" Coleridge philosophizes learnedly about it. John Stuart Mill says: "Amongst the few children's books I had, 'Robinson Crusoe' was pre-eminent, and continued to delight me all through my boyhood."



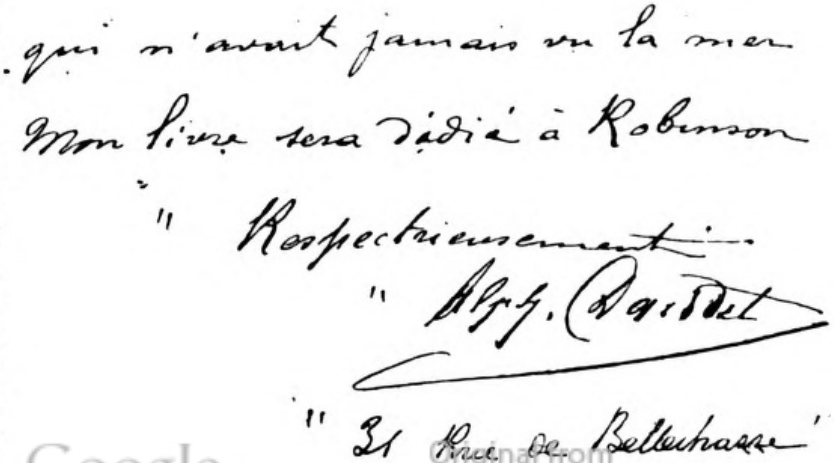
MR. JOHN STUART MILL.
Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

Listen to what M. Daudet, the creator of Tartarin, the inimitable, says in his letter, which is so gay and graceful that I must transcribe it here as it stands, it is too light and airy to be translatable.

"Alphonse Daudet, auteur des trois Tartarins, de Jack l'Immortel, Le Nabab, Sappho, Lettres de mon Moulin, etc., a fait sa pâture enfantine d'un seul livre: Le Robinson Crusoé. Aujourd'hui encore il retrouve dans le livre de Daniel de Foë ses sensations les plus intenses de terreur (le pied nu sur le sable avec son double fantastique du pied fourchu de Satan et la trace du cannibale, les yeux luisants du vieux bonc, au fond de la caverne, la surprise du perroquet clamant: 'Robinson, mon pauvre Robinson!') et aussi le charme, comme nulle autre part, du home, de la cabine, du renfermé entouré d'horizons infinis de houles voyageuses. Avec le Robinson, mais bien au dessous, un livre que je n'ai pas relu, M. Le Midshipman Aisé a passionné mon enfance en même temps que Gulliver. Chose singulière, ce sont tous des livres anglais, il y a là le mirage du méridionals grandi au soleil dans une ville sans eau et rêvant de voyages, d'îles lointaines. Je compte, du reste, avant peu, consigner dans un joyeux petit livre les premières aventures navales d'un petit méridional qui n'avait jamais vu la mer. Mon livre sera dédié à Robinson."

Legion is the name of the admirers of Defoe, who has had the happiness of writing a story that not only pleased boy critics of the next few centuries, but that also established, and always establishes, a kindly tie between the reader and the author. It is one of the rare books, too, that delight boys of the most diverse temperaments, characters, tastes, and activities, and that appeal equally to the boy Prince and the child of the streets.

The Prince of Wales writes through Sir Francis Knollys that "Robinson Crusoe" was the favourite book of his childhood. It won the early affection of Mr. John Burns, whose tastes in early days seem to have been democratic and catholic, for he writes: "I was an omnivorous reader when a boy, and in the oddest manner varied the 'Penny Dreadful' with Combe's 'Constitution of Man,' an old tattered copy of which I still have and highly prize." Mr. William Rossetti, who has given me a mass of exceedingly interesting details about the favourite books read by Dante



FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF M. DAUDET'S LETTER.

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Gabriel Rossetti in his boyhood, says his brother "liked 'Robinson Crusoe,' but it was not a special favourite." Lord Wolseley read it with "intense delight," as did Professor Huxley and Sir Henry Thompson. This proves — what, indeed, needs no proof—that its fascinating power is not only strong over boys with adventurous longings, or with a scientific turn of mind—not the least enchanting portion of "Robinson Crusoe" is that concerned with the manipulating of tools—but equally also over boys in whom the artistic faculty predominates.

Mr. Santley heads his list of favourite books with "Robinson Crusoe," whilst it proved no less seductive to Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, Mr. Lecky, the historian, and to "Mark Rutherford," one of the great living prose writers.

To set against the majority, however, Professor Dowden makes no mention of "Crusoe," but refers to "Masterman Ready" and "The Children of the New Forest," which "were a great delight."

Neither Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, nor Mr. Ruskin give it any place of favour. Mr. Alfred Austin, after remarking that books with some literary value from an early age aroused in him most emotion, adds, "though, as a matter of course, one had one's share of traditional delight in 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

It will be seen, then, that though in the early part of the 18th century no story-books had been written especially for youthful comprehension, children had no lack of precious and enchanting volumes, mainly of allegory, fable, and adventure, amongst which "Gulliver's Travels" must not be forgotten.

About the middle of the century, however, it occurred to a "philanthropic" publisher (so he is strangely called by Goldsmith in the "Vicar of Wakefield"), one Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, to bring out a series of juvenile books at an inexpensive price, many of them costing but one penny. This was in 1765, and from that time onward children's literature has formed a regular branch of the publishers' and authors' trade. Many of these little books, illustrated by Bewick and other well-known artists, contained abridged stories of famous novels; and "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," and "Gil Blas" (one supposes very much abridged) appeared in the series. But most of the stories are very different in thought and sentiment to the above, and are indeed unbearably didactic in intention and treatment. The chief aim of the writers appears to be the humiliation of the child hero or heroine who figures in the books, and of children in general; this being brought about by the exhibition on every conceivable occasion of the superior wisdom and virtues of the mammas and governesses. Perhaps even this standpoint is preferable to that of some of the modern books, where it is the little boy in a velveteen suit whose wit, repartee, and the rest, soften the heart of his brutal grandfather; or a little girl whose disagreeable practice of saying grace at dinner parties, and of singing hymns at odd occasions, vanquishes the scepticism of her worldly papa.



PROFESSOR JOHN RUSKIN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

One delightful little book that came out in the Newberry series related the "Adventures of Goody Two Shoes," and has been generally attributed to Goldsmith. It is full of humour and sly little touches. But what boundless patience these liliputian readers must have had, and what a prodigious gulf there stretches between children who tolerate such a story as Mrs. Pinchard's "Blind Child" and the exacting little persons of to-day!

Another tiresome book—at least, we have only heard of one little boy, and fortunately a little boy of genius, who confesses he was fond of it—was Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy." Mr. Ruskin (writes Mrs. Severn from Brantwood) says his favourite book when he was ten years old was the "Arabian Nights"; up to then, and indeed always as a child, his chief favourite was Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy." The children in Miss Edgeworth's stories are, however, simpler and healthier than some of the creations of her predecessors; and "Simple Susan," which Scott declared brought tears into his eyes, is really a charming story, but not, I should fancy, appreciated by grown-up readers. Her other well-known story, "Rosamond," has received high praise in various quarters, and Miss Charlotte Yonge tells me it was a great favourite of hers; but whether it be wise to endow your small heroine with such disagreeable model

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parents as Rosamond possessed is doubtful.

It is impossible even to make a passing reference to the numerous books that have come fast and thick since the days of Miss Edgeworth, but a word of notice must fall upon that volume in whose pages many of us spent our most enchanted hours. "There is one book," says Mr. Stevenson in "Memories and Portraits," "more generally loved than 'Shakespeare,' that captivates in childhood and still delights in age — I mean the 'Arabian Nights.'" But what will Mr. Stevenson —who has himself had the rare fortune of turning out a boy's classic — say to this: that out of my three hundred schoolboys, only fourteen have read the Arabian romances? I say read, but to be completely precise I should say named, only it is hard to conceive of a boy reading, and having no passion for, the "Arabian Nights."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a Photo. by Falk, Sydney.

Can there be anything more melancholy than that a generation of boys and girls (as for the girls, their tastes are hopeless, and in their lists there is no record of the precious volume at all) should be growing up whose imagination has never been stirred and taken captive by that seductive crowd of geniis, caliphs, and sorcerers, and to whom the sorely-tried Sindbad and Morgiana, and the rest of that captivating gallery, are not familiar and beloved friends? One would like to know, is the volume not placed in school libraries? If not, what is the reason? If so, how comes it that the most vivid, magic, rich, and glowing stories that ever took captive a child's spirit should be uncared for to-day?



LORD SALISBURY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Let us see how it is with their elders; and I shall here take the opportunity of presenting the records that they have given me. One may wager with certainty that the Arabian tales will be found in Mr. Gladstone's treasure box; for although the theory that we are essentially the same through life may want modifying, there are few persons with high gifts of imaginativeness and receptivity who have not shown something of the same qualities in their earlier days.

Mrs. Drew writes on behalf of her illustrious father (Mr. Gladstone): "His favourite books at the age of nine and ten were 'Scott's Novels,' 'Froissart's Chronicles,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Arabian Nights.' My own," adds Mrs. Drew, "at the same age were, first and foremost, the 'Arabian Nights,' also 'Stories from Froissart,' 'Hans Andersen,' and the 'Daisy Chain.'"

The only omission that produces a little surprise is Shakespeare's plays, but the age limit of ten explains this; and as I afterwards raised the limit to thirteen, it must be borne in mind when contrasting with the lists of others.

"Froissart's Lives" were much in favour with boys at the beginning of this century. The history is said not to be especially accurate, and perhaps statesmen and historians, and a certain order of matter-of-fact people to whom precision is necessary, might suffer injury from the perusal; but right-minded boys should delight in them, for there is killing and fighting on every page.

Lord Salisbury writes with characteristic modesty that he "has very little information to give upon the subject, except what may seem of a very commonplace kind. His favourite books, as near as he can recollect, were Walter Scott's novels, the earlier novels of Dickens, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, and Shakespeare's plays."

Romance, adventure, and poetry: here is a varied feast, and what a host of honourable and heroic figures are seated round the board!

Those who love to trace something of the look and ways and bearing of maturity in the child will examine the next three lists with interest. One little point—though one advances with caution, for it would not be wise to build any elaborate theory upon it or make any deductions therefrom without far wider evidence than I have been able to collect here—that strikes me here

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is this. The majority of robust lads, however greatly they distinguish themselves in after life in science, statesmanship, surgery, or other fields of action, have much the same tastes in reading, and it is the clatter of horse-shoes, the rattle of musketry, and all the stir of adventure and battle-field, that enchain their fancy.

Exceptions there may be, as Lord Wolseley's letter shows, but on the whole this applies. Now, it may be mere chance, but it would appear as if with men of letters it is not so. There would seem to be some fine literary instinct implanted in their breasts which makes itself felt in the beginning of life.

Scott, whilst he was still a child, sleeping in his mother's dressing-room, speaks of the rapture with which he sat up in his shirt reading "Shakespeare" by the light of the fire in her apartment; and Pope speaks of the ecstasy with which, as a little fellow, he pored over the "Faërie Queene."

Mr. William Rossetti—who shared the literary tastes of his famous brother, the childhood of the two being passed together—writes: "My brother read with more zest and personal preference than I did; I perhaps showed more perseverance. He had very little liking for books in the nature of history or biography; and my sister Christina, to whom I was chatting the other day about this matter of books, was very little of a reader in early years, and has never been exactly 'bookish.' She tells me that at the age of nine or so she was particularly fond of Hone's 'Every-Day Book,' which was also a great favourite of my brother's. My sister adds it was in 'Hone' that she for the first time saw the name of Keats, and some extracts from his 'Eve of St. Agnes,' which impressed her as singularly beautiful. All three of us were from an early age familiar with 'John Gilpin,' and relished it much.



ROSSETTI.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"My brother, at the age of five or six years, was attracted to 'Hamlet.' It was illustrated by Retzoch, and there were similar copies of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Tempest,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Macbeth.' Only extracts were given, and these he read with great delight. A little later on, his favourite reading was 'Marmion' and other of Scott's poems, as well as one or two of the novels. Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' 'Mazeppa,' and the 'Corsair' were favourites. We had a book called 'Martin and Westall's Illustrations of the Bible,' at which he was constantly looking, as well as at the Bible, notably some historical parts of the Old Testament and the Apocalypse.

"At the age of eleven or twelve he made a series of pen-and-ink sketches for Pope's 'Iliad.' Our elder sister Maria was immensely enthusiastic about it, and he, also, in a minor degree. He knew at that age in a cursory way and enjoyed Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' of which our grandfather had an illustrated edition; but what delighted him perhaps more constantly than anything else was a series of stories, which came out in cheap numbers with coloured prints, called 'Brigand Tales.' He also read and liked 'Gil Blas,' Goethe's 'Faust,' 'Robinson Crusoe' (which was not a special favourite), some of the more entertaining parts of 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Arabian Nights.'

"He had an edition of Burns, and was familiar with it in a sort of way, but didn't take to the poetry as such. Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare' was a good deal in his hands, but not, I think, at all relished. He was very fond of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and knew something of 'Pickwick,' but I don't think he took much to the last named."

The rest of the list is, unfortunately, too long to enumerate here, but I notice the "Newgate Calendar," which was much read about ten and eleven, and as early as nine; "Rienzi," which was a *great* favourite; "Gay's Fables," the prints of which were possibly the greatest attraction to him; and "Ada," which was a great favourite, and was about a mysterious murder.

Miss Rossetti's favourite volumes also were "Scott's Poems" and the "Arabian Nights." Her brother adds:—

"Our mother was a very religious woman and most careful parent; but she never dosed us much with goody-goody books. The 'History of the Fairchild Family' was not with any of us at all a favourite. Among short poems we all three cherished were 'Casabianca' and 'Chevy Chase.' This, along with the 'Englishman' and the 'Spanish Lady,' seems to have been the only old ballad we knew in those childish years."

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Probably, as Mr. Rossetti points out, inherited tendencies had no little influence on the taste of these gifted children, for their father had written a great deal of poetry on Italian patriotic subjects, with which they were familiar.

But what a wonderful list it is! What a rich array of the greatest names, what high and rare atmosphere for boyhood to grow up in! Keep that scroll, admit it into your memory, and then glance at a few lists sent in by the boys of to-day. Here are three taken at random from the pile that lies before me :—

"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain; "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "Tom Brown's School Days"; "Dropped from the Clouds," by Jules Verne; "Three Men in a Boat"; "A Robbery Under Arms."

"The Boys' Own Paper"; "Strand Magazine"; "The Amusing Journal"; "Eric, or Little by Little," editor, Rev. Farrar; "Dick Cheveley"; "The Ludgate Monthly"; "Three Midshipmen"; "Three Lieutenants"; "Three Commanders;" "Three Admirals."

"Chums" (Cassell's); "Boys"; "Boys' Own Paper"; "A Bad Boy's Diary"; "A Good Boy's Diary"; "Strand Magazine" ("Sherlock Holmes' Adventures" and "The Diary of a Doctor"); "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Old Curiosity Shop" (Dickens); "Three Men in a Boat" (not to say anything about the dog); "Boy's Annual"; "Ludgate Monthly."

Another poet in whom a feeling for literature showed itself at an early age is Mr. Alfred Austin.

"I do not remember," he says, "that any story-books, merely as story-books, excited in me the childish emotion that was aroused by works more directly allied to literature; though, as a matter of course, if at a somewhat earlier age, one had one's share of traditional delight in 'Robinson Crusoe,' in 'Gulliver's Travels,' no doubt specially edited *virginibus puerisque*, and in Mungo Park's 'Travels.' But my first real experience of enthusiasm in connection with books was when my father read to me the First Canto of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and with the sound of the four verses :—

> The stag at eve had drunk his fill
> Where danced the moon on Monar's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade—

I had a sensation never again experienced till I caught my first sight of Italy. No doubt that opening out of a new world and of a real life occurred somewhat before the period named by you; but I think it awoke, or perhaps only discovered, the preferences that manifested themselves later on. A love of form and sound, in other words, I suppose, of style—however elementary and deficient — henceforward seemed to decide one's tastes. Hence, Pope's translation of the 'Iliad,' Cowper's 'Lines on My Mother's Picture,' copious extracts from Byron, Pope's 'Eloisa to Abelard,' the more martial passages from Shakespeare, were associated in one's reading with Livy, in whom I delighted, especially where that writer—greater, it seems to me, as an orator even than an historian—records the speeches of Roman worthies; with Fénélon's 'Télémaque' and with Bossuet's 'Oraisons Funèbres.'

"I was, however, anything but a voracious reader, and I must confess that I then preferred, as I do still, all forms of open-air exercise, and even a certain receptive vacancy of mind, to all the books in the world."

In the same strain and in strengthening of my theory is the record of one of the living masters of prose, Professor Dowden. After recalling with pleasure "Masterman Ready," "The Children of the New Forest," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he says, "with the latter my imagination was caught; and I think I was a little in love with Eva as shown in a picture. Before I was eight I was much impressed by 'Macbeth,' and I longed for the complete 'Shakespeare' which was locked up in my father's bookcase. Before I was thirteen I had earned this 'Shakespeare' by writing thirty-six short essays, three for each volume, and I still possess the book. It does not contain Shakespeare's poems, and (as I began to collect early) I remember buying a little copy of the poems, which became a great treasure. When about thirteen I was lucky in coming across Henry Reed's 'Lectures on English Literature,' and this led me on to Wordsworth, in whom I lost myself for years (or, perhaps, found myself for the first time). I read nearly all the 'Waverley Novels' in bed during my frequent illnesses as a little boy. I remember that I cared much for Horace's 'Odes,' and got a vivid feeling of the power of style from Tacitus. Among my early favourites were the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Goldsmith's 'Plays and Poems.' That excellent book, 'Télémaque,' gave me great pleasure, and I believe that it would do so if I read it now. It was, however, quali-

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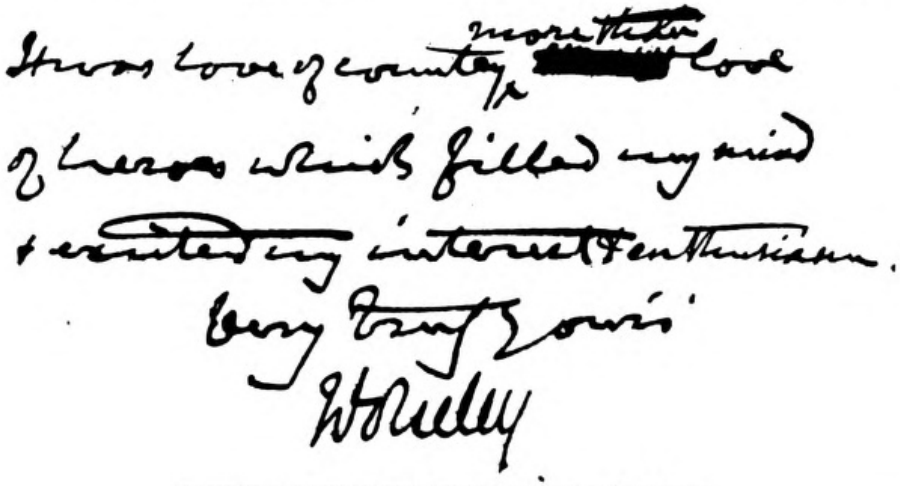
fied by 'Gil Blas.' The only histories I cared to read were of the French Revolution and Napoleonic time."

As characteristic as this of the man of letters is the brief, concise record of a distinguished man of action, Lord Wolseley. The scholarly and (one surmises) peaceful little boy-student reads historical description very likely with a single eye to vividness and picturesqueness of writing; but the miniature warrior, already inspired with the martial spirit, cares for none of these things—he is already the true soldier, and his country is the animating centre of his thoughts.



LORD WOLSELEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"When a child of the age you mention," writes Lord Wolseley, "I read with intense interest 'Æsop's Fables,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Captain Cook,' and 'Commodore Anson's Voyages,' and all the stories of naval and military adventure with which the pages of old 'Peter Parley' were then filled. But I didn't care for the heroes of other nations. Nelson and King Alfred, who were the great heroes of my boyhood, would have had no particular interest for me had they not been Englishmen. It was love of country more than love of heroes which filled my mind and excited my interest and enthusiasm."



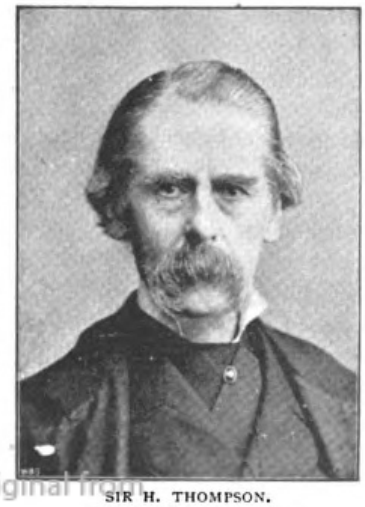
FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF LORD WOLSELEY'S LETTER.

What a delightful picture this brings before one's mind of little Master Wolseley meeting, we will say, a French schoolboy, twice his size, at some foreign watering-place, and vindicating the national honour of which he is already jealous, and the brightness of which he has helped to sustain.

Science in this little essay of mine is honourably represented by Sir Henry Thompson and Professor Huxley, and by a curious coincidence the three first-named books in each list are the same: The "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels."

To this Sir Henry Thompson adds: "'The Wars of the Jews and the Destruction of Jerusalem' was an enormous favourite, and made a great impression on me, as did also" (and here, at any rate, we suspect the modern schoolboy will be in sympathy with him) "the Eton Latin Grammar, the most hateful production in the form of a school book that I ever encountered in my life, seeing that it was forced upon me as a daily companion before I was six years old!"

Professor Huxley says: "I am not sure that my memory of sixty years ago is very trustworthy; but in addition to the books named, 'Mungo Park's Travels' (I was long set on emulating that worthy) and the stories in the Bible, particularly the Apocrypha, are visible in the mist. Our repertory was very limited in comparison with that of the modern child."



SIR H. THOMPSON.
From a Photo. by Walery.

One is tempted to wonder whether any of the books that schoolboys are reading to-day will so deeply have stamped themselves upon their minds and imaginations that sixty years

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hence the familiar names and scenes will also come out of "the mist." Is it possible that any enduring impression can be made on a child's plastic mind if the volume be read but once and then replaced by something more exciting—or, to use the more exact word, by something more sensational?

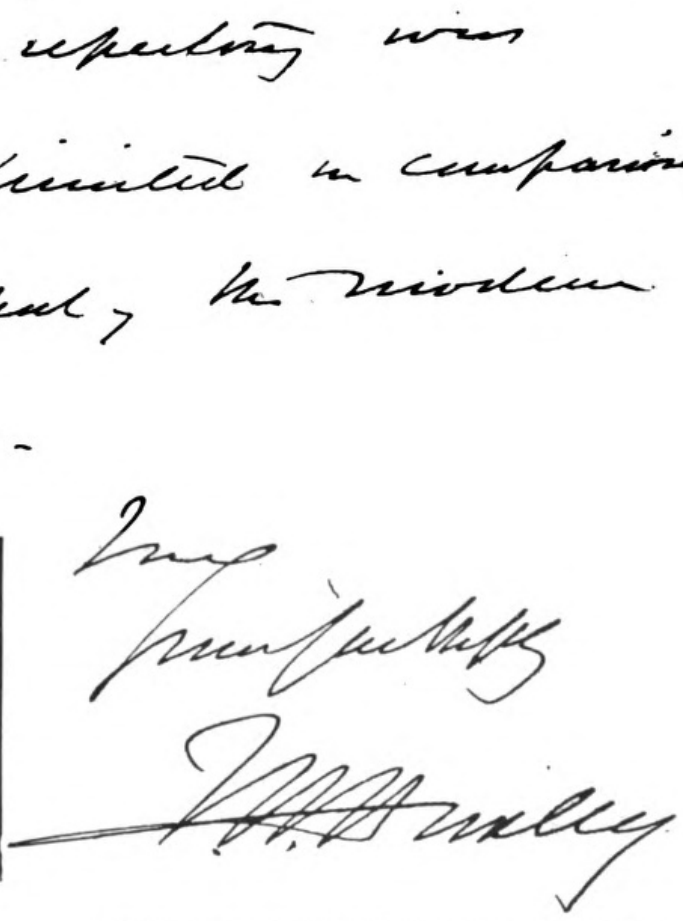
There is one book—I should not have to chronicle its absence had it been possible to reach Samoa within reasonable time—which to my astonishment appears neither in the reading of the boys of to-day nor in those of a bygone past: and it would be left out in the cold altogether were it not for the homage of one woman—fortunately of sufficient rare distinction to make the homage of worth; for it is Madame Patti, whose favourite book as a child was "Monte Christo."

Miss Ada Rehan, who has won distinction in another field of art, was fondest of "fairy tales and Tennyson."

Mr. Santley's boyish favourites include "Robinson Crusoe," numberless books of adventure, Shakespeare's plays, and many old plays. Mr. W. E. Lecky's catalogue includes "Byron's Poems," "The Lady of the Lake," and Homer's "Iliad." Scott's novels and Fenimore Cooper's were the chief delight of Mr. G. F. Watts at the age of nine.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LETTER.

The "old plays" seem hardly appropriate pasturage for little boys to browse upon, and the same objection may have risen in the minds of many older persons as they have perused some of the records given here. I once put a question bearing upon this matter to Mr. Walter Besant, whose own boyish library included most of the classics I have named.



MR. LECKY.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

"I read all the Restoration plays as a

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boy, and I don't think they did me any harm. The fact is, I didn't understand the improprieties; most boys don't until they have been to a public school. When I was a small boy there used to call upon our family a very important relative, a prim, decorous old lady, who looked with great suspicion on our reading anything except books written especially for children about children, mostly of the priggish kind that die early. I remember once when she came, I was sitting in a corner reading one of Scott's. I don't remember which" (it was "Peveril of the Peak"), "but I came to that passage about Charles II. being the father of many subjects, where Buckingham says: 'the father of many,' and though I didn't in the least understand the significance, something in the sentence diverted me, and I burst out laughing. The solemn relative and some other decorous people asked what the mirth was about, whereupon I delightedly read out the passage. My humour, or rather Scott's, was received in complete silence, which, though it didn't damp my spirits, considerably puzzled me."



WALTER BESANT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Perhaps the moral that is most driven home to one, or, at any rate, to the humble writer of this, is that bad books so-called—meaning books dealing openly with the relations of men and women and with matters of the world—do not much harm a clean-minded little boy.

Of much greater import, so it seems to me, is the vulgarity of style and sentiment of many of the books favoured by modern boys. There are books—I will not advertise them more than I can help—recurring again and again, whose distinguishing characteristics are certain cheap qualities that should recommend them to the servants' hall, but nowhere else. The strain of commonness in humour, the vulgarity of the style, the complete absence of anything imaginative, or high, or heroic, that can inspire and animate and unconsciously educate a boy, are so marked, that it is a marvel that parents should permit such literature in the school-room; and their popularity is the severest commentary on the national demoralization of literary feeling.

Again, although several of the books of adventure and historical romance seem written with a wholesome breeziness (Henty's are a notable instance), is it not a pity that a race of children should grow up completely unfamiliar with the masterpieces of English romance?

If these preferences are typical and representative, as I believe they are, we can no longer cherish the belief that Scott retains his hold over youth. Here and there a boy reads "Ivanhoe," and more rarely still "The Talisman"; but of all that long gallery of beloved figures enshrined in our memories — of Guy Mannering, of the Dominie, of Cleveland, Locksley, Quentin Durward, Major Dalgetty, Claverhouse, and the rest—these boys and girls know nothing. If stories of high purposes and brave passions have any meaning and influence, one would almost feel disposed to say, "To have read and loved Scott is a liberal education"; and Sir Henry Thompson will agree that it is to be gained in a pleasanter school than that of the Latin grammar.

In a few years hence these chubby-faced, bright-eyed little lads will be playing their parts, ill or well, in the theatre of life, and the play, the troubles, the delights of boyhood, will have passed for ever. But more enduring are the influences, the memories, and the associations of life's morning, and they cannot be set in too high and heroic a measure.

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THE DYNAMITER'S SWEETHEART.

By Grant Allen.

"THE only thing known about her with certainty," said the papers next morning, "is that the wretched woman was an associate of the man Laminski, who is believed to have been the real author of this atrocious outrage. She lodged in the same house with him in the Boulevard St. Michel; she worked at the same studio; the relations between them are described as most cordial; and it is even said that she was engaged to be married to him. By this fortunate disaster society is well rid"—but, there, you know the way the papers talk about these things, and how very little reason there is, as a rule, in all they say of them.

Let me tell you the true story of that sweet little American woman.

She was small and slight: one of those dainty, delicate, *mignonne* New England girls, with shell-like ears and transparent complexions, who look as if they were made of the finest porcelain, yet spring, Heaven knows how, out of rough upland farm-houses. It was in her native Vermont that the hunger of art first came upon Essie Lothrop. You must know America to know just how it came, seizing her by the throat, as it were, one day, among the cows and the apple-harvest, at sight of some early Italian pictures engraved in a magazine. From her childhood upward, to be sure, Essie had drawn pictures for her own delight with a plain lead pencil; drawn the ducks, and the lambs, and the wild orange-lilies that ran riot in the woods; drawn them instinctively, without teaching of any sort, for pure, pure love of them. But these early Italian pictures, then seen for the first time, crossing her simple horizon on the hills of Vermont, roused a fresh fierce thrill in that eager little breast of hers. She had heard of art, from a distance, as a thing glorious and beautiful, which sprang far from New England. Now those four or five wood-cuts in the magazine suggested to her mind unknown possibilities of artistic beauty. She said to herself at once, "I must know these things. I must see them with my eyes. I must live my life among them."

From that day forth it became a fixed idea with Essie Lothrop that she should go to Paris and study painting. Where Paris was, what Paris could do for her, she only guessed from the meagre details in her common-school geography. But with American intuition she was somehow dimly aware that if you wanted an artistic education, Paris was the one right place to go for it.

"Paris!" her father cried, when she spoke of it first to him, in the field behind the barn; "why, Essie, do tell! That's whar folks are allus gettin' up revolootions, ain't it? An' I guess them furriners is most all Papishes."

"But it's the place to study art, father," Essie cried, with her big eyes wide open.

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"I MUST KNOW THESE THINGS."

"And I mean to study art, if I have to die for it."

She didn't know how prophetic a word she had spoken.

Thenceforth, however, life meant but one thing to Essie Lothrop. She lived in order to work for the money which would take her to study art in Paris. She was sixteen when that revelation came upon her: she was twenty when she found herself, alone and a stranger, in the streets of the wicked, unheeding city.

Not that she thought it wicked. Essie was too innocent to have any fears in committing herself to the unknown world of Paris. With true American guilelessness, she considered it perfectly natural that a girl of twenty should hire a room for herself, *au cinquième*, in the Boulevard St. Michel, and should present herself as a student at Valentin's studio.

She had learned a little French beforehand in her remote New England home; learned it direct from a book, with just a hint or two as to pronunciation from an older and wiser companion; but she had so much of that strange natural tact which Heaven has been pleased to bestow on New England girls, that she spoke tolerably well even at the very first outset, and quickly picked up a fair Parisian accent in the course of a week or two. Sometimes these frail and transparent-looking Yankee girls have mind enough to do anything they choose to undertake, and certainly Essie Lothrop spoke French at the end of three months with a fluency and purity that would have made most Englishmen stare with astonishment.

There was joy at Valentin's the first morning when Essie made her appearance. Slight, smiling, demure, with her American ease and her American frankness, she took the fancy of all the men students at once.

"She is good," they said, "the little one!"

When she dropped her brush, it was Stanislas Laminski who picked it up and handed it back to her. She accepted it with a smile, the perfectly courteous and good-humoured smile of the girl who had come fresh from her Vermont fields to that great teeming Paris, who knew no middle term between her native village and the Boulevard St. Michel. She thought no evil. To her, these men were just fellow-students, as the Vermont boys had been in the common-school of her township. She took their obtrusive politeness as her natural due, never dreaming Jean and Alphonse could mean anything more by it than Joe and Pete would have meant in her upland hamlet.

"Is she droll, the little one?" the men students said at first, when she gravely allowed them to carry her things back for her to her room *au cinquième*, and even invited them in with smiling grace to share her cup of tea—those noisy youths, who lived upon nothing but cigarettes and absinthe. They looked at one another shamefacedly, and stifled their smiles; then they answered: "Merci, mademoiselle, we do not drink tea. But we thank you from the heart for your amiable hospitality."

They bowed and withdrew, Laminski last of all, with a side glance over his shoulder. Then, when they reached the bottom of the five flights of stairs, they burst out laughing simultaneously. But it was a deprecatory laugh. "Is she innocent, the American? She asked us to tea! Hein, Jules, my boy! hein, Alphonse! that was a rich one, wasn't it?"

But Laminski lingered behind, and looked up at her window.

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As for Essie, she sat down, not one atom abashed, to think over her first day's adventures in the studio. An English girl under the circumstances would have been terribly oppressed by a vague sense of loneliness. But Essie was not. It is the genius of her countrywomen. She sat down and smiled to herself at her day's work, contentedly. What nice, friendly young men they had all been, to be sure, and how polite they had seemed to her! And Valentin himself had looked approvingly at her first essay, and had muttered to himself, "She will do, the little one." How delicious to be really in Paris, where men and women learn art, and to feel yourself in touch with all those great masters in the Louvre and the Luxembourg!

Essie was quite at home at once, as she brewed her tea, and drank it by herself in her room *au cinquième*. Only, she was half sorry to be quite alone that first afternoon; what a pity those good-looking, nice-mannered young men hadn't really dropped in to share a friendly cup with her!

Next morning she was back at the studio early, neat and demure as ever, her golden hair wound up in the most artistic coil with charming freedom, and her sweet child's face beaming innocent welcome to the men as they entered. The girls looked more coldly at her, and gave her a stiff bow; but only that second day. Before a week was out they understood "the American," and vaguely felt that though her code of proprieties was quite other than their own — she came without a chaperon — yet she was entirely *comme il faut*, and a dear little thing into the bargain also. They never interfered with her; they let her come and go, recognising the fact that, after all, Americans were Americans, and "que voulez-vous, ma chère? C'est comme ça là-bas, allez!"

Valentin approved of her.

"That child will go far," he said sometimes, confidentially, to Stanislas Laminski. "She has talent, do you see? Talent! bah, she has genius. She has learnt nothing, of course; but she will learn; she is plastic. There's more originality in that child's little finger than in all that fat Kérouac's Breton body. Ah, yes, she will go far, if you others leave her alone. She is innocent, the little one; respect her innocence."

Laminski sat next her and painted by her side. He did his best to help her. Often he pointed out to her when things she did were technically wrong; set her right in her drawing, corrected her first crude ideas of colour. Essie, living for art, put her head on one side and drank it all in eagerly. She was docile like a child; she saw these men knew more about it than she did, and she was anxious to profit as far as possible by their instruction. Laminski liked her; she was so small and so pretty. Like a dainty little flower, Laminski thought to himself. With an artist's eye, with a poet's heart, how could he help admiring her?



"HE DID HIS BEST TO HELP HER."

One afternoon he walked home with her, and carried her things for her. At the top of the stairs, she turned and took them from him,

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smiling. "Will you come in and rest awhile, monsieur?" she asked, with her innocent frankness. Laminski hesitated. The others were not by. After all, what harm? Why not accept that innocent invitation in the spirit in which she gave it?

He stammered out a vague acquiescence. Essie flung open the door and preceded him into the room. It was a bedroom of the common Parisian Jack-of-all-trades sort, with the bed huddled away into a niche in the background, and the rest of the apartment furnished like a *salon*. Essie waved him to the sofa. He seated himself on it, gingerly, very close to the edge, as if half afraid of making himself too comfortable. Essie noticed it and laughed. "But why so?" she asked, merrily. Then her eye fell on an envelope on the table close by. "Ah! a letter from Dicky!" she cried, and took it up and opened it.

"And who is Dicky?" Laminski asked, gazing hard at her, inquiringly.

"My brother," Essie answered, devouring the letter. "He tells me all about our farm, and my father, and the chickens."

The young man leaned back and watched her respectfully with a stifled smile, till she had finished reading it. She went through with it unaffectedly to the end, and then laid it down, glowing. Laminski was charmed at so much natural simplicity.

"Dicky tells me all about our pets at the farm," she said, simply; and to Laminski the mere mention of the farm was delicious in its *naïveté*. "He tells me about my ducks, and how our neighbour has broken his arm, and that Biddy, the servant" (at home she would have said "the hired girl") "is engaged to be married."

Then she felt amused herself, to observe how formal all these domestic details of Vermont society sounded, even in her own ears, when one made French prose of them. But to Laminski, they were still stray breaths of Arcadia.

"I suppose you Russians can hardly understand what America's like," she added, after a pause, just to keep conversation rolling; "but we Americans love it."

Laminski started back like one stung. "Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily.

"What have I done?" Essie asked, drawing away in surprise. "What have I said? Why do you start? Surely we Americans can love America?"

"*A la bonne heure!*" he answered, gazing hard at her in a strange way. "But why treat me like this? Why call me a Russian?"

"I thought you were one, from your name," Essie replied, taken aback. "Isn't Laminski Russian?"

"Thank Heaven, no," the dark young man answered, with a fierce flash of the eyes. "I'm a Pole. mademoiselle, and, like all good Poles, I hate and detest Russia. Call me a Chinaman, if you will, a negro, a monkey; but not a Russian."

"But isn't the Czar your Emperor, too?" Essie inquired, innocently. She was too unversed in European affairs to understand that a Pole could differ from a Russian otherwise than as a Californian differs from a New Englander.

Laminski suppressed an oath. Then he went on to explain to her in brief but sufficiently vigorous terms the actual state of feeling between Poles and Russians. Essie listened with the intent interest of the intelligent American; for, as a rule, with the average Yankee, you may feel pretty sure of finding that he is absolutely ignorant of any piece of information you may desire to impart to him, but eagerly anxious to know all about it. A great desire to learn and capacity for learning co-exist with an astounding want of information and culture.

"Then you are a Catholic?" Essie said, at last, after listening to his explanation with profound interest.

The young man gazed at her with an expression of amused surprise. "I am of whatever religion mademoiselle prefers," he answered, courteously—"except only the religion of the accursed Russians."

"I don't understand you," Essie said, much puzzled. Such easy-going gallantry was remote, indeed, from the sober, God-fearing New England model.

Laminski smiled again. "Well, we advanced politicians in Europe," he said, twirling his black moustache, "don't, as a rule, belong to any religion in particular—unless it be the religion of the ladies who interest us."

"Oh, how very sad," Essie replied, looking hard at him, pityingly. "But perhaps you may see clearer in time."

"Perhaps," Laminski answered, with a curious puckering of the corners of his mouth. "Though I hardly expect it."

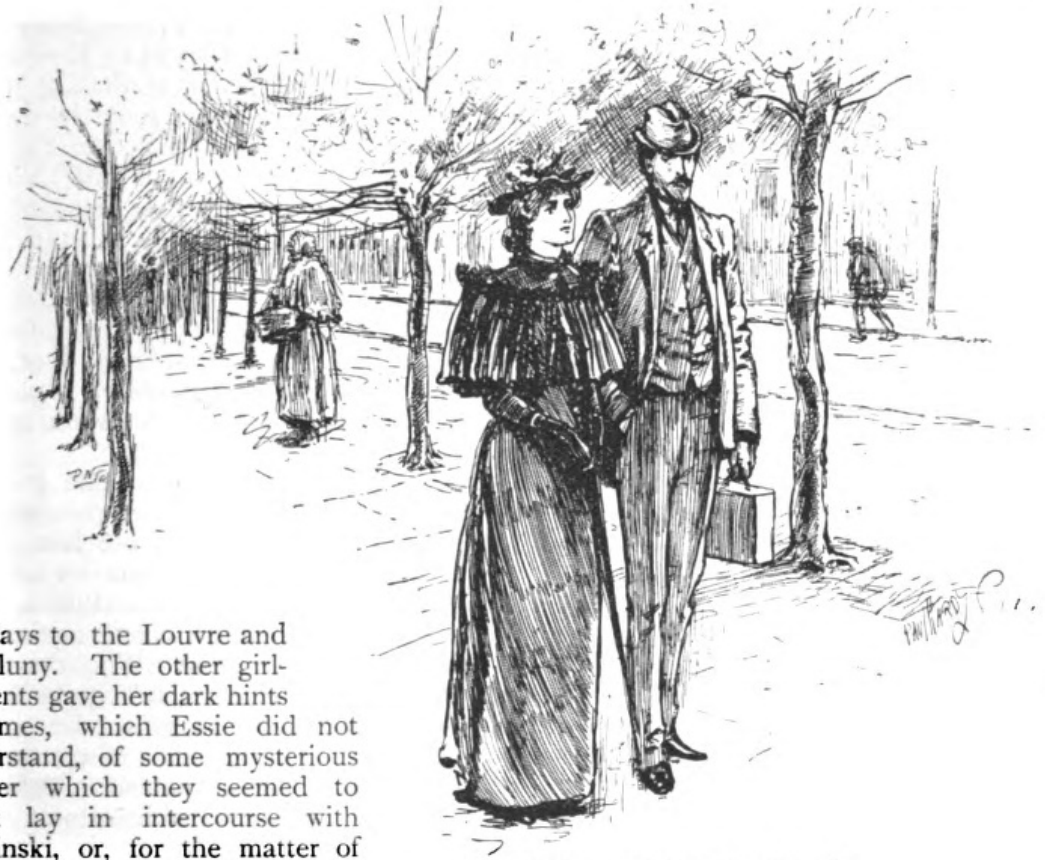
"Will you take some tea?" Essie asked, just to relieve the tension. For the first time in her life she was dimly aware of that barrier of sex which she had never felt with the young men in Vermont. But these European men are so strange and so different! They always make you remember, somehow, that *they* are men and that *you* are a woman.

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"Thank you," he replied; "mademoiselle is very good." And he sat looking on while Essie prepared it.

When it was ready, he tasted it. He had drunk tea in quantities when he was a boy near Warsaw, but never since the first day he came to Paris. "How innocent it is!" he exclaimed, as he tasted it. And Essie stared again, not knowing what to make of him.

From that day forth, it was the gossip of the *atelier* that Laminski had his eyes upon the little American. He walked home with her daily; he took her to *cafés* more reputable than was his wont; he escorted her on Sundays to the Louvre and to Cluny. The other girl-students gave her dark hints at times, which Essie did not understand, of some mysterious danger which they seemed to think lay in intercourse with Laminski, or, for the matter of that, with any of the other men who frequented the studio. But the dark hints glided unnoticed past Essie. Clad in her triple mail of New England innocence, she never even guessed what the hinters were driving at. These men were gentlemen (as Essie understood the word), students of art like herself; and why should a self-respecting girl be afraid or ashamed of accepting their kind escort to the *café* or the theatre? She walked unharmed through the midst of that strange, unconventional Bohemian Paris, as unconventional as itself, by dint of pure innate goodness and simplicity.



"HE WALKED HOME WITH HER DAILY."

The strangest part of it all was that the men themselves were silenced by her innocence. "*Chut!* Not a word of that!" *gros* Kérouac would exclaim, to the laughing group around him as Essie entered; "here comes the little one!" and, instantly, a demure silence fell on the noisy crowd; or if they laughed after that, they laughed at something where Essie's own silvery voice could join them merrily.

"As for Laminski, he is reformed," Alphonse said more than once, with a shrug, to Jules. "You would not know that man. He half forgets the Dead Rat, and hasn't been seen for fifteen days at Bruant's."

Month by month went on, and indeed a strange change came over Laminski. He stopped away more and more from the *cafés chantants* and the open-air balls; he was found continually till late hours of the evening at Essie Lothrop's apartment. "And mind you," said Alphonse, "what is strange, it is all for the good motive. Laminski reformed! Is it a good one, that? Take my word for it, comrades, he will marry her, at church, and settle down into a *brave bourgeois*."

Meanwhile, Essie painted. Oh, how Essie

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painted! Valentin's heart rejoiced. Since Marie Bashkirtseff, no *atelier* in Paris had had such a promising woman pupil. And Laminski painted, too; the pair of them, side by side: she, with grace and refinement; he, with fiery force and Slavonic vigour.

At last, the other students began to murmur that if that went much further, *allons!* that would end by compromising the little one. Laminski's brow clouded when they spoke these things darkly; and when Laminski was angry, it boded no good to anyone. However, in order that nobody should ever say he was seen too often coming down the stairs of that angel's house, he adopted an excellent and saving device: he removed from madame's, that Bohemian pension, and took a room *au sixième*, just above Essie's, in the self-same house in the Boulevard St. Michel. Sacred name of a dog, nobody can blame a man for being seen at night about his own apartments.

And then, he employed his spare hours at night by painting Essie as Ste. Geneviève in a great historical composition.

What wonder that Essie Lothrop fell in love with him? All men are human; still more, all women. He was so handsome, so clever, so fiery, so incomprehensible, so utterly unlike the young men in New England. That very incomprehensibility was a point in his favour; it appealed to woman's love of the mysterious and the infinite. Besides, Alphonse was right; strange to say, Laminski meant it all for the good motive. The more he looked at her, the more vividly did he feel that fate, blind fate, was drawing him against his will to marry that pure and beautiful girl—to marry her at church, like any ordinary *bourgeois*.

They never exactly arranged it. It grew up between them imperceptibly. As he painted her in her simple white robe as Ste. Geneviève, they found themselves addressing one another as Essie and Stanislas, "presque sans le savoir."

But step by step, they both of them came to regard it as natural—nay, almost inevitable. Essie admired him unspeakably: and indeed, there was much to admire in Laminski. A man who could paint with such poetical feeling, who could make such sweet fancies breathe upon canvas, must have much that was good in him. And then, his fiery eloquence! Essie loved to hear him, when work was over, pouring forth his untamable Slavonic soul in torrent floods of denunciation against tyrants. She didn't know much about this European world, to be sure, but she had been taught to believe that tyrants were plentiful as blackberries in Europe. Here in France, of course, we were living under a Republic, which made it almost as good as America. But Russia and Germany, and all those other outlying countries—well, Stanislas told her the Czar was a monster, and she had read Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, and could well believe it.

Once or twice a week, however, it was Stanislas's way to go out at night to some mysterious meeting. On such occasions, Essie asked him what society he frequented. Laminski smiled a curiously self-restrained smile, and answered in a somewhat evasive voice that it had something to do with the Friends of Freedom. These Friends of Freedom were often on his lips; Essie didn't exactly know what they were driving at, but she took their plan to be some benevolent scheme for emancipating the people of Poland by touching the hearts of the Russian officials. She fancied they disseminated humanitarian tracts, and in that bland belief she went on, unconcerned, with her painting at Valentin's. It was all very dreadful, no doubt, as Stanislas said, this European tyranny; but, with art at her door, she couldn't pretend to interest herself in politics. Her heart was absorbed in her work and in Stanislas.

Yet she loved his rhetoric. She loved to see him stop in the very act of painting Ste. Geneviève's halo; loved to see him stand, palette on thumb, in his room *au sixième*, and enforce with aggressive and demonstrative paint-brush his angry charge against the crimes of the *bourgeoisie*. Who the *bourgeoisie* might be, Essie didn't quite know, but she understood them to be wicked oppressors of the poor, which, of course, was quite enough to justify Stanislas's righteous indignation. He looked so handsome when he opened the vials of wrath on the heads of the *bourgeoisie* that Essie just loved to see and hear him demolish them. Nothing could be too bad for those wicked creatures, if half of what Stanislas said was true about them.

By-and-by, while Essie was still working at Valentin's, and Laminski was vaguely reflecting upon the ways and means by which at last to marry her, all Paris was startled one memorable morning by the terrible news of an Anarchist bomb-outrage. It was the first that had taken place since Essie's arrival; and it shocked and surprised her. To think people should act with such reckless folly!

At Valentin's that day, when the news

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"SHE LOVED HIS RHETORIC."

came in, all was hubbub and excitement. Alphonse and the *gros* Kérouac were distinctly of opinion that Government should do something. Anarchists should be caught and fried in butter. The Gascon surmised that it would be not a bad plan to cut them bit by bit into little square pieces in the Place de la Concorde, as a warning to others. Valentin himself suggested, with grotesque minuteness, that they might be utilized for purposes of artistic study, by slow torture in *ateliers*, as models for gladiatorial pieces or Christian martyrdoms. Only Laminski held his tongue and shrugged his shoulders philosophically. He appeared to be neither surprised nor shocked at the tidings of the outrage. He was interested chiefly in the subsidiary question of what arrests had been made; and when the paper came in—extra special, hot pressed—he glanced at it with some concern, read the names and descriptions of the three workmen "detained on suspicion," and, lighting a cigarette with a nonchalant air, went on with his painting.

At home at the Boulevard St. Michel that evening, Essie spoke with some natural horror and loathing of this meaningless explosion.

"How detestable," she cried, "to fling a bomb like that, in an open place, where you may injure anybody! So wrong, and so silly! I hope they've caught the wicked people who did it!"

Stanislas gazed at her with deep eyes of tender commiseration. He laid his hand on her golden head.

"My child," he said, caressingly, "you don't understand these questions of politics. How should you, indeed, who are a pure daughter of the people, a child of toil, born in a free land, from brave tillers of the soil, who cast off long since the rotten fetters of tyranny? It is otherwise in Europe. Here we have to fight a hard battle against the strong. We must use such poor arms as tyrants leave us. All is fair in war, and it is open war now between the *bourgeoisie* and the Friends of Liberty. They would kill us if they could; we will kill them in return for it. You see, it is all a fair field and no favour."

"But, Stanislas," Essie cried, "you don't mean to say you approve of these wretches who maim and destroy innocent women and children? If their bombs only blew up tyrants—I don't know about that; you see, I'm a woman, and I never pretend to understand politics. America, of course, is a free country." (Essie really believed it.) "*We* have no tyrants. And if all you tell me about tyrants is true, I can almost understand how people who have lost their own fathers or sons by the despots' commands, might do anything almost to get rid of such wretches. But this is a Republic, where people are quite free, and I don't know why the Friends of Liberty should want to kill poor, helpless souls, sitting by chance at a *café*—good folks who, perhaps, may hate the tyrants just as much as they do. I don't see the use of indiscriminate revolution."

Stanislas ran his fingers gently over the smooth, bright locks. It was charming to hear her in defence of the *bourgeoisie*. The difference between their natures took his fancy, just as much as it had taken Essie's.

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"You don't understand these things, my child," he said, fondling her affectionately. "By-and-by, when you've lived a little longer in Europe, and when I've had time to unfold my ideas to you slowly, you'll take a more sensible view of the matter. But, after all, why discuss it? Sit down in your chair by my side here, little one, and let me go on reading you those lines of Victor Hugo's."

Still, for the next few weeks, in spite of what he said, a vague uneasiness oppressed poor Essie. It was dreadful to think that dear Stanislas, who wouldn't himself have injured a mouse, should seem to palliate, and even to condone, the hateful crimes of these detestable Anarchists. It was dreadful, too, that he should speak of the people who perpetrated such acts by the same name as the one he applied to his own associates, the Friends of Freedom. Moreover, Essie noticed that during those next few weeks, while outrages were attempted in various parts of Paris, Stanislas went out more frequently than ever to his nocturnal meetings. Strange men came and went most mysteriously *au sixième.* It quite distressed her. Dear Stanislas was so good, she knew he could find excuses for the wickedest creatures, and she loved him for his charity. But she urged upon him often that the Friends of Freedom should protest in the strongest possible terms against these hateful crimes that were now being perpetrated every day around them. The more earnestly she spoke, the more did Stanislas smile and pinch her little ear: but he answered gravely that she was quite right, and, if only he knew how, he would do his best to prevent such outrages. Yet what could he say that was of any avail? They worked underground in darkness and silence: not even the police could discover the lairs of these secret conspirators.

So things went on for a week or two. To Essie's great delight, the more she talked about the wickedness of dynamite, the more frankly did Stanislas begin to agree with her. She could quite understand how his poetic mind, misled just at first by its hatred of tyrants, had failed to dwell enough at the earliest outset upon the atrocity of these outrages. But it was all coming home to him. She hoped she had made him feel how wicked these men were, and had enlisted the sympathies of the Friends of Liberty on the side of the poor creatures who sat unthinking in the *cafés* or churches which the Anarchists menaced.

At last, one night, a little incident happened which filled Essie's soul with unspeakable forebodings. It was a beautiful spring evening; the horse-chestnuts were in bloom; she leaned out of her window and looked forth upon the boulevard. All the world was promenading. In the distance she saw Stanislas, coming from the direction of the great corner fountain, and by his side another man, with whom he was talking earnestly. How handsome he looked, and how vivid, dear Stanislas: she loved to see him when he talked with such eagerness. She watched them down the road; they approached the house. Stanislas was carrying a basket with singular care. Essie followed them with her eyes till they reached the gateway. She heard them on the stairs, still conversing closely. Pure curiosity impelled her to go to her door which opened upon the landing, and say "*Bonsoir*" to Stanislas. As she looked out, Stanislas's eyes caught hers. He raised his hat mechanically. As he did so, he gave a start. He seemed troubled and disquieted. For a second the basket almost dropped



"STANISLAS WAS CARRYING A BASKET."

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from his hands; the other man caught it hastily away, with a gesture of horror not unmixed with anger. He said something aloud in Polish, which Essie did not understand. But she knew what it meant, for all that. It meant, "Take care, stupid!" And then, after a pause, "That was a narrow escape, that time!"

Yet even so, she had no glimpse of the truth. She merely felt in some dim way this was a Friend of Liberty, and that Stanislas and he were engaged in animated political discussion. She slank back, abashed that she should have seemed to dear Stanislas to have been spying and eavesdropping. Her one strong feeling was a feeling of self-reproach for the obvious untimeliness of her awkward intervention.

The man stopped upstairs in Stanislas's room for two long hours; and Essie, listening hard, could hear no voices. That was odd, for, as a rule, when dear Stanislas's friends came, be they Poles or painters, they were noisy enough in all conscience, as she could hear for herself without any need for listening. But this evening, not a sound. What on earth could it mean? Essie's heart stood still. Could they be whispering together? And if whispering, what then? Must not that mean plotting? Plotting to get rid of that terrible Czar? Essie's tender little soul couldn't bear to think of it.

At last the man went. Essie heard Stanislas come to the door to say "Good-night" to him. "Au revoir, camarade!" "Au revoir, Laminski! Courage, mon ami!" and then —the heavy footsteps.

As soon as they had died away, Essie could stand it no longer. She stole quietly upstairs, and knocked a gentle knock at Stanislas's door. There was a moment's pause; then, slowly, hesitatingly, it opened an inch, and through that timid chink a white face looked out at her. Oh, so white and terrified! Who could ever have believed Stanislas Laminski's face could grow in a moment so transformed and unbeautified? It frightened her to see it. But as for Stanislas himself, after a second's pause he became suddenly calm; his colour returned, and he burst out laughing. It was a foolish laugh, such as often comes upon one in the moment of reaction after a passing terror. "Ho, it's you, then, dear little one?" he cried, much relieved, bundling something away hurriedly, and closing the cupboard door. "You took me by surprise. I thought it was the *concierge*, come to ask for my rent, which I hadn't got ready for him."

Essie looked in his face, and knew he was playing with her. But her own self-respect wouldn't allow her to say so to him. She only gave a glance of those innocent eyes, and asked him, earnestly: "Stanislas, you *must* tell me! What had you just now on the stairs in that basket?"

He gazed at her once more with a tender yet mocking smile. "My little one," he said, "it was thus that Eve fell: you have too much curiosity. Eggs, eggs, my dear Essie; and I was afraid of breaking them. See, here is the proof: I've been making an omelette for Lorikoff's supper." And he held up the dish, a small frying-pan, before her.

"Stanislas," she cried, drawing back, "you are deceiving me! I know you are playing with me. You ought to tell me this. I can't think what to make of it."

He laid his gentle hand on her bright head once more. "Essie, darling," he said, "I told you long ago, you don't understand, and will never understand, European politics."

She let him draw her to his side, and kiss her pale and troubled forehead. But that was all. Then she broke away from him, sobbing. With a heavy heart, she rushed downstairs to the lonely solitude of her own little bedroom. For the first time in her life, since she came to Paris, she was aware of her loneliness. Oh! why had she ever left her dear, quiet Vermont to come and study art in this terrible Europe?

All night long she lay awake. Yet even so, she never for one moment suspected the worst. She never once realized it. She only knew that Stanislas had some grave political secret he would not reveal to her, and she feared if she knew it she would greatly disapprove of it.

Next day was Sunday. Stanislas had told her before he would be engaged next morning, and she watched at the window to see him go out—sat and watched, she knew not why, in an agony of foreboding. At last she heard his step, light and resonant, on the staircase. He did not look in as he passed to say "Good-morning." That increased her suspicion, for 'twas Stanislas's way, even when going to his political meetings, to "take his sailing orders," as he playfully phrased it. This time he went rapidly out, without saying a word, and emerged into the street. He was carrying something in the pocket of his coat, nursing it tenderly as he went. Essie's heart stood still. What could Stanislas be bent upon?

She couldn't bear the suspense. She

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"THEN SHE BROKE AWAY FROM HIM, SOBBING."

snatched up her hat and hurried eagerly after him.

As for Stanislas himself, he was by no means in a hurry. He strolled gently along, selecting the least crowded side of the street, and carefully avoiding contact with anybody. Essie followed him, unperceived, dogging his steps as he went, but pausing behind the trees that lined the boulevard whenever he looked behind him with a glance of caution. Even now, she hardly knew what it all could mean; she could not believe such horrors of anyone with whom she herself had mixed on terms of affection. Her simple little New England mind could not grasp the full awesomeness of Continental Anarchy.

Laminski crossed the Pont St. Michel, with a careless glance at Notre Dame as he passed, and took his way along the quays of the North Bank, by the least crowded side, in the direction of the Louvre. Essie followed him, breathless. At the corner by St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the man who had spent so long a time with him the night before stood idly lounging. Essie knew him in a moment. As they passed one another, the two men gave a nod of recognition, with a meaning glance. The stranger's eyes seemed to ask, "Is everything ready?" Laminski's answered, mutely, "Yes, ready, quite ready."

They took no further heed of one another; but Essie noticed that when Stanislas had passed on twenty yards or thereabouts, the other man followed him, just as she herself was doing, with an attentive air, as who should say, "I will watch that you do it."

Stanislas turned aside towards the church doors of St. Germain. The bells chimed merrily. People were flocking in and out to mass. Essie stood still and trembled.

Stanislas took a little bottle half imperceptibly between his left finger and thumb, and fumbled for a second with the unseen object in his coat pocket. Then he turned round with a look of recognition and triumph toward the other man in the background. "See here," he seemed to say; "I am keeping our compact." At the very same instant, his eye lighted on Essie. Suddenly his hand faltered; his cheek grew pale; the dare-devil look faded fast out of his eyes, and a terrible fear seemed to come over him at sight of her.

Essie felt she *must* find out what it meant. She rushed up to him imploringly. Stanislas held a long, round cylinder of iron in his hand. With a gesture of fierce love Essie flung her arms round him. His face grew deadly white. He tried to unwind her arms. "Take care, darling!" he cried. "Run as far as you can! If it explodes, it kills you.

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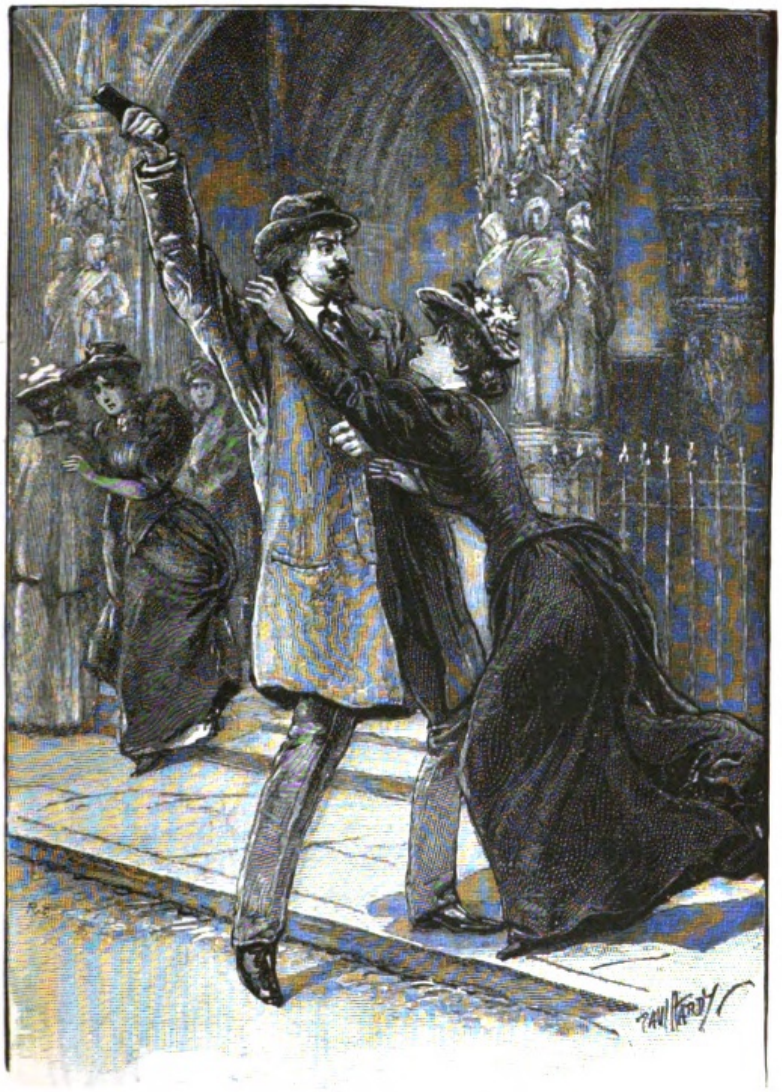
It is not for such as you. Go, go; it's loaded!"

He raised his arm to fling it. A bomb! a bomb! Essie knew what it meant now. A ghastly light burst in upon her. These, then, were the methods of the Friends of Freedom! She seized his hand in her horror.

"Stanislas," she cried, wildly, "you shall not do it. You shall not burden your soul with that awful crime. Though I die, I will save them. Though I die, I will save you." And she caught it in her hands and tore it fiercely away from him.

"Essie, Essie," he shrieked, in an access of mad remorse, "it's going to burst! Fling it away! Fling it away from you!"

But Essie held it still, and rushed out with a sudden thrill of heroic resolve into the wide open space between St. Germain and the Louvre. She waved one arm around. "Danger! Danger!" she shouted.



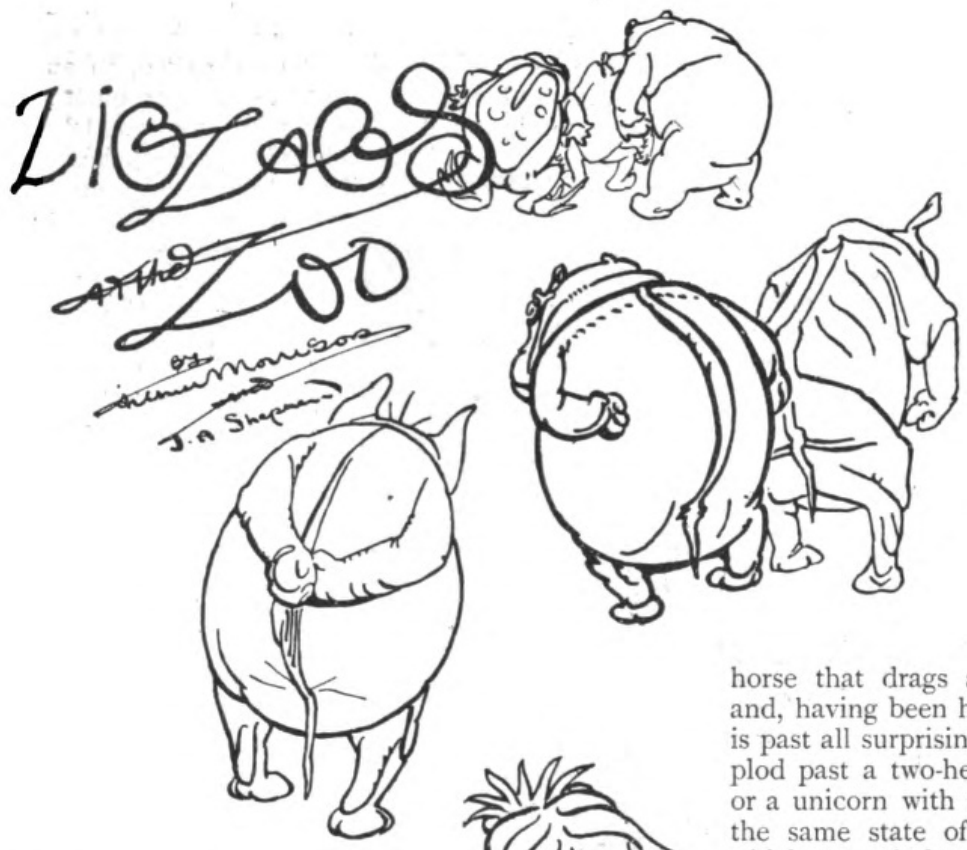
"HE RAISED HIS ARM TO FLING IT.'

The crowd, aghast, fell back to left and right. Stanislas rushed after her, and strove to wrench it from her grasp. But just as he approached her, Essie dashed it on the pavement by the rails of the Louvre, well away from the crowd of awe-struck people. Whatever came of it, she would save those innocent lives, she would save that guilty soul from the consequences of its own unholy endeavour.

A crash! A flash! A white cloud of dense smoke! Stanislas Laminski clapped his hands before his face. Essie stood there, immovable. When the cloud cleared away, broken fragments littered the pavement by the rails, and two bleeding corpses lay mangled on the ground — Laminski's and Essie's. Not one other was hurt. She had saved the innocent.

"She meant to set fire to the Louvre," said the papers; "but, owing to a fortunate scuffle with her accomplice, the bomb exploded prematurely."

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XXVI.—ZIG-ZAG FINAL.

Now, after I have classified and displayed many things in a system of confusion proper to my want of design, at the end there remain many old friends, from the woolly llama that lives by Tom, the white camel, to the vagrant mouse that steals pinches of the porcupine's dinner. Some are in the catalogue, many are not. There is an old horse that drags a refuse cart, and, having been here for years, is past all surprising. He would plod past a two-headed dragon, or a unicorn with a fiery tail, in the same state of calmness in which he plods past Jim the rhinoceros or Jack the bison. Far different is it with the venerable canal horses that tramp



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resignedly by the Regent's Canal, where it cuts the Gardens in two. They see nothing, for that costs a shilling, and the Society spend many shillings in fences; but they hear, and most of all they hear the parrots when they hang out for an airing on a warm day. There is a wicked old blue macaw—a fine, big fellow, whose name should be Blue Peter—who tricks the unhappy canal horses all day; shouting "Wo—o—o—o!" at the top of his voice, and chuckling with unholy delight when the angular victim welcomes the opportunity for a rest.

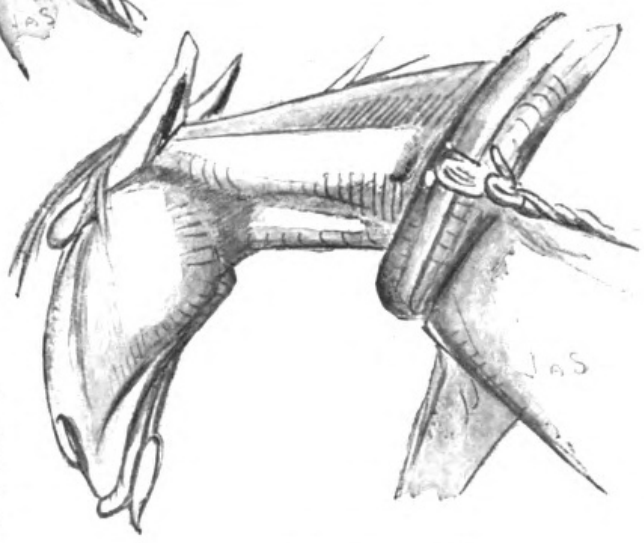


"WO—O—O—O!"



"WHAT! A REST?"

Some creatures there are that are uncatalogued because they hold official positions. Such are Nell, Church's terrier, divers cats, and the matronly old hens that hatch out eggs for rarer birds. The fat importance of one old Cochin hen and the tremendous number and thickness of her garments make out a complete claim on her behalf to be called Mrs. Gamp. Mrs. Gamp's must be a life of surprises. For a respectable suburban hen of the strictest propriety and the most regular and orderly habits is naturally surprised when a long and conscientious sitting results in a brood of spindly cranes or an ear-splitting choir of laughing jackasses. It shocks her sense of the proper and respectable, and confuses her orderly intellect. For in her suburban intelligence what is eccentric is disreputable, and so she trots



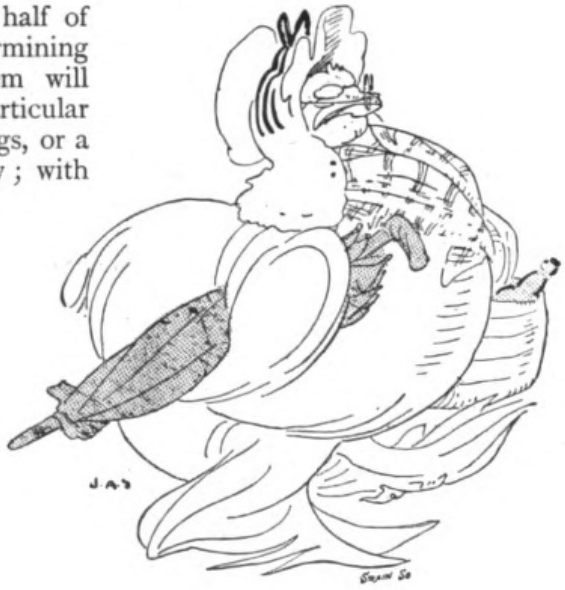
ONLY ANOTHER SELL.



"HAD HIM AGAIN!"

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about distracted, half afraid of her family and half of the gallinaceous Mrs. Grundy. The life is undermining her nervous system. No hen's nervous system will stand an eternal uncertainty as to whether a particular egg will turn to a thing all beak, or a thing all legs, or a thing to swim, a thing to run, or a thing to fly; with a reserve possibility that it may turn to a snake or a lizard. There is dignity in Mrs. Gamp's official position, I grant; but it is a wearing work, hatching out a perpetual succession of nightmares.



MRS. GAMP.

In the Zoo you may find curiosities on both sides of the bars. On the human side there are, at least, as many as on the other. Maybe a company of sailors, who go to a show for a laugh, and guffaw conscientiously at everything, to the intense scandal of the serious creatures, like Bob the Bactrian and most of the owls: or a worthy group of country cousins, each brimming over with perfect ignorance of any animal more recondite than a cow, and imparting their mis-information to each other with great freedom and confidence. The intelligent foreigner comes here, too, in those peculiar felt and straw hats that only he knows how to get; hats often with little cockades of feathers stuck in the sides of the bands. He begins at house number one, and solemnly and diligently broods over each animal in succession, to the very last in house sixty-four. He is fat of face, and usually wears spectacles. Also there is the unhappy elementary school, sternly marshalled in a trotting column and dragged neck and crop through the grounds for the enlargement of their information and the improvement of their beraddled minds; whom the unbending schoolmaster impels over the gravel paths at the pace calculated to get them out of the gate within the time allowed for their free visit; and whose precise acquisitions in zoology on the run, and impressions of the whole business in general, one would rather like to analyze.



COME FOR FUN.

But pre-eminent, perkiest, cheekiest of all things not in



INTELLIGENT FOREIGNERS.



"NOW THEN! HURRY UP BEHIND THERE!"

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"HOW DO, TOMMY?"



"AH, JIM, DEAH BOY!"

the catalogue, is the sparrow. He flies casually to and fro among wolves, tigers, and leopards, with an airy confidence and self-sufficiency that nothing bigger than a sparrow can imitate. He drops in casually on Tom, the big tiger, as he takes his afternoon nap in his back-yard, and bounces to and fro under Tom's nose, discussing zoological politics on a footing of perfect equality, and disturbing Tom's nap. Feeling his vast importance, and quite recognising the principle that his exalted position carries with it certain social duties which he must not neglect, he makes a flying call on Duke, the Nubian lion, and patronizes



"MORNIN', DUKE! FEEL CHIPPY?"





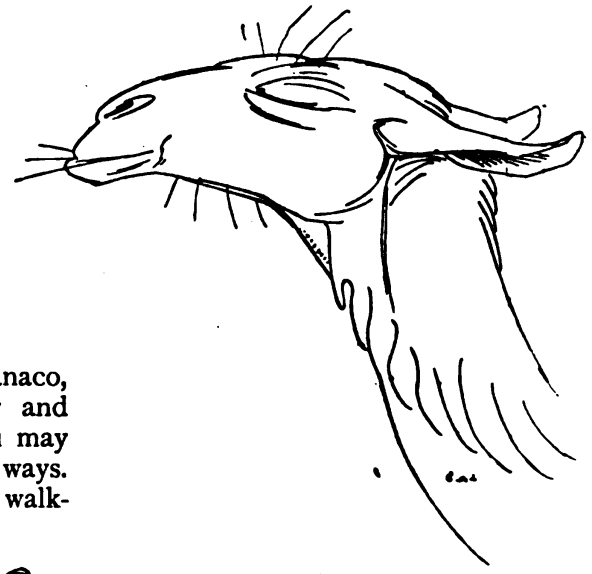
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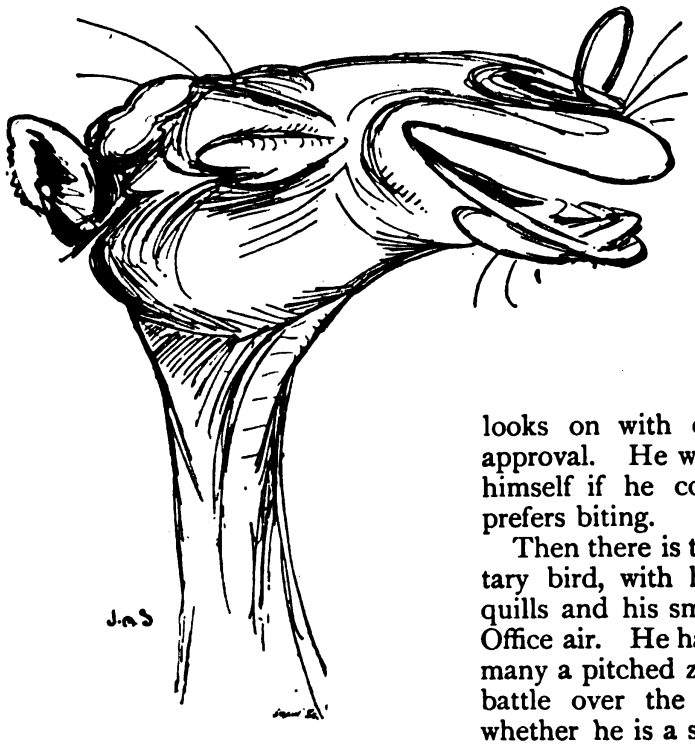
PREPARATION.

him with the proper grace, suggesting various impossible alterations in regimen by way of improving Duke's digestion and mending his temper. He hops across the Gardens and discusses the prospects of the hay-crop with Jim the rhinoceros, who is dietetically interested in the matter; then, having swaggered past the retiring mice who assume a residuary interest in Jim's dinner, he hangs about a little at a bar—partly because it is the nobby thing, and partly because of the crumbs—and so across Regent's Park and off to a cricket match at Lord's.

But there are creatures that have not been spoken of in these pages, yet still have respectable positions in the catalogue. Instance the llamas and guanacos. I am not fond of the guanaco. He spits—and with an accurate aim. Take care how you rouse the ire of the guanaco, for he spits suddenly and without warning. You may rouse his ire in many hundreds of thousands of ways. By wearing a peculiar hat or an ordinary hat; walking quietly or with a swagger, or running or sitting or standing still; by speaking, shouting, or remaining silent, or by existing in the same world; and, his ire roused, he promptly spits, while Tom, the wicked old white camel next door,



EXPECTORATION.



APPROBATION.

looks on with delighted approval. He would spit himself if he could, but prefers biting.

Then there is the secretary bird, with his many quills and his smart, War Office air. He has caused many a pitched zoological battle over the question whether he is a stork or a hawk; and his own battles with snakes cover him with glory and fill him with snake. He struts smartly about, plainly a secretary who knows his business and will stand no nonsense. There are all the stags, finest and largest and most disdainful of all being the wapiti. But a stag is always in a preliminary and incipient state of weeping, in spite of his assumption of



A SMART SECRETARY.

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"side," and until he becomes venison is really an uninteresting creature. Some day, perhaps, he will properly make up his mind and have a good cry and get it over. Then he may turn his mind to something else and take a worthy position in society. As it is, the stag at best, if he has any definite character at all, is a hypocrite. He poses as the beautiful, mild, benignant, timid, loving and oppressed creature, and is at heart a savage. Worthy and well-meaning people, with soft hearts and heads of blubber, sob and squeal because he is hunted. He is such a darling, timid, trustful creature, say they, and to hunt him is the act of cowardly brutality. Now, I challenge any of these kind people to approach a group of the mildest park deer, any day late in August, select a quiet-looking buck, and attempt, in the most friendly way, to pat or stroke him. I am not particular as to the sort of deer—big red deer or little roebuck—but I hope the challenge won't be accepted, because the worthy adventurer will probably experience a dig in the ribs that will cause him a ride home on a hurdle. I say nothing of wilder deer. *Verb. sat sap.* Still, the stag is a characterless creature. There is even more character in the yak, just opposite, mild creature as it is, with its old womanish air of coddling in its black silk shawl, and its pathetic grunt.



THE YAK.



"SIDE."



SAVAGELY MILD.



NELL.

Also there are the Barbary wild sheep, who turn up in all sorts of unexpected corners of the place. There is something truculently timid, savagely mild, about the name of the

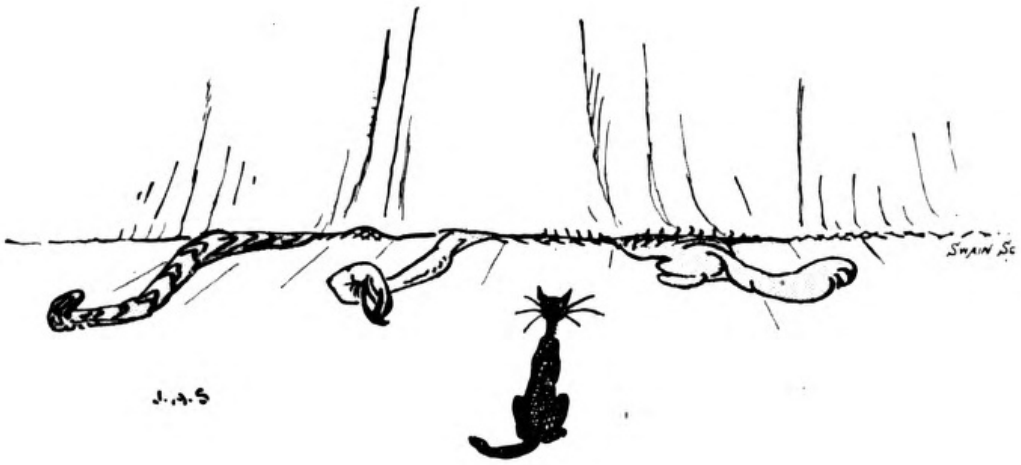
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Barbary wild sheep. It begins like thunder and dies away like a zephyr. It reminds one of Sidney Smith's lethally-preaching Wild Curates.

But behold, I have forgotten some of the most noble of the uncatalogued; chief among them Nell, Church's fox-terrier, who (herself and her numerous descendants) makes deadly war on the uncatalogued, unhoused, uninvited undesired rats, themselves a large part of the population of this place, and a destructive. An excellent official is Nell, honest, diligent, and with quick jaws. But no less worthy in their way are the regiment of battle-scarred cats, terrors among mice and rats both. Chief among these is Mr. Toots, of the camel-house, the intimate friend of Bob the Bactrian; and the elephant-house cat and the ostrich-house cat occupy high positions. But many a stout heart beats quicker at the smell of mouse beneath the fur of the more obscure rank and file of the uncatalogued cats.



UNCATALOGUED.



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Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

VI.—THE STANWAY CAMEO MYSTERY.

IT is now a fair number of years back since the loss of the famous Stanway Cameo made its sensation, and the only person who had the least interest in keeping the real facts of the case secret has now been dead for some time, leaving neither relatives nor other representatives. Therefore no harm will be done in making the inner history of the case public; on the contrary, it will afford an opportunity of vindicating the professional reputation of Hewitt, who is supposed to have completely failed to make anything of the mystery surrounding the case. At the present time connoisseurs in ancient objects of art are often heard regretfully to wonder whether the wonderful cameo—so suddenly discovered and so quickly stolen—will ever again be visible to the public eye. Now this question need be asked no longer.

The cameo, as may be remembered from the many descriptions published at the time, was said to be absolutely the finest extant. It was a sardonyx of three strata—one of those rare sardonyx cameos in which it has been possible for the artist to avail himself of three different colours of superimposed stone—the lowest for the ground and the two others for the middle and high relief of the design. In size it was, for a cameo, immense, measuring seven and a half inches by nearly six. In subject it was similar to the renowned Gonzaga Cameo—now the property of the Czar of Russia—a male and a female head with Imperial insignia; but in this case supposed to represent Tiberius Claudius and Messalina. Experts considered it probably to be the work of Athenion, a famous gem-cutter of the first Christian century, whose most notable other work now extant is a smaller cameo, with a mythological subject, preserved in the Vatican.

The Stanway Cameo had been discovered in an obscure Italian village by one of those travelling agents who scour all Europe for valuable antiquities and objects of art. This man had hurried immediately to London with his prize and sold it to Mr. Claridge, of St. James's Street, eminent as a dealer in such objects. Mr. Claridge, recognising the importance and value of the article, lost no opportunity of making its existence known, and very soon the Claudius Cameo, as it was at first usually called, was as famous as any in the world. Many experts in ancient art examined it, and several large bids were made for its purchase. In the end it was bought



MR. CLARIDGE.

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by the Marquis of Stanway for £5,000 for the purpose of presentation to the British Museum. The Marquis kept the cameo at his town house for a few days, showing it to his friends, and then returned it to Mr. Claridge to be finally and carefully cleaned before passing into the national collection. Two nights after, Mr. Claridge's premises were broken into and the cameo stolen.

Such, in outline, was the generally known history of the Stanway Cameo. The circumstances of the burglary in detail were these: Mr. Claridge had himself been the last to leave the premises at about eight in the evening, at dusk, and had locked the small side door as usual. His assistant, Mr. Cutler, had left an hour and a half earlier. When Mr. Claridge left everything was in order, and the policeman on fixed point duty just opposite, who bade Mr. Claridge good evening as he left, saw nothing suspicious during the rest of his term of duty, nor did his successors at the point throughout the night.

In the morning, however, Mr. Cutler, the assistant, who arrived first, soon after nine o'clock, at once perceived that something unlooked-for had happened. The door, of which he had a key, was still fastened, and had not been touched; but in the room behind the shop Mr. Claridge's private desk had been broken open, and the contents turned out in confusion. The door leading on to the staircase had also been forced. Proceeding up the stairs, Mr. Cutler found another door open, leading from the top landing to a small room — this door had been opened by the simple expedient of unscrewing and taking off the lock, which had been on the inside. In the ceiling of this room was a trap-door, and this was six or eight inches open, the edge resting on the half-wrenched-off bolt, which had been torn away when the trap was levered open from the outside.

Plainly, then, this was the path of the thief or thieves. Entrance had been made through the trap-door, two more doors had been opened, and then the desk had been ransacked. Mr. Cutler afterwards explained that at this time he had no precise idea what had been stolen, and did not know where the cameo had been left on the previous evening. Mr. Claridge had himself undertaken the cleaning and had been engaged on it, the assistant said, when he left.

There was no doubt, however, after Mr. Claridge's arrival at ten o'clock: the cameo was gone. Mr. Claridge, utterly confounded at his loss, explained incoherently, and with curses on his own carelessness, that he had locked the precious article in his desk on relinquishing work on it the previous evening, feeling rather tired and not taking the trouble to carry it as far as the safe in another part of the house.

The police were sent for at once, of course, and every investigation made, Mr. Claridge offering a reward of £500 for the recovery of the cameo. The affair was scribbled of at large in the earliest editions of the evening papers, and by noon all the world was aware of the extraordinary theft of the Stanway Cameo, and many people were discussing the probabilities of the case, with very indistinct ideas of what a sardonyx cameo precisely was.



LORD STANWAY.

It was in the afternoon of this day that Lord Stanway called on Martin Hewitt. The Marquis was a tall, upstanding man of spare figure and active habits, well known as a member of learned societies and a great patron of art. He hurried into Hewitt's private room as soon as his name had been announced, and, as soon as Hewitt had given him a chair, plunged into business.

"Probably you already guess my business with you, Mr. Hewitt—you have seen the early evening papers? Just so; then I needn't tell you again what you already know. My cameo is

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gone, and I badly want it back. Of course, the police are hard at work at Claridge's, but I'm not quite satisfied. I have been there myself for two or three hours, and can't see that they know any more about it than I do myself. Then, of course, the police, naturally and properly enough from their point of view, look first to find the criminal—regarding the recovery of the property almost as a secondary consideration. Now, from *my* point of view, the chief consideration is the property. Of course I want the thief caught, if possible, and properly punished; but still more, I want the cameo."

"Certainly it is a considerable loss. Five thousand pounds——"

"Ah, but don't misunderstand me. It isn't the monetary value of the thing that I regret. As a matter of fact, I am indemnified for that already. Claridge has behaved most honourably — more than honourably. Indeed, the first intimation I had of the loss was a cheque from him for £5,000, with a letter assuring me that the restoration to me of the amount I had paid was the least he could do to repair the result of what he called his unpardonable carelessness. Legally, I'm not sure that I could demand anything of him, unless I could prove very flagrant neglect indeed to guard against theft."

"Then I take it, Lord Stanway," Hewitt observed, "that you much prefer the cameo to the money?"

"Certainly. Else I should never have been willing to pay the money for the cameo. It was an enormous price—perhaps much above the market value, even for such a valuable thing; but I was particularly anxious that it should not go out of the country. Our public collections here are not so fortunate as they should be in the possession of the very finest examples of that class of work. In short, I had determined on the cameo, and, fortunately, happen to be able to carry out determinations of that sort without regarding an extra thousand pounds or so as an obstacle. So that, you see, what I want is not the value, but the thing itself. Indeed, I don't think I can possibly keep the money Claridge has sent me—the affair is more his misfortune than his fault. But I shall say nothing about returning it for a little while: it may possibly have the effect of sharpening everybody in the search."

"Just so. Do I understand that you would like me to look into the case independently, on your behalf?"

"Exactly. I want you, if you can, to approach the matter entirely from *my* point of view—your sole object being to find the cameo. Of course, if you happen on the thief as well, so much the better. Perhaps, after all, looking for the one is the same thing as looking for the other?"

"Not always; but usually it is, of course—even if they are not together, they certainly *have* been at one time, and to have one is a very long step toward having the other. Now, to begin with, is anybody suspected?"

"Well, the police are reserved, but I believe the fact is they've nothing to say. Claridge won't admit that he suspects anyone, though he believes that whoever it was must have watched him yesterday evening through the back window of his room, and must have seen him put the cameo away in his desk; because the thief would seem to have gone straight to the place. But I half fancy that, in his inner mind, he is inclined to suspect one of two people. You see, a robbery of this sort is different from others. That cameo would never be stolen, I imagine, with the view of its being sold—it is much too famous a thing; a man might as well walk about offering to sell the Tower of London. There are only a very few people who buy such things, and every one of them knows all about it. No dealer would touch it—he could never even show it, much less sell it, without being called to account. So that it really seems more likely that it has been taken by somebody who wishes to keep it for mere love of the thing—a collector, in fact—who would then have to keep it secretly at home, and never let a soul beside himself see it, living in the consciousness that at his death it must be found and his theft known; unless, indeed, an ordinary vulgar burglar has taken it without knowing its value."

"That isn't likely," Hewitt replied. "An ordinary burglar, ignorant of its value, wouldn't have gone straight to the cameo and have taken it in preference to many other things of more apparent worth, which must be lying near in such a place as Claridge's."

"True—I suppose he wouldn't. Although the police seem to think that the breaking in is clearly the work of a regular criminal—from the jemmy marks, you know, and so on."

"Well, but what of the two people you think Mr. Claridge suspects?"

"Of course, I can't say that he does suspect them—I only fancied from his tone that it might be possible; he himself insists that he can't in justice suspect anybody. One of these men is Hahn, the travelling agent who

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sold him the cameo. This man's character does not appear to be absolutely irreproachable —no dealer trusts him very far. Of course, Claridge doesn't say what he paid him for the cameo—these dealers are very reticent about their profits, which I believe are as often something like 500 per cent. as not. But it seems Hahn bargained to have something extra, depending on the amount Claridge could sell the carving for. According to the appointment he should have turned up this morning, but he hasn't been seen, and nobody seems to know exactly where he is."

"Yes; and the other person?"

"Well, I scarcely like mentioning him, because he is certainly a gentleman, and I believe, in the ordinary way, quite incapable of anything in the least degree dishonourable; although, of course, they say a collector has no conscience in the matter of his own particular hobby, and certainly Mr. Woollett is as keen a collector as any man alive. He lives in chambers in the next turning past Claridge's premises—can, in fact, look into Claridge's back windows if he likes. He examined the cameo several times before I bought it, and made several high offers —appeared, in fact, very anxious indeed to get it. After I had bought it, he made, I understand, some rather strong remarks about people like myself 'spoiling the market' by paying extravagant prices, and altogether cut up 'crusty,' as they say, at losing the specimen." Lord Stanway paused for a few seconds, and then went on: "I'm not sure that I ought to mention Mr. Woollett's name for a moment in connection with such a matter—I am personally perfectly certain that he is as incapable of anything like theft as myself. But I am telling you all I know."

"Precisely. I can't know too much in a case like this. It can do no harm if I know all about fifty innocent people, and may save me from the risk of knowing nothing about the thief. Now, let me see: Mr. Woollett's rooms, you say, are near Mr. Claridge's place of business? Is there any means of communication between the roofs?"

"Yes, I am told that it is perfectly possible to get from one place to the other by walking along the leads."

"Very good. Then, unless you can think of any other information that may help me, I think, Lord Stanway, I will go at once and look at the place."

"Do, by all means. I think I'll come back with you. Somehow, I don't like to feel idle in the matter, though I suppose I can't do much. As to more information—I don't think there is any."

"In regard to Mr. Claridge's assistant, now: do you know anything of him?"

"Only that he has always seemed a very civil and decent sort of man. Honest, I should say, or Claridge wouldn't have kept him so many years — there are a good many valuable things about at Claridge's. Besides, the man has keys of the place himself, and even if he were a thief he wouldn't need to go breaking in through the roof."

"So that," said Hewitt, "we have, directly connected with this cameo, besides yourself, these people: Mr. Claridge, the dealer, Mr. Cutler, the assistant in Mr. Claridge's business, Hahn, who sold the article to Claridge, and Mr. Woollett, who made bids for it. These are all?"

"All that I know of. Other gentlemen made bids, I believe, but I don't know them."

"Take these people in their order. Mr. Claridge is out of the question, as a dealer with a reputation to keep up would be, even if he hadn't immediately sent you this £5,000—more than the market value, I understand, of the cameo. The assistant is a reputable man, against whom nothing is known, who would never need to break in, and who must understand his business well enough to know that he could never attempt to sell the missing stone without instant detection. Hahn is a man of shady antecedents, probably clever enough to know as well as anybody how to dispose of such plunder—if it be possible to dispose of it at all; also, Hahn hasn't been to Claridge's to-day, although he had an appointment to take money. Lastly, Mr. Woollett is a gentleman of the most honourable record, but a perfectly rabid collector, who had made every effort to secure the cameo before you bought it; who, moreover, could have seen Mr. Claridge working in his back room, and who has perfectly easy access to Mr. Claridge's roof. If we find it can be none of these, then we must look where circumstances indicate."

There was unwonted excitement at Mr. Claridge's place when Hewitt and his client arrived. It was a dull old building, and in the windows there was never more show than an odd blue china vase or two, or, mayhap, a few old silver shoe-buckles and a curious small-sword. Nine men out of ten would have passed it without a glance; but the tenth at

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least would probably know it for a place famous through the world for the number and value of the old and curious objects of art that had passed through it.

On this day two or three loiterers, having heard of the robbery, extracted what gratification they might from staring at nothing between the railings guarding the windows. Within, Mr. Claridge, a brisk, stout, little old man, was talking earnestly to a burly police inspector in uniform, and Mr. Cutler, who had seized the opportunity to attempt



"TALKING TO A BURLY POLICE-INSPECTOR."

amateur detective work on his own account, was grovelling perseveringly about the floor among old porcelain and loose pieces of armour in the futile hope of finding any clue that the thieves might have considerately dropped.

Mr. Claridge came forward eagerly.

"The leather case has been found, I am pleased to be able to tell you, Lord Stanway, since you left."

"Empty, of course?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It had evidently been thrown away by the thief behind a chimney-stack a roof or two away, where the police have found it. But it is a clue, of course."

"Ah, then this gentleman will give me his opinion of it," Lord Stanway said, turning to Hewitt. "This, Mr. Claridge, is Mr. Martin Hewitt, who has been kind enough to come with me here at a moment's notice. With the police on the one hand, and Mr. Hewitt on the other, we shall certainly recover that cameo if it is to be recovered, I think."

Mr. Claridge bowed, and beamed on Hewitt through his spectacles. "I'm very glad Mr. Hewitt has come," he said. "Indeed, I had already decided to give the police till this time to-morrow, and then, if they had found nothing, to call in Mr. Hewitt myself."

Hewitt bowed in his turn, and then asked, "Will you let me see the various breakages? I hope they have not been disturbed."

"Nothing whatever has been disturbed. Do exactly as seems best — I need scarcely say that everything here is perfectly at your disposal. You know all the circumstances, of course?"

"In general, yes. I suppose I am right in the belief that you have no resident housekeeper?"

"No," Claridge replied, "I haven't. I had one housekeeper who sometimes pawned my property in the evening, and then another who used to break my most valuable china, till I could never sleep or take a moment's ease at home for fear my stock was being ruined here. So I gave up resident housekeepers. I felt some confidence in doing it, because of the policeman who is always on duty opposite."

"Can I see the broken desk?"

Mr. Claridge led the way into the room behind the shop. The desk was really a sort of work-table, with a lifting top and a lock. The top had been forced roughly open by some instrument which had been pushed in below it and used as a lever, so that the catch of the lock was torn away. Hewitt examined the damaged parts and the marks of the lever, and then looked out at the back window.

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"There are several windows about here," he remarked, "from which it might be possible to see into this room. Do you know any of the people who live behind them?"

"Two or three I know," Mr. Claridge answered, "but there are two windows—the pair almost immediately before us—belonging to a room or office which is to let. Any stranger might get in there and watch."

"Do the roofs above any of those windows communicate in any way with yours?"

"None of those directly opposite. Those at the left do—you may walk all the way along the leads."

"And whose windows are they?"

Mr. Claridge hesitated. "Well," he said, "they're Mr. Woollett's—an excellent customer of mine. But he's a gentleman and—well, I really think it's absurd to suspect him."

"In a case like this," Hewitt answered, "one must disregard nothing but the impossible. Somebody—whether Mr. Woollett himself or another person—could possibly have seen into this room from those windows, and equally possibly could have reached this roof from that one. Therefore, we must not forget Mr. Woollett. Have any of your neighbours been burgled during the night? I mean that strangers anxious to get at your trap-door would probably have to begin by getting into some other house close by, so as to reach your roof."

"No," Mr. Claridge replied; "there has been nothing of that sort. It was the first thing the police ascertained."

Hewitt examined the broken door and then made his way up the stairs, with the others. The unscrewed lock of the door of the top back room required little examination. In the room, below the trap-door, was a dusty table on which stood a chair, and at the other side of the table sat Detective-Inspector Plummer, whom Hewitt knew very well, and who bade him "good day" and then went on with his docket.

"This chair and table were found as they are now, I take it?" Hewitt asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Claridge; "the thieves, I should think, dropped in through the trap-door, after breaking it open, and had to place this chair where it is to be able to climb back."

Hewitt scrambled up through the trap-way and examined it from the top. The door was hung on long external barn-door hinges, and had been forced open in a similar manner to that practised on the desk. A jemmy had been pushed between the frame and the door near the bolt, and the door had been prised open, the bolt being torn away from the screws in the operation.

Presently, Inspector Plummer, having finished his docket, climbed up to the roof after Hewitt, and the two together went to the spot, close under a chimney-stack on the next roof but one, where the case had been found. Plummer produced the case, which



"THE UNDERTAKER WENT TO HIS SPOT."

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he had in his coat-tail pocket, for Hewitt's inspection.

"I don't see anything particular about it; do you?" he said. "It shows us the way they went, though, being found just here."

"Well, yes," Hewitt said; "if we kept on in this direction we should be going towards Mr. Woollett's house, and *his* trap-door, shouldn't we?"

The inspector pursed his lips, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, we haven't waited till now to find that out," he said.

"No, of course. And, as you say, I don't think there is much to be learned from this leather case. It is almost new, and there isn't a mark on it." And Hewitt handed it back to the inspector.

"Well," said Plummer, as he returned the case to his pocket, "what's your opinion?"

"It's rather an awkward case."

"Yes, it is. Between ourselves, I don't mind telling you, I'm having a sharp look-out kept over there"—Plummer jerked his head in the direction of Mr. Woollett's chambers—"because the robbery's an unusual one. There's only two possible motives—the sale of the cameo or the keeping of it. The sale's out of the question, as you know—the thing's only saleable to those who would collar the thief at once, and who wouldn't have the thing in their places now for anything. So that it must be taken to keep—and that's a thing nobody but the maddest of collectors would do—just such persons as——" and the inspector nodded again towards Mr. Woollett's quarters. "Take that with the other circumstances," he added, "and I think you'll agree it's worth while looking a little farther that way. Of course, some of the work—taking off the lock and so on—looks rather like a regular burglar, but it's just possible that anyone badly wanting the cameo would hire a man who was up to the work."

"Yes, it's possible."

"Do you know anything of Hahn, the agent?" Plummer asked, a moment later.

"No, I don't. Have you found him yet?"

"I haven't yet, but I'm after him. I've found he was at Charing Cross a day or two ago, booking a ticket for the Continent. That and his failing to turn up to-day seem to make it worth while not to miss *him* if we can help it. He isn't the sort of man that lets a chance of drawing a bit of money go for nothing."

They returned to the room. "Well," said Lord Stanway, "what's the result of the consultation? We've been waiting here very patiently while you two clever men have been discussing the matter on the roof."

On the wall just beneath the trap-door a very dusty old tall hat hung on a peg. This Hewitt took down and examined very closely, smearing his fingers with the dust from the inside lining. "Is this one of your valuable and crusted old antiques?" he asked, with a smile, of Mr. Claridge.

"That's only an old hat that I used to keep here for use in bad weather," Mr. Claridge said, with some surprise at the question. "I haven't touched it for a year or more."

"Oh, then it couldn't have been left here by your last night's visitor," Hewitt replied, carelessly replacing it on the hook. "You left here at eight last night, I think?"

"Eight exactly—or within a minute or two."

"Just so. I think I'll look at the room on the opposite side of the landing, if you'll let me."

"Certainly, if you'd like to," Claridge replied; "but they haven't been there—it is exactly as it was left. Only a lumber-room, you see," he concluded, flinging the door open.

A number of partly broken-up packing-cases littered about this room, with much other rubbish. Hewitt took the lid of one of the newest-looking packing-cases, and glanced at the address label. Then he turned to a rusty old iron box that stood against a wall. "I should like to see behind this," he said, tugging at it with his hands. "It is heavy and dirty. Is there a small crowbar about the house, or some similar lever?"

Mr. Claridge shook his head. "Haven't such a thing in the place," he said.

"Never mind," Hewitt replied, "another time will do to shift that old box, and perhaps after all there's little reason for moving it. I will just walk round to the police-station, I think, and speak to the constables who were on duty opposite during the night. I think, Lord Stanway, I have seen all that is necessary here."

"I suppose," asked Mr. Claridge, "it is too soon yet to ask if you have formed any theory in the matter?"

"Well—yes, it is," Hewitt answered. "But perhaps I may be able to surprise you in an hour or two; but that I don't promise. By-the-bye," he added, suddenly, "I suppose you're sure the trap-door was bolted last night?"

"Certainly," Mr. Claridge answered,

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smiling. "Else how could the bolt have been broken? As a matter of fact, I believe the trap hasn't been opened for months. Mr. Cutler, do you remember when the trap-door was last opened?"

Mr. Cutler shook his head. "Certainly not for six months," he said.

"Ah, very well—it's not very important," Hewitt replied.

As they reached the front shop, a fiery-faced old gentleman bounced in at the street door, stumbling over an umbrella that stood in a dark corner, and kicking it three yards away.

"What the deuce do you mean," he roared at Mr. Claridge, "by sending these police people smelling about my rooms and asking questions of my servants? What do you mean, sir, by treating me as a thief? Can't a gentleman come into this place to look at an article without being suspected of stealing it, when it disappears through your wretched carelessness? I'll ask my solicitor, sir, if there isn't a remedy for this sort of thing. And if I catch another of your spy fellows on my staircase, or crawling about my roof, I'll—I'll shoot him!"



"A FIERY-FACED OLD GENTLEMAN BOUNCED IN AT THE DOOR."

"Really, Mr. Woollett," began Mr. Claridge, somewhat abashed, but the angry old man would hear nothing.

"Don't talk to me, sir—you shall talk to my solicitor. And am I to understand, my lord"—turning to Lord Stanway—"that these things are being done with your approval?"

"Whatever is being done," Lord Stanway answered, "is being done by the police on their own responsibility, and entirely without prompting, I believe, by Mr. Claridge—certainly without a suggestion of any sort from myself. I think that the personal opinion of Mr. Claridge—certainly my own—is that anything like a suspicion of your position in this wretched matter is ridiculous. And if you will only consider the matter calmly——"

"Consider it calmly? Imagine yourself considering such a thing calmly, Lord Stanway. I *won't* consider it calmly. I'll—I'll—I won't have it. And if I find another man on my roof, I'll pitch him off." And Mr. Woollett bounced into the street again.

"Mr. Woollett is annoyed," Hewitt observed, with a smile. "I'm afraid Plummer has a clumsy assistant somewhere."

Mr. Claridge said nothing, but looked rather glum. For Mr. Woollett was a most excellent customer.

Lord Stanway and Hewitt walked slowly down the street, Hewitt staring at the pavement in profound thought. Once or twice Lord Stanway glanced at his face, but refrained from disturbing him. Presently, however, he observed, "You seem at least, Mr. Hewitt, to have noticed something that has set you thinking. Does it look like a clue?"

Hewitt came out of his cogitation at once. "A clue?" he said; "the case bristles with clues. The extraordinary thing to me is that Plummer, usually a smart man, doesn't seem to have seen one of them. He must be out of sorts, I'm afraid. But the case is decidedly a very remarkable one."

"Remarkable, in what particular way?"

"In regard to motive. Now it would seem, as Plummer was saying to me just now on the roof, that there were only two possible motives for such a robbery. Either the man who took all this trouble and risk to break

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into Claridge's place must have desired to sell the cameo at a good price, or he must have desired to keep it for himself, being a lover of such things. But neither of these has been the actual motive."

"Perhaps he thinks he can extort a good sum from me by way of ransom?"

"No, it isn't that. Nor is it jealousy, nor spite, nor anything of that kind. I know the motive, I *think*—but I wish we could get hold of Hahn. I will shut myself up alone and turn it over in my mind for half an hour presently."

"Meanwhile, what I want to know is, apart from all your professional subtleties—which I confess I can't understand—can you get back the cameo?"

"That," said Hewitt, stopping at the corner of the street, "I am rather afraid I cannot—nor anybody else. But I am pretty sure I know the thief."

"Then surely that will lead you to the cameo?"

"It *may*, of course; but then it is just possible that by this evening you may not want to have it back after all."

Lord Stanway stared in amazement.

"Not want to have it back!" he exclaimed. "Why, of course, I shall want to have it back. I don't understand you in the least; you talk in conundrums. Who is the thief you speak of?"

"I think, Lord Stanway," Hewitt said, "that perhaps I had better not say until I have quite finished my inquiries, in case of mistakes. The case is quite an extraordinary one, and of quite a different character from what one would at first naturally imagine, and I must be very careful to guard against the possibility of error. I have very little fear of a mistake, however, and I hope I may wait on you in a few hours at Piccadilly with news. I have only to see the policemen."

"Certainly, come whenever you please. But why see the policemen? They have already most positively stated that they saw nothing whatever suspicious in the house or near it."

"I shall not ask them anything at all about the house," Hewitt responded. "I shall just have a little chat with them—about the weather." And with a smiling bow, he turned away, while Lord Stanway stood and gazed after him, with an expression that implied a suspicion that his special detective was making a fool of him.

In rather more than an hour Hewitt was back in Mr. Claridge's shop. "Mr. Claridge," he said, "I think I must ask you one or two questions in private. May I see you in your own room?"

They went there at once, and Hewitt, pulling a chair before the window, sat down with his back to the light. The dealer shut



"CAN YOU GET BACK THE CAMEO?"

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the door, and sat opposite him, with the light full in his face.

"Mr. Claridge," Hewitt proceeded, slowly, "*when did you first find that Lord Stanway's cameo was a forgery?*"

Claridge literally bounced in his chair. His face paled, but he managed to stammer, sharply, "What—what—what d'you mean? Forgery? Do you mean to say I sell forgeries? Forgery? It wasn't a forgery!"

"Then," continued Hewitt, in the same deliberate tone, watching the other's face the while, "if it wasn't a forgery, *why did you destroy it and burst your trap-door and desk to imitate a burglary?*"

The sweat stood thick on the dealer's face, and he gasped. But he struggled hard to keep his faculties together, and ejaculated, hoarsely: "Destroy it? What—what—I didn't—didn't destroy it!"

"Threw it into the river, then—don't prevaricate about details."

"No—no—it's a lie. Who says that? Go away. You're insulting me!" Claridge almost screamed.

"Come, come, Mr. Claridge," Hewitt said, more placably, for he had gained his point; "don't distress yourself, and don't attempt to deceive me—you can't, I assure you. I know everything you did before you left here last night—everything."

Claridge's face worked painfully. Once or twice he appeared to be on the point of returning an indignant reply, but hesitated, and finally broke down altogether.

"Don't expose me, Mr. Hewitt," he pleaded; "I beg you won't expose me. I haven't harmed a soul but myself. I've paid Lord Stanway every penny back, and I never knew the thing was a forgery till I began to clean it. I'm an old man, Mr. Hewitt, and my professional reputation has been spotless till now. I beg you won't expose me."

Hewitt's voice softened. "Don't make an unnecessary trouble of it," he said. "I see a decanter on your sideboard—let me give you a little brandy and water. Come, there's nothing criminal, I believe, in a man's breaking open his own desk, or his own trap-door, for that matter. Of course, I'm acting for Lord Stanway in this affair, and I must, in duty, report to him without reserve. But Lord Stanway is a gentleman, and I'll undertake he'll do nothing inconsiderate of your feelings, if you're disposed to be frank. Let us talk the affair over—tell me about it."

"It was that swindler Hahn who deceived me in the beginning," Claridge said. "I have never made a mistake with a cameo before, and I never thought so close an imitation was possible. I examined it most carefully, and was perfectly satisfied, and many experts examined it afterwards, and were all equally deceived. I felt as sure as I possibly could feel that I had bought one of the finest, if not actually the finest cameo known to exist. It was not until after it had come back from Lord Stanway's, and I was cleaning it, the evening before last, that in course of my work it became apparent that the thing was nothing but



"DON'T EXPOSE ME, MR. HEWITT."

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a consummately clever forgery. It was made of three layers of moulded glass, nothing more or less. But the glass was treated in a way I had never before known of, and the surface had been cunningly worked on till it defied any ordinary examination. Some of the glass imitation cameos made in the latter part of the last century, I may tell you, are regarded as marvellous pieces of work, and, indeed, command very fair prices, but this was something quite beyond any of those.

"I was amazed and horrified. I put the thing away and went home. All that night I lay awake in a state of distraction, quite unable to decide what to do. To let the cameo go out of my possession was impossible. Sooner or later the forgery would be discovered, and my reputation—the highest in these matters in this country, I may safely claim, and the growth of nearly fifty years of honest application and good judgment—this reputation would be gone for ever. But without considering this, there was the fact that I had taken £5,000 of Lord Stanway's money for a mere piece of glass, and that money I must, in mere common honesty as well as for my own sake, return But how? The name of the Stanway Cameo had become a household word, and to confess that the whole thing was a sham would ruin my reputation and destroy all confidence — past, present, and future — in me and in my transactions. Either way spelled ruin. Even if I confided in Lord Stanway privately, returned his money and destroyed the cameo, what then? The sudden disappearance of an article so famous would excite remark at once. It had been presented to the British Museum, and if it never appeared in that collection, and no news were to be got of it, people would guess at the truth at once. To make it known that I myself had been deceived would have availed nothing. It is my business *not* to be deceived; and to have it known that my most expensive specimens might be forgeries would equally mean ruin, whether I sold them cunningly as a rogue or ignorantly as a fool. Indeed, my pride, my reputation as a connoisseur is a thing near to my heart, and it would be an unspeakable humiliation to me to have it known that I had been imposed on by such a forgery. What could I do? Every expedient seemed useless, but one—the one I adopted. It was not straightforward, I admit; but, oh! Mr. Hewitt, consider the temptation—and remember that it couldn't do a soul any harm. No matter who might be suspected, I knew there could not possibly be evidence to make them suffer. All the next day—yesterday—I was anxiously worrying out the thing in my mind and carefully devising the—the trick, I'm afraid you'll call it—that you by some extraordinary means have seen through. It seemed the only thing—what else was there? More I needn't tell you—you know it. I have only now to beg that you will use your best influence with Lord Stanway to save me from public derision and exposure. I will do anything — pay anything — anything but exposure, at my age, and with my position."

"Well, you see," Hewitt replied, thoughtfully, "I've no doubt Lord Stanway will show you every consideration, and certainly I will do what I can to save you, in the circumstances; though you must remember that you *have* done some harm—you have caused suspicions to rest on at least one honest man. But as to reputation—I've a professional reputation of my own. If I help to conceal your professional failure, I shall appear to have failed in *my* part of the business."

"But the cases are different, Mr. Hewitt—consider. You are not expected—it would be impossible—to succeed invariably; and there are only two or three who know you have looked into the case. Then your other conspicuous successes——"

"Well, well—we shall see. One thing I don't know, though—whether you climbed out of a window to break open the trap-door, or whether you got up through the trap-door itself and pulled the bolt with a string through the jamb, so as to bolt it after you."

"There was no available window—I used the string, as you say. My poor little cunning must seem very transparent to you, I fear. I spent hours of thought over the question of the trap-door—how to break it open so as to leave a genuine appearance, and especially how to bolt it inside after I had reached the roof. I thought I had succeeded beyond the possibility of suspicion; how you penetrated the device surpasses my comprehension. How, to begin with, could you possibly know that the cameo was a forgery? Did you ever see it?"

"Never. And if I had seen it, I fear I should never have been able to express an opinion on it; I'm not a connoisseur. As a matter of fact, I *didn't* know that the thing was a forgery in the first place; what I knew in the first place was that it was *you* who had broken into the house. It was from that that I arrived at the conclusion—after a certain amount of thought—that the cameo must have been forged. Gain was out of

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the question—you, beyond all men, could never sell the Stanway Cameo again, and, besides, you had paid back Lord Stanway's money. I knew enough of your reputation to know that you would never incur the scandal of a great theft at your place for the sake of getting the cameo for yourself, when you might have kept it in the beginning, with no trouble and mystery. Consequently, I had to look for another motive, and at first another motive seemed an impossibility. Why should you wish to take all this trouble to lose £5,000? You had nothing to gain; perhaps you had something to save—your professional reputation, for instance. Looking at it so, it was plain that you were *suppressing* the cameo—burking it; since, once taken as you had taken it, it could never come to light again. That suggested the solution of the mystery at once—you had discovered, after the sale, that the cameo was not genuine."

"Yes, yes—I see; but you say you began with the knowledge that I broke into the place myself. How did you know that? I cannot imagine a trace——"

"My dear sir, you left traces everywhere. In the first place, it struck me as curious, before I came here, that you had sent off that cheque for £5,000 to Lord Stanway an hour or so after the robbery was discovered—it looked so much as though you were sure of the cameo never coming back, and were in a hurry to avert suspicion. Of course, I understood that, so far as I then knew the case, you were the most unlikely person in the world, and that your eagerness to repay Lord Stanway might be the most creditable thing possible. But the point was worth remembering, and I remembered it.

"When I came here I saw suspicious indications in many directions, but the conclusive piece of evidence was that old hat hanging below the trap-door."

"But I never touched it, I assure you, Mr. Hewitt, I never touched the hat—haven't touched it for months——"

"Of course. If you *had* touched it, I might never have got the clue. But we'll deal with the hat presently; that wasn't what struck me at first. The trap-door first took my attention. Consider, now: here was a trap-door, most insecurely hung on *external* hinges; the burglar had a screw-driver, for he took off the door-lock below with it. Why, then, didn't he take this trap off by the hinges, instead of making a noise and taking longer time and trouble to burst the bolt from its fastenings? And why, if he were a stranger, was he able to plant his jemmy from the outside just exactly opposite the interior bolt? There was only one mark on the frame, and that precisely in the proper place.

"After that, I saw the leather case. It had not been thrown away, or some corner would have shown signs of the fall. It had been put down carefully where it was found. These things, however, were of small importance compared with the hat. The hat, as you know, was exceedingly thick with dust—the accumulation of months. But, on the top side, presented toward the trap-door, were a score or so of *raindrop marks*. That was all. They were new marks, for there was no dust over them; they had merely had time to dry and cake the dust they had fallen on. *Now, there had been no rain since a sharp shower just after seven o'clock last night.* At that time you, by your own statement, were in the place. You left at eight, and the rain was all over at ten minutes or a quarter-past seven. The trap-door, you also told me, had not been opened for months. The thing was plain. You, or somebody who was here when you were, had opened that trap-door during, or just before, that shower. I said little then, but went, as soon as I had left, to the police-station. There I made perfectly certain that there had been no rain during the night by questioning the policemen who were on duty outside all the time. There had been none. I knew everything.

"The only other evidence there was pointed with all the rest. There were no rain-marks on the leather case; it had been put on the roof as an after-thought when there was no rain. A very poor after-thought, let me tell you, for no thief would throw away a useful case that concealed his booty and protected it from breakage, and throw it away just so as to leave a clue as to what direction he had gone in. I also saw, in the lumber-room, a number of packing-cases—one with a label dated two days back—which had been opened with an iron lever; and yet, when I made an excuse to ask for it, you said there was no such thing in the place. Inference: you didn't want me to compare it with the marks on the desks and doors. That is all, I think."

Mr. Claridge looked dolorously down at the floor. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I took an unsuitable *rôle* when I undertook to rely on my wits to deceive men like you. I thought there wasn't a single vulnerable spot in my defence, but you walk calmly through it at the first attempt. Why did I never think of those raindrops?"

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"Come," said Hewitt, with a smile, "that sounds unrepentant. I am going, now, to Lord Stanway's. If I were you, I think I should apologize to Mr. Woollett in some way."

Lord Stanway, who, in the hour or two of reflection left him after parting with Hewitt, had come to the belief that he had employed a man whose mind was not always in order, received Hewitt's story with natural astonishment. For some time he was in doubt as to whether he would be doing right in acquiescing in anything but a straightforward public statement of the facts connected with the disappearance of the cameo, but in the end was persuaded to let the affair drop, on receiving an assurance from Mr. Woollett that he unreservedly accepted the apology offered him by Mr. Claridge.

As for the latter, he was at least sufficiently punished in loss of money and personal humiliation for his escapade. But the bitterest and last blow he sustained when the unblushing Hahn walked smilingly into his office two days later to demand the extra payment agreed on in consideration of the sale. He had been called suddenly away, he explained, on the day he should have come, and hoped his missing the appointment had occasioned no inconvenience. As to the robbery of the cameo, of course he was very sorry, but "pishness was pishness," and he would be glad of a cheque for the sum agreed on. And the unhappy Claridge was obliged to pay it, knowing that the man had swindled him, but unable to open his mouth to say so.

The reward remained on offer for a long time—indeed, it was never publicly withdrawn, I believe, even at the time of Claridge's death. And several intelligent newspapers enlarged upon the fact that an ordinary burglar had completely baffled and defeated the boasted acumen of Mr. Martin Hewitt, the well-known private detective.



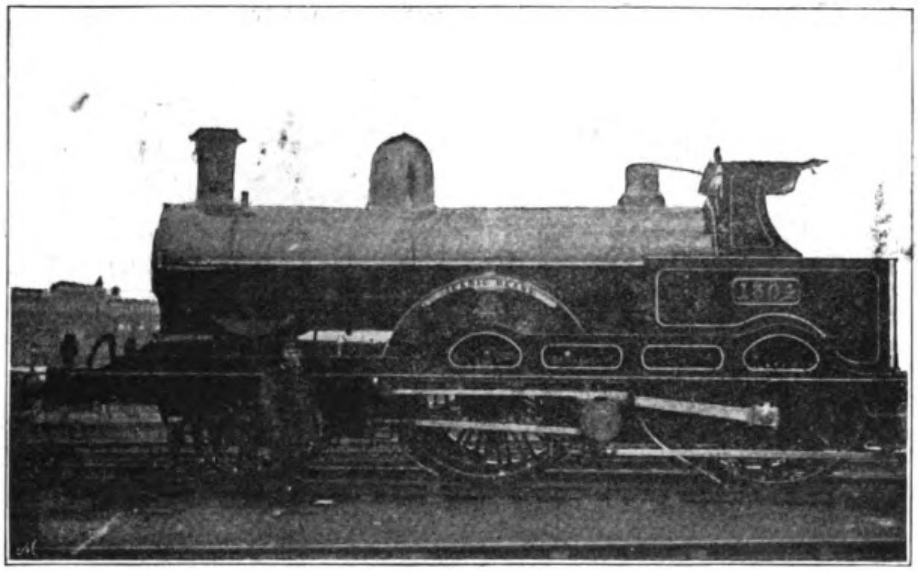
"HAHN WALKED SMILINGLY INTO HIS OFFICE."

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Engine Drivers and Their Work.

By Alfred T. Story.

I.



From a] "JEANIE DEANS," WITH JEM BROWN, DRIVER. *[Photograph.*

THERE is perhaps no body of men to whom the public are so much indebted for their daily convenience and safety as to the engine driver and his mate, the fireman. Everybody, of course, is acquainted with their appearance as they come thundering into the station upon their engines, often enough grimy and weather-stained, but sturdy and resolute-looking, as they need well be, seeing the dangerous and responsible work they have to do. We may, too, have sauntered up to the marvellous machine which they have in charge—a machine, perhaps, the most wonder-working the world has ever seen—and "taken stock," to use the common phrase, of its construction, so far as that can be done from the outside, and of the multiplicity of valves and appliances whereby its Titanic powers are brought into action and controlled. We may have watched the ease with which it is put in motion and with which it is stopped, and it may have appeared to us a simple thing after all to run a locomotive engine, and so take charge daily of the lives and fortunes of hundreds of people. But to few has it occurred, perhaps, to inquire more narrowly into the daily work of these men, and into the course of training they have to undergo before they can be intrusted with the charge of an engine.

Marvellous as has been the development of railways all over the world, and complicated as is the system by which the world's land-travel is conducted, there is, perhaps, no part of the railway system so admirable, and showing so much care, as the method by which the men who have the actual working of this instrument of civilization are selected and trained for their work. It is, perhaps, a misfortune that we do not know more of the lives and the education of the men who do the hard work of the world; we might then have more sympathy with them and with their aims and aspirations. It will not be the fault of the present writer if, after the perusal of this article, the reader does not know all, or nearly all, about the engine driver and his work. For, as will be seen, the driver himself has been approached and interviewed as to his work and the means by which he attained his position.

Three representative companies have been selected from which to obtain information. The London and North-Western Railway was first approached, and Lord Stalbridge, the chairman of the company, at once gave every facility for looking over the works of the

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company; seeing and talking with the men, and, in short, for obtaining such information as was desired. It need hardly be said that the general managers of the two other lines selected, the Great Western and the London and South-Western, were equally courteous.

On all the railways of this country the locomotive department is under one responsible head, who has charge of the construction of the engines, as well as of their daily employment. Under him, however, are inspectors and foremen, who are responsible for the supply of engines, and for their assignment to their proper duties over a given district. To them also belong the selection and charge of the men who run the engines. No one is better qualified, therefore, to give information touching the work of drivers and others engaged about a locomotive engine than these inspectors, many of whom have risen from the ranks. This, however, is not the case with Mr. A. L. Mumford, who has charge of the locomotives on the London and North-Western Railway between London and Crewe, his office being at Rugby; but his knowledge of a locomotive engine and of the duties of those who have charge of it is as thorough as though he had gone through all the grades; and for much of the following account of an engine driver's career and duties I am indebted to him.

The future engine driver generally begins his career about fourteen years of age, though some may commence at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Sometimes they start in the fitter's room, in which repairs are done to running engines; sometimes as bar-lads and call-lads. The duty of bar-lads is to put the bars into the fire-boxes of engines. A call-lad is employed to call up drivers and firemen in the morning, so that there may be no delay through over-sleeping. As the men sometimes live a mile—or perhaps more—distant from the station, and they have to be called at all hours of the night, the call-boy must be free from tremors and night fears; in other words, he must be a youth of nerve and courage. This appears to be especially the case in the neighbourhood of Willesden, where, notwithstanding the very matter-of-fact character of a large railway junction, ghosts have been known to prowl, putting the call-boys into unseasonable frights.

From these various duties the youth generally goes on to engine-cleaning, helping an older cleaner at first, and doing the rougher parts of the engine; and then, when he knows the work thoroughly, having an engine assigned entirely to himself. By this means the future driver learns to know all about an engine, from observing it being prepared for duty, and seeing it come off duty, and likewise in all stages of "convalescence."

From cleaner, the next upward step is that of extra fireman, who is employed assisting drivers and moving engines in the shed from the coal stage to the place for going out. After some time spent in this way he goes as a regular fireman upon a goods train. But before he is made a full fireman he has to pass through an examination as to his general knowledge of his duties, and of the rules relating thereto. This examination, so far as men in Mr. Mumford's district are concerned, generally takes place in his office. Questioned on the point as to wages, Mr. Mumford said:—

"As an extra fireman, his pay when firing is 3s. 6d. a day. As soon as he passes as a regular fireman, and signs his agreement, he gets 3s. 9d. a day for twelve months; after that he gradually increases in wage until he goes on a main line express train, goods or passenger, when he receives 4s. 6d. a day. The next step in advance is to become a driver."

In answer to the question how long it takes to reach the last-named stage, Mr. Mumford said:—

"It depends upon the demand for enginemen and on the capacity of the man how long it takes him to go through the various stages of fireman to be a driver. The average time would not be less than five years. Some firemen remain in that stage eight or ten years, some as long as twelve years.

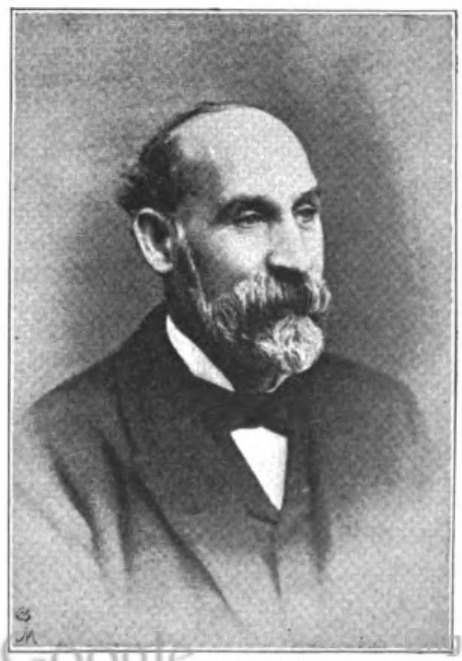
"The driver's first experience is to turn and move engines in the shed yard. Then he passes on to a shunting engine and to a local goods train, next to an ordinary goods train, then to a main-line express goods, then to a local passenger train, then to a better-class passenger train, and lastly to a through express."

In reply to a question as to the wages of drivers, Mr. Mumford said:—

"A shunting engine driver gets 5s. 6d. a day; a local goods train driver, 6s. 6d.; and so on, the pay gradually rising to 8s., according to the nature of the work done. As to hours of work, the engine-man's time is sixty hours a week. But, in running, 120 miles is reckoned as a day's work for through goods trains, and 150 miles for passenger trains. From here (Rugby) to London and back," added Mr. Mumford, "is 165½ miles,

and is reckoned as a day and an hour. From Crewe to London is 157½ miles, and is equal to a day's work, or ten hours; there must be a little give and take."

Continuing, Mr. Mumford said: "In assigning a man's duties our aim is to obviate, as far as possible, his being employed more than ten or eleven hours a day, and to enable him to be at home as much as possible. With this object in view, the men are arranged into 'links,' for certain fixed duties. For instance, we have two men here who work certain trains. One joins the Scotch express here with his engine and takes it up to London. He returns by the 8.50 north train, finishing his duty at Rugby. The second man takes the train here and goes on with it to Crewe, where he arrives at 12.49. He returns at 10.30 a.m. with another Scotch express, and is relieved here, where another engine comes out to take it on to London. The man who takes up the 5.2 p.m. to London, arriving at 7, leaves London again at 10.10 p.m., with the Liverpool and Manchester express, and brings it to Rugby. Another man takes the train with his engine at Rugby, and works it to Crewe at 1.35 a.m. He leaves there again at 3.30 with a return train, and is at Rugby at 4.57, when the first engine takes it up again. We keep two big engines here for this service, and the two men I have spoken of work them. All our trains are worked in this way. The 'Charles Dickens' train, which runs from Manchester to London every day, leaving Manchester at 8.30 and due in London at 12.55, and leaving London again at 4, arriving in Manchester at 8.20, is worked between here and London by two engines and two men, who take the trips alternately—a trip to London and then a day off. The same arrangement holds with regard to the 2 p.m. from London to Crewe—the 'Corridor' train—arriving at 5.20. Two of our best men are here now, and you may talk to them yourself and elicit any information from them you like. I should say, however, that the quality of our drivers has improved greatly during the last thirty years—especially in regard to habits of sobriety."



RICHARD WALKER.
From a Photo. by Speight, Rugby.

"I suppose a man is fined for drunkenness on duty?"

"No; he is discharged at once. If a man in a siding leaves his engine and goes into a public-house, he is at once dismissed. But it is very seldom now that a man is dismissed for drunkenness—rarely, indeed, that a case is reported. No; if you look in this book you will see the matters for which a man is fined."

In the book in question were recorded small fines for "absenting himself without leave," "causing damage to buffer," "not having engine out of shed in time," "running short of water in his tender," "allowing the small end of strap to become hot," "allowing the engine to smoke," etc. The amount of the fine generally ran to a few shillings, half a crown being a common figure.

As regards the offence of allowing an engine to smoke, this is strictly forbidden in going through towns, where it is liable to cause complaint. It is quite needless, too, to offend in this way, for if it is necessary in stoking to let off smoke, a little steam turned into the chimney, by turning the smoke white, obviates all cause of complaint. This is commonly done to prevent the smoke being seen. The information on this point, however, was not given by Mr. Mumford.

The two drivers were now introduced, and I proceeded to question them on their experience.

Richard Walker, a remarkably sturdy, well-preserved man, said: "I have been nearly thirty years a driver. I began my career on the railway at the age of fourteen as a fitter's assistant, in which position I remained four or five years. I thus became thoroughly acquainted with the engine and all its parts. I was to have been a fitter, but they would not let me be one. Our fitter said there was no scope in fitting—that there was much more scope in driving. So I went on the engine. I was firing for three or four years. I started driving in February, 1865, at

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Peterborough, and went first on the goods. I have been sixteen years on express work, and am at the top of the tree. I always run express and mail trains."

"And your pay?"

"Eight shillings a day."

"How do you find driving as regards health?"

"I have always kept my health in the work, and have never lost a day through accident. I was selected to run the special express carrying the Empress of Austria from Herne Hill to Crewe."

"Have you driven the Queen?"

"Yes, I drove Her Majesty when she went to Derby twelve months ago last spring. I drove her from Leamington to Derby on our line."

"I suppose you have to take extra special precautions when the Queen travels?"

"Oh, yes; we take very great care of the old lady! We bring out one of our very best engines, and it is carefully overhauled. Then special precautions are taken all along the line, and nothing is allowed to move for half an hour before her train is due. Then a pilot engine runs a quarter of an hour before her train. The locomotive foremen of the respective districts and a guard, supplied with hand lamp and fog signals, travel on the pilot engine. Then there is a distinctive code for signalling both the pilot engine and the Royal train. This year when Her Majesty went to Ballater it was twelve strokes, like this: ---- ---- ----"

"You take it as an honour, then, to be selected to drive the Queen?"

"Oh, yes; we like to be put on that duty, although we do not much care to go off our own line."

Mr. Mumford here interposed with the remark that one driver who was chosen to drive the Queen, on getting back to Willesden from Herne Hill, exclaimed, "Thank God, we have got into England again!"

There is a good deal of character about some of these men, and many good jokes are told both of and by them. One old stager, who was driving a train that happened to be a bit behind time, observed a gentleman go up to the guard, put half a crown into his hand, and say: "Do your best, guard, to make up your lost time, or I shall lose my train at such a junction, which I want very much to get." "All right, sir," said the guard, touching his hat. Before starting he gave a hint to the driver; but the driver had his own views on the "morality" of the question, and when his engine sailed into the junction, the train the passenger wished to catch was seen to be quietly steaming out at the other end of the station. The disappointed traveller, greatly annoyed, approached the driver and said: "I thought, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train. Half a minute would have done it." "Ah, sir," replied the old driver, "it might have been done easily; but, you see, you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

In reply to the question, "Will you now tell me what is your day's routine?" Walker said:—

"When we come on duty, the first thing we have to do is to report ourselves at the office in the shed. We there write our name in the book, and our time is taken. This is necessary, in order that the timekeeper may see that we are in a proper condition to go on duty. We then take a look at the notice board to see if there is anything there affecting our particular line. Everything in the way of change relating to the working of the line—change of signals, the arrangement of the 'links,' and so forth — is posted there. This done, we go to our engine and see that all is in order—the fire lighted and steam up. We are expected to be in the shed an hour before the time for us to join the train, in order to give us plenty of time for preparation. The next thing, after seeing that all is in order, is to proceed to the tank and take in water. Then we move up to the siding in readiness for the train.

"I am just now going out with the 5.2 to London. I arrive at 7, and leave Euston again at 10.10 with the Liverpool and Manchester express, arriving here at 11.45. My mate takes the train here and carries it to Crewe, and I go to bed. This trip constitutes my day's work, although I have only been out seven hours; I have, however, run 150 miles, which constitutes a running day."

"Having finished your trip, I suppose you have nothing else to do but to go home and go to bed?"

"Before we can do that, we have to take our engine to the coal siding and have it supplied with fuel for the next day's run. This is the invariable rule. Then we take her into the shed and hand her over to the turner, who puts her on the turn-table and turns her round, and places her in such a position that she can be taken out in the morning without any more trouble. The fire is then taken out of her, and she is handed over to the cleaners. If she is in need of any repairs, they have to be reported

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to the shed foreman, who sees that they are attended to. When everything has been done, we have again to go to the office and report ourselves, and sign the book. We generally give a look at the notice-board, too, to see if there is anything posted concerning our 'link' or the line we work on."

"And about your premiums for saving fuel: are you allowed a premium?"

"Yes; we are allowed so much coal per mile. My quantity is 30lb. Some have 36lb., others 38lb. The majority of the goods trains are allowed from 45lb. to 50lb. per mile. They require more than the passenger trains, because they have so much shunting—especially the coal trains. If a man takes an interest in his work it leads him to be economical; it also shows the company what men are interested in their work. All the coal is weighed out to the engine. At the end of each month a sheet is issued, showing, amongst other details, the actual working of each engine during the month, and if any driver has been able to do the whole of his work with a less consumption of coal than the standard allowance, he is paid a premium of 2s. for each pound of coal used per mile less than the standard, the fireman being allowed 8d. per pound. For instance, engines working the heaviest express passenger trains between Rugby, Crewe, and London are allowed 38lb. per mile; and if a driver can do his work for the whole month with a consumption of 36lb. per mile, he gets a bonus of 4s., and his fireman 1s. 4d. That pays the company and also the driver. In the last sheet issued I got 16s."

"When do you consider your work to be the most dangerous?"

"In times of fog and snow, of course. I do not mean when the snow is on the ground; that is simple enough. It is when the snow is falling that it bothers us, especially with a head-wind. It is then driven against the engine and covers the glass of the look-out, so that we can't see. Then driving becomes very difficult."

"Have you special rules to guide you in such cases?"

"The rules are the same as when fog prevails."

"And what are they?"

"Well, when the fog is so thick that we cannot see the signals we have to feel our way with the help of the fog-signalmen. The signals are working as usual, of course, but we can't see them. The fog-signalman, therefore, is employed to help us. He is stationed within call of the signal-box, and acts under the direction of the signalman If I am coming from London and want to get into the station, I go on until my engine explodes a detonator. Then I know that I must shut off steam and bring my train under complete control, and wait for a signal from the fog-signalman. He has a shelter on the road near the signal-box, and generally has a fire blazing near (to give light as well as to keep him warm), and if he gives me the red, or danger, hand-signal, I must at once bring my engine to a stand, and then proceed cautiously to the point the hand-signal is intended to protect, or until I get the signal to proceed. If I am stopped by a detonator* and am kept waiting very long, I let them know of my presence by blowing my whistle from time to time. We are able to talk with our whistles, and so can let the station-master or the signalmen know where we are and where we want to go."

"You need all your caution at such times?"

"Yes, we do; but the only danger is when signals fail, or the wrong ones are given. When the 'block' is perfect there is no danger."

"I suppose it requires good nerves to be a driver of an express?"

"Yes; many men have not nerve enough for it. They refuse, saying they would prefer to remain at Pickford's work—that is their expression for the goods. But when a man feels equal to it, it is the lightest work, and he can keep at it until very old."

"Have you any very old drivers at work now?"

"I think I am one of the oldest in the express work. But up to very recently we had a driver at work who was sixty-seven years of age. He had to go to a somewhat lighter job than express driving towards the end, however."

In conclusion, Walker said that he and the next man interviewed constituted No. 3 link, known generally amongst engine-men and others on the line as the "Top Hat Link."

The next man interviewed, James Pennington, was a perfect picture of health, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and evidently still full of "go." He said he started as stoker on a colliery line at the age of nineteen, remaining in that employ eight or nine years. He then went on to a stationary engine for winding coals from the shaft. "After that," he con-

* A detonator, or fog-signal, is constructed in the form of a circular disc about 2in in diameter; it is made of a mixture of iron and tin, is filled with gunpowder, and charged with three percussion caps. It is provided with strips of tin on either side, with which it is fastened on to the upper flange of a rail.



JAMES PENNINGTON.
From a Photo. by Speight, Rugby.

tinued, "I was engaged as a fireman on the London and North-Western at Wolverton, and remained at that work, off and on, for about five years. I was then driving for four years, chiefly on a goods and coal pilot engine. I then went on the goods and express goods to Leeds and Liverpool. After a few years at that I got to passenger work. I am now on express work, No. 3 link, from Rugby to London, and Crewe and Manchester."

"How long have you been connected with the London and North-Western Railway?"

"Thirty-three years."

"Have you ever been in an accident?"

"I have been in four accidents; but I have never been in an accident where there were any lives lost."

"Do you like the work?"

"Yes; I could not stop at home; I would sooner have any trip."

"Have you found that the exposure injures your health?"

"I don't think I look as if it did. I am nearly sixty-three years of age, and I should like to have another ten years' service, if the company will allow me. John Middleton knocked off at seventy-five. He was put to driving a pilot engine a few years before that, and seemed rather aggrieved that he had been taken off the better work. I feel as well as ever I did, and I can run a train better than I did twenty years ago."

In reply to another question, Pennington said:—

"Railway work does not injure a man if he has a good constitution. Driving affects a man if he is at all nervous. A good deal depends on himself. Mr. Webb, the superintendent of the Locomotive Department, has named three engines Pluck, Patience, and Perseverance, and those are the qualities that an engine-man wants."

In reply to a question as to the hours of his work, Pennington said:—

"We average about sixty hours a week, or the mileage equivalent to that. When we work on Sundays, we are paid at the rate of time and a half, so that for a full day we should get 12s. instead of 8s."

Jem Brown, driver of the Scotch express, known as the "Corridor Train" (stationed with the three following at Camden), commenced as a cleaner in 1858, became a fireman in 1859, and a driver in 1864. In 1875 he was promoted from a goods engine to driving passenger trains, at which work he has been ever since. Asked as to his experience as a driver, he said:—

"I have had two accidents. They were both to goods trains. I had a collision at



JEM BROWN.
From a Photo. by G. W. Roberts, Kentish Town, N.W.

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Coventry, when I had my engine knocked clean over, and blocked both lines for half a day. A ballast train was turned out of a siding without a signal, and I ran into it. That was before the block system was introduced. My engine was damaged a good deal, and some of the trucks also."

"Were you not hurt yourself?"

"No. When my engine was turning over I gave a spring, so as to get as far away as possible. You have to keep your wits about you when on an engine, and you sometimes get some rough riding."

"What was your other accident?"

"That was on the 11th of December, 1875, when I ran into a coal train at Leamington. The block system was then introduced, but was not thoroughly carried out. It was a very thick fog. They gave me 'clear' at Polesworth, and the train was only just within the signals at Armington, near Tamworth. Under the present system of blocking that could not have happened. I should be stopped at Polesworth and cautioned: 'Section clear, but station blocked!' Then you may go on, but be prepared to stop at the next—which would be the home signal, and not go past it."



JOHN BUTTON.
From a Photo. by H. J. Taylor, Kentish Town Road, N.W.

"How did you come off this time?"

"The engine was knocked to pieces, also a lot of coal trucks. Both the lines were blocked."

"Were you hurt?"

"Not much. I jumped again when the engine was going over. I hurt my finger a bit, and my nose was marked—that was all."

"How long have you been running the Scotch express?"

"For the last three years, although it is only since July last year that it was converted into what is called the Corridor Dining Train. It leaves London at 2 p.m., and reaches Crewe at 5.20. It is taken by another driver from there, and I come back with another express at 7.32, arriving at 10.45. I and another man take this train alternately. I run to Crewe and back every other day. My mate runs the alternate day."

"Then you only work three days a week?"

"That is all. The actual running time to Crewe and back is 6 hours 40 minutes, that constitutes two days' work—reckoned, of course, by mileage."

"Do you find the work trying?"

"Not in the least; we get used to it. I have had thirty-five years of it, and I am not much the worse."

John Button (in the same "link" as the above) began his career in 1862, and was promoted to passenger driving in 1880. Asked if he had ever been in an accident, he said:—

"I have been very fortunate. I have never had an accident of any kind—have not even so much as broken a buffer plank" (*i.e.*, the beam in front of the engine which carries the buffers).

"You are now working the Corridor Train with Brown?"

"Yes; I worked the train yesterday; Brown works it to-day."

In further conversation, Button said he enjoyed perfect health. He thought there was nothing in driving to injure the constitution. Some men had not nerve enough to take charge of a big engine. He did not find the great speed of travelling affected the nerves, "but," said he, "it makes you anxious. For my part," he added, "I prefer to go at a topping speed. I have read in books that the higher the speed the more the nerves are affected; but I don't find it so. You feel a sensation of positive pleasure in going along at a rattling speed. Of course, we are well protected from the weather by our cabs; formerly it was not so, and in bad weather the men were often soaking wet. But all that has been changed since Mr. Webb introduced the cab. That was about 1873. The engine Brown and I

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run is the 'Jeanie Deans.' She was built by Mr. Webb for the Edinburgh Exhibition, and is a 7ft. compound engine, of the latest type. She runs every day to Crewe and back."

"I suppose you can tell pretty well the speed you are going at?"

"Yes; we soon learn to judge by the movement, the oscillation, how the engine is going. You *feel* the speed. The other day I looked at my watch at Crewe, and did not look at it again till I got to Euston. I found I was one minute to the good."

Joseph Edwards, in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company since 1863, and seventeen years a passenger driver, said he was one of the men chosen a year or two ago to run the 10 a.m. train from Euston to Edinburgh. It was known as the "racing train," and was run against the East Coast train for Scotland. "I ran it," he said, "from here to Crewe, 158 miles, without a stop. We were timed to arrive at Crewe at 1 p.m. I was always before time; sometimes ten minutes before. I could have done the distance in much less time than that if Mr. Mumford would have allowed me. The engine we worked with was the 'Marmion,' 7ft. 6in. driving-wheel. She is a splendid engine, and very suitable for the work. We could work her at the same uniform rate up hill and down. We ran the 'racer' for a month, and never had a hitch. I was chosen for the work because I was accustomed to that class of engine." In reply to a question, Edwards said that during these trials of speed the "Marmion" never had a hot axle.



JOSEPH EDWARDS.
From a Photo. by G. W. Roberts, Kentish Town, N.W.

(To be continued.)

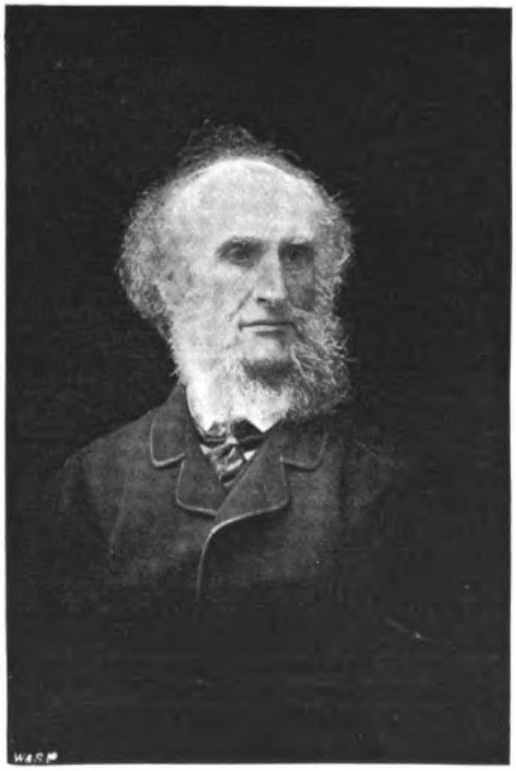
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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXV.—SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P.

AMONGST the men who have played no small part in the development of our national history, Sir Donald Currie certainly claims a distinguished place.

I first met Sir Donald Currie on board his last built steamer, the *Tantallon Castle*, on the occasion of her trial trip to the Cape, on which vessel, with a party of friends, we steamed as far as Southampton Water. In appearance the great steamship owner is decidedly benevolent; he possesses a face which inspires immediate confidence; his hair is perfectly white, and his eyes are continually looking you through and through. He is a perfect Scotchman, careful, cool, and calm in everything he says or does; and though he apparently thinks and works very rapidly, he never suggests hurry. One has but little difficulty in "discovering" the man. Earnestness, perfect and complete earnestness, is the great characteristic which has governed and directed his life from the very first moment when, as a lad of fourteen, he perched himself on an office stool and made his start in business with the smallest and most trifling work allotted to him.



From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.

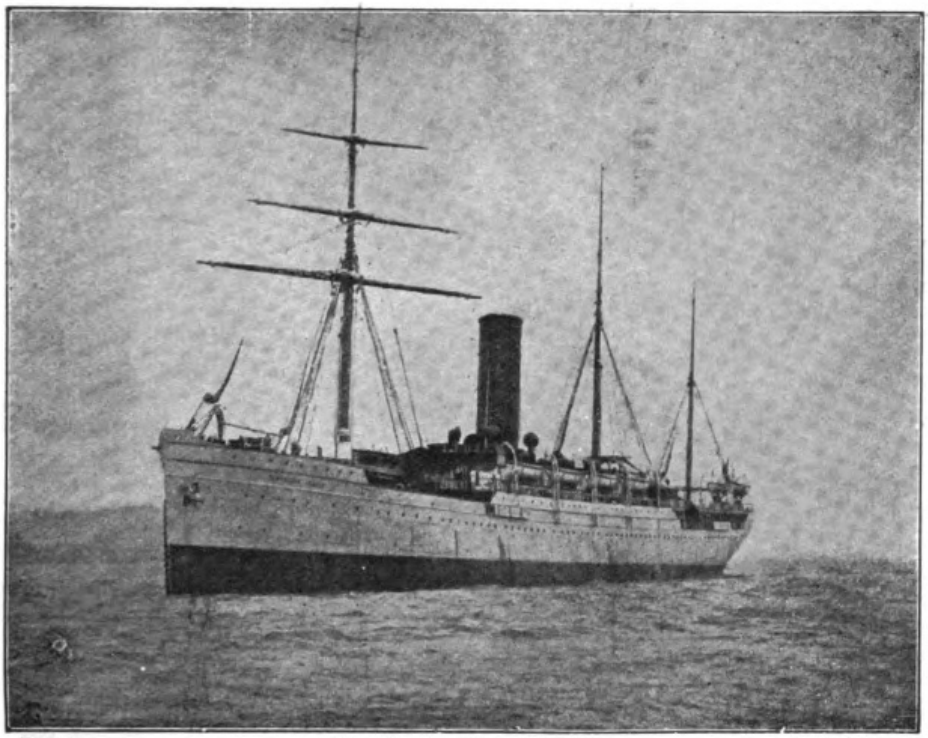
"I did everything I was bid," Sir Donald said to me—an assurance that meant much.

Sir Donald is a man to be "watched." He took the chair at an impromptu concert on board the *Tantallon Castle*, and enthusiasm marked every word he uttered, although it was only to announce a banjo solo by a young lady travelling to the Cape for her health, or a duet by a wealthy American couple who were revelling in the luxury of a trip round the world.

We chatted together in the smoking-room, and he spoke of the severer things that govern life: the South African questions in which he has been called upon to take a part; the past, present, and future of that vast and rich territory, and still with the same earnest enthusiasm without which it seemed to me he could never open his mouth to speak. And here lies the secret of his success in the great steamshipping world. He has laid down a law for himself: that whatever he touched, or said, or thought, should be carried out thoroughly.

Our smoking-room chat was particularly happy. It is very well known that amongst what might be termed Sir Donald's hobbies is that of taking in hand, and very successfully too, the restoration to health of sick celebrities. He is a firm believer in the restorative qualities of a sea voyage. Hence it comes about that many eminent men have for a time placed themselves under his care, and partaken of his hospitality on board his magnificent floating palaces. Amongst those I specially asked and we talked about,

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From a] R.M.S. "TANTALLON CASTLE." *[Photograph.*

as our temporary home lay quietly anchored in Southampton Water, were Gladstone and Tennyson.

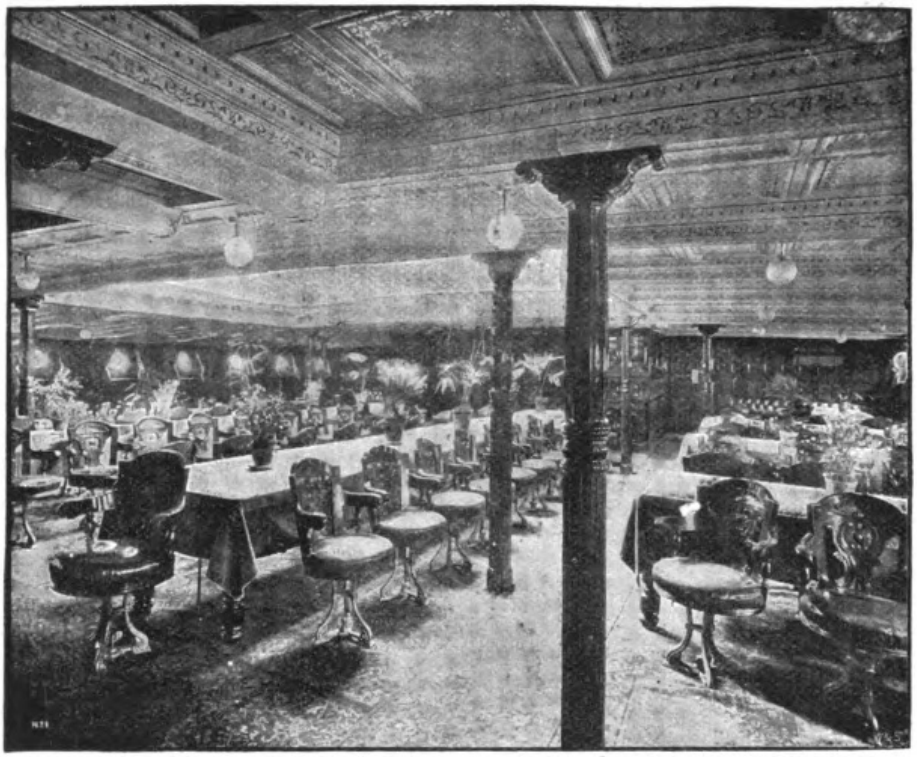
"You know," said Sir Donald, "that both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson have been out with me in the *Pembroke Castle* and the *Grantully Castle*. Gladstone generally spent his day in reading or conversing with Tennyson, and every moment of his time was occupied, with never an instant wasted. On the *Grantully Castle*, after the illness which laid him aside from Parliamentary work, his favourite book was 'David Copperfield'; whilst frequently he would take up some great Greek work and read passages to me, making most admirable comments on them as he went along. It was most charming to see Gladstone and Tennyson together. When Tennyson would sit and read one of his poems to the great statesman, discussing here and there the various lines, and Gladstone questioning the poet as to how he came to use this and that form of phraseology, nothing could be more instructive.

"Sometimes they would talk about Homer and the old Greek poets, and I remember when we went for our Norway cruise in the *Pembroke Castle*, these two great men had the most interesting discussion on Shakespeare that I ever heard. Although Tennyson was not a very early riser, yet immediately after breakfast he always used to return to his cabin to study and write, for he assured me that he considered this was the best part of the day for work. I should like to tell you that when Tennyson talked it was just like one of his own poems. When he was viewing scenery—a moonlight night, or a sunset, or a little bit of impressive landscape—he would sit and look at it silently for a moment, as though drinking it in and filling his soul, only the next moment to tell it all to those whose privilege it was to sit near him. Of course, I need not tell you that Tennyson was a great smoker. When he came out with me he brought quite a stock of pipes, and he very seldom gave any away. I think I am one of the very few who possess one of his famous clays, which he gave me on the day of the Royal visit. I keep it at Garth Castle, near Aberfeldy, where for



THE SMOKING-ROOM, "TANTALLON CASTLE."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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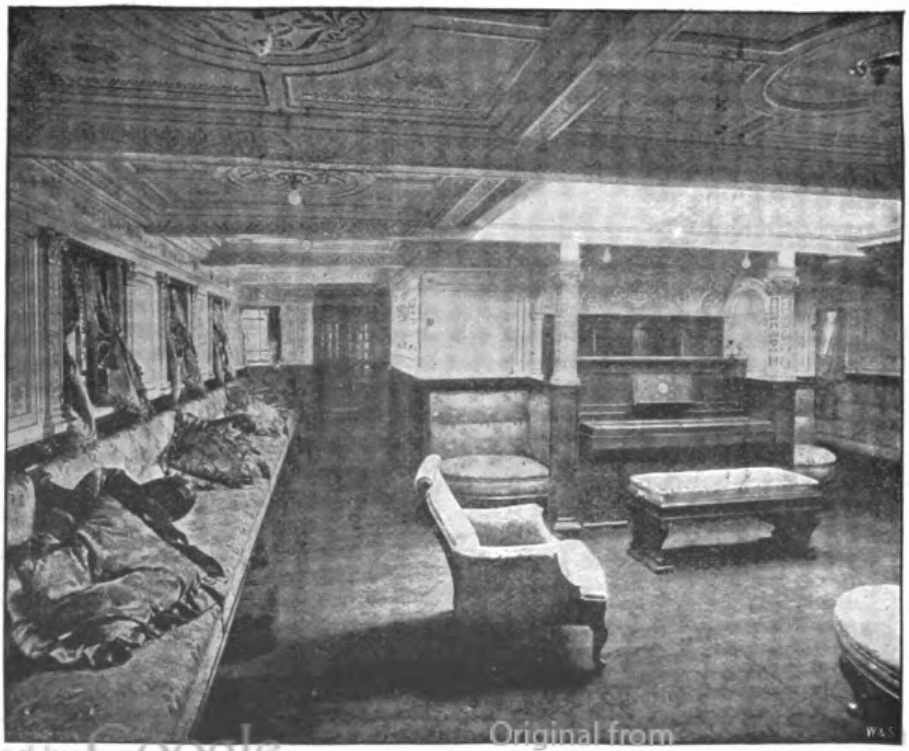


From a Photo. by the] THE DINING-ROOM—"TANTALLON CASTLE." *[London Stereoscopic Co.*

many years past I have spent the main portion of the summer and autumn months.

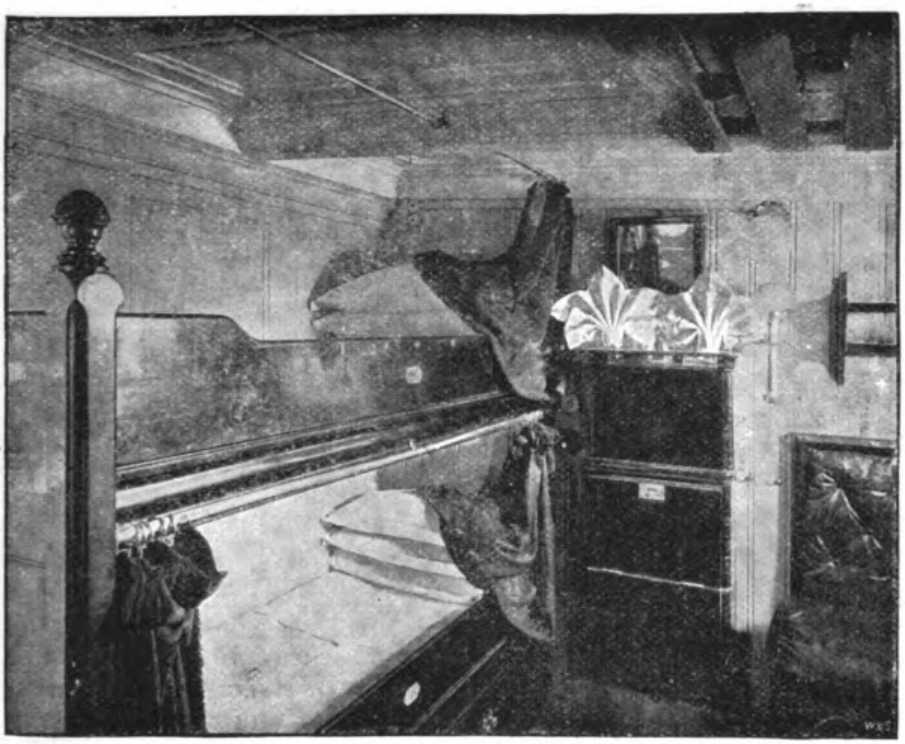
"Let me tell you how I came to get possession of it. We were at Copenhagen. After luncheon the ladies of the Royal party were very anxious to hear the great Poet Laureate read some of his poetry. He had retired to his room and was smoking, but I went after him and persuaded him to give up his pipe for a time; he did so, and instead of throwing his pipe out of the cabin window, as he often did, he gave it to me as a keepsake. When I told Gladstone this he said, 'Keep it, it will be precious some day.'

"It was on the well-known trip to Dartmouth and Plymouth, in 1877, that I took Mr. Gladstone for the first time, which occasion was made more than interesting by the fact that it was on the way back, at Exeter, that Gladstone declared for the assimilation of the Burgh and County Franchise. It was in 1880 that the great statesman was my companion for a fortnight's cruise round Scotland in the *Grantully Castle*, and 1883 brought about the trip of Tennyson and Gladstone in the *Pembroke Castle* round Scotland to Kirkwall, Norway, and Copenhagen. On the occasion of the visit of the *Pembroke Castle* to Copenhagen — the largest steamer ever in that port—a dinner at the palace was succeeded by the famous banquet on board the *Pembroke Castle*, the guests being the King and Queen of Denmark and their family, the Emperor and Empress of Russia and their family, the



From a Photo. by the] THE LADIES' ROOM—"TANTALLON CASTLE." *[London Stereoscopic Co.*

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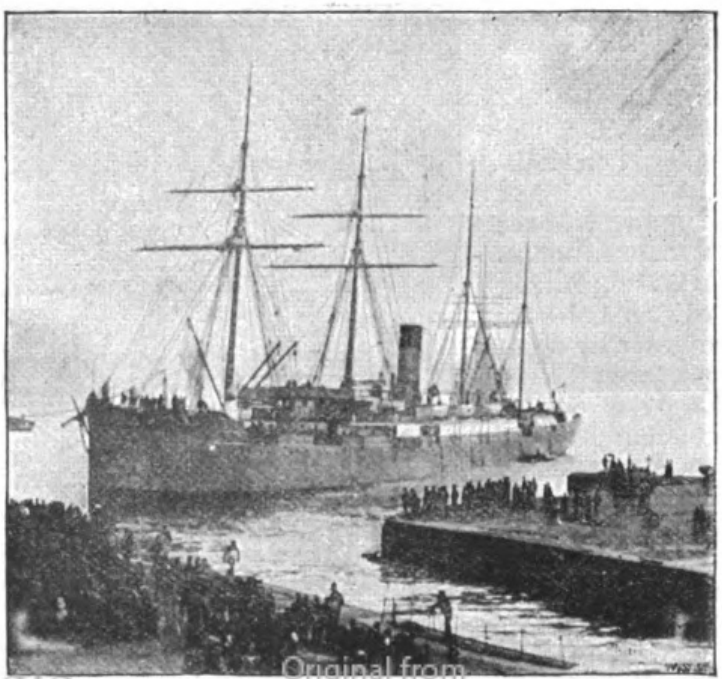
MR. GLADSTONE'S CABIN—"GRANTULLY CASTLE."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

again meeting Sir Donald, and learning something of the story of his life. This was at his town residence, Hyde Park Place. The interior of 4, Hyde Park Place, at once reveals the artistic side of Sir Donald Currie's nature. It is probable that no man in London has more beautiful specimens of Turner than he; and what is more, Sir Donald not only possesses the pictures, but he understands the strong points of the man who painted them. Sir Donald talked about Turner and his works for fully a couple of hours before I could get him to sit down and tell me something about himself. He took very little notice of the clever canvas of Blarney Castle, which hangs in the hall, but he just paused to inform me merrily that he has refrained from calling one of his vessels, which form the Castle Line of steamers,

King and Queen of Greece and their family, the Princess of Wales and Royal Family of England, and the Royal Family of Hanover—in all twenty-nine Royal persons, with diplomatists, Ambassadors, and admirals, numbering sixteen—forty-five in all.

"The speeches of the Royal guests and of Mr Gladstone on that interesting occasion, with the records of the proceedings of that peaceful visit to Copenhagen, where a merchant ship of England was saluted by the manning of the yards of the warships of the different nationalities off the harbour, and the bands playing 'God Save the Queen,' were in singular contrast with the less friendly visit which Nelson paid to Denmark in the time of the great war. As Lord Tennyson said to Mr. Gladstone: 'This is the first time that a merchant ship of Great Britain has been so saluted since the time of Drake.'"

It was some time after the successful launching of the beautiful *Tantallon Castle*, and we had heard that she had arrived safely after a very delightful passage to Madeira, that an opportunity was afforded me of



From a] "PEMBROKE CASTLE" LEAVING DOCK. *[Photograph.*

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From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—HYDE PARK PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Blarney Castle, because he considers that would be a little too much!

In the dining-room will be found Wilkie's "Sir Walter Scott," painted whilst on a visit to Abbotsford, and an original sketch by the same artist of "A Village Wedding." Millais, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Cox, J. F. Lewis, are all represented; whilst the two most recent additions to the room in the way of pictures are Sir Donald himself and Lady Currie, painted by Ouless. There are several Turners here, the best trio probably being "The Lake of Geneva," a glorious bit of colouring; "The South Foreland," which hangs over the mantelpiece; and that marvellous work depicting Nelson's body brought over from Trafalgar in the old *Victory*—a curious picture in its way, for the canvas contains no fewer than a trio of *Victorys*, in order to show the ship in three positions.

Sir Donald's study is next to the dining-room, and here we have more Turners, and a very fine bust of Gladstone. It is, however, in the drawing-room, which overlooks Hyde Park, that Turner, so to speak, is revealed in all his glory. "Abbotsford," "Mount Moriah," "Dunfermline Abbey," "Venice," "Lucerne," "The Alps," "The Dawn of Christianity," and many of the pictures which went to illustrate the famous Bible series of Turner; and, indeed, notwithstanding the fact that the walls of this apartment are covered with pictures, only three of them are other than Turner's.

We looked for a moment at Sir Donald's volume of autographs, a number of which are reproduced in these pages, and a portrait group of the members of many of the Royal families gathered together at Copenhagen at the time of Sir Donald's trip there—a portrait, by-the-bye, presented to him by the Queen of Hanover. But yet the steamship prince



From a Photo. by] THE STUDY—HYDE PARK PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—HYDE PARK PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

will not be taken away from his Turners; he brings forward a large cardboard box and opens it. It contains a score of beautiful little water-colour drawings; Sir Donald lifts one of them up quite reverentially and places it in my hands.

"Do you recognise it?" he said.

I did not for the moment. His eyes twinkled, and he seemed almost proud to tell me.

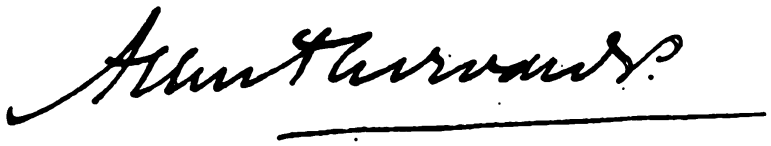
"These, sir, are the twenty original drawings by Turner which went to illustrate Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' and his poems. Look at them! See!"—as he takes them up one by one. "There is the one for 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; this is 'O'Connor's Child'; and that 'Gertrude of Wyoming'; and surely you know this, 'The Soldier's Dream'; and this, 'Lochiel's Warning,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic.'"

We looked at that score of precious pictures for a long time, and their possessor discussed their almost countless beauties till we reached his study downstairs, where I desired to talk with a man who has done much for his fellows. I am inclined to think that at the outset Sir Donald showed some reticence in speaking about himself; but I pointed out to him that a man must tell the truth about his own life, however much he may have done and achieved.

"Very well, then," said Sir Donald, "I will tell you. I was born in 1825. My first school was in Belfast. They were very lively days in Ireland in those times, when the great party feuds were on, and the differences of opinion between the parties were much stronger then than now. Why, I have seen cavalry charge up and down the streets on the occasion of an election! James Bryce's father was my teacher. Yes, I was always fond of ships; revelled in reading sea stories, and I am inclined to think that I had one of the biggest collections of small boats of any of the boys in the school. I left school when I was fourteen, and went into the steam-shipping office of a relative in my native town, Greenock. When about eighteen years of age I was transferred to Liverpool and joined the Cunard Company's service. At that time there were no steamers trading to America except those of the Cunard Company, and there were only three of those—the *Caledonia*, the *Arcadia*, and the *Britannia*. The ill-fated *President*, and the British-built steamer, *Great Western*, were for a time engaged in the Atlantic business, but no regular line existed either from the Continent or Great Britain, except that known as the Cunard Line, then intrusted with the carrying of the mails to Halifax and Boston; so that at the time referred to I was charged with the duty of making arrangements for all the cargo passing from Europe to America.

"What a change since that time! In 1849 the Navigation Laws of this country were abolished, and the United States reciprocated this policy. Up to that time no goods from the Continent or foreign ports could be carried into the States by British vessels, and no foreign produce could be imported into England by American ships. The trade between France and the Continent and the United States of America was very extensive and important—mind, I am speaking now of forty-five years ago—and I was dispatched to Havre and Paris to establish branch houses to take advantage of this new opening to British shipping. Within three days of my leaving England for France, a steamer was sent from Liverpool to Havre, and there

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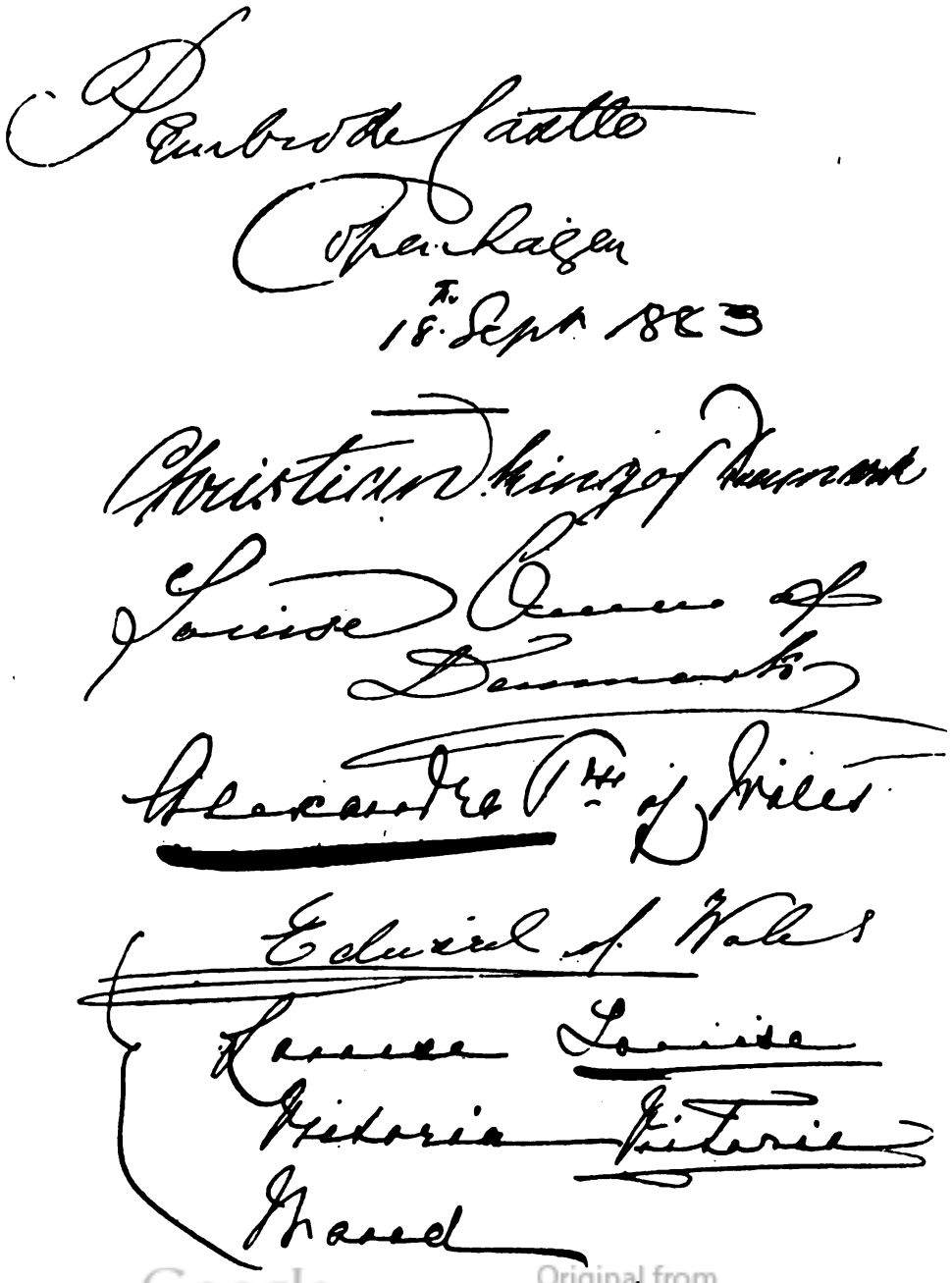


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SIGNATURE.

was thus established a through service between France and America *viâ* Liverpool, which still exists, and which has been most successful. However, shortly after the Havre trade had been secured I went to Bremen and to Antwerp, and at both ports established similar branch offices and steamer services for the Cunard Company."

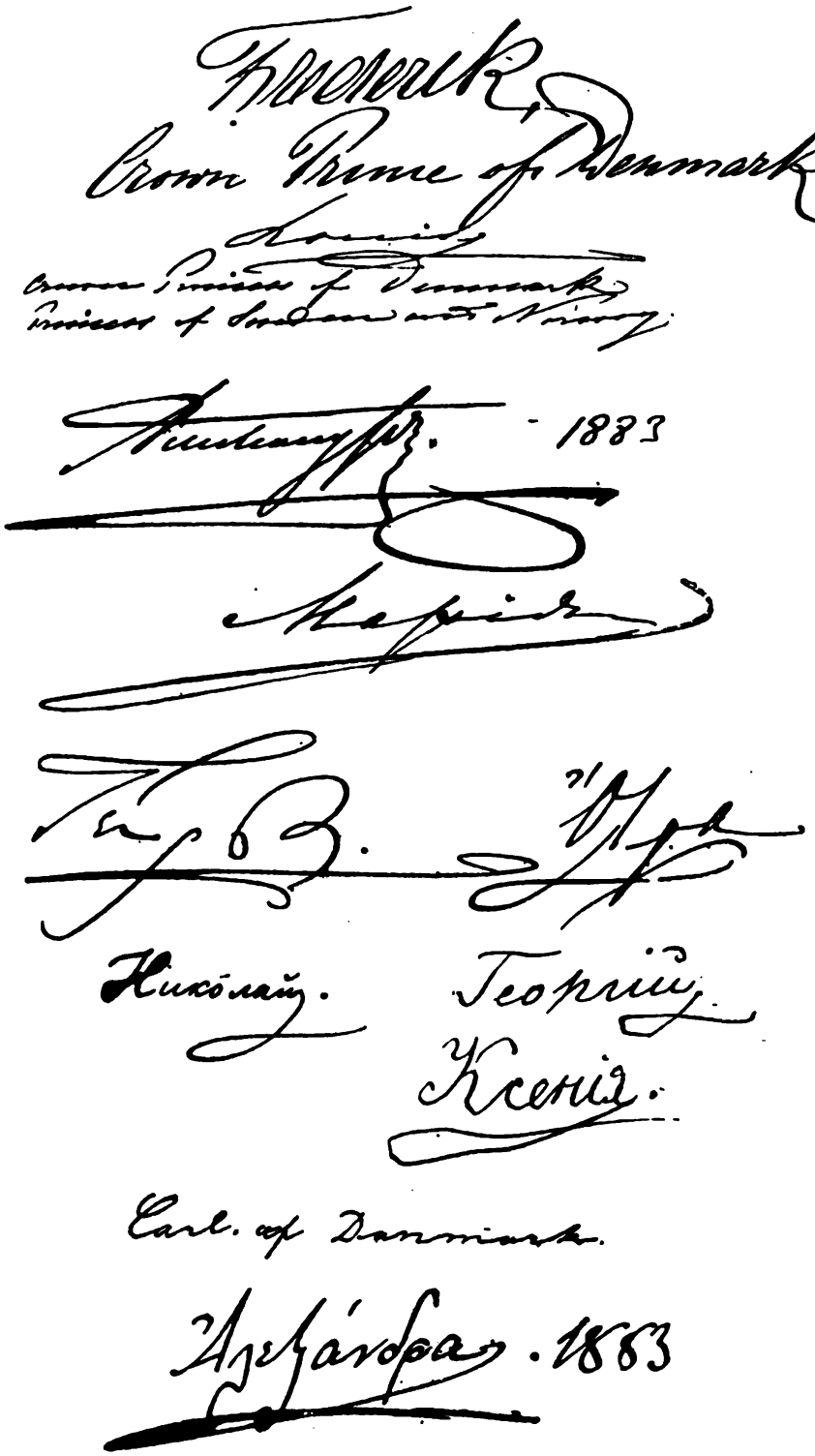
Here is what Mr. W. S. Gilbert would call a "highly respectable start." Sir Donald Currie is the first man to admit that he owes much to those early struggling days. He worked persistently, honestly, and with purpose not to be turned aside, and it was not long before he found himself in a very important position. The young man's capabilities, pluck, and tact had become a matter of common conversation, and from 1856 to 1862 Sir Donald Currie was attached to the head-quarters of the Cunard Company in the management at Liverpool, his brother conducting the business at Havre; but in the latter year he withdrew from the onerous labour connected with the Cunard Company's largely extended operations in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, and started for himself—the Castle sailing ship service between Liverpool, London, and the East Indies, which supplied him in due time with the nucleus of the efficient officers now employed in his fleet of steamers.

It is very interesting to note how Sir Donald, after leaving steamers for sailing vessels, finally took once more to steamers and discarded sailing ships. It was not his wish to go back to the exciting life



SIGNATURES OF ROYAL PERSONAGES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

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SIGNATURES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

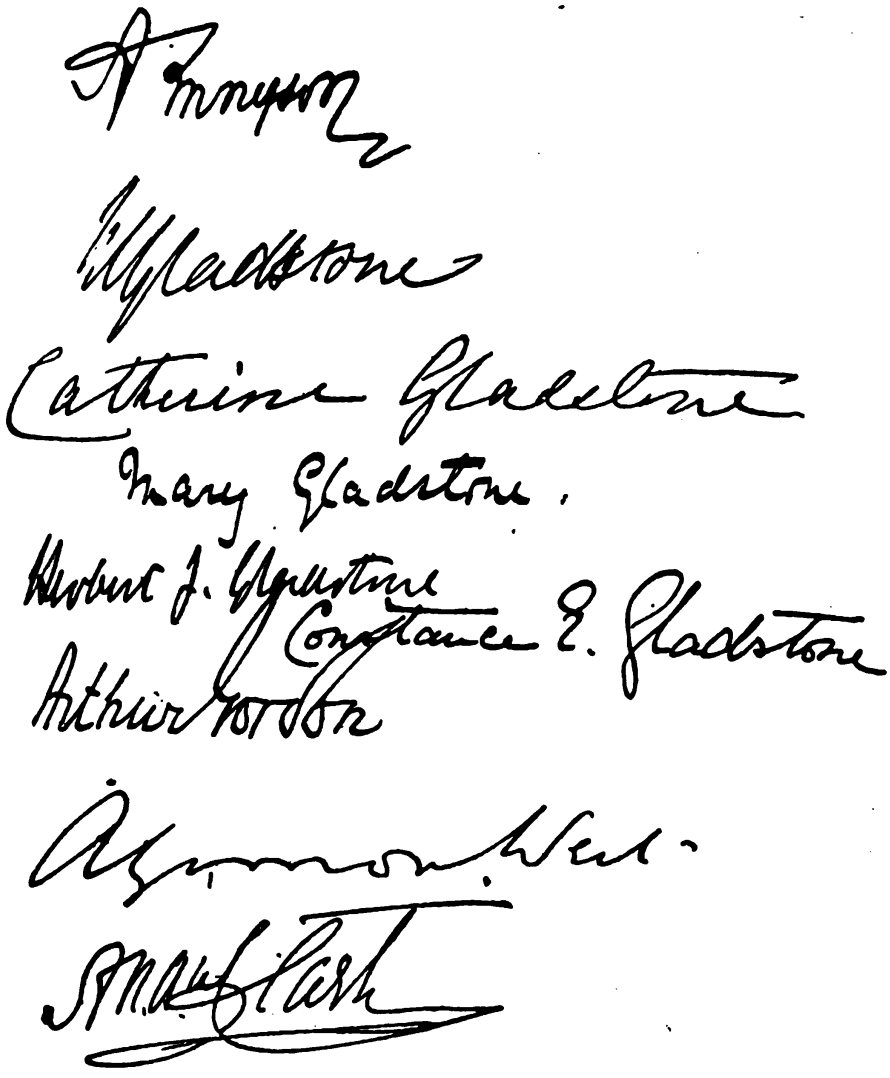
Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark; Louise, Crown Princess of Denmark, Princess of Sweden and Norway; Alexander (Emperor of Russia); Marie (Empress of Russia); Georgios (King of Greece); Olga (Queen of Greece); Nicholas (the Czarevitch); George and Xenia (the younger children of the Czar); Carl, of Denmark; Alexandra.

involved in steamship management; his capital was engaged in sailing ships in preference. He had said that he was for all time going out of the steam business, but the fates would have it otherwise. This is how he came to be connected with the South African trade, in which he now holds such a high position. But it was not only in steamship enterprise to and from the Cape and Natal that he was to be engaged, for in a very short time, owing to the singular political circumstances of that period, his capacity and readiness to serve South African interests became manifest.

"In 1875," said Sir Donald, "complications arose in South Africa in connection with the occupation of the Diamond Field District, known as Kimberley, by the British Government, and in connection with that, as well as with the Transvaal, President Burgers, of the late Republic, known as the South African Republic, visited England. Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, acting for the Government of the day, intrusted to me the communication to be placed in the hands of President Burgers on his arrival at Plymouth; and the President accompanied me to my house, where he stayed for some two or three months, the correspondence of the President with the Government of the day being carried on with my assistance.

"It is worthy of note that at that especial time it was known that proposals had been made to Prince Bismarck for the proclamation of a Protectorate by Germany over the Transvaal; and this was not a matter overlooked in conversation between President Burgers and myself. On the settlement of

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SIGNATURES OF CELEBRITIES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

the treaty with Portugal which President Burgers completed, I did what I could, and secured for the Transvaal the transfer from Mr. G. P. Moodie, of Gold Fields fame, of the concession of the Delagoa Bay Railway, which had been granted to that gentleman by the Portuguese Government."

It is a fact worthy of interest that in that agreement Sir Donald was made arbitrator in case of dispute, and eventually gave a judgment in favour of Mr. Moodie subsequent to the annexation of the Transvaal by the British Government.

"Of the early history of gold mining," continued Sir Donald, "in the Transvaal, a singular illustration is the fact of the President having brought to this country and placed in my hands a nugget found at Pilgrims' Rest in that territory, of the value of about £600 sterling, and this nugget, by-the-bye, I exhibited at the first meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute at the South Kensington Museum, when President Burgers was present and received the welcome of his friends, people wondering if it could be true that there was gold in the Transvaal.

"The Swazi question was at that moment being discussed with the British Government, as well as the difference between the Orange Free State and the Imperial Government as to the Diamond Fields, the latter being claimed by the Orange Free State Republic as within their territory. Immediately after the return of President Burgers to the Transvaal, President Brand, of the Orange Free State, visited England, at the request of Lord Carnarvon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the hope of arriving at a settlement of the Diamond Fields' dispute; and it was only after a long discussion with President Brand, spread over two or three months, that Lord Carnarvon made a final arrangement with him. Lord Carnarvon and President Brand, after agreeing upon the principles of settlement, left it to me to define the boundary and arrange the terms of agreement, and to draw up the agreement which is now in the Colonial Office, signed by Lord Carnarvon and President Brand."

For these services, acknowledged by Lord Carnarvon in the despatches published in the Blue Books of the time, the Queen made Sir Donald a K.C.M.G., and the Orange Free State Parliament voted him their unanimous acknowledgments.

"In 1876," Sir Donald said, "the mail contract with the Cape having come to an end, a new one was granted to the two mail

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companies now carrying on the service—the Union Steamship Company and our Castle Line. In 1877, the year following, political matters in South Africa became very embarrassing, the Transvaal Boers resenting the authority of the British Crown; and Messrs. Paul Kruger, Jorissen, and Bok were sent to Lord Carnarvon as a deputation to claim their independence. Owing to the friendly feeling shown both to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State previously, their delegates informed the British Government that they desired my assistance, and

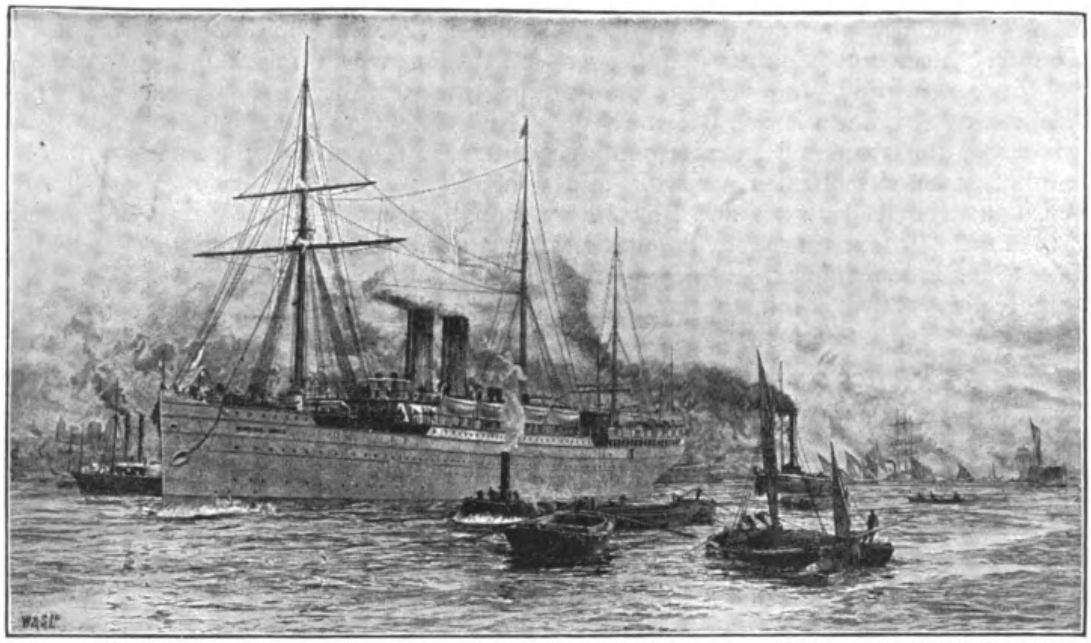


From a Photo. by] A ROYAL GROUP. *[George Hansen, Kjöbenhavn.*

I introduced the deputation, at their wish, to the British Government. They were not successful in obtaining what they desired, and subsequently, in July, 1878, a second and final deputation was sent from the Transvaal, appointed by the united voice of the burghers there. Messrs. Kruger, Joubert, and Bok were delegates, and their appeals were addressed to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The delegates named again came to me, and on the 19th of July, 1878, made a final appeal to the Conservative Government of the day in the interests of the peace and prosperity of the Transvaal, and with a view to some settlement which might prevent disturbance in that territory. I pointed out to the Government that an absolute and unconditional refusal of the memorial of the inhabitants of the great South African Republic would be followed by scenes of disorder, and possibly of bloodshed; and further, that the country would be disorganized, as many of the people would leave; that there would be difficulty in collecting taxes, and settlers and intending emigrants might be alarmed; commercial relations would be disestablished, and all progress injured for many a day to come in the Transvaal. In that communication I added that the Boers were so persuaded of the injustice of the course which had been pursued, that they had so strong a disposition to freedom and liberty of movement, and were so religiously mindful of facts in their past history, that they would sacrifice their property and risk their lives, as they had done before, for their convictions and what they deemed their just rights."

From what Sir Donald told me, one can only characterize his suggestion as being a

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From the Picture by] THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE." *[W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.*

very practical one for the solution of the difficulties that beset the Government. It was to the effect that the people should elect their own representatives, with other arrangements fitted to secure friendly co-operation between the different states and colonies in South Africa. Sir Donald urged that it would be easy to stir up angry feeling in the recollection of the Boers, of what they considered injurious treatment at the hands of persons who held official positions; but that, instead of antipathy and dislike, we might by good and kindly feeling secure their strong attachment, and in time clear away the prejudices that prevailed among them owing to our dealings with regard to the Diamond Fields and our past history in respect to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

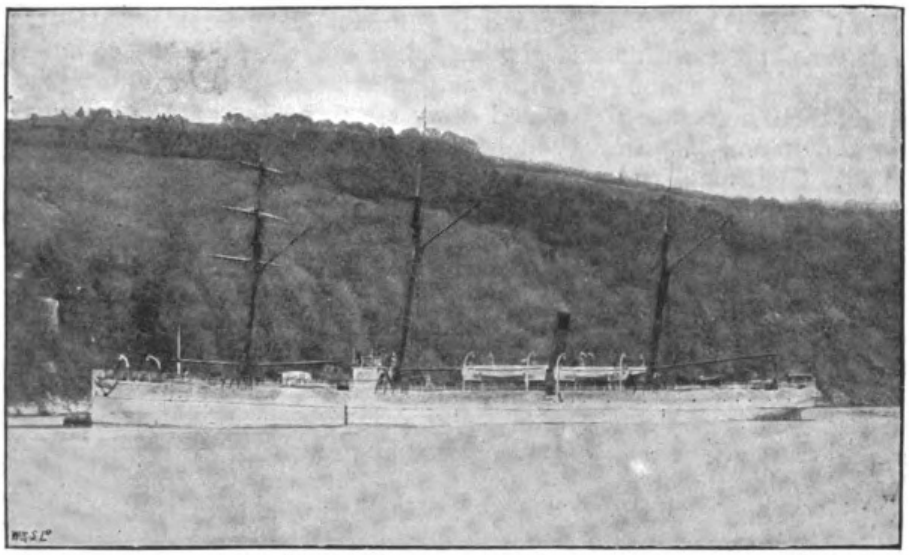
One strong point Sir Donald put forward to the Government was this, namely, that the Boers had a strong conviction of the value of a decision by a majority, and that they distinctly offered to recognise any arrangement, even of annexation to England, if a majority of qualified voters could be found in the Transvaal willing to declare for the maintenance of the present condition of things.

"But you see," said Sir Donald, "that the Government of the day took a very different course, and, on the 17th of August, 1878, upon the motion of Mr. Courtenay for the restoration of the independence of the Transvaal, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on behalf of the Ministry, made such an answer in the hearing of the delegates in Parliament as justified them in their opinion in returning to the Transvaal, telegraphing to me in Scotland, where it was intended that they should follow me, to say farewell. They visited Holland and Germany to obtain sympathy and assistance.

"In the autumn of the same year, 1878, new troubles arose in South Africa; war was declared against Cetewayo on the 4th of January, 1879, and on the 11th of January British troops crossed into Zulu territory. On the 24th of January the British force was destroyed at Isandlana, of which incident, by-the-bye, I am sorry to say I had to communicate the intelligence to the Government. The episode of Rorke's Drift followed. In the rapid course of events of that day the British detachment of Sir Evelyn Wood had a hard struggle at Kambula, while Colonel Pearson's third division was shut up in Ekowe and surrounded by Dabulamanzi, the brother of Cetewayo, with 10,000 or 15,000 Zulus lying in wait for any sortie they might risk. This is how Cetewayo carried out his word to Sir Bartle Frere: 'If your soldiers attack me, I will tear them to pieces like a tiger.'

"On the day that the news arrived of the disaster at Isandlana, preparations were immediately made by the Home Government to provide within forty-eight hours two steamers to carry troops to Natal; and with the cordial approval of the Minister of War, I sent a telegram to our company's steamer, then passing that day the Island of

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From a] THE "ICELAND"—SIR D. CURRIE'S FIRST BOAT. *[Photograph.*

Madeira, to stop on her way to the Cape at Cape Verd for my instructions. The Government had thus the three intervening days in which to decide on what course to follow, and the result was the transmission of telegraphic instructions by way of Cape Verd, which reached South Africa in fifteen days, instead of being delayed until the dispatch of the next steamer from England a week later. The minutes were precious, for the telegram referred to reached Sir Bartle Frere on the Tugela just in time to enable him to stop the sallying out of the troops from Ekowe, which had been ordered to sally out, and which were marshalled ready to start for the Tugela at the moment the heliograph signalled them to delay.

"Let me tell you how the garrison of Ekowe were saved. I know the facts, for a young naval officer, the second in command of the Naval Brigade attached to General Pearson's troops shut in Ekowe, wrote the following in his diary:—

"'At a given date,' he said, 'when shut up, we saw a signal by heliograph from the Tugela, twenty miles off. It said: "Sally out on such and such a day. Dabulamanzi is between you and us with 10,000 Zulus." Then it became dark, and there was no signal for about three weeks; but on the day we were to sally out we were marshalled with provisions to carry for twenty miles march and the Zulus in sight. Then the sun shone out, and the heliograph signalled: "Stop sallying out — troops are coming," and it went dark again.'

"That was the message that had gone out, and if it had not been taken out by the vessel calling at Cape Verd, the 12,000 men or thereabouts armed and ready to start would have had to fight their way through the Zulus, with awful destruction of life, whilst the fever-stricken and wounded left at Ekowe would have been at the mercy of the Zulus, and another Isandlana disaster would have happened."

It is due to Sir Donald Currie to record the fact that in a speech delivered in Perthshire, which Sir Donald represents in Parliament, Captain Campbell, of the Royal Navy, who was in command of the Naval Brigade at Ekowe, told the public meeting that their member had saved his life and that of his men; and the Duke of Coburg in command of the fleet at the opening of the docks at Leith, at a banquet, informed the guests that that was why Her Majesty made Sir Donald Currie a K.C.M.G.

The *Dublin Castle* of Sir Donald Currie's line was dispatched from England within forty-eight hours, and the soldiers on board marched from Natal to Ekowe, after a severe struggle with Dabulamanzi, and in this way the garrison was relieved.

It should be pointed out that several years before, in 1875, Sir Donald urged upon the Government of this country the necessity for an alternative telegraph between England and the East Indies, *viâ* the Cape, but it was only after the disaster at Isandlana that the Government put down that cable.

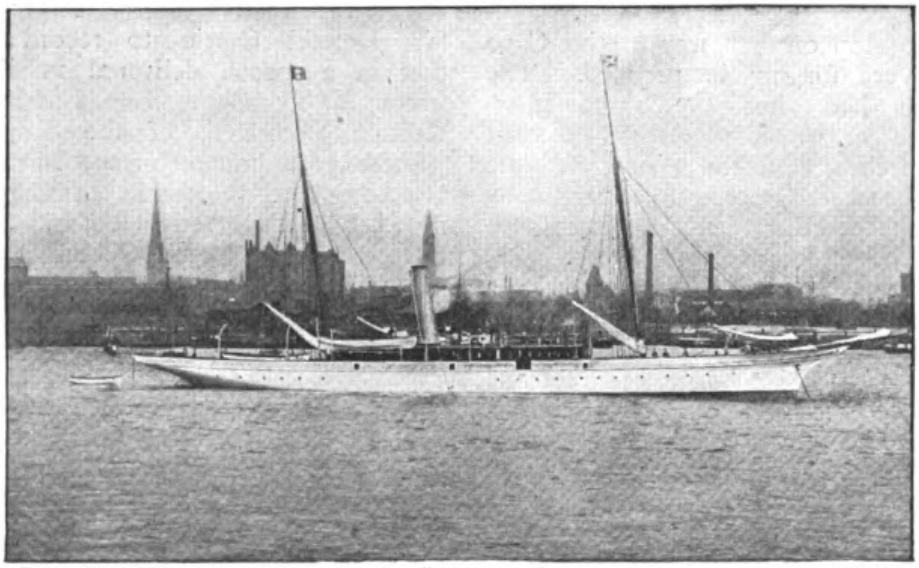
Outside of the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and Orange Free State, but in intimate association with their interests, the part which Sir Donald has had to play has been a singularly interesting and useful one, both on the South-West and South-East Coasts of South Africa. If the Government of the day had listened to the representations which he, with a deputation of South African merchants, made to Mr. Gladstone's Government for the annexation to the Cape Colony of Damaraland and Namaqualand, that territory so friendly to England would have been under the British Crown to-day. On

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the south-eastern side of Africa, at the moment when Germany was pressing its colonial policy in a direction of serious concern for both Natal and the Transvaal, it was at the urgent representation of Sir Donald Currie that Mr. Gladstone, six months after the South-West African failure of policy, yielded to his representations, and dispatched, upon the information which he gave, a telegram to the Cape authorizing the hoisting of the British flag at St. Lucia Bay in Zululand, which was accomplished by the gunboat *Goshawk*. If this had not been carried out, the German flag would have been floating there within a few days afterwards, and both Pondoland and Natal, as well as what is now British territory in Matabeleland, would have had a different history.

had much scope for encouragement. There is a great future for agriculturists in South Africa, and when the gold adventure has calmed down somewhat, as in Australia and California, we may hope for great and good things. In the high lands there are ample scope and inducement provided for those who have a little capital. One disadvantage against securing success at the present moment is the presence of the native element, which hinders individual effort on the part of the emigrating agriculturist. The land is so fruitful that the white population only care to develop it just for their own wants.

"Many young men write to me and ask me shall they go to South Africa. I have invariably refrained from advising them to do so unless they have sufficient



From a Photo. by] THE "IOLANTHE." *[Carl Hanitz.*

The reader will observe that this interview has treated somewhat seriously of Sir Donald Currie's work in connection with South African affairs, which are very much to the front at the moment of writing.

For the last twenty years Sir Donald may be said to have been immersed in the history of South Africa, and it is singular that no other merchant or shipowner has especially interested himself in that country. Sir Donald is well known as a lecturer on maritime matters, and has received the gold medal of the Society of Arts.

There was one question of considerable moment which I put to Sir Donald Currie before leaving him, and that was: "What chance has the emigrant in South Africa?"

He replied: "The miner—that is, the gold or copper miner—has had great inducements there, but agricultural talent has not hitherto

means to keep themselves going until they find an opportunity of utilizing their abilities. It is no good for anyone to think of going to South Africa unless he has some backbone and some money to keep him going till he sees a chance of success. They go out, expecting to find occupation when they have had none here; many have no business capacity, and such young fellows generally join the Cape Police or the Mounted Rifles, and then settle down. Still, whilst making this statement, let me add that I believe that the Cape Colony and Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—not to speak of Mashonaland—will yet offer more and more opportunities to young men of sound judgment and good business habits than they can find in this country, or indeed in many of our other colonies."

HARRY HOW.

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Ostrich Farming in South Africa.

By Charles W. Carey.



From a] "THE WILLOWS" OSTRICH FARM, MIDDELBURG, CAPE COLONY. *[Photograph.*

PERHAPS no other English Colony is exciting so much interest at the present time as South Africa. For months past the pages of newspapers and periodicals have been filled with news from the north, where our admirable band of volunteers have succeeded in repulsing the redoubtable Lobengula, King of the Matabele race.

Let me give you some sort of an idea of the surrounding country in which we are situated. It is a country unlike any other on the globe. The general character is flat and sandy, relieved only by long, low, rocky sierras. These mountain ranges are the salvation of the landscape. Their craggy outlines are carved into a thousand abrupt and striking forms, their heads are constantly haunted by low-lying clouds of vapour, which the contending sun and wind draw together and disperse. Their sides are hollowed into ravines, or "kloofs," and painted by the clear distance into a perfect argosy of changing hues. The apparently parched and sandy flats are covered by different varieties of dwarf bush, which are nibbled by the sheep.

A dry and arid prospect, and it is hard to conceive every inch of it is loaded below with vegetable life ready to shoot after the first rains of spring into a wealth of verdant grasses. Here and there dotted about on these flats can be seen the white farm-buildings nestling among the trees—an oasis in the desert, in fact. These green spots can be seen for miles and miles away, with the whitewashed buildings glittering in the sun. Foliage is only to be seen around the homesteads and occasionally at an isolated fountain. The veldt all round is cheerless and naked, without so much as a rag of vegetation to cover it, and the eye hungers for a tree; the bones or stones stick painfully out, a sight for the geologist, not the artist.

You arrive at the homestead, a square, red-brick building, with a sigh of relief, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other, the shed and waggon-house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable-garden and lands, with farther away the camp. Behind the house are the chaff-house, tramp-floor, and butcher's shop, where the niggers are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches, and horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goats. In this article I shall confine my remarks to ostriches.

To our friends at home, the ostrich is the centre of interest in South African farming, and it is the ostrich alone that excites everyone's curiosity and makes them take an interest in the life. So let me here give you some idea of the birds, with their ways and manner of conducting themselves when domesticated.

A well-fenced and secure inclosure is a

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luxury in the Colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the owners of which can afford to keep them in repair, and to place in them stock of the more expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3,000 to 8,000 acres, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four months.



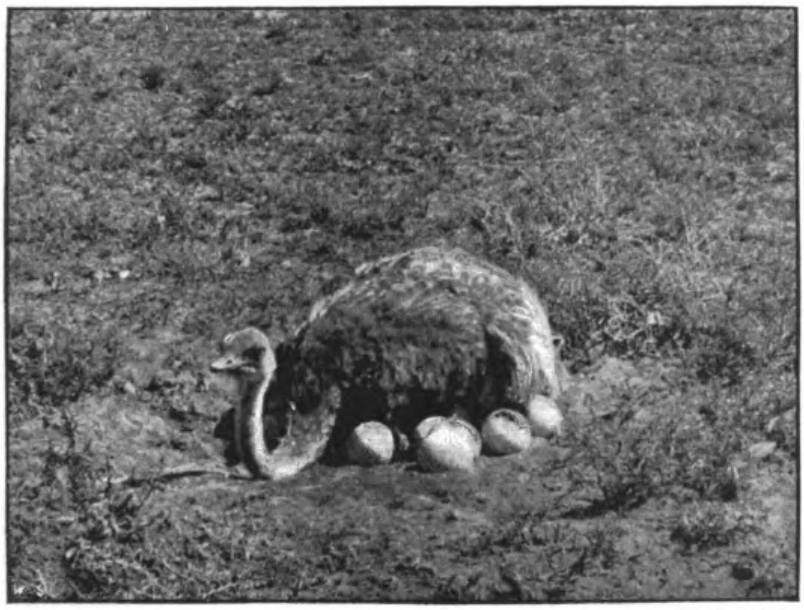
From a] A TROOP OF OSTRICHES. *[Photograph.*

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we mean the long whites, numbering from eighteen to twenty in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers, and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later again—that is, six months after the primes—the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible without inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.

An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation. From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every year, and thousands meet with death every year from some form of accident. Chicks up to twelve months old die from various maladies, but seldom after they are full grown are they the victims of any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scarcity of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Sometimes the female bird may be seen scratching in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one

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From a] OSTRICH ON NEST. *[Photograph.*

spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs; but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs, the remainder being thrown on one side and left to decay.

Forty-four days is the recognised time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed, where they come in continual contact with the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarcer, must be fed morning and evening on barley or rape.

It is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance—"brooming," as the Dutch call it—is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion and gives utterance to three deep roars. The first two are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion-hunters all agree in asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another almost exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement—or, as some think, of danger. Certainly, to be overtaken all on a sudden without time for preparation by a cheeky bird is one of the greatest ills flesh is heir to, and might result disastrously to the uninitiated; but old hands are always all there on an emergency.

Undoubtedly the best weapon—barring a wire-fence—is a good stout stick or blunt pitch-fork. As a rule, if a bird means to have your life or die in the attempt, he charges from about thirty yards, when you receive him at the bayonet's point. He rushes at you with flashing eye, looking the very embodiment of fury. Drawing himself up to a height of ten feet or more, with wings outstretched and hissing like a cobra, he makes four or five strikes. You retreat a pace or two, so as to avoid the fork piercing through his neck, and hold him off at arm's length till he learns that his efforts are useless. Drawing the fork sharply away, you strike him a blow on the neck, rendering him insensible and taking away his breath. This quiets him for a while, till he recovers from his bewilderment and makes a fresh charge, when the fork is again presented.

I have seen a bird so savage as to charge seven times in fifteen minutes, twice receiving the prongs of the fork through his neck. On horseback one is even more obnoxious to an ostrich than on foot, but, so long as the horse is not afraid and will stand up to the bird, there is no fear of an accident. As he charges take care to have your horse well in hand, and as the bird makes his first strike, catch him by the neck and hold on for all you're worth, till the bird becomes exhausted from want of breath and falls.

The female bird is seldom vicious. When she has a nest or brood of young chicks one must be prepared, but her manner of charging and whole demeanour is a very mild affair compared to the male's.

Perhaps it may suggest itself to some of my readers: what would result supposing three or four birds tackled you at once? It is a very rare occurrence for more than one bird to charge at a time. Should three or four male birds all imagine at one particular moment that you are the meat of each one of them separately, they first of all tackle one another, the conqueror fighting you.

Collecting birds for plucking is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given overnight to the Kaffirs and Hottentots to catch every available riding-horse and have them saddled-up and ready next morning at

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sunrise. This is done, and every "boy" on the farm who can find a horse is mounted, and a regular cavalcade enters the camp, under the superintendence of "De Boss van de Plaats"—the master of the farm. They split up into parties of two each, and start off in different directions to drive up the birds from the remote spots to which they have wandered. Warfare, of course, is freely indulged in. It is immaterial to an ostrich if there be one or fifty against him, he fights just as merrily.

There exists a traveller's tale at home that, as soon as an ostrich catches sight of a human being, he turns tail and bolts in an opposite direction to hide his head in the sand. Another fallacy, equally devoid of foundation, is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days: the male at night, the female during the daytime. As an article of food an ostrich egg is, to my taste, the most nauseous of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese and political warfare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all huddled together in a kraal—when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb—and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced niggers clip the feathers. During winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra feeding will pull him through.



PROCESS OF CLIPPING, WITH BAG ON HEAD OF OSTRICH, WING UPLIFTED, AND OWNER IN THE ACT OF CLIPPING THE "PRIMARY ROW."

From a Photo. by H. E. Fripp, Beaufort West, Cape of Good Hope.

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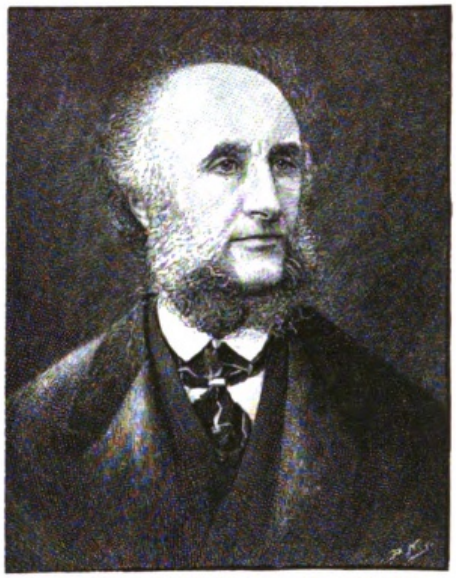


From a] AGE 47. *[Photograph.*

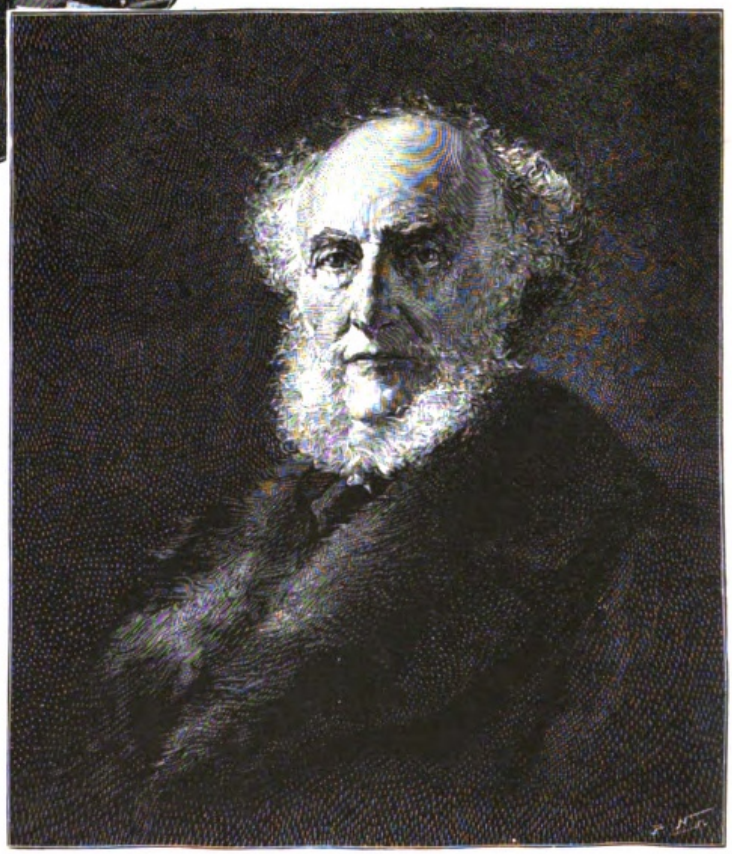
SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P.

BORN 1825.

SIR DONALD CURRIE, K.C.M.G., M.P., is the son of the late Mr. James Currie. He is at the head of Donald Currie & Co., owners of the Castle Line of steamships between London and South Africa. Sir Donald takes an active interest in all questions connected with South Africa, and he has rendered great services to the country and the Government. For his services in settlement of the Diamond Fields dispute and the Orange Free State boundary he was made a C.M.G. in 1877, and in 1881 a K.C.M.G. for further assistance during the Zulu War. For further particulars we refer our readers to an "Illustrated Interview" with Sir Donald, appearing in this number.



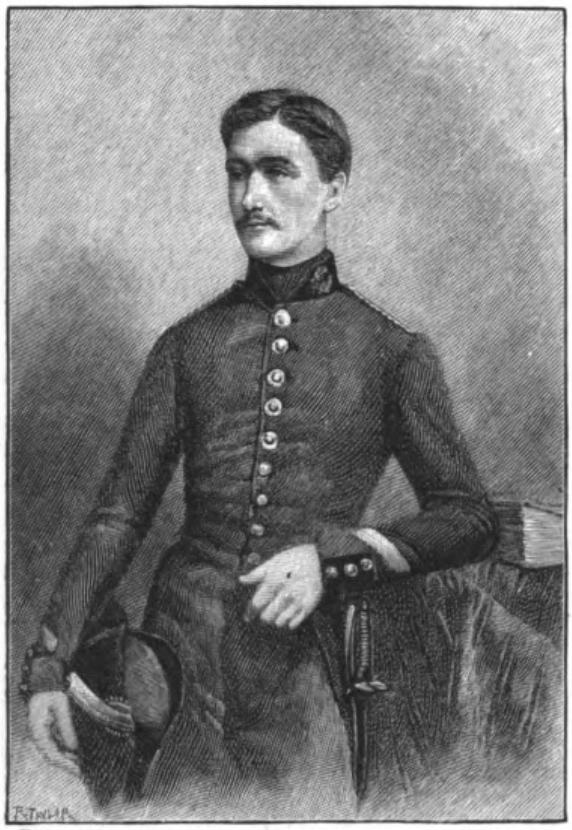
From a Photo. by] AGE 55. *[L. Joliot, Paris.*



PRESENT DAY.

From a Painting by W. W. Quiss, R.A.

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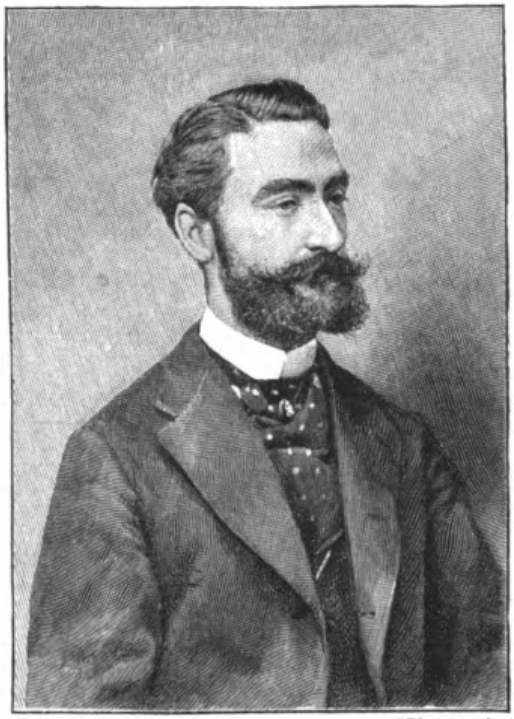


From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [P. Boyer.

THE LATE PRESIDENT CARNOT.

BORN 1837.

MARIE FRANÇOIS SADI CARNOT, late President of the French Republic, who, on the 24th of June, fell a victim to the murderous hand of a fanatic, was born at Limoges. He was a grandson of General Carnot, known in history as the "Organizer of Victory." M. Carnot entered the École Polytechnique at the age of twenty, our first portrait showing young Carnot in his uniform of *Polytechnicien*. He first entered Parliament as member for Côte d'Or, which he represented continuously in the National Assembly and in the Chamber since 1871. M. Carnot occupied successively the position of Under Secretary and Minister of Public Works; and in the Cabinets of M. de Freycinet and M. Brisson he held the portfolio of Finance. As Minister of Finance, M. Carnot displayed remarkable foresight and courage in disclosing to Parliament the difficulties of the financial position of the country, and in suggesting means of overcoming them. Physically the late President was a thin man, of regular features, slightly severe and hard in expression. It was on the resignation of M. Grévy, on December 2nd, 1887, that M. Carnot was elected President of the Republic. In expressing our heartfelt sympathies to the French nation for her great loss, we are sure we echo the feelings of all readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.



From a] AGE 35. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 57. [Pierre Petit, Paris.

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From a] AGE 4. [Painting.

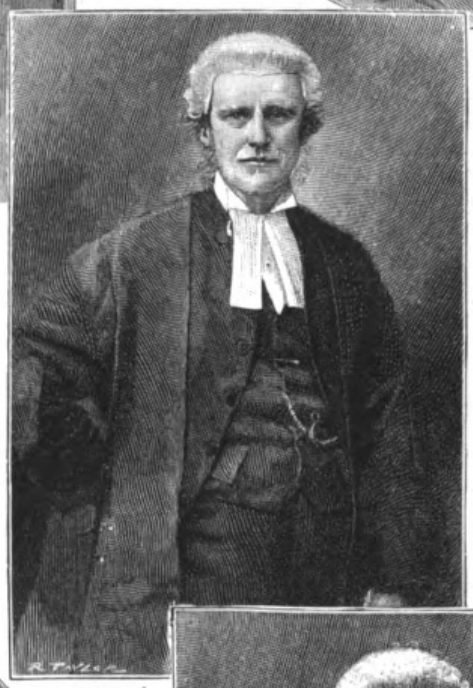
LORD JUSTICE DAVEY.

BORN 1833.

SIR HORACE DAVEY, Lord Justice of Appeal, was educated at Rugby, from which school he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, and was subsequently chosen a Fellow of his college. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1861, where he soon rose to eminence as an equity lawyer. He obtained a silk gown in 1875. For a few months in 1886 he was Solicitor-General under Mr. Gladstone, being raised to the Bench as a Lord Justice of Appeal in September, 1893.



AGE 35.
From a Photograph.



AGE 56.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



AGE 22.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

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AGE 12.
From a Photo. by W. H. Fawn, Peckham.

ROBERT ABEL.

BORN 1859.

ROBERT ABEL, popularly known as the "Guv'nor," made his first appearance in the Surrey Eleven at the Oval against Notts in 1881, but it was not until 1883 that he repaid the county for the confidence placed in him. In 1886, while playing for Surrey against Australia, he scored 144 runs, remaining at the wicket nearly seven hours. In 1891 he made 197, his highest score in first-class cricket. As a bowler he is often invaluable, but is, perhaps, seen at his best at short slip. His 168 (not out) against Gentlemen of England this year proves that he still maintains his position as one of the best all-round men in England.



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by the Kimberley Photographic Studio.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by W. H. Fawn, Peckham.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. S. Fox, Peckham.

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SYDNEY HOLT B.A

BY MARTIN MILNER



"I'M very sorry for you, Leigh!"

"Thanks. You've said that before, though."

"Well, you need not be so disagreeable; I really am sorry for you, and would help you if I could."

The speaker was an elderly man, with an intellectual face and a head of tangled grey hair, who stood by a couch on which lay a young man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling.

"You had better try and put it all out of your mind for a month," he went on, compassionately. "You can't work, so what's the good of worrying?"

"The fact that I can't work is the reason why I worry," said Leigh. "If I had only finished my book before this accident happened, I shouldn't care. But publishers are like time and tide, they wait for no man, as you might know, one would think!"

"I thought the doctor did not want you to use your head at all," said the elder man.

"Oh! he doesn't mind now. I'm all right again, really; only he says he must keep my eyes bandaged for another fortnight, 'just as a precautionary measure.' Precautionary humbug, I call it!"

"Well, then, employ an amanuensis," said Morris Holt, taking no notice of the last remark.

"So I would, if I could find one worth having; but how can I find one while I'm stuck here on this sofa? And somehow, when a fellow is ill, people seem such a bother."

"I have a young cousin whom I think might do," said Holt. "I never thought of it till this minute: I always forget everything! A London B.A. Worked in the British Museum. All that sort of thing. Too poor to ask high terms; very accurate and a really good scholar."

"Well, that praise means something from you," said Leigh, rather grudgingly. "We might have an interview to-morrow afternoon, anyway, if you'll arrange it for me."

"All right; I must be off now. I only meant to stay two minutes, but I had no idea you had been so ill."

He shook the uninjured hand, and made his way towards the door, tripping against a stool as he peered short-sightedly for the handle.

A shout from Leigh made him pause just as he was closing the door. "Stop a minute! What name did you say?"

"Holt. Sydney Holt!" he said, opening the door an inch or two and shutting it again.

"Poor chap!" he muttered, as he made

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his way down the steep stone staircase of the flat. "But it's just the thing for Sydney. I'll go round there now."

Morris Holt was one of the most oblivious and absent-minded men in the world, but he had a fund of kindness within him when he remembered to use it, and on this cold, wet November evening he went nearly a mile out of his way that he might convey the news of employment to his young relative at once.

It was a dingy street into which he turned, and the house at which he stopped was one of the dingiest of the row. An untidy servant-girl admitted him, and stood aside to let him go up to the first floor.

Mr. Holt stumbled up the dark staircase and knocked at the first door he came to.

"Come in!" cried a voice from inside, and he turned the handle and entered. The room was like hundreds of others in cheap London lodging-houses. The furniture was worn and shabby, the ceiling discoloured, and the window-panes dirty; but there were a few touches here and there which showed that the occupant was a person of refinement.

A girl, whose curly hair was cut short over her head, and whose pale face showed the marks of over-work, threw down her pen and rose to greet him with a smile.

"Why, cousin Morris!" she said, "I have not seen you for weeks!"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Holt, sitting down in the chair she pushed forward for him, "I have been out of town. I was at the Museum yesterday and to-day, but I did not see you, Sydney. Where have you been?"

"At home," said Sydney, rather mournfully. "Or, rather, I tired myself out yesterday going to three different schools in want of teachers; but they were all filled up before I got there!"

"I am sorry I have not been able to help you more," said Mr. Holt, with a little remorse in his tone. "But it is next door to impossible; everything is so crowded. However, I am forgetting what I came to tell you, and I must make haste, because I am going out of town again to-morrow, and I am very busy. A friend of mine who is writing a book has had an accident, and can't use his eyes for a time. He is worrying himself to death about it, and wants to get someone to help him. It must be someone up in the classics, because there are a lot of Greek quotations; so I suggested you, and he would like you to go round to-morrow afternoon. There's the address." He threw a card on the table as he spoke and got up to go.

"But shall I be able to do what he wants?" said Sydney, doubtfully.

"Oh! yes; I told him all about you, you know, and he thought you would do."

There were many other things that Sydney wanted to ask, but her cousin was in a hurry to be off, and she could not detain him. She stood for a long time with the card in her hand after he had gone, as though it could tell her all the things that he had left unsaid.

"OLIVER LEIGH,
6, Lincoln Gardens."

That was all. She had never heard the name before, and it conveyed nothing to her mind. But she had no doubt about going, for her funds were so low that it seemed to her sometimes as though starvation was not far off. Her hopes had been very high when she got her degree and started on a career in London, but as she learnt more and more of the over-stocked condition of the teaching world, they had sunk lower and lower. Her cousin had no influence there, but he had procured her a few pieces of literary hack-work from time to time, which just kept her head above water.

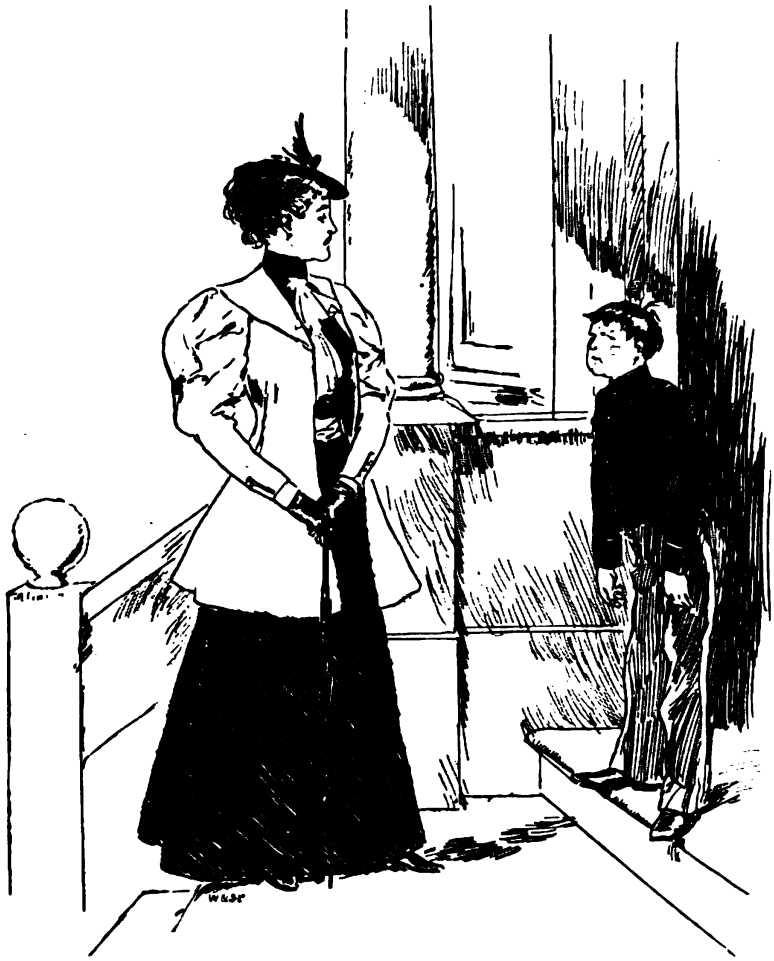
She set out about three o'clock the next afternoon and made her way to Lincoln Gardens. It was as dull and damp a day as the previous one had been, and she debated within herself whether she should not do her dress more than eighteenpence worth of damage by walking; however, she had only five shillings in hand to last to the end of the week, so she picked her way as well as she could through the mud.

Lincoln Gardens was reached at last, and having pressed the electric bell at the door, a dirty little boy in buttons admitted her.

"Mr. Leigh?" he said, in answer to her inquiry. "Yes, 'e's in. Third floor!" and so saying, he disappeared down a passage, leaving Sydney to make her way up.

The door at the head of the third staircase stood open, and her timid knock was answered by a voice, in obedience to which she entered. The room formed a strong contrast to her own. A bright fire burned on the hearth, throwing its leaping lights and shadows over the picture-covered walls and the soft hues of carpet and curtains. But Sydney's eyes were not attracted by the room; they were fixed in mute surprise upon its owner. She had expected to see an elderly, grey-headed man, like her cousin; but the hair that appeared over the bandages was thick and dark, and the figure in the arm-chair was that of a man in the prime of youth. She was so taken aback that she

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"A DIRTY LITTLE BOY IN BUTTONS ADMITTED HER."

hesitated on the threshold, uncertain what to do; but in the meantime he could not see her and she was obliged to speak.

"My cousin, Mr. Morris Holt, asked me to call on you to day, about some work," she said.

"Oh! yes; come in," said Leigh. "Excuse my getting up, I'm rather lame. Holt was here yesterday, and said he thought you could do what I want; but I should think you're very young, by your voice!"

Sydney thought that his manners were decidedly peculiar, but she knew that she must not mind such things as these. "Yes, I am young," she said, "but I have taken the B.A. degree at the London University, and I have had some experience in literary work, too."

"Oh! well, I daresay you'll do all right," said Leigh. "I'll try you, anyhow. My doctor says I mustn't do more than three hours' work a day at present. He's a chum of mine, who comes in every morning to bandage me up for the day and all that kind of thing; so we had better work from two till five, if that will suit you."

"Very well indeed," said Sydney.

"All right, then. We ought to finish the work in a fortnight; I hope you can write a clear hand. Oh! and about terms: will two guineas a week do for you?"

"Certainly," said Sydney, who had not dared to expect so much.

"We may as well begin at once, then. You'll find the papers on the writing-table. Tell me when you are ready, and I'll fire away."

Sydney arranged the papers and began to write. The book was one dealing with certain aspects of Greek drama, and the quotations made the work difficult; but the subject was one which thoroughly interested her, and the time sped rapidly away.

Five o'clock chimed out at last from the little clock on the mantelpiece, and Leigh gave a satisfied sigh. "I suppose we must stop," he said, "or I shall get into a row with my doctor. However, we've got on capitally, so I won't complain. Be sure you come punctually to-morrow."

"I will be certain to be here," said Sydney, opening the door as she spoke.

"All right, and if you see your cousin, you can tell him I think you'll do very well. You really have a very decent amount of scholarship, though I should think you're not much more than a boy!"

Sydney gave a startled little gasp as he uttered the last words, and escaped before he could add anything more. So this was the meaning of his cursory remarks and his off-hand ways! Morris had evidently only spoken of her as his "cousin," without mentioning her name; or, even if he had mentioned it, it would have told nothing unless he added an explanation. Why had she not been called Ada or Caroline, instead of Sydney?

All through her homeward walk she was debating what she could do. Should she ask her cousin to explain? But he was gone out of town, and she did not even know his

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address. Should she explain the mistake herself? But the idea was too formidable! After all, it was only an hour or two in the day for a fortnight; it would soon be over.

She hardly noticed the discomforts of her room that evening; her mind was too much occupied with the events of the day, and instead of worrying over her money troubles when she went to bed, she fell asleep wondering what the morrow would bring.

Leigh was waiting for her when she arrived the next afternoon. "Here you are!" he said, cheerfully. "The doctor says I'm none the worse for the work yesterday, so that's all right. We shall soon finish, at this rate."

Sydney soon became as interested in the book as the author himself. It showed a depth of research and a broad way of dealing with facts that gave her a very high opinion of his mind. She admired him also for his patience under the trials that had befallen him, and day by day she found herself looking forward more eagerly to their hours of work.

Leigh, on his part, felt a growing admiration for his secretary.

"You never bother me, somehow," he said, one day. "Some fellows are so clumsy, knocking things over, and making all sorts of mistakes. But you are uncommonly quiet, I must say, and yet you are sharp enough, too! That suggestion you made yesterday was really very good; I thought about it a great deal in the night."

"I am glad you think I can do the work," said Sydney.

"You do it remarkably well!" said Leigh. "You really ought to turn out something or other one of these days. I don't know why I always imagine you are so young; I suppose it's your voice."

"Can I do anything more for you before I go?" said Sydney, passing over the difficult question.

"Yes. I wish you would just give me a rug. I get so cold sitting here, and the doctor won't let me try my ankle yet. I wish that horse hadn't managed to stand on so many places at once when it knocked me over."

Sydney felt a rush of sympathy go through her, but she dared not express it. She put the rug softly over him and went back to the writing-table.

"I think I shall come out a poet at last," said Leigh, in a dreamy tone. "I don't know why, but I seemed to think of stars and music and the 'sweet south' on a bank of violets, all in a breath just now."

"Good afternoon," said Sydney, opening the door and taking a sudden departure.

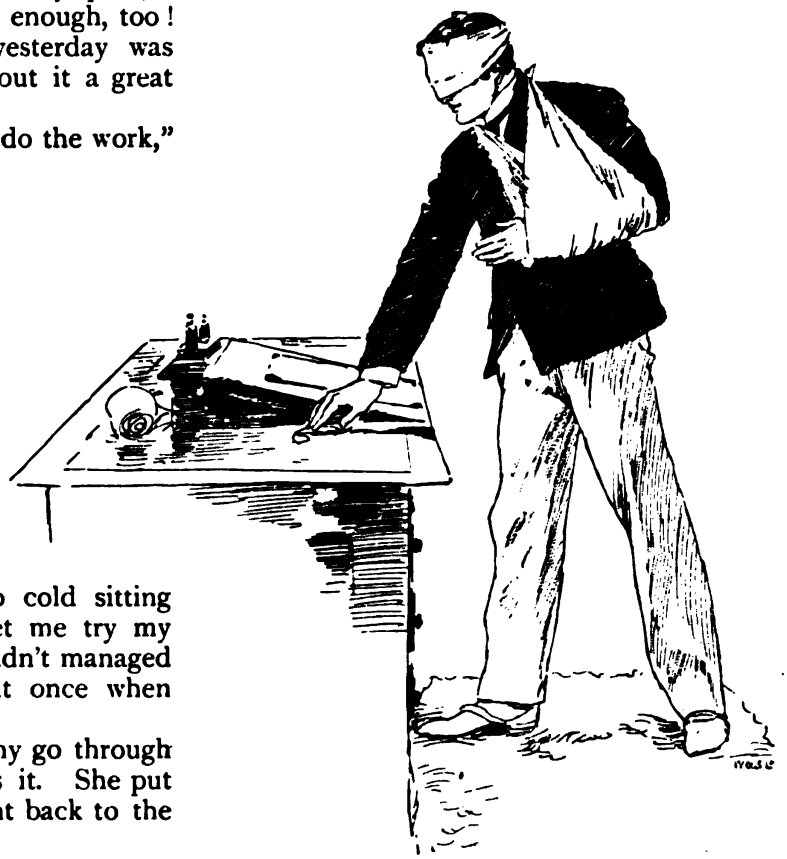
"I shall have to tell him," she said to herself, desperately, as she hastened down the stone staircase. "And yet—there are only three days more!"

"I say, young man," began Leigh in a playful tone when his secretary arrived on the next afternoon, "you ought not to leave your love-tokens about on other people's tables! The doctor told me I might take a walk round my room this morning; the housekeeper was to have helped me, but she never appeared, so I had to clutch on to the things as best I could, and as I caught hold of the writing-table I found this!"

He held up a ribbon as he spoke, which Sydney recognised directly as one that she had missed when she reached home.

"Well, are you not going to ask for it back?" said Leigh, finding that he got no answer. "I shall just tell your cousin the little tale when I see him next!"

"Please give it to me," said Sydney, in a low voice.



"I FOUND THIS!"

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Leigh thought that he had given offence, and relinquished the ribbon at once. It seemed to him rather foolish to be upset by such a trivial thing, but he was too kind-hearted not to try and make amends.

"I shall be quite sorry when our work comes to an end!" he said, pleasantly, when five o'clock sounded the hour of Sydney's departure.

"So shall I!" thought Sydney, but she did not say so.

"In fact," went on Leigh, "I have something to propose to you. The doctor says the bandage may come off my eyes in a day or two, but I am not to use them much at first. Will you stay on and help me, if you have nothing better to do? No one has ever suited me so admirably as you have done, and I do not feel at all inclined to let you go."

Sydney's heart beat almost to suffocation. How could she answer him? In a day or two at furthest he must discover the deception that she had practised upon him.

"You don't seem to like the idea much!" said Leigh, in a disappointed tone. "Perhaps you have something else in view; but I gathered from what your cousin told me that you have not been getting on very fast. Has your father other plans for you?"

"I have no father," said Sydney, glad of a question that she could reply to. "I have been an orphan for some years, and I never had any brothers or sisters."

"Then why will you not agree to my proposal?" said Leigh. "It would probably be only a temporary thing, and I would not stand in the way of your taking anything else that turned up."

"It is not that," said Sydney, in a low voice.

"What is it, then?" asked Leigh, rather peremptorily.

Sydney could not reply, her heart was too full. She felt her eyes filling with tears, and in the effort to choke down her feelings a sob escaped her lips.

Leigh gave a sudden start and half rose from his seat, but sank back again as his injured foot gave way under him. Sydney watched him anxiously; she dared not speak, but in another moment she saw him raise his hand as though to tear the bandage from his eyes.

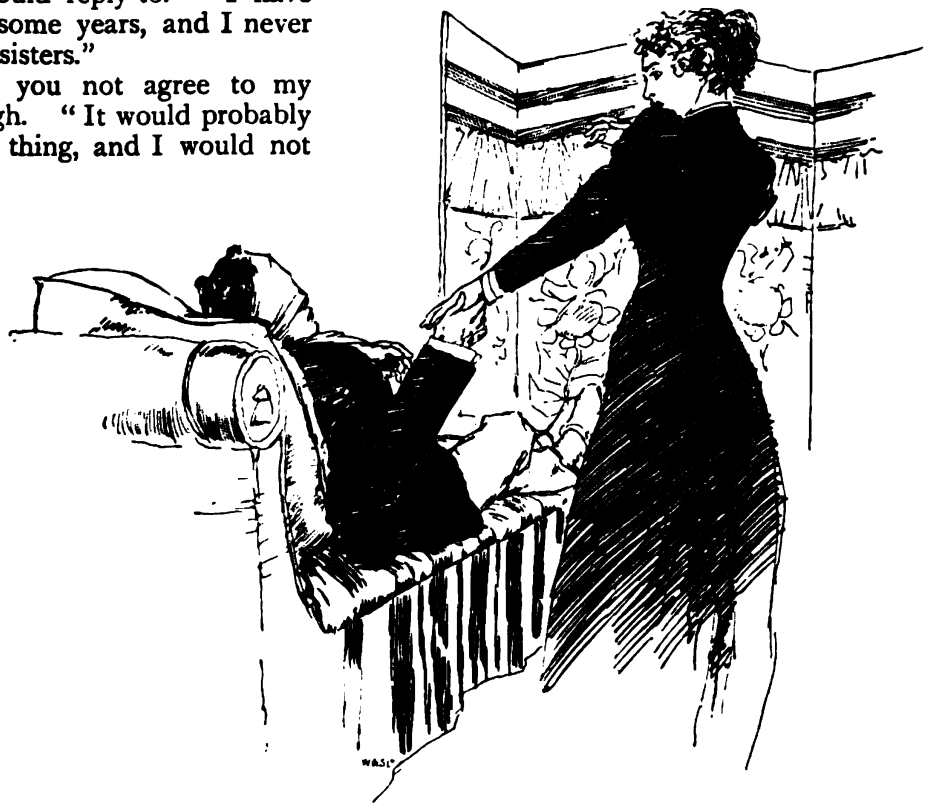
"No, no," she cried, fear for him overcoming every other feeling: "you must not do it; you will ruin your sight for ever." She darted forward as she spoke and seized his hand.

Instead of snatching away his hand, Leigh took hers between both his own and held it firmly. It quivered like a little frightened bird in the captor's grasp, but he would not let it go. It was small, and soft, and warm, and he stroked it lightly with his fingers.

"This is not a man's hand!" he said.

"Oh! I will tell you the truth!" cried Sydney, despairingly. "My cousin told me about your work, and I wanted the money so much, and he said that he had told you all about me. And then when I came I found you did not know, and he was away, and I could not make up my mind to tell you, and I hoped you would never find it out! But now I will go away, and I shall never come back."

She drew her hand away from him, but as he released it, he pulled the bandage from



"SHE DREW HER HAND AWAY FROM HIM."

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his eyes before she knew what he was doing!

The sight that met his eyes he will never forget till his dying day. The small, slight figure before him was clad in a dress of some dark woollen material, that any woman would have told him at once was old-fashioned and shabby. But Leigh saw nothing of that; he only knew that the curls that lay tossed all over the little head glittered like gold in the firelight, that the pale cheeks were tinged with delicate colour, and that her eyes shone like stars through the tears that hung on their lashes!

But the vision only lasted for a moment. Turning passionately from him, she caught up her things and flew from the room.

How Sydney found her way home that night she never knew. A tumult of feelings surged through her heart, but in the midst of it all one resolve was fixed within her—nothing should ever take her back! What though her work was unfinished; what though she had not as yet received the much-needed money? She would rather starve than ever see him again!

Leigh, meanwhile, was passing through an equal tumult, but his thoughts were much pleasanter than Sydney's. His principal fear was that she would fulfil her threat of not returning, and as the next afternoon came and went, dragging out its weary hours in dull loneliness, he became gradually convinced that she had really meant what she said.

"Never mind, I'll go and see her to-morrow," he thought. "I can get downstairs and into a cab well enough now."

But when the next day came a sudden thought flashed upon him that filled him with dismay. He had not the vaguest notion of her address; and more than this, rave and storm as he might, there was no chance of his finding it out unless her cousin had come back to town! He had been allowed to exchange his bandage for a shade, and reaching pen and paper he wrote off a hasty note with no explanations, merely asking for the address by return of post.

But Morris Holt was still out of town, and the note lay unopened amid a pile of letters on his writing-table for several days, during which Leigh went through an agony of suspense. Perhaps his note had been lost, and had never reached its destination; perhaps she had guessed what he would do, and had forbidden her cousin to send the address! Then a new agony began. She had told him herself how much she wanted the money; perhaps she was starving, and there was no one to help her. He worried and distressed himself till the doctor shook his head, and ordered him to the South of France.

Leigh took no notice of his advice. Everything seemed to go by him in a dream, until one day a post-card was brought up to him, with two lines written upon it, that ran like an electric stream through his frame. The words were these:—

"Only just back in town. 24, South Street, Chilton Square."

Sydney was sitting alone that afternoon in her cheerless room. She could not afford a fire, and the clinging damp made everything chilly and uncomfortable. She had at last heard of some teaching, but the salary was small, and she would not receive anything until the end of the term.

A week ago at this time a very different scene had surrounded her, but that thought was too painful to be borne as yet!

A ring at the bell and a heavy step on the stair roused no expectations in Sydney's mind; no one ever came to see her but her cousin, and she thought that he was still away. But to her surprise the steps paused at her door, and the servant-girl threw it open without any attempt at announcement, and in another moment Oliver Leigh stood before her!

He was breathless with his ascent and leant heavily upon his stick; but he had left off his bandages, and his eyes rested eagerly upon her.

"I should have been here days ago," he exclaimed, "but I had no clue to your address, and I was obliged to wait until I could get it from your cousin. The days have seemed like an eternity!"

He paused; but Sydney could find no words in which to answer.

"Are you angry with me for coming?" he asked. "You would not be, if you knew how terribly I have missed you."

"I am not angry," said Sydney, in a scarcely audible voice, while she raised her eyes for a moment to his.

Leigh's face brightened. "I cannot part from you again!" he exclaimed. "I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife."

"But we have known each other such a little time," said Sydney, trying to repress the joy that trembled through her at his words. She knew that she should never love any other man as she loved him, but she feared that he might be yielding to a sudden impulse which he would afterwards repent.

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"Do you call it a little while?" he said. "It seems to me that I have known you for years. You must remember that a fortnight of work together like ours is worth a year of ordinary acquaintance. No, I cannot take that as an answer. The only thing that will send me away is for you to tell me that you do not love me. Can you tell me that?"

There was an entreating accent in his voice against which Sydney was not proof. "No," she said, softly, and the brief negative conveyed a whole world of assent.

The dreary room, with all its chill dulness, disappeared as if by magic, transfigured and glorified by a haze of golden light.

Cold, weariness, poverty, all were forgotten, blotted out from Sydney's memory by the sudden rush of happiness; while Leigh felt that this was the moment for which he had been waiting all his life.

"You must not forget that you owe me two days' work!" he said at last, looking at her with a smile.

"I don't owe them!" said Sydney, playfully. "You have never paid me anything at all yet!"

Leigh's smile faded and he bowed his head on hers. "I can't bear to think of what you have suffered, my little one!" he said. "But that is all over now. There is nothing to wait for; let us be married at once, and we will go abroad together. I believe the doctor told me I ought to go to a warm climate for a little while, so we will forget all these dark days in love and sunshine! I shall never be thankful enough that your cousin sent you to me."

"Do you think we need tell him *all* the story?" said Sydney, anxiously.

"No, dear, no!" said Leigh. "It is too sweet a story to be spoilt by telling; we will keep it all to ourselves."

And thus it came to pass that when Morris Holt read the letter that told him of Sydney's engagement, he said to himself, with his usual abstracted smile: "Ah! yes, I saw Leigh was interested directly I told him about her; Sydney may thank me, after all, for having settled her in life!"



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Some Historic Cradles.

By Sheila E. Braine.

SCATTERED about here and there, in museums, castles, palaces, and private houses, occasionally putting in a modest appearance at a loan exhibition, but living for the most part in an honourable seclusion, are certain quaint old memorials of bygone generations, of which, collectively, very little notice has hitherto been taken. Nevertheless, as being intimately connected with the earliest days of persons hereafter to become famous, they undoubtedly possess an interest of their own; and although a cradle may be a homely object, it is seen alike in castle and cottage, nor does there seem any near probability of its going out of fashion.

To the crude masculine eye all babies are said to look the same—a sentiment a mother invariably treats with the scorn it deserves; but, leaving that vexed point untouched, there can be no denying the fact that considerable diversity prevails with respect to the cribs, cots, and cradles that shield the slumbers of the blessed little beings.

Roughly shaped out of the trunk of a tree, or carved with the best skill of a cunning workman; stuffed with moss or lined with embroidered pillows; carried upon the back of a barbarian mother, hung from the ceiling of a peasant's hut, rocked by a stately nurse in a Royal chamber: scarcely one of them resembles another. And yet a certain touch of Nature renders them all akin. For humanity begins with the cradle, even as it ends with the grave; at these two fixed unwavering points we units touch each other, while between them lies the brief uncertainty of this our little life.

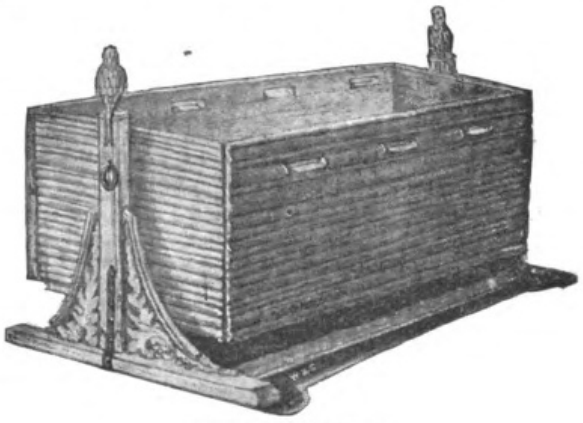
The cradles of the Greeks and Romans were of various shapes; the infant Hermes is represented in one formed like a shoe. They were occasionally made of basketwork, sometimes with handles; and could be suspended by ropes. Infants were rocked and sung to sleep by their nurses, and had their rattles, even as modern babies.

The word cradle is Anglo-Saxon; in Anglo-Norman it was *bers*, or *bersel*, from which is derived the modern French *berçeau*. Walter de Bibblesworth, writing towards the close of the thirteenth century, says: "As soon as the child is born it must be swathed; lay it to sleep in its cradle, and you must have a nurse to rock it to sleep."

In the seventh century we find an Archbishop of Canterbury ordaining that a woman who left her baby "lying loosely around" on the hearth, so that it got scalded to death through the caldron boiling over, was to do penance for her negligence. The curious part of it was that the husband, who put the water into the caldron, was acquitted of all blame; the idea being, we must suppose, that he could not be expected to know that the rolled-up bundle on the hearth was a member of his family. It would seem from this that cradles were not in everyday use at this date; and that infants were brought up in sweet simplicity on the floor.

M. Viollet-le-Duc tells us that the simplest and most ancient cradles were formed out of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, with holes at the sides through which cords were passed to keep the child in. Baskets were also used, and later on the cradles resembled small beds, fixed upon two curved pieces of wood.

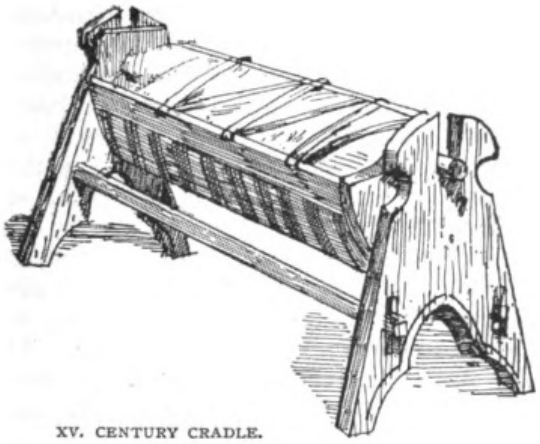
In the fifteenth century a change was made, and the cradle, usually shaped like a box, swung between two uprights, which were fixed. The cradle of Henry V., which



CRADLE OF HENRY V.

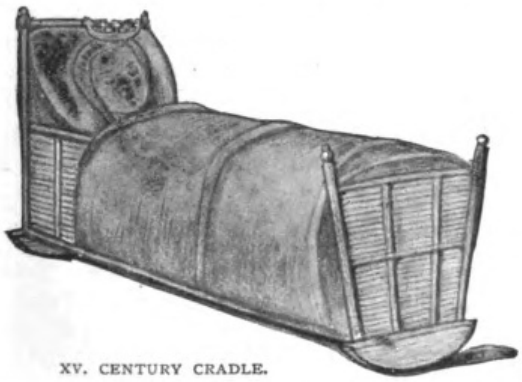
belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century, is of this kind, and is the earliest specimen extant. Some writers call it Edward II.'s, but there are no proofs of its having belonged to that unlucky Prince. The story runs that Henry V., born at Monmouth Castle in 1388, being a delicate child, was sent to Courtfield, about seven miles distant, to be

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XV. CENTURY CRADLE.

nursed, for the benefit of his health. Here the cradle of the future warrior King was preserved for many years, eventually being sold by a steward of the property; who should have been prosecuted for it, one would imagine; but apparently went to his grave in

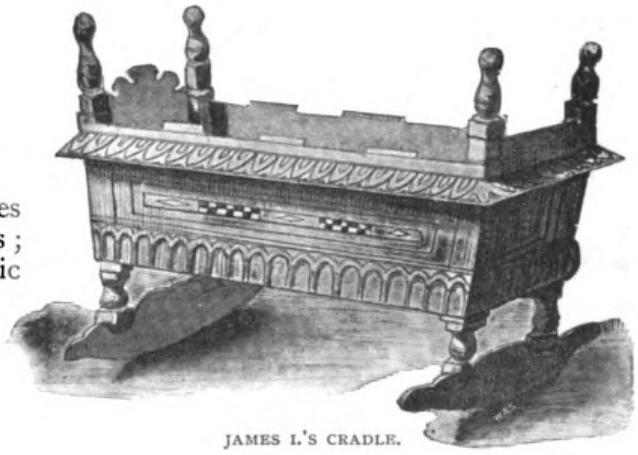


XV. CENTURY CRADLE.

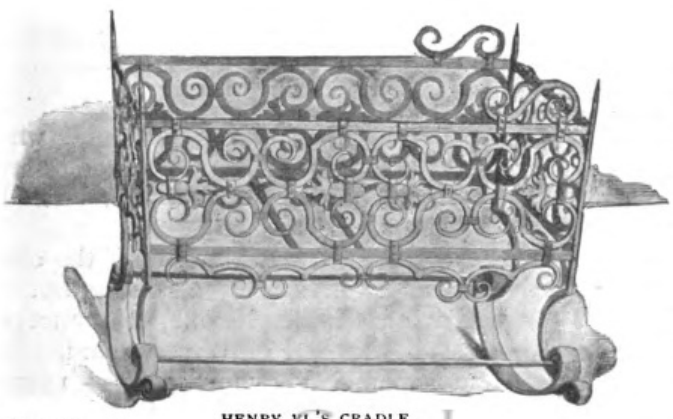
peace. The cradle passed at different times into the possession of various individuals; and is now exhibited to tourists as a relic of undoubted historic interest. It is 3ft. 2in. long, 1ft. 8in. wide at the head, rather less at the foot; 1ft. 5in. deep; the foliage corroborates the date.

The cradle or crib of Harry of Windsor, son of the Monmouth Harry, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, is of ironwork, and of an entirely different character. The attendant at the museum, questioned upon the subject, informed us with candour that for a long time they knew not whose it was, nor where it hailed from; and we gathered that it had at length turned up "promiscuous-like" in a catalogue of the seventeenth century. A former attendant took it into his head to give it a coat of paint, for what reason we do not undertake to say, unless it was to while away a tedious hour. It is evident that the cradle formerly possessed a head, and there are indications of gilding about it.

The names of many of the Royal nurses are to be found in ancient accounts. Edward II. gave twenty shillings to Mary of Carnarvon for "coming all the way from Wales to see him"; Henry V. settled an annuity of twenty pounds upon Joan Waryn; Henry IV. had an Irish nurse, Edward IV. a French one. The longed-for son and heir of bluff King Hal was nursed by Sibilla Penne, the wife of the Court barber-surgeon. Mistress Penne did rather well for herself, for she obtained the grant of both a monastery and a manor. We find that the



JAMES I.'S CRADLE.



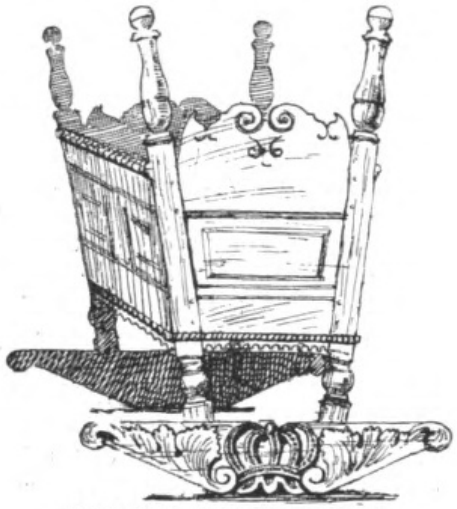
HENRY VI.'S CRADLE.

Princess Mary gave her for a New Year's gift five yards of yellow satin at 7s. 6d. the yard. My Lord Prince had four rockers in addition to his nurse; his food was tasted for fear of poison, and no one was permitted to approach his cradle without an order signed by the King. Small scions of Royalty usually had from two to five attendants, known as "rockers," who were duly sworn into office by the Lord Chamberlain. James I. had five, all Scotch, namely, Lady Kippenross, Jane

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Oliphant, Jane Crummy, Katherine Murray, and Christian Stewart.

The heavy cradle of carved oak, used for the high and mighty Prince who was to unite the Thistle and the Rose, is now in the possession of the Earl of Mar and Kellie. It was to be seen at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888; as was also the carved oak cradle of Mary Queen of Scots, distinguished by its



CRADLE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Royal crown. Few people, apparently, are aware of the existence of this relic of the most fascinating woman of her century. It was saved from the fire that broke out in Linlithgow Palace, January, 1746; and at the present time is at Edinburgh, in the possession of a gentleman who kindly allowed the annexed sketch of it to be made.

To the same category belongs the beautiful carved cradle of Queen Elizabeth, with which every visitor to Hatfield House must be familiar. The initials, "A. R.," stand for "Anna Regina," the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth. These cradles all partake of the characteristics of the period, for the furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—influenced by the Flemish refugees who flocked to England with their handicrafts—is handsome, massive, and more or less capable of defying the ruthless touch of old Father Time. The beds of those days were like huge tents; surmounted by heavy canopies and shrouded with voluminous curtains, warranted to secure the night-capped sleeper from every breath of air.

The quaint cradle-tomb in Westminster Abbey has a canopy, and was probably designed in imitation of the cradles in use at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it has the Royal arms in a lozenge upon the back. In 1606, when the workmen were engaged in erecting Queen Elizabeth's monument, a tiny corpse was brought by barge from the palace at Greenwich, and buried close to the spot where they were working. It was the Princess Sophia, fourth daughter of James I.,



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CRADLE.



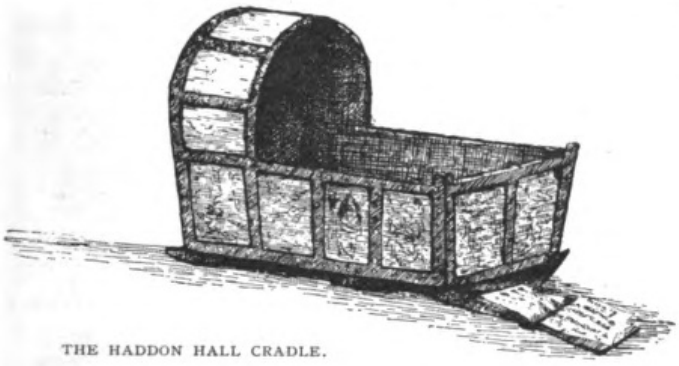
CRADLE OF CHARLES NEVILLE, EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

who only lived three days, and whose name is rescued from oblivion by the curious monument which marks her resting-place.

Next we have a drawing of the oaken cradle belonging to the brave but unfortunate Charles Neville, of Brancepeth Castle, last Earl of Westmorland. This nobleman, being concerned in 1570 in an insurrection against Elizabeth, was

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attainted, and fled beyond the seas, where he died in great poverty. Upon the cradle, in circles on a red ground, are the bull's head and the lion rampant, the crests of the Neville and Mowbray families; the white rose de-



THE HADDON HALL CRADLE.

notes the attachment of the Nevilles to the House of York.

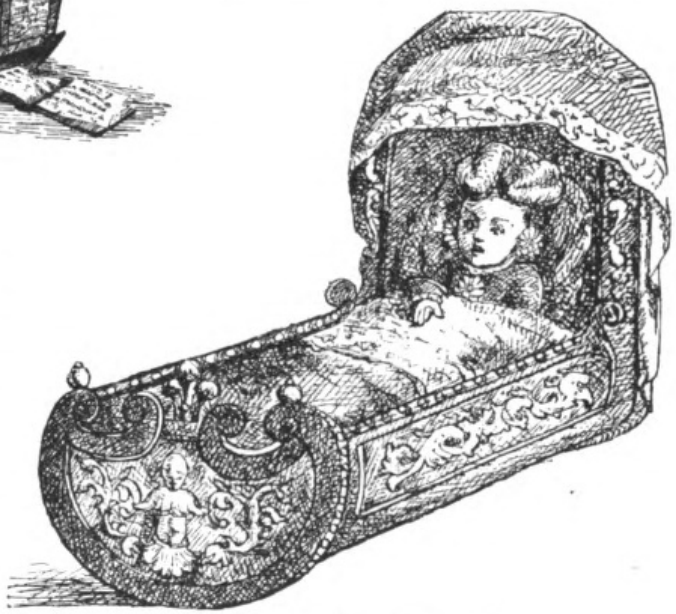
Speaking of earls' cradles, we have here two other specimens, one of which is the oaken "berceau" which stands in the magnificent State bedroom at Haddon Hall, and which is declared by tradition and the guide-books to have protected the infant slumbers of the first Earl of Rutland.

The second is an exceptionally fine cradle of carved oak of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a coronet, and bearing the initials "E. R.," which stand for Edward Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater. This unique specimen has been lent to the South Kensington Museum by R. D. Radcliffe, Esq., F.S.A.



CRADLE OF THE EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

Ancient inventories furnish us with occasional glimpses of the stately cradles provided for Royal infants, who, "born in the purple," were put to sleep amid the glories of "yalowe clothe of gold," crimson velvet lined with green buckram, red and blue sarcenet curtains, and so forth. At the same time, a baby of importance usually had one cradle for use and another for ornament: one for private life, the other for receptions; hence the origin and reason of the numerous "berceaux de parade" alluded to in Royal accounts. Many of these were veritable works of art, painted and decorated by the best artists of the time, and great store was naturally set by them.



CRADLE OF THE "OLD PRETENDER."

Among the jewels claimed from the Crown of England as having belonged to Isabel of France was "un bersel d'or," and likewise "un bersel d'argent bel et gracieux." The State cradle of a defunct Dauphin is mentioned as having been placed in "guard and garrison" in the jewel chamber at the Louvre, carefully wrapped up in four ells of linen.

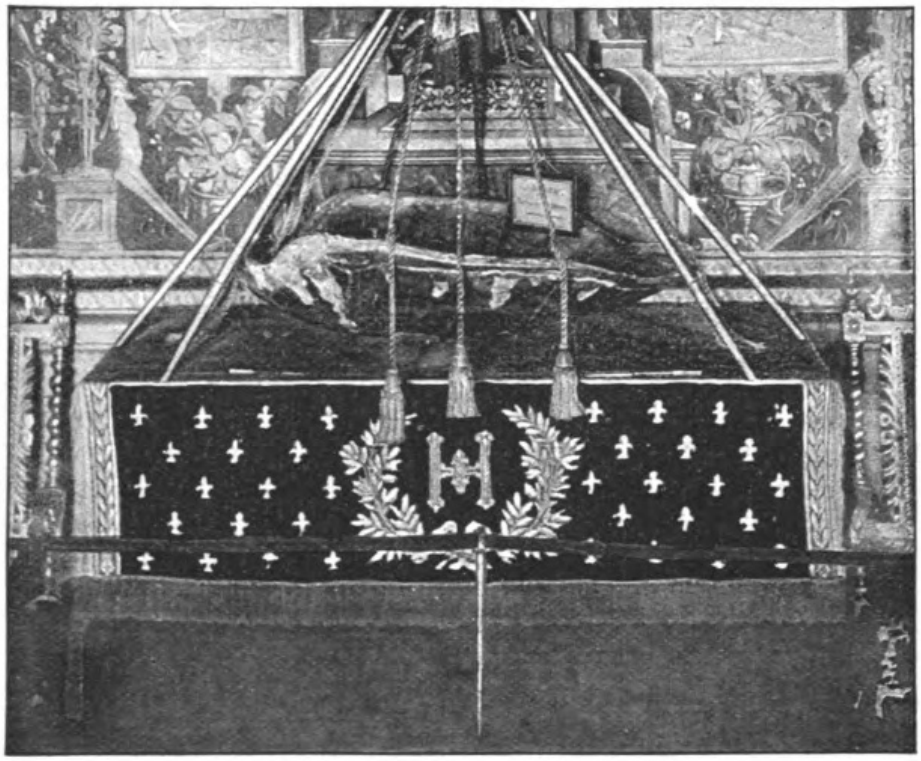
When Beatrice of Modena fled with her infant son, the Prince of Wales—afterwards known as the Old Pretender — to the hospitable shores of France, the baby's cradle was left behind; and one was fetched for his use from the Trianon, which had, no doubt, served for the son of Louis XIV. It

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was covered with satin, and ornamented with gold and silver.

Costly and sumptuous as they were, cradles came to be regarded as suitable offerings to be made to Royal expectant mothers. Marie of Medicis received from the Grand Duchess of Florence a magnificent one, with the polite wish that it might soon be wanted for a "beau Dauphin de France"; a richly jewelled and altogether splendid specimen was also sent from India by Warren Hastings as a present to Queen Charlotte.

The City of Paris presented those used for the Comte de Paris and the late Prince Imperial; and also one of the three prepared for the longed-for son and heir of the Great Napoleon. It was a magnificent piece of work, in silver gilt, representing a ship, the emblem of the capital, and designed by the painter Prudhon. The monogram of the Emperor was engraved upon a shield at the top, surrounded by a wreath of ivy leaves and laurels; a small figure of Glory upheld a crown, in the midst of which shone the star of Napoleon, gazed at by a young eagle with half-expanded wings placed at the foot. The cradle was emblematic of the future glory of the unconscious King of Rome, whose birth excited a tumult of enthusiasm; whose death passed well-nigh unnoticed. The star of the young Napoleon had no sooner risen than it was doomed to set; the heir of those boundless hopes inherited nothing, and died a pensioner upon Austrian bounty. His magnificent cradle, weighing 5cwt., was presented by him to the Imperial Treasury at Vienna.



CRADLE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE (AT PAU).

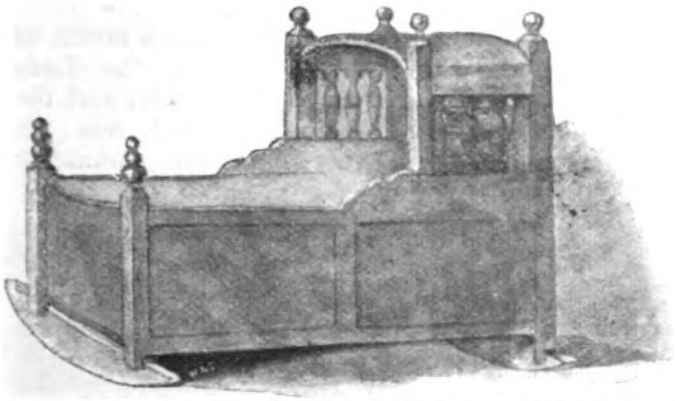


CRADLE OF THE KING OF ROME (AT FONTAINEBLEAU).

Another belonging to him may be seen at the castle of Fontainebleau; a third is in the "Napoleon Room" at Madame Tussaud's. These superb cradles were on a par with the magnificent and costly beds of the *ancien régime*, the *lits de parade*, upon which, gracefully reclining and elaborately arrayed, ladies were in the habit of receiving visitors, and even the whole Court.

It was etiquette to make a profound reverence on passing the couch of a King or Queen; possibly the cradle of an heir-apparent was saluted in the same way. It was not all joy to be born in the purple; there were too many State regulations for a Royal baby's life to be a happy one. At certain hours he was to be fed, at certain hours he had to be rocked, no matter whether

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CRADLE OF A PILGRIM FATHER (DR. SAMUEL FULLER).

A quaint old memorial of the Pilgrim Fathers is the cradle of the Fuller family. Dr. Samuel Fuller was one of the elders who sailed in the *Mayflower*, and was no less remarkable for his piety than for his skill in his profession. His wife was left behind, but followed her husband afterwards in the *Anne*. Dr. Fuller died in 1633.

More than three centuries divide the German Emperors, Maximilian I. and William I. Alas for modern progress in the arts and crafts: it is but too clear that the monarch of the Middle Ages, who compiled his own curious biography, possessed the more artistic cradle

he were asleep or no; he might yell himself hoarse, but no one might venture to take him up but the proper person. It was, as the chronicler, Barbier, feelingly remarked, "une vraie misère."

We must not omit to notice the great tortoiseshell, exhibited at Pau as the veritable cradle of Henri Quatre, in which his grandfather, old King Henri d'Albret, bore him to the font, after rubbing his lips with garlic to make him hardy. This historic shell has had its vicissitudes. It would have been destroyed at the time of the French Revolution, whose agents spared neither the town of Pau nor its illustrious old castle, had it not been, with the connivance of the caretaker, secretly abstracted by a Royalist of good family, a certain Monsieur de Beauregard. Not until the year 1814 was it considered safe to produce the concealed treasure; which was then, with much rejoicing, reinstated in the castle. It now reposes in all honour beneath the plumed helmet of the Huguenot monarch, its original occupant.



CRADLE OF WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.



CRADLE OF MAXIMILIAN I.

of the two. A very similar one, a decided "thing of beauty," was unearthed by a traveller some years ago in a remote Alpine village. The symbolic "I.H.S." is also to be seen at the head of the seventeenth century English crib, given in our next illustration.

An ancient cradle from Cairo, exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and is a veritable *berçeau de luxe*. For what olive-skinned morsel of humanity, Royal or otherwise, it was prepared we know not.

In striking contrast is the roughly-made but comfortable cradle of the Hungarian peasant, in which the baby lies snugly corded, and which can be easily rocked with the

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A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRIB.

foot. By the way, there is a widespread superstition that it is a disastrous thing to rock an empty cradle; a new baby would speedily arrive to fill it.

Before closing this article, a passing mention should be made of the ancient custom, still kept up, of presenting a silver cradle to the wife of a Mayor whose family receives an addition during his year of office. The *Times* of July 1st, 1799, has a notice of one about to be presented to the Lady Mayoress, which was to cost £500; and the Mayoress of Liverpool in 1848 was the recipient of a very handsome miniature

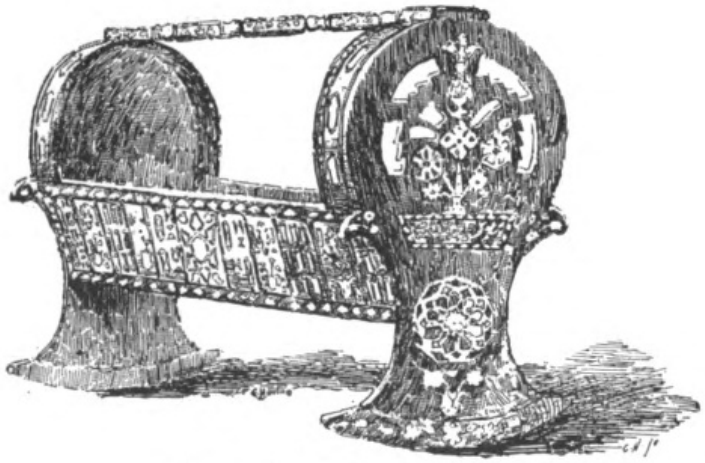


HUNGARIAN CRADLE.

"berceau" shaped like a Nautilus shell. Upon the base was inscribed :—

YE SPIRIT OF YE LEGENDE.

Gif Leverpooles good maier everre bee
Made fatherre inne hys yere of maioraltee,
Thenne sal be giften bye ye townmenne free,
Ane silverre cradle too hys faire ladye.



ANCIENT INLAID CRADLE FROM CAIRO.

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Bank of England Notes.

By Gilbert Guerdon.

IN the good old times, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer wanted to borrow money of the general public — as he often did—the only acknowledgment he gave was "a tally." These tallies were pieces of stick notched to express value, and then split in two, one half being given to the lender, the other retained by the officers of the Exchequer. It was the burning of an accumulation of these old tallies in the vaults of the House of Commons which set fire to and helped to burn down the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

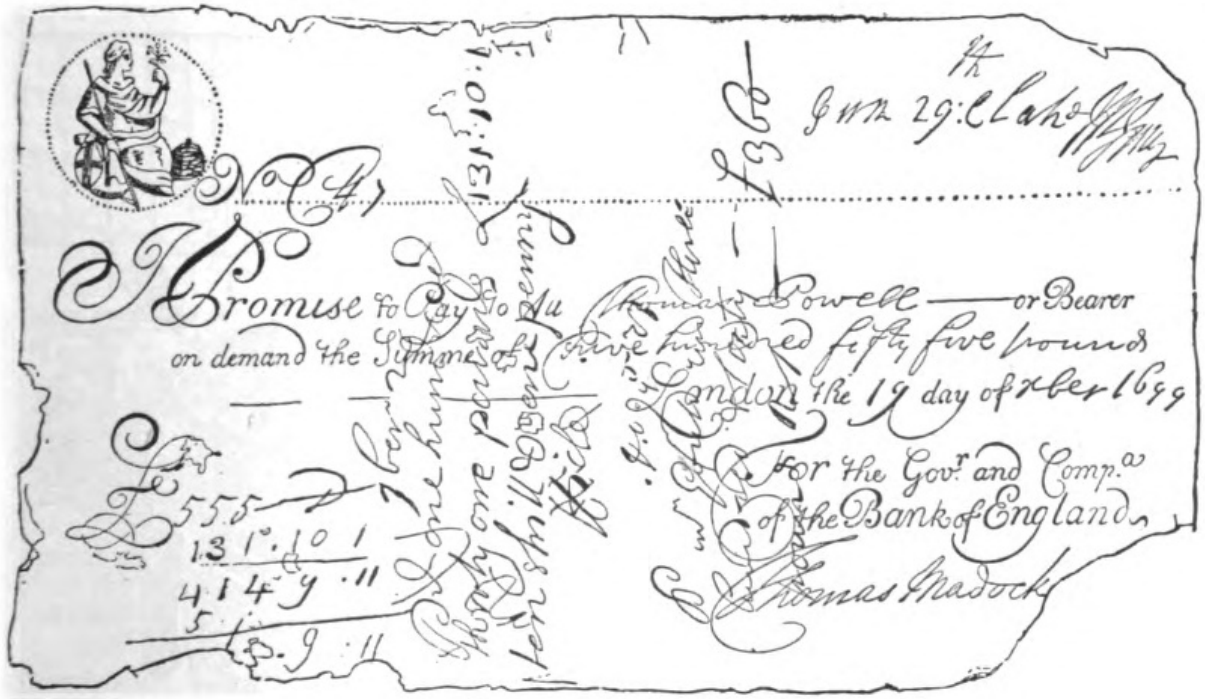
When bankers borrowed money they gave a "note" containing a promise to repay, and the earliest of these bank-notes were given for any amount which a customer liked to lend or deposit, and he could withdraw as much as he wished till the total had been received, and then the Bank claimed the note. Privileged visitors to the Bank of England are shown in a glazed frame the oldest known note, dated "19th Xber, 1699," for £555, and an inspection of it shows that the bank-notes at that period were printed from engraved plates, with blanks for the amount, date, number, and signature. In texture and general appearance they were similar to those at present in use, and the water-mark can be distinctly seen. Across the note are written memoranda showing repayment by three instalments.

The signature at the foot of the note is that of the chief cashier. Fifty years ago there were different signatures, according to the values of the notes, but for many years there has been but one for all values, namely, that of the chief cashier, F. May, who has now retired. The signature is imprinted by authority of an Act of Parliament.

The new chief cashier is Mr. Horace G. Bowen, and all notes dated on and after 16th November, 1893, are signed by him with a special autograph. All the notes with the old signature were issued before the new ones were put in circulation.

Notes are cancelled by having the corner bearing the signature cut off. There are several sacks full of these corners in the Bank cellars, and they are periodically destroyed by burning.

Amongst other curiosities in the Bank



THE OLDEST BANK-NOTE KNOWN.

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Library is a note for £25, which had slumbered unobserved for one hundred and eleven years and was then presented and paid. If compound interest had been payable by the Bank, the owner could have claimed over £60,000.

Another curiosity, believed to be unique, is a bank-note for £1,000,000, dated 1782. Tradition says that there have been but four such notes issued by the Bank. One is the note just referred to, Messrs. Rothschilds had one, Messrs. Coutts and Co. another, and Samuel Rogers, the poet, had the fourth, which, it is said, was framed and hung over his parlour mantelpiece.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity is the note for £1,000 representing the fine imposed on Lord Cochrane for his, erroneously supposed, connection with a fraud for artificially raising the price of the public funds. The note is indorsed as follows :—

"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors having resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to Robbery, to protect myself from Murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.

"Grated Chamber, "COCHRANE.

"King's Bench Prison, 3 July, 1815."

A singular use was made of a £5 note now in the Bank archives, which bears the following indorsement :—

"If this note gets into the hands of John Dear, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers."

This notification was copied into a Carlisle newspaper, and John Dear thus became aware of the whereabouts of his long-lost brother.

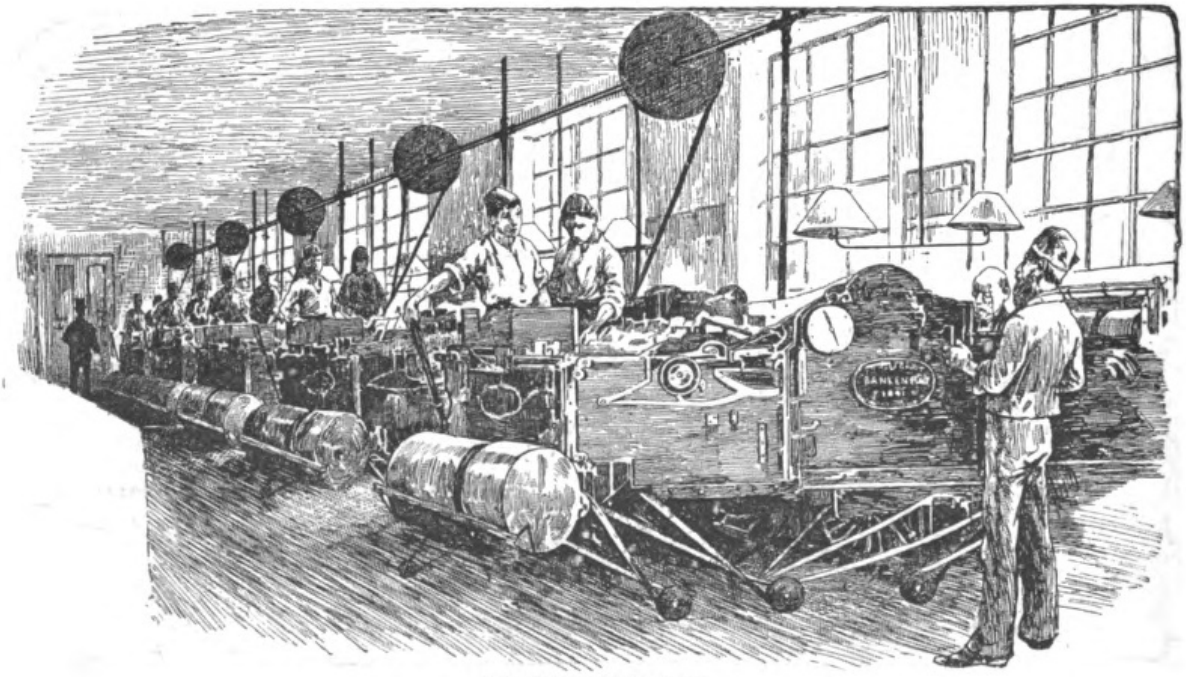
If bank-notes could only speak, what romantic tales of joy and misery they could tell !

A visit to the Bank is extremely interesting, and some information recently gleaned relating to bank-notes is well worth recording.

The component parts of a bank-note are the paper, the water-mark, the ink, the engraving, the printing, and the signature. Bank of England note-paper is made by Messrs. Portal, at their mills in Hampshire. The tray on which the pulp is lifted is the size of a pair of notes, and measures 5in. by 16½in. Thus there are, when issued, right-hand and left-hand notes, the inner side of each showing a clean cut edge, and the rest of the edges being rough, or as it is called "deckled."

The top right-hand corner of a right-hand note looks as if a piece of the paper had been rubbed off, but this is done purposely, to enable the printer to know when the water-mark is right side up. The annual output is 14,000 reams. As recently as the year 1862 some thieves broke into the mills and stole some of the prepared paper, and forged notes were soon in circulation ; but it was not long before the whole gang of forgers was caught, the paper recovered, and the thieves transported.

The water-mark is so much an integral part of the note that it was specially protected



PRINTING BANK-NOTES.

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COUNTING BANK-NOTES.

by Act of Parliament in 1763, and any attempt to imitate it was made punishable with death—now the punishment is penal servitude.

The ink was formerly made from the charred remains of the skins and stones of Rhenish grapes; now it is made from naphtha smoke, and is remarkable for being absolutely black, hard, and dry. It is noticeable in old bank-notes that the printing in some is much darker than in others. This very objectionable lack of uniformity was due to the practice of printing two notes from one inking — the second impression being necessarily lighter than the first. Now, by a very simple but ingenious contrivance, the inking rollers only take up just enough ink for one impression.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank, where there are six machines constantly at work. The notes are printed in pairs, and come off the machines pressed and dried. The number of notes printed is recorded on dials at the side of each machine, and, of course, corresponds with the numbers on the notes, as they are automatically delivered to the receiving clerk. It only remains for the twin notes to be cut asunder, and they are ready for issue.

The stock of notes of various values, from £5 to £1,000 each, is kept in iron safes in one large fireproof room, and the average value of the stock is from seventy to eighty million pounds.

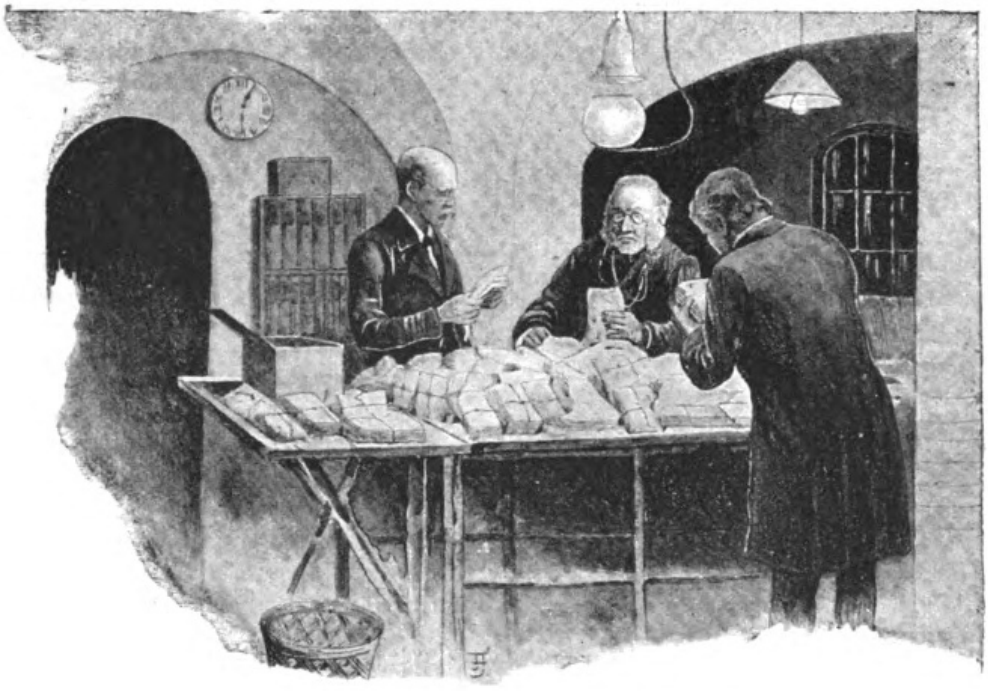
Nearly 50,000 notes of different values are paid into the Bank every day, and are immediately sorted, first into values, then into dates, and then into numbers; and as every note has a place of its own in the Bank registers, its return can be instantly recorded, and anything unusual relating to it is duly noted there. Forged notes are instinctively detected by the examining clerks. The feel is usually enough.

There are very few forgeries now, but a hundred years ago they were rife. The first recorded instance of the forgery of a Bank of England note has a singular touch of romance about it. The forger was a linen-draper at Stafford, named Vaughan, who, in the year 1758, employed several workmen to engrave different parts of a £20 note, and when a dozen had been printed off he deposited them with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married as a proof of



SORTING BANK-NOTES.

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BANK-NOTES LIBRARY.

his wealth; but the imposition was discovered, and Vaughan was hanged.

"All is fair in love and war," says the proverb, but that would hardly excuse forgery, though used as "an instrument of war"; nevertheless, note forgeries were justified by the judges in the early part of the present century, and when the English found that the French had forged English bank-notes, they retaliated by forging French *assignats*. Anyhow, the number of forgeries was astounding, for between 1801 and 1810 the Bank clerks detected £101,661 worth of forged notes.

One of the cleverest imitations of a bank-note was the work of a poor schoolmaster, who forged an entire note with pen and ink, and, sad to say, was hanged.

John Mathieson, who was convicted for forging the water-mark, offered to show the Directors how it was done if he were pardoned, but they would not withdraw the prosecution.

Singularly enough, forgeries first began to be frequent soon after the introduction of the one-pound note, and in April, 1802, Mr. Addington told the House of Commons that the forgeries had increased so alarmingly that seventy extra clerks were required at the Bank merely to detect them.

In the year 1817 the nominal value of the forged paper presented at the Bank of England was £37,180, and the greater part of this large sum was in one-pound notes. Paper of higher value, which necessarily circulated under greater precautions, was less often counterfeited. A Parliamentary report showed that in the eight years previous to 1797 there was not one prosecution for forgery of bank-notes, but in the eight years following there were 146 capital convictions. In the year 1817 alone there were thirty-two convictions for forgery, and ninety-five for possession of forged notes. These prosecutions excited a strong feeling in the public mind against the Bank Directors, which was increased when it was found that the sad sacrifice of human life did not lessen the forgeries. Parliament, the Society of Arts, the Bank Directors, and a host of philanthropists turned their attention to the task of discovering, if possible, a means for preventing forgeries of bank-notes.

The report made in 1819 by the Royal Commissioners stated that 108 schemes had been submitted to them, but that every one of the specimen notes had been successfully imitated by the Bank engravers, and all the schemes were therefore condemned as useless. There were also submitted seventy varieties of bank-note paper, but only a few of the proposed improvements turned out to be practically useful.

The typographic note was a wonderful piece of ingenious industry, comprising as it did over 6,000 letters of diamond type. But the counterfeiting of it was, after all, only a question of money, and the so-called "private marks" were but typographical blunders purposely made, which would soon have been discovered, and, being known and imitated, would then have further facilitated deception. At the time that it was set up, in 1819, Mr. Hansard, the printer, estimated that, with specially made new founts of type, the first note would have cost more than

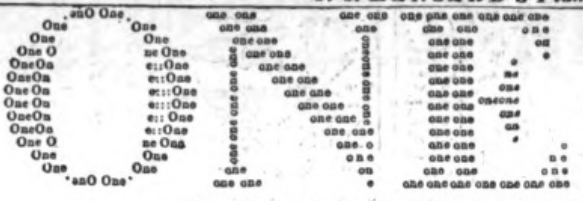
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T. C. HANSARD'S *Plan for a* TYPOGRAPHIC BANK NOTE.





The uttering a Forged Note, is Felony.



The having a Forged Note in possession, unless defaced, is punished with Transportation.

1819. February 3. London. February 3. 1819.

I promise to pay to Mr. *or Bearer,*

on Demand, the Sum of **One Pound.**

For the Gov.ˢ and Comp.ʸ of the Bank of England.

£. One Pound. *(Signature.)*





The Law punishes with Death the Forger.

The Law rewards the Informer in order to prevent the Crime.

It is proposed that it may be enacted, that from the day in which the Statute shall receive the Royal Assent, it shall not be lawful for any *PUNCH-CUTTER* or other Person to devise, cut, or possess any Punches for Type being of the nature or form therein described; nor for any *TYPE-FOUNDER* or other person to strike Mattrices for or to cast, dress, have or deliver any Type of such described form, shape, or fashion; nor for any *PRINTER* to receive, have or use such kind of Type; nor for any Moulder or Caster of *Stereotype* to mould or cast from any such Type; other than such Persons as shall be authorized by the BANK of England to cut Punches for, or to strike Mattrices for, or to cast from such Mattrices, or to compose, print, have in possession or deliver; or to mould, cast from or have in possession any Plate or Plates from any combination in which such Type is used, &c. &c.

Observations. In looking at this PLAN for a TYPOGRAPHIC BANK NOTE, it must be clearly understood as offering only a general sketch of the Manner and Form proposed. The TYPE to be of a different appearance from this, or any other in use, though not exceeding this in size, and it may be varied to as many as twelve distinct kinds, or faces, all equally legible to be read by the most indifferent capacity; and allowing thus an infinite variety of modes and forms, in the display and arrangement, and capable of any number of private Marks, easily made known to the Country in any possible case of forgery. The Vignettes to be of appropriate design, and fine execution, cut on Brass or Steel. Those at the top corners may be two figures of Britannia, like that on the present Bank Note; those at the sides, allegorical figures of Liberty and Justice. The centre to be a border of chain or other work, executed by Engine-turning or Brass, or of Type device; within which are to be the usual Promissory Words of a Bank Note; the Writing to be in all the various ornamental styles of Penmanship, of exquisite design and execution, upon a Brass Block. This lower part of the Note to contain a Syllabus of the Law necessary to prevent any attempt at Imitation; and other parts to have, in as few words as possible, the condensation of the Statutes for the protection of the Public from Forgery, as a warning to by which any attempter at Fraud must read and copy his own condemnation. The present mode of Numbering and Dating to be preserved, and no alteration is proposed as *necessary* in the fabric of the Paper. The previous arrangements being completed, any number of *fac similes* to be taken by means of Stereotyping. The Note is to be completed with a white or dry Stamp (in the very centre) of the Arms of England, or an Elevation of the Bank, surrounded with the words, in very legible characters, BANK OF ENGLAND. The Cost of the first Note on this Plan is estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 Pounds, and to take from 8 to 12 months in preparation; but after that the production will be so rapid, that with the labour of four Men only, without the assistance of any Steam Machinery, 40,000 Notes may be produced in a Day of the finest Workmanship, at the Expense, including Paper, of Half a Farthing each Note.

The Words here shown below the Note are only for the purpose of exemplifying the manner in which an endless variety of forms may be devised. Upon these Lines it is proposed to form the Letters of the Value of the Note, or any other word (ENGLAND for instance) by inserting a heavier or lighter faced Type, the appearance may thus be made of dark upon a light ground, or light upon a dark ground.

It can scarcely be necessary to observe that the Types, &c. of which this Scheme is composed are such as may be collected in the ordinary course of business;... the Vignettes, some designed for other purposes; and this explanation only serving to fill the space which is to be differently appropriated.

It is most decidedly objectionable to printing on the Reverse of the Note, because first, either very thick and opaque paper must be used; or secondly, the opposing impressions would so blend into and confuse each other that neither would be distinctly shown, confusion would ensue, and that beauty and distinctness of impression would at once be given up which would be so great a safeguard against a bad imitation; and thirdly, either the time taken for Printing off, or the Presses and Workmen must be at once doubled, and consequently Expense increased in the same proportion.... There are upwards of 6000 Types in the above Specimen.

THE TYPOGRAPHIC BANK-NOTE.

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£15,000, and would have taken twelve months to complete.

The caricature bank-note by George Cruikshank, called "The Bank Restriction Note," speaks for itself. It was considered to be a very keen satire, and it no doubt helped in a small degree to put a stop to hanging for note forging.

Country one-pound notes were not so frequently forged, partly because they were usually more artistic in design, and therefore more difficult to counterfeit; and partly from their having imprinted on the back the revenue stamp in red and black, which was not easily imitated. This tax was first imposed in 1800, and was then only twopence, but it was increased to threepence in 1805, to fourpence in 1808, and to fivepence in 1815. There is still a tax on Scotch and Irish bank-notes, but, being compounded for, the stamp is not impressed.

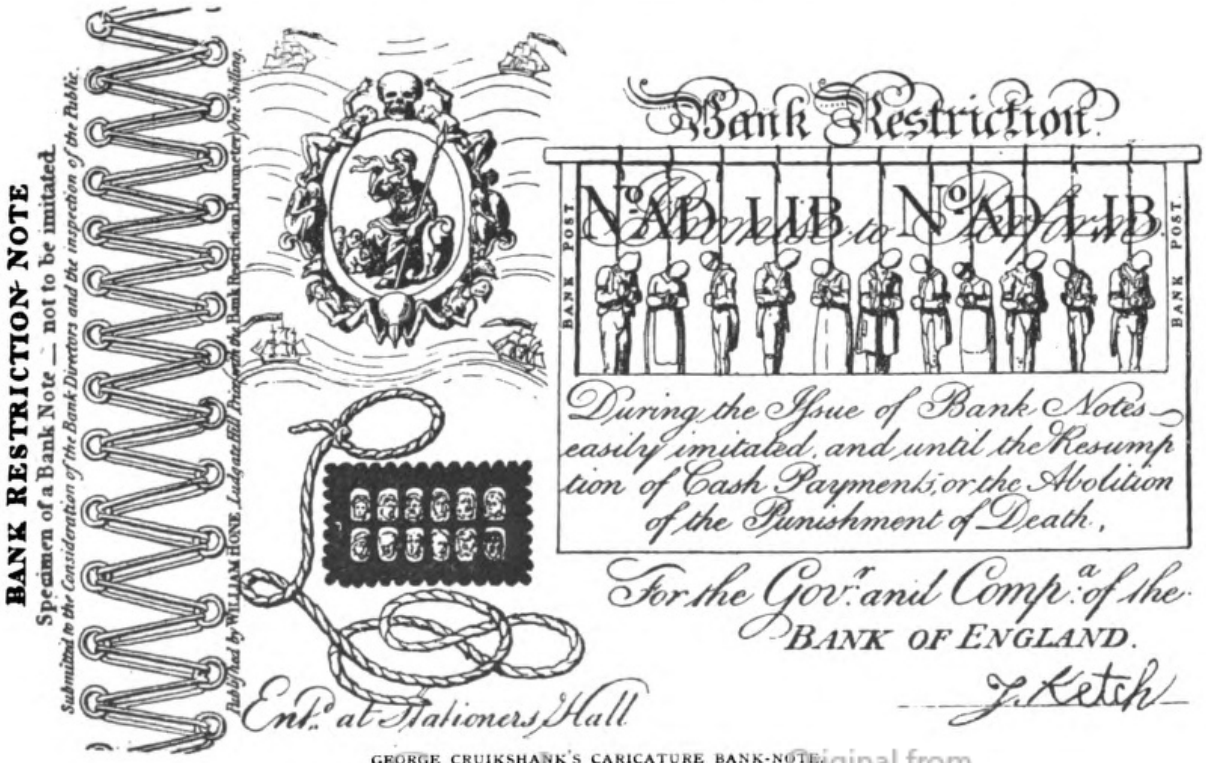
But though the Bank lost considerably through forgeries, they recouped themselves in a great measure by the profit accruing on lost or accidentally destroyed notes. One of the earliest cases which raised the question of the liability of the Bank was that of a note which had been eaten by a goat. Thieves, to avoid detection, have often eaten bank-notes, drunken sailors have made sandwiches of them, many are lost by flood and fire, and all to the profit of the Bank. The Directors, however, are always ready to pay on good evidence of accidental destruction.

There are to be seen at the Bank the remains of a £50 note burned in the big fire at Chicago. The date and number and amount can be traced on the cinder, and that was sufficient for the Bank. A somewhat similar case is that of the Irishman who hid some bank-notes in a box in his back garden, but forgetting the spot, failed to find them for some months, and then when found they were so dilapidated with damp that they had no appearance of bank-notes. The Bank clerks, however, took the remains and deciphered enough printing to enable them to give Pat an equivalent value in new notes.

A mutilated note is paid if the owner gives an indemnity, but if the smallest part be missing an indemnity is always required.

The well-known case of Gillet *v.* the Bank of England demonstrates the risk of carrying bank-notes loose in the pocket. The Bank offered to pay the £1,000 claimed, if the applicants would give a proper indemnity, in case it should turn out that the note had been stolen and not destroyed, but there was too much uncertainty about the disappearance of the note to justify anyone risking an indemnity.

All mutilated notes, and notes for which indemnities have been taken, are permanently preserved; all other notes are



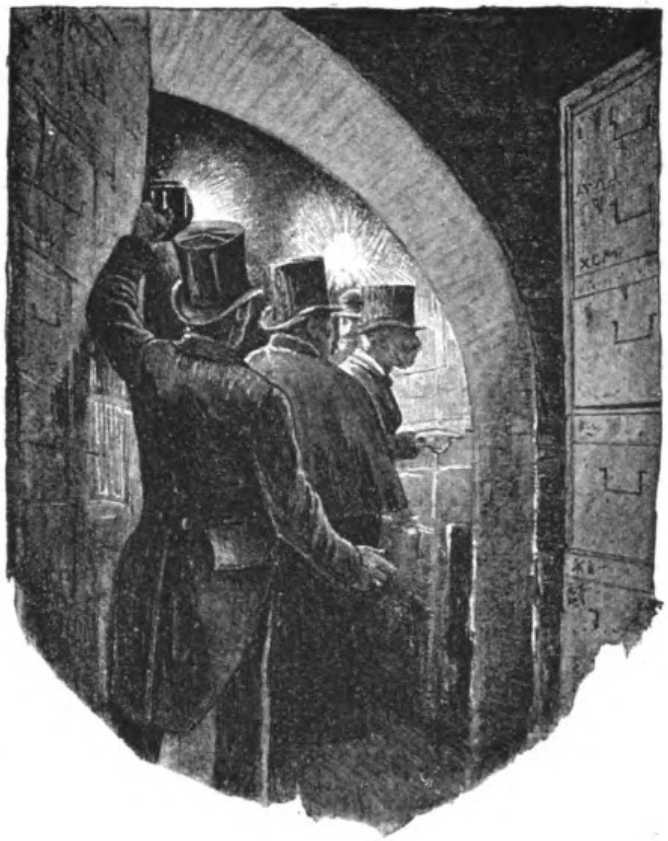
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S CARICATURE BANK-NOTE.

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kept five years in the Bank cellars, and then destroyed by burning. In 1881, when the last return was made, the stock of paid notes for five years was about 77,745,000 in number, and they filled 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach 2⅓ miles; if the notes were placed in a pile, they would reach to a height of 5⅔ miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long; their superficial extent is rather less than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over £1,750,626,600, and their weight over 90⅔ tons.

The boxes are all admirably arranged so that any note which is stored in the catacombs can be found in a few minutes.

In these vaults are also stored the registers of the birth, death, and burial of every note.



THE BANK CELLARS.

The first English bank-notes of less value than five pounds were issued by authority of a short Act of Parliament, which had been hastily prepared during a financial crisis, and was passed on the 3rd of March, 1797, to meet the pressing emergencies of the moment. The earliest of the new notes were dated a day before the Act was passed, and it was made retrospective in its operation so as to include them.

It is now penal to imitate a Bank of England note, even in the most innocent way. For example, it has been decided in an action at law that it is unlawful to copy, even in the large mural advertisements, the peculiar engraving of Old English letters in white upon a black ground, which is found on all Bank of England notes. The notes may not be photographed, and microscopic slides, and the well-known miniature toy lenses containing facsimile notes of the size of a pin's head, have been confiscated by the Bank authorities, and the vendors prosecuted. "The Bank of Elegance" notes, at one time so useful to the swell mobsmen, and many similar productions, have all been very properly suppressed.

As to the question of durability, it was estimated that one-pound notes were worn out in three years. Now, a sovereign lasts about nineteen years, and is then worth within a fraction of twenty shillings. A bank-note costs about threepence, which would be a heavy charge on a paper pound if only issued once. The proposal of Sir Henry Bessemer to issue twenty shilling tokens made of aluminium is not likely to commend itself to any Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, besides, it would not be popular.

On the score of portability, of course notes are much preferable to coin, as about 390 of them weigh only 1lb. We have before now heard of a young lady who was "worth her weight in gold," but it has probably only happened once that two sisters were actually worth their weight in paper pounds. A record of eccentric wills, however, tells us that a testator left his two daughters the money equivalent of their weight in one-pound notes. The elder, whose weight was 9st. 2lb., claimed £51,200, and the younger, who weighed a stone heavier, had for her *dot* £57,300. Notes were then a trifle heavier than those now in circulation, about 400 of them weighing 1lb.

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A DAY'S WORK.

THE British workman who insists upon the limit of an eight hours' day might usefully meditate on the particulars and extent of a day's work of one of Her Majesty's Ministers when the House of Commons is in Session. He appears in his place—and in the Parliamentary reports—at half-past three in the afternoon, when public business commences. He will have an average of a dozen questions to reply to, each involving more or less research and consideration. Afterwards he may take a leading part in debate on the question of the hour. In these days, happily, business of the House of Commons occasionally terminates on the stroke of midnight. But at best there is necessitated close attendance for eight hours and a half upon work of the most exigent character, carried on in the fierce light that beats on the Treasury Bench.

Yet the actual House of Commons work is merely the supplement of what has already amounted to far more than an ordinary day's work. The other day a Minister casually mentioned to me, rather with an air of satisfaction than of complaint, how he had spent the last twenty-four hours. After breakfast, following upon a late sitting of the House (the twelve o'clock rule having been suspended), he went to his office and spent a couple of hours in transacting the business of one of the most important departments of the State. Thence he proceeded to a Committee-room of the House of Commons, where, at noon, he took the chair, and conducted the cross-examination of three experts giving evidence upon an intricate case of inquiry remitted to a Select Committee. At half-past three he was on the Treasury Bench and answered eleven questions, not to count others "arising out of the answer just made." As soon as questions were over, he moved the second reading of one of the principal measures of the Government programme, explaining a scheme of infinite detail affecting national interests and bristling with controversial points. Thereafter, till midnight approached, he sat attentively listening to and noting a long succession of speeches offering criticisms on the measure. At twenty minutes past eleven he rose and replied on the whole debate, concluding his speech in time to suffer the disappointment of seeing the debate adjourned.

"IN PRISON OFTEN."

This is pretty rough on a man. But perhaps the hardest thing to bear is the necessity imposed upon a Minister of dining at the House of Commons every night the House is in Session. Not for him the bright social feasts which make merry the London season. More especially at the present epoch, when parties are evenly balanced, the duty of being present for every division weighs with more than usual heaviness on a Minister.

Even in times of less strenuous strife it is considered bad form for a Minister to show himself in the House of Commons in dinner dress. Oddly enough, variation to this rule was in recent years made by Mr. Gladstone, who during the last few Sessions of active Parliamentary life was a habitual diner-out. Even when the Home Rule Bill of last Session was in Committee, he would leave the House just before eight o'clock, dress with the rapidity of what in theatrical parlance is known as a quick change artist, dine out, and be back again soon after ten o'clock, ready, if necessity called (and sometimes when it didn't), to make a big speech.

MR. DISRAELI.

It was only an octogenarian of Mr. Gladstone's vitality that could thus burn the candle at both ends. I knew Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons through the last years of his Premiership, and do not recall a single occasion when he appeared in evening dress. He did not habitually dine in the House, but went off at regular hours, and

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after a moderate interval returned, to remain at his post till the principal order of the day was disposed of, an event which, in his time, was not accomplished on the stroke of midnight. But he was always in morning dress, and none of his colleagues ventured to vary the fashion on the Treasury Bench.

In the Parliaments following the General Election of 1886 Mr. Gladstone became a regular diner-out. Through the Parliament of 1880–85 he dined at home, in morning dress, and used to astonish the House with the brevity of the time he found sufficient to drive to Downing Street, swallow his dinner, and be back on the Treasury Bench. The present Leader of the House of Commons dines regularly in the House, in which respect he resembles the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Smith dined every night in his own room, covers being laid for four or six, according to invitations issued to his colleagues, or to occasional guests from the back Ministerial benches.



"MEASURABLE DISTANCE."

THE SPEAKER'S "CHOP."

The Speaker is within measurable distance of his own dining-table. But his opportunities for enjoying an evening meal are strictly and sorely limited. Half an hour is the period during which proceedings in the House of Commons are suspended so that the Speaker may take what is known as "his chop."

That the meal should be thus designated is a practice of long standing. It certainly goes back as far as the time of Fergus O'Connor, who was member for Cork from 1832 to 1835, sitting for Nottingham from 1847 to 1852. Towards the close of his career Mr. O'Connor displayed signs of eccentricity that filled his friends with concern. According to an old House of Commons' tradition, which it would be difficult to trace to a reliable source, the Chartist leader was left unrestrained, till one day, so the story runs, "he went behind the chair and ate the Speaker's chop."

There is a looseness of reference to locality which throws doubt on this record. It seems to imply that the Speaker's evening meal was spread on a table at the back of the chair; that the member for Nottingham accidentally passing by, attracted by a savoury smell, lifted the cover from the dish, and, finding a chop there, straightway sat down and ate it. Forty years ago, as now, the Speaker had his residence within the precincts of Westminster, and would take his chop in his own dining-room, where no stray members of Parliament of tottering intellect would be admitted. I mention the story only as showing that the tradition which particularizes the Speaker's evening meal as a chop is of respectable antiquity.

THE TERRACE-ROOM.

Whilst Ministers who have their private rooms may and often do have their dinners sent in from the common kitchen, it is more usual to use one of the dining-rooms, where a table is reserved. Private members may secure tables, or places at tables, by giving due notice. There is a room known as the Terrace-room that may be engaged by members for dinners of which strangers may partake, and where,



"I DON'T WANT TO SIT THERE."

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after dinner, smoking is permitted. It is in great request through the season, and that accommodation should be limited to its use is one of the curiosities of Parliamentary social life. There is another and larger room where members may entertain ladies at dinner. But the whole accommodation to meet the stern necessity of dining in the House of Commons is lamentably inadequate.

THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

Up to a period dating back some ten years the commissariat of the House of Commons was in the hands of an outside purveyor. He retired, it is said, with a considerable fortune. Whereupon it was decided that members should undertake the direction of their kitchen affairs on the principle of club management. A Kitchen Committee was formed, and is appointed every Session, with others of far less importance. Up to the present time the Committee has not been more fortunate than was the professional purveyor in realizing the ideal of the ordinary member of a decent dinner at a fair price. This is certainly not due to the fact that they are making a large profit out of the undertaking. On the contrary, were it not for a subsidy of a thousand a year forthcoming from the public purse, the balance-sheet of the commissariat department of the House of Commons would last year have been on the wrong side by the sum of £993 5s. 7d.



ONE OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

It would seem at first sight that the contract for feeding the House of Commons is a sure way to wealth. The advantages pertaining to the undertaking are extensive and peculiar. There is no rent to pay; gas and firing are free; glass, crockery, knives and forks and table-linen are thrown in. Finally there is the subsidy of £1,000 a year—all this in addition to the monopoly of feeding for six or seven months in the year 670 gentlemen.

The difficulty arises from the uncertainty attending sittings of the House. The cooks may prepare broth, with things to follow, for two or three hundred legislators. The House may forthwith be counted out, and not half-a-dozen remain for dinner. On the other hand, as happened last Session, the House may unexpectedly sit all night, and the larder may be picked absolutely clean before one o'clock in the morning. These are extreme cases; but they are conditions that must be met, and are faced according to existing arrangements by what would appear to be absolutely the worst device. The conditions of the House of Commons are precisely those which test most severely the resources of a private and exclusive commissariat department. They are, moreover, exactly those that would be best controlled by an independent outside organization which, at touch with the hungry public at various points, would never be embarrassed by having suddenly and unexpectedly thrown on its hands material for dinner not wanted by the House of Commons on a particular night.

THE SECRET OF FAILURE.

A gentleman closely connected with the Kitchen Committee told me with tears in his eyes that the Irish members are at the root of the undoubted failure of the House of Commons' kitchen.

"An Irish member," he said, "will insist when he is helped to chicken upon having the wing served to him—by choice, the liver-wing. Now, there are a hundred and three Irish members, eighty of whom pretty regularly dine in the House when they are in attendance on their Parliamentary duties. When you come to serving out eighty chicken wings, you will see that what is left for the mere British is of a monotonously inferior description, sure to lead to heart-burning and reproaches. *Toujours* drumstick unhinges a man's mind, and leads to a state of things in which complaint is common and dissatisfaction rife."

There may be something in this. Obviously it does not cover the whole ground of dissatisfaction with House of Commons' dinners.

THE KITCHEN BALANCE-SHEET.

This Session the Kitchen Committee, pertinaciously pursued by Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, coyly put forward a balance-sheet setting forth their expenditure and receipts. This shows that there was taken over the counter a sum exceeding £17,000. That would be above the average of ordinary Sessions, since the accounts are

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those of the year 1893, when there was a winter Session.

The sales are somewhat arbitrarily grouped, "cigars and provisions" being bracketed as realizing £10,498, whilst "wines, spirits, mineral waters, etc.," bring in £6,519. What the "etc." may stand for remains a matter for conjecture. Presumably it has something to do with cheese, for on the other side of the ledger there is a sum of £983 paid for "cheese, etc."

The largest item in the kitchen account is for wines and spirits, which tot up to the precise sum of £3,985 11s. 11d. This, with an addition of £532 for beer and £422 for mineral waters, shows that the House of Commons is a pretty thirsty place. A stock of cigars to the tune of £567 was laid in. The butcher's bill is a trifle over £3,000. Fish stands at £941; poultry and game at £761, within 40s. of the amount spent for vegetables. Bread and biscuits cost £360, and groceries £628. This last item is concerned with those tea-parties on the terrace, which through the summer of last year formed one of the most popular features of a brilliant season. Wages and management sum up to close upon £4,000, and last of all in the ledger comes the modest line: "Net profit, £6 14s. 5d."

This profit, as has been shown, would have been swallowed up and a dire deficit substituted but for the £1,000 which the House in its own relief votes from the national coffers.

THE MORAL OF IT.

This is not, as it stands, a particularly flourishing balance-sheet. It would be interesting to have a few remarks upon it from an expert engaged in one of the big hotels or large clubs. It would not greatly matter if the result were satisfactory, and the House of Commons' dinner were in any reasonable degree delectable. That such is not the case is a fact painfully notorious. In debate on the subject which took place in June, not a single good word was said for cook or Committee. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking elsewhere about the same time, humorously contemplating the prospect of prison fare, said he could face it with equanimity, since he was accustomed to dine in the House of Commons. The gibe is cruel, but not nearly so cruel as the fate imposed upon Ministers and other members compelled or accustomed to dine regularly at the House. It is hard and unjust upon the Committee who devote much time and thought to the business, getting, by way of recompense, kicks unrelieved by the gleam of halfpence. That they know nothing about the business, have neither natural aptitude nor experience gained elsewhere, is not their fault. What is wrong with the business is that it is entirely bad, founded upon a system hopelessly unapplicable to the situation.

It seems a bitter satire on sufficiency that the House of Commons can supervise the affairs of the universe and cannot serve itself with a comfortable dinner at a moderate price.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

The temporary withdrawal of Colonel Saunderson from the political arena has done something to eclipse the gaiety of the House of Commons. At this present time of writing, the Colonel, who last Session was usually in front of the fight, whether with tongue or fists, has made but a solitary appearance. That was in the earliest days of the Session, when the Address was still under consideration. Mr. Labouchere having carried an amendment which the Government could not accept, it became necessary to begin all over again. A fresh Address was brought in. Sir William Harcourt had risen to move it. Mr. John Morley, with nothing more striking in his dress than the familiar red necktie tied in sailor's knot, was waiting to second it, when Colonel Saunderson interposed, and gravely suggested that the House should adjourn, so as to give opportunity to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to retire to his room, and before he moved the Address "array himself in uniform suitable to his rank."

Having fired this shot, the Colonel disappeared from the field in which he was wont to fill a prominent part, and everyone will be sorry to know that the limitation of his public duties is occasioned by failing health.

A NEW OUTRAGE.

Whilst the Colonel was still in constant residence in his house in Sloane Street, he was the victim of an outrage sufficient to shatter nerves of less tempered steel. One morning during the height of the controversy round the Home Rule Bill, he was seated in his study preparing a few impromptus to brighten up a speech against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Raising his eyes from the manuscript in pursuit of an idea, they fell upon a snake stealthily making its way across the floor in the direction of the statesman's chair. The Colonel is not to be trifled with, even by a snake. He was on his

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feet in a moment, and after brief exertion the snake stretched its long length, dead on the floor.

This incursion seemed a development of Home Rule tendencies passing all bounds. It was enough to have unhappy Ireland scared by dynamite explosions, shocked by the houghing of cattle, and the slaughtering of successors on homesteads of evicted tenants. But that a prominent member of a party opposed to Nationalist feeling should have the study of his London house infested with deadly reptiles seemed to be going too far.



COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

Colonel Saunderson is a practical man. He lamented this fresh development of internecine animosity. But he put the snake in a bottle of spirits, and placed it on a shelf to await further development of the mystery.

This was not long coming, being brought about in a manner equal to the dramatic discovery of the direful snake. Dining one evening in Stratton Street, Colonel Saunderson told this latest, and abnormally true, snake story. Amongst the guests at table was a popular actor accustomed to thrill London audiences in various dark disguises and multiform desperate situations. Never in his most inspired moments had his voice possessed such blood-curdling thrill, or his gestures more command, than now when he smote the table and cried aloud :—

"Why, that's my snake!"



"THAT'S MY SNAKE!"

Explanations were forthcoming that established the fact. The Colonel and the actor are neighbours in the same street, divided by a house and a long strip of garden. Amongst the cherished members of the family circle in the actor's home was a spotted snake. One day it disappeared, the most persistent and passionate inquiries failing to discover its place of retirement. Now the whole secret was out. The snake had climbed the wall, crossed the intervening garden, made another ascent, dropped into Colonel Saunderson's garden, and, finding the study window open, had made itself at home in new quarters.

"OH! MOST RIGHTEOUS JUDGE."

There now arose fresh complication. To whom did the body of the defunct snake belong? The actor claimed it as his; Colonel Saunderson insisted that the laws of sport gave it to him. He had hunted it, slain it, and, moreover, put it in pickle.

Fortunately there was present at the dinner-table a judge whose opinion deservedly carries supreme weight. Appealed to to decide, he delivered an interesting and important judgment. Suppose, he said in effect, the reptile had been of the rattlesnake breed, or even a *trigonocephalus tisiphone*, it would, coming within the category of a wild animal, have been the property of the man who killed it. It was apparently a *coluber constrictor*, naturally harmless, and, according to the evidence, tame. Therefore it was the property of its original owner, and must be returned to him. But—and it was here Lord Esher's famed subtlety in regard to the niceties of crowner's quest law came in—the spirits in which the snake had been preserved belonged to Colonel Saunderson, and no portion of them, even though absorbed in the skin of the reptile, might be abstracted and retained by the rightful owner of the snake.

There the matter was left, and there it rests, as does the body of the snake in the bottle of brandy.

BIRTHDAY NIGHT AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

In the matter of official or Ministerial spectacles London lags behind some of the other capitals of Europe. There is, however, one occasion when this sort of thing is done as well in London as it used to be in Paris in the days of the

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THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS SETTLES THE CASE.

Empire, and is to-day in Berlin or St. Petersburg. It is the reception given at the Foreign Office on the Queen's birthday.

All the circumstances and surroundings contribute to success. The Foreign Office is one of the few public buildings suitable for the gathering. Its spacious staircase, not too far-reaching nor steep of access, serves as a conduit through which the brilliant stream passes on the way to spread itself out in the spacious reception-room. For more than an hour the staircase is the centre of attraction. Guests make a point of going early, so that they may obtain favourable positions on the landing to look over, and watch the crowd slowly struggling upwards. Here may be seen nearly all Britons famous in Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. Later, when the theatres are closed, comes on the Drama.

The faces are familiar enough, but the apparel is often rare. It is the custom on the Queen's birthday for some of the principal Cabinet Ministers to entertain their colleagues and others at full-dress dinners. After dinner all ways lead to Downing Street, converging on the staircase of the Foreign Office. Apart from the Ministerial dinners, every man who owns a uniform of any kind or a Court suit puts it on. Ribbons of all the Orders known to European Courts lend added colour to the scene. Stars and Orders flash on manly breasts. Every State in the world is represented by its Minister, in uniform or, in the case of the emissary of the Emperor of China, in national dress. Amid the crowd of bared heads Rustem Pasha wears his fez, and on this year's Birthday Count de Staal invested Russia with more than usual distinction by wearing a pair of ivory coloured pantaloons—"mystic, white samite."

A VANISHED FIGURE.

It is on occasion like this that one feels what a blow was dealt at the not too lavish decoration of London by the pressure of economic considerations which led to the withdrawal of the Greek Minister. At Foreign Office parties, M. Gennadius, the exceedingly clever diplomatist who long represented the King of Greece at the Court of St. James's, was a thing of beauty and remains a joy for ever. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the Greek Minister. Cloth of gold was the material out of which his cunningly-constructed raiment was devised. There was, perhaps, more gold than cloth. As far as peeps were permitted of the material beneath the heavy braid of gold, the coat was blue, the trousers white. By his side dangled a heavily jewelled scimitar. Essentially a man of peace, M. Gennadius, with the instinct of a diplomatist, seized the opportunity of showing what Greece would look like if, owing to difficulties on the currant import duty or other vexed question, it was compelled to go to war.

"MR. JOHNSON" OF PICCADILLY.

In the absence of this picturesque figure, the Diplomatic circle this year supplied another striking personality of quite a different style. His round, full face was black as night. His head was covered with material which, in the case of Uncle Ned before he laid down the shovel and the hoe, was shortly described as "wool." He wore a uniform that was a happy compromise between the garb of a general, an admiral, and a band-



"TURKEY."

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master. A lady inquiring of a young but highly esteemed personage at the Foreign Office who the stranger was, was told it was "Mr. Johnson of the Christy Minstrels."

This flippancy received apparent confirmation from a cheerful habit indulged in by the foreign guest of audibly humming a tune as he surveyed the ever-changing crowd. It seemed possible that at any moment after this preparatory exercise he might break forth into the ordered harmony of "O! dem golden slippers," or "Way down upon de Swanny River." The distinguished stranger was, however, none other than the emissary of the Republic of Hayti at the Court of the Queen of England and Empress of India.



"HAYTI."

A TRAGEDY OF BUTTONS.

A Minister I met at the birthday party told me he never re-entered the Foreign Office on these occasions without melancholy reflections on his earliest experience. It happened that his appointment to Ministerial office exactly coincided with opportunity to appear at the birthday party, for the first time in Ministerial uniform. There was not much time to spare for preparation. But the tailor faithfully promised that the uniform should be delivered for the eventful occasion. The parcel had not arrived by dinner-time on the appointed day, and things began to look gloomy. The Minister waited on in hope, reflecting that if it came to the worst he might go in ordinary evening clothes. Still, on such an occasion he would like to wear the unwonted uniform.

Just as he had given up hope and was mournfully surveying his modest claw-hammer coat, a messenger arrived from the tailor with the precious bundle. The Minister hastily but satisfactorily dressed, and got to the Foreign Office in such good time that he was able to make his way up the comparatively uncrowded staircase in considerably under a quarter of an hour.

As he walked about the reception-room he was conscious of being an object of marked attention. That was not unexpected — was indeed, as he felt, his due. He was a new and, he hoped, a popular Minister, wearing for the first time a novel, and, he had reason to believe, a becoming uniform. Still, it was odd that everyone should turn round to look at him, and he was uncomfortably conscious of a smile broadening as he passed along.

"My dear fellow," said a colleague, gently taking his arm and leading him to a recess, "for goodness' sake let me take these bits of paper off the buttons at the back of your coat."

The wretched tailor, in sending the coat home, had omitted to remove the bits of soft paper that guarded the gilt buttons from harm. The hapless Minister, hurriedly dressing, had not noted the carelessness, and for nearly an hour had strutted through the brilliant scene thus curiously adorned.

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LOST IN THE AIR

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE MOUTON.

ON his return from Cochin China, where France had not then set foot, one of my friends came to dine with me one day, as well as Congourdan, the captain of the corsair *La Bonne Mère*. As usual, the new arrival took the lead in the conversation. He described the manners of the Siamese, and, in due course, came to the strange and horrible punishments which, as everybody knows, are among the most marked peculiarities of this very remarkable people.

When a subject of this kind is introduced into a conversation, you know how difficult it is to drive it away—a sort of mysterious attraction always brings it back again. I did my best to give a gayer turn to our table talk, but I only succeeded in still further exciting the orator. In despair, I had recourse to the worthy captain, who, silently smoking his cigar, appeared to be listening with deep attention.

"What do you say to those charming traits of national character, captain?" I asked. "Aren't those stories horrible enough to drive the hearers into a lunatic asylum? To listen to them, and see what human creatures can be made to suffer at the hands of their fellows, makes me think that it would be better to fall into the clutches of a gorilla or a monster octopus, as you have done, than into the grip of a man!"

"You are right," he replied; "*I've* bought that knowledge at a heavy price."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Siamese?"

"No; into the hands of one of my enemies. But, white as he was, he treated me in such a way that your Siamese and Cochin Chinese tortures are mere ticklings in comparison with what he made me suffer."

The surprise and interest I felt in all that concerned the captain's adventure made me wholly forget that I was trying to turn the conversation into a livelier channel, and I could not help saying, pressingly, "Tell us about it," to which he replied:—

"My dear friend, you cannot imagine what the life of a sailor is. It is not only the accidents of the sea he has to count with. You make a good passage—all goes well; you don't so much as break a hawser; you land your cargo—not a bale damaged. You reload and put your bill of lading in your pocket. Good back freight, good crew. You pat yourself on the chest, and say: 'Marius, my boy, you've done a winning stroke of business.'

"Oh! it always comes upon you when and from where you least expect it! A tile, as big as a house, falls crash upon your head. That's just what happened to me at Mobile, about eight o'clock one fine November morning, and you'll see whether I could have been on the look-out for it.

"My vessel was at the lading-quay. I

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went on shore over a single plank, almost always alone; for my crew, with the exception of two men, to keep watch, were about in the city or its neighbourhood. It was not too hot; it wanted two hours of breakfast time, and I said to myself:—

"'Suppose you go and see the consignee?'

"This gentleman, who was a Marseillais, and whom I knew well, lived about half a league out of the city. The way to his house was along the river on a well-kept road, shaded with trees and bordered by country houses and gardens.

"I had gone about a third of the way without having seen anybody besides a sort of red-headed giant, dressed as a hunter, who had followed me out of the city. He passed me once or twice, then fell back, then advanced again. These tactics were beginning to annoy me, because, in that country, as you know, one must always be upon one's guard. Continuing my way, and without seeming to do it purposely, I turned round and looked at him, at the same time moving my hand towards my revolver and glancing at my belt, to see that my knife was within easy reach.

"I had not time to raise my head, my dear friend, before I was stretched upon the ground like an ox, half strangled by a lasso which the scoundrel had thrown over my head. I put up my hands to save my throat; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he dragged me into a garden, the gate of which slammed to behind him, and I became unconscious.

"When I recovered my senses, I was seated in a chair, my arms and legs free, in the midst of a garden filled with flowers. Before me stood a group of evil-looking men, foremost amongst whom I recognised a tall rascal of an American sailor who, three years earlier, had almost caused my crew to break into mutiny. But I had made him pay dearly for his freak, by first giving him the wet and then the dry hold.

"You don't know what the wet hold means? You are lashed along a spar, then drawn by a pulley up to one end of the main-yard, from which height you are three times dropped into the sea and hauled under the ship's keel. For the dry hold, you are three times made to drop upon the deck.

"He had begged and prayed, and thrown himself upon his knees before me, like a child; but I never go back on my word. When he came out of the water the third time, he was mad with fear and anger. When they began to haul him up for the dry hold, his yells were so frightful as to make the whole crew shudder—I even saw some of them inclined to snivel; but I looked at them, and *that* didn't last long, I tell you! Then he uttered such threats against me as I have never heard in all my life. As you may suppose, I merely shrugged my shoulders—but that did not prevent my keeping a close eye upon him all the rest of the voyage, during which he did his work without incurring any further punishment.

"At the end of the passage, when we landed at Havre, he came very respectfully, hat in hand, to settle his account; but, when he had signed a receipt and pocketed his money, he clapped his hat upon his head and, seizing my hand, said to me:—

"'Now that you have no more power over



"BEFORE ME STOOD A GROUP OF EVIL-LOOKING MEN."

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me, captain, if you will take a word of advice from me, you will pray to your Virgin never to let me meet with you out of France!'

"That said, he walked away, darting at me the glances of a rattlesnake.

"I was not much disquieted by this threat, though I determined to bear it in mind, knowing that he was quite capable of carrying it into execution. But, in the long run, one forgets things, and I ceased to remember him, though I had written conspicuously on the cover of my log-book, on the front page of my pocket-book, and on the outside of my case of charts: 'Beware of the American.' So that, on seeing him before me surrounded by his pals, I was astonished only at one thing—to find myself still living; but I quite understood that that fact did not go for much.



"NEVER LET ME MEET WITH YOU OUT OF FRANCE!"

"'Captain Marius Congourdan,' he asked, smiling like a demon, 'do you remember me?'

"'Enough of that,' I replied. 'You want to assassinate me—do it out of hand. But you are a coward and I despise you—and you don't make me fear you in the least.'

"I rose, with the intention of advancing up to them, but felt myself held back, and then perceived that I was fastened by a leathern belt and a long rope to an enormous balloon secured by four ropes to as many trees.

"'Wretches!' I cried, 'at least you are not going to hang me?—it is only thieves or traitors that are hanged, and all that I have done in this world has been done openly and boldly!'

"The American advanced a step and replied to me:—

"'Captain Congourdan, the punishment which is about to be inflicted on you is of my invention, and does not in any way resemble the penalties known on earth. For three years I have suffered by your order and unjustly, for I was innocent. I have spent days and nights trying to invent a torture by which I could bring you to death through sufferings unknown in the history of man's ferocity; at length I have discovered *this!*'

"And he pointed to the balloon.

"'You need not trouble yourself to explain your purpose,' I said. 'You are angry with me—you have me in your power, and I cannot defend myself. Ah!—thousand millions of thunders!—if I only had you for five minutes on the deck of *Bonne Mère*, you and your crew of ruffians!'

"To this outbreak he paid no heed whatever, but bowed his head as if in an effort to concentrate his thoughts.

"'In the first place,' he said, 'understand that, in what I am going to do to you, I shall be carrying out a sentence regularly pronounced on you in accordance with lynch law. The men you see about you are American citizens, my friends, and it is in virtue of the verdict found by them that you are going to be punished.

"'As I wish you, if it be possible, to exhaust the measure of what a man may suffer,' he went on, 'you must be made to know in advance what is going to happen to you. Do not be afraid of dying too quickly. You just now asked whether we were going to hang you. Bah! that would be mere child's play! I might have had you broken up limb by limb, flogged to death, or inflicted on you one of those Chinese punishments, the mere recital of which makes one feel all goose-flesh; but that would not have satisfied me, and I have found something better. Without shedding a drop of your blood, without touching a hair of your head, I am going to make you pass through terrors and agonies unheard-of in the history of human suffering!'

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"'I am not afraid of pain,' I said; 'no living man can boast of ever having made me fear him, and that honour will not be yours, scoundrel that you are!'

"To tell the truth, my dear friend, I felt my heart sinking. He appeared to be so sure of his purpose, and the balloon had about it something so strange and mysterious, that, in spite of myself, I changed colour. He perceived this, and I saw in his face a smile of infernal satisfaction.

"'Perhaps you'll be better able to judge as to that presently,' he said. 'To assist you, I'll describe to you some of the torments you will have to pass through on your way to death. You will be slung by a stout belt of buffalo-hide beneath a balloon filled with gas. Shortly, when I give the word, the four ropes by which it is held will be detached, and it will rise, carrying you away with it into the air. It will continue to mount until, distended by the reduction of atmospheric pressure, it will burst and let you fall from a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet.

"'You will first feel your feet lifted from the ground, then sweep the points of the grass. Your arms and legs will agitate in space, and your body will swing over the abyss growing from moment to moment deeper and deeper. You will feel yourself drawn into and absorbed by the void: terror, cold, stifling agony, will hold you for long hours suspended between all that there may be most terrifying in life and death! Now you are going to start! But, first, we'll walk you about for a few seconds, to enable you to take leave of the earth. Look well at these trees, these flowers, this beautiful country, and, more than all, at this green sward, on which it is so pleasant to tread: in a few moments you will have quitted all that—and you will never see it again!'

"At a sign made by him, four men detached the ropes holding the balloon to the trees, and all, keeping their distance, began to move away slowly. A sudden jerk threw me off my balance, but I was held up by the cord by which I was fastened to the machine.

"Then began a scene, the mere memory of which makes the flesh creep on my bones. In the movement given to the balloon, it rose and fell, making the cord which sustained me now too short, now too long, now taking me off my feet, now causing my knees to bend under me, then jerking me up into the air miserably, like a marionette at the end of a string, the monsters who were inflicting this torture on me laughing all the time till their sides ached.

"Seeing this, I had for a moment an idea that the whole proceeding was nothing more than a bad joke, and that when they were tired of it, they would let me go; but the face of the American did not long allow me to deceive myself.

"It expressed demoniacal enjoyment His panting breath hissed through his rapidly opening and closing nostrils, and sounds like the half-stifled roars of a wild beast issued from his compressed lips. When he had gloated on the sight long enough, he cried in a loud voice: 'Stop!'

"The four men halted, and I regained my feet. He then called to one of the gang, who brought him a big bottle, a large piece of roast beef, and a loaf of bread in a net bag. Two men held me by the arms, while a third fastened the bag to my belt.

"'As I don't know how long you will take to die,' he said, 'I should be sorry to leave you to expire of hunger and thirst; here you will find food and drink for three days. By the way, don't hope to make yourself drunk: the bottle only contains water with a little brandy in it, sufficient to keep up your strength and prolong your existence. Now you have half an hour to think of your spiritual affairs; that over, your sentence will be carried out.'

"I cannot describe to you, and you cannot imagine, my dear friend, the horrors of that half-hour! At length, he looked at his watch.

"'Let go one rope,' he cried. Then, after a pause, which seemed to me not more than the fraction of a second, he shouted again, 'Another! Another!'

"Held now only by a single rope, the balloon began to sway, but was held down by four strong men. Then, as if to enjoy my agony for the last time, the American came slowly towards me with one of his gang. He placed himself in front of me so near as almost to touch me. I could easily have seized and strangled him, but I said to myself:—

"'Who knows?—there is still, perhaps, a spark of pity in his heart; if I make a gesture, he has but one word to say.' He said it!

"Suddenly, as if moved by a spring, he raised his head, flashed at me a glance of triumph, made a sign for the rope to be released, and said to me, with a laugh that could only be uttered by a demon:—

"'Good voyage to you, Captain Marius Congourdan—we are now quits!'

"'Not yet!' I cried; and seizing him by the hand, I carried him up with me. My American struggled, tried to force open my

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"LIKE A MARIONETTE AT THE END OF A STRING."

fingers, but found the attempt to be useless, and as the balloon was rising, was only able to clutch the hand of the friend who, as I told you, was at his side. But the balloon dragged him upwards. Fastened as I was by the waist-belt, the weight of these two men caused me to hang with my head downwards and my feet in the air. But that position, awkward as it was, gave me the free use of my two hands, and I seized him with my other hand. He could do nothing, and hung between the friend he was holding and myself, who would not let him go.

"'Courage, Marius!' I said to myself; 'so long as you hold on, the balloon will not mount far, and there may be time for help to arrive!'

"At that moment I heard a frightful crash on the side of the garden gate—the wooden barrier flew into splinters, and a dozen of my sailors, led by my little cabin boy, Bénoni, dashed across the flower-beds. But the balloon swayed upwards so much that the friend, feeling ground no longer under his feet, cried to the American, 'I must leave you.'

"As he spoke he opened his hand, but the other gripped it only the more tightly.

"'Let go, or I'll cut your hand away!' cried the friend, at the same time drawing a keen-edged bowie knife, and slashing at the American's fingers, which instantly relaxed their hold, and the balloon, lightened by a hundred and fifty pounds weight, took flight. All this needed only a few seconds to enact. When my sailors came up, the balloon was yet not more than fifty feet from the ground, and, as the rope was thirty feet long to which I was fastened and the American was hanging below me, we were only a few feet out of reach. But I was beyond assistance, and could only call out to my men: 'Good-bye, lads!'

"Up, up went the balloon. Below me I saw my sailors turn for a moment, mad with rage, to the spot whence the balloon had mounted; then, like a troop of tigers, they dashed upon the gang of scoundrels, who, with their noses in the air, were thinking only of the American.

"In spite of the frightful position in which I was placed, I could see the whole of

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the two parties gathered as if into a black ball, out of which issued a dozen pistol-shots. But I had other things to think of. I still clutched the American with both hands. The wretch writhed like a shark on a hook, and roared frightfully. But it was all of no use; no power in the world could make me quit my hold on him: my hands were riveted to his.

"'Mercy! mercy!' he cried.

"'Mercy? You are a nice fellow, to ask mercy of *me!* I shall let you go—but not just yet. Do you understand what I mean by that?'

"'Save me, and I will save you! Hold me by my wounded hand, and leave the other free. I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a rent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"You must be hanging five hundred feet in the air to realize what one feels on hearing that word 'earth'! In a moment I seized his left hand and let go the other. He drew his revolver and fired. But we had not taken into account the swaying of the balloon, which was untouched, and went on mounting higher and higher.

He let his revolver fall, and again seized me with his freed hand; not a moment too soon, for the blood of his wounded hand was gradually making it slip through my grip.

"'Captain,' he cried, wild with terror, 'in the name of your eternal salvation, do not let go of me!'

"'Not let go of you?' I replied. 'Do you think I am going to hold on to you in this way to the hour of my death? What I am already suffering in my arms, my shoulders, my back, no tongue can tell, and if my hands had not been fixed like claws of iron, they would long ago have opened. For the past ten minutes the blood has been settling in my brain and eyes and I have been in a sort of dream, that will tell you that, at any moment now, you will have to make the plunge. You have behaved very badly to me—but I was too severe, unjust perhaps towards you. You have avenged yourself, and I am doing the same—and we are both going to die. I can only hold you a few seconds longer—do you repent?'

"'No!' he hissed, through his clenched teeth.

"'Well,' I gasped, '*I* repent of what I did to you; as for what you have done to me, I forgive you for it.'

"'Congourdan,' he said, raising his eyes towards me, 'I also forgive you—and may God save you!'



"DOWN!"

"My hands opened—he uttered a shriek—and I saw him go down, turning over in the void, like a bale of merchandise thrown into the sea.

"Down to that point I had remained conscious of my situation, though I had begun to feel dizzy, owing to the flow of blood into my head; but, on returning to an upright posture, I felt like a drunken man become sobered. But, then!—but, then! Hanging, face downwards, by my belt, I could have sworn that the earth was above me! I stretched out my hands—my feet, in a mad effort to clutch it—to hold on to it!

"At the same moment, something more terrible still, perhaps, happened to me. Whether it was owing to a rising of the wind, or to the lightening of the balloon by the fall of the American, I began to feel a rolling movement, becoming more and more violent, till my body swayed backwards and forwards over a space of fifty or sixty feet. Every time I reached the highest point, there was a jerk

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which nearly broke my back, and I said to myself, 'The rope will break!' And, indeed, I do not know why it did not snap asunder. As often as I felt the upward sway beginning, I shut my eyes, and murmured: 'It's all over!'

"How long this went on I cannot tell you, for after awhile I lost consciousness—happily, for otherwise I should have gone mad.

"My first sensation, on coming to, was a feeling of extraordinary refreshment. I involuntarily raised my hands to my face, and, on withdrawing them, found them filled with blood, which was escaping from my mouth, nose, and ears. Doubtless this bleeding had relieved my head, for I regained complete consciousness. I could no longer see the earth, and was floating smoothly through an atmosphere of unbroken cloud, as if I had been on board my ship in the midst of a thick mist.

"With the recovery of my senses, I began to think of all that I could possibly do in my situation. First I noticed that my girdle had shifted considerably below my waist, and that fact suggested to me the idea that I might be able to get it still lower into such a position that, by clinging to the rope to which it was attached, I might turn it into a seat. After many efforts, I succeeded in achieving this change of posture, and so obtaining enormous bodily relief. My spirits rose and, after resting for a while, I said to myself:—

"'Courage, Marius! you'll be able to save yourself after all, perhaps! You have got a seat, instead of being hung. None of your bones are broken; you have a stout rope between your hands—and a sailor can do many things with a rope. You don't want for food, and—talking of victuals and drink, a moment, just now, would be well spent in tasting the contents of your wallet.'

"A quarter of an hour later, after having eaten a good lump of roast beef, washed down with three or four mouthfuls of grog, I had recovered my usual *sang-froid*. Looking up at the balloon above me, I said to myself:—

"'You'll do nothing by staying down here at the end of a rope that is bound to break under you, sooner or later.'

"I tried to draw myself up to the balloon, hand over hand; but it was beyond my exhausted powers. Half-a-dozen times I repeated the endeavour, but vainly; and the last time, my remains of strength suddenly deserted me. I lost courage—relaxed my hold, and fell back, groaning:—

"'I'm done for!'

"If, unluckily, my legs had been straightened out, I should have slipped through the belt, and all would have been over; fortunately, they were hooked at the knees, and the shock which I sustained when they caught in it told me that I was not yet lost.

"As you may imagine, my dear friend, I did not allow myself to remain long in that position: in a very few moments I regained my sitting posture.

"'Thousand thunders, no!' I said to myself, after resting awhile, 'it shall never be said that Captain Marius Congourdan lost his life through being unable to swarm up 30ft. of rope. But what you have first to do is to recover some of your strength, and then to find some means of resting on the road, while you are hauling yourself up hand over hand.' That problem posed me; for I could see no possible way of refastening my belt to the rope higher up with less than the use of three hands.

"I believe I fairly howled with rage on coming to this conclusion; I even went so far as to seize the maddening rope in my teeth and to dig my whole thirty-two ivory nippers into it. Miracle! I had found a third hand in my jaws.

"I lost not a moment in setting to work. I advanced gently: one, two, a grip of my teeth; then, letting the rope go with both hands, I untied the knot at my belt, drew in the slack, and, as well as I could, re-tied the rope, of which there was now three feet less above me. I then resumed my sitting posture and rested a bit.

"Three times I repeated this operation, and, at last, found myself hanging only two feet below the cords of the net—near enough to seize hold of them. I gripped one of them, and in a few moments was touching the balloon. In that position I felt almost reassured, and began really to hope that I should be able to save myself; the solid machine, which hid a portion of the sky above me, seemed like a sheltering roof.

"I scratched with my nails the material of which the balloon was made, and found it much stronger than I had imagined it to be; it was coated with a hard varnish, and was so tightly stretched that it was impossible to make any impression on its surface.

"'The thing to be done now, is to make this big ball descend,' I said to myself; 'but how?' More than ten times in succession I repeated, as a way of encouraging myself, the words of the American: 'I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make

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"I GRIPPED ONE OF THEM."

a vent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"I repeated those words like a madman! Oh! once again to see trees, flowers, houses, men! to feel gravel crunch under my feet! Ah! my poor ship, my *Bonne Mère*—to be once more on her deck, in fair weather, at sunrise—my crew lying right and left of me and singing gaily, while I, lounging on my quarter-deck, with a good cigar between my lips, hum some little Marseillais air. 'Ah! though I have to tear it open with my teeth, I must—however I do it—make an opening in that great bag of gas!'

"I plunged my right hand into one of my pockets and drew forth my knife—a dagger-knife, with a blade sharp enough and strong enough to rip open a rhinoceros: I opened it and plunged it into the balloon. Misery! I struck the point against one of the knots in the netting—the blade snapped and fell into space, leaving the handle in my grasp. For a few moments I felt petrified, then, seized with despair, I was strongly inclined to release my hold and so, at once, put an end to my sufferings.

"But I am not a man to give in so easily as that. I soon regained my courage, and searched amongst all the objects I had about me for something with which to pierce the balloon. I broke a franc-piece between my teeth; but it was not pointed enough. For a moment I thought of breaking my bottle and using the foot of it for a knife; but I reflected that I should deprive myself of the drink which had sustained me, and of which I might still have need.

"After once more vainly searching in all my pockets, with a feeling of despair, I passed my hand round my waist-band and felt a sharp prick in one of my fingers—the buckle of my trousers! With an almost frantic movement I tore it from the band to which it was attached, and found that it had three sharp prongs. These I plunged into the balloon as high as I could reach. Three hisses burst from it, swelling into a whistle like that of a blacksmith's forge. The balloon had begun to empty itself! To say that it began to descend was more than I knew, for it did not seem to change its position in the least. At the end of a few minutes, however, I felt positively that the cold was diminishing, and that I could breathe more freely.

"A fresh uneasiness overtook me. The material of which the balloon was made was rent, and the slit was perceptibly growing longer and longer.

"'If that goes on,' I said to myself, 'the balloon will open from bottom to top, and you and it will fall in a mass!'

"Fortunately, the meshes of the net afforded me a little hope, for on reaching the cord the opening appeared to stop. That calmed me somewhat, and I took advantage of the relief to look below me.

"I assure you, my dear friend, if I had not been in such a cruel position, I should have thought the spectacle which met my eyes one of the most beautiful a man could look upon. All about me was brilliant sunlight, unbroken by the least speck of mist. Beneath me—three or four hundred feet—rolled a sea of clouds, half black, half fire-red, as if I had been descending into a blazing coal-furnace. In a few minutes we reached it and were enveloped in a mist, first white, then grey, then nearly black; then I heard a dull, booming sound, and felt a furious gust of wind; then came a frightful

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burst of lightning and thunder, with torrents of rain and hail, the stones as big as pigeons' eggs. One flash of lightning passed through another, so that I could see as plainly as in broad daylight.

"I was horribly alarmed, as you may easily imagine; and yet, when I think of what I then saw, when I recall how I was dazzled by those morsels of ice illuminated by the lightning-flashes, falling like a shower of inflamed pearls and diamonds, I wish I could see it all again—but not from the cords of a balloon.

"The thunderstorm lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then gradually subsided, the clouds becoming every moment lighter. A warm breath of wind shook the balloon and turned it round; the mist grew thinner and thinner, and, by degrees, as through a gauze veil, I perceived beneath me an immense stretch of green and yellow—it was the earth!"

Here the captain, as if suffocated with emotion, paused, his big eyes rolling and his lips quivering. Tears came into my eyes as I took his trembling hands in mine and wrung them heartily.

"Thanks!" he said: "I well know that you love me. You fancy I was now at the end of my sufferings? Ah! listen!

"At sight of the earth, I went out of my senses. I shouted, I wept, I recited *Paters* and *Aves*, I sang Marseillais songs, I flung my limbs about as if I had been dancing. Alas! my good friend, my joy was not to last long!

"I felt a burning and powerful wind, and concluded from that that the balloon would be carried swiftly before it. Looking at the sun, which was getting low, I saw that we were going towards the north-west. I was making these observations when, twice, in rapid succession, a 'Slish! slish!' and, looking up, saw with alarm that the rent I had made in the balloon had increased over the space of two meshes of the net, and had become at least a foot and a half long. This discovery filled me with apprehension of the machine descending too rapidly. Against that there was no remedy—I could only trust to fortune, and pray that Providence would not, after all, abandon me.

"On we whirled. The space below me changed colour: one part became a pale and unbroken plain of blue; another a dark green streaked with deep yellow or light brown. I comprehended that the blue part was the sea, the other the land. The balloon gave a fresh 'slish!' followed speedily by two more!

"The sounds sent a thrill of terror through me, but, on looking up and seeing the increased rent, I only said: 'Split if you must; I can do no more!' But I still hoped



"A FRIGHTFUL BURST OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER."

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that we might reach the ground before the rent extended from bottom to top. At the rate at which we were being sent along, the end of the voyage could not be far off; for I felt my beard and whiskers lifted by the air through which we were driven. Every moment the colours beneath became more positive — every moment objects separated themselves from the plain. Ah!—a mountain!—a wood!—a rock!—a prairie!—a lake! The lake grew wider--wider; trees sprang up on the borders of it—became enormous. The balloon descended towards it—lower, lower. A flight of birds sped across the water. Sounds came up from the earth—the cry of beasts. The wind made the balloon deviate a little from its course, and it was so violent as nearly to prevent my breathing.

"On, on, we are whirled. We are not more than sixty feet from the water! The wind grows stronger, we fly more quickly; but the gas is escaping, the balloon is splitting — is falling, lower and lower; we are within thirty feet of the water! Another thirty feet and we shall touch the shore; twenty feet more and I am in the water! A furious gust raises the balloon a few feet; one more—and I am saved!

"The gust exhausted itself. The balloon continued to descend, the wind driving it to within two paces of the shore at the foot of a ledge of rock. I drew my body out of my belt and, swinging myself with my hands, dropped into the water, swam to the rock and clutched hold of it. I was saved!"

"And then——?" I said.

"Then?" he answered, crossing his arms, "that's a nice question! What more do you want me to tell you? I should have thought that what I have told you was enough for one dose of goose-flesh!"

"No doubt, no doubt. What I want to learn is, how you got back to Mobile?"

"How?—can't anybody with a tongue in his head get from anywhere to Rome? The proof of it is that, by one means and another, I finished by finding my way; and, by the same token, here I am! What is there to be said against that?"



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The King and Queen of Denmark.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

CHRISTIAN IX., King of Denmark, born on April 8th, 1818, married Louisa, daughter of the late Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse, a niece of the late Christian VIII., and also of the late Duchess of Cambridge, being born on September 7th, 1817. He succeeded to the throne on November 15th, 1863. Six children have been born to their Majesties: Frederick, the Crown Prince, the Princess of Wales, George I., King of Greece, the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Valdemar. They were all born with more than the average share of good looks, and the fortunate way the King and Queen married off their children is proverbial. Our Princess of Wales has been with us so long now, and has so fully established herself in the hearts of the people, that anything appertaining to her early home cannot fail to be read with appreciative interest. Hence, I gladly undertook the somewhat tedious journey to Copenhagen, having the King's gracious permission to explore and photograph his palaces.

The present Royal residence, Amalienborg, consists of four small palaces, which were bought by King Christian VII., in 1794, after Christiansborg was destroyed by fire. One of these palaces contains what is known as the State apartments, two being occupied by the King and Crown Prince; the fourth being used as the Foreign Office.

Here I may say a few prefatory words concerning the King and Queen. They are no strangers to us, having visited London on several occasions, always receiving a deservedly hearty welcome. The genial, kindly nature of the King is well known; and it is for this, quite as much as for the great strides his country has made under his rule, that he is so much beloved by his subjects. On account of his age he is now prohibited from the activity in public questions he formerly displayed, but though living a somewhat retired life, he is a familiar figure in the streets of the capital, and on several occasions I met him walking quietly along, quite unattended, looking with interest into the various shops, or stopping now and again to gaze at anything going on around him—always acknowledging the respectful salutations with which he was greeted. His Majesty shows a remarkable activity for his age—which age he carries so well that few would believe him to be between seventy and eighty. The eldest son of the Crown Prince is an expert bicycle rider, and nearly every day may be seen riding to and fro to his duties connected with the regiment of Life Guards to which he is attached, clad in undress uniform.



THE KING OF DENMARK.
From a Photo. by Steen & Co., Copenhagen.

Her Majesty the Queen is remarkably gifted in many ways. Of the extremely useful education which was imparted to her daughters all are familiar. The early days of our Princess and her sisters were not remarkably affluent ones, so that the training of necessity compelled very much of the useful. The Princess of Wales's good taste and remarkable needlework abilities seem to have been inherited, as Her Majesty the Queen is much gifted in that direction. She is also a skilful and cultivated musician, being a good pianiste, and a harpist of more than ordinary ability. Whenever she has the opportunity, her great delight is to take part in harp trios, either with professional players or finished amateurs. She is, of course,

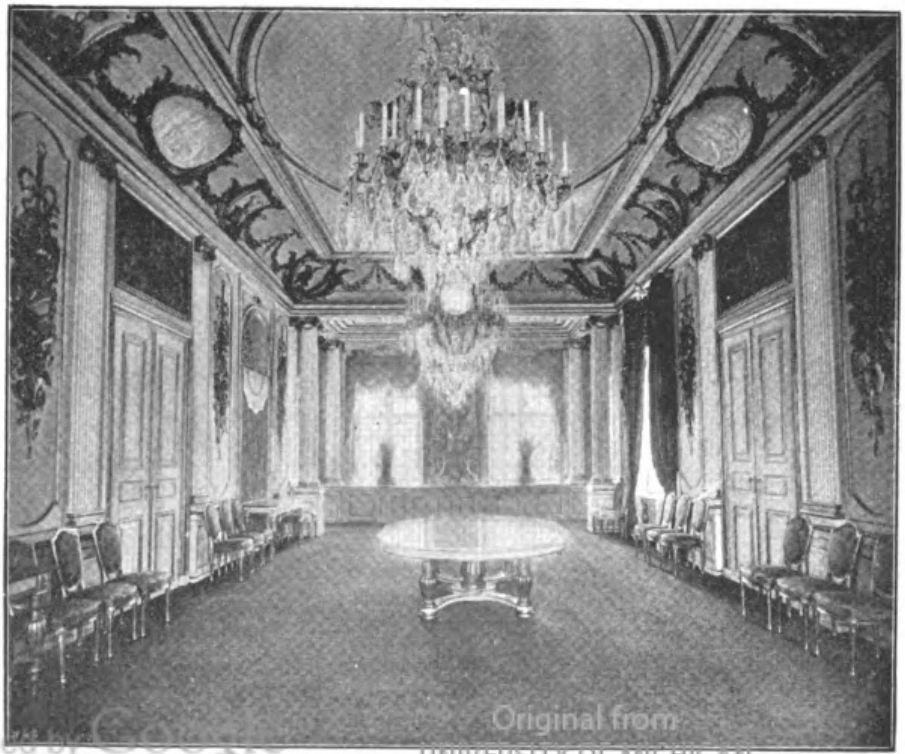
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From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN OF DENMARK. *[Steen & Co.*

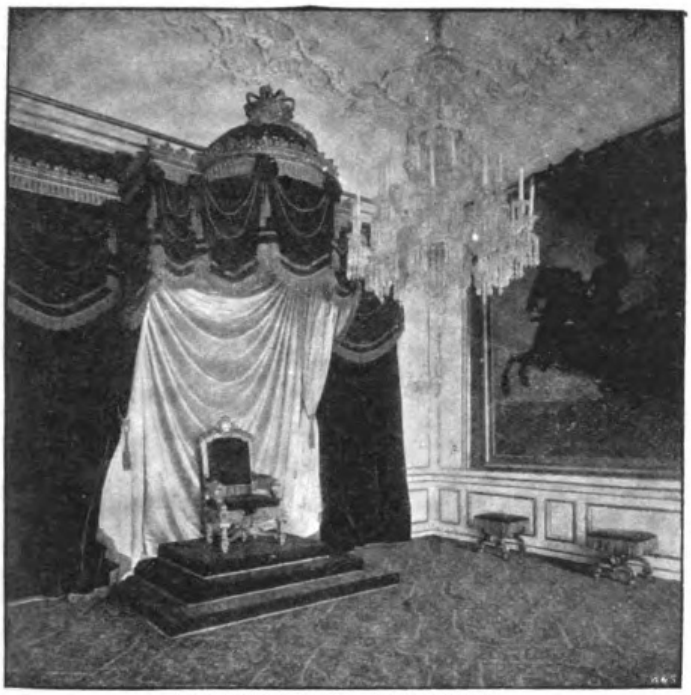
considerably advanced in years, but, like her husband, her appearance would lead one to believe her much younger; and so extremely active are her movements, that when she attended the wedding of her grandson, the Duke of York, comments as to her youthful vigour were freely interchanged amongst the company present.

It is admitted on all sides that this King and Queen are a remarkable couple; they and their family being certainly destined to become prominent figures in the world's history. Two of their children occupy thrones; another is likely to do so in the future—although we hope that future may be far ahead; while still a larger number of their grandchildren will occupy similar eminent positions. If anything were wanted to show the universal popularity of these monarchs, the celebration of their golden wedding amply supplied the want. On that occasion congratulations and presents poured in from nearly all quarters of the globe. The festivities connected with the event lasted for one week; comprising audiences, receptions, State dinners, balls, and a public thanksgiving service at the church, to which all the Royal personages, Ambassadors, and Envoys went in procession. In the Palace, to which I shall presently draw your attention, may be seen many of the presents given at the time; perhaps one of the most highly valued would be the beautiful golden wreath, to which 100,000 school-children each subscribed one penny. A special feature of the celebration was the immense number of free dinners given to the poor all over the King's dominions, and the creation of one or two special charities from sums freely subscribed for the purpose.



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—AMALIENBORG. *[Grimd & Stuart, Richmond.*

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THE THRONE-ROOM—AMALIENBORG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

The Throne Room is quite small, and really is more of an audience chamber than a throne room proper, and is used by the King for such purposes. On a daïs stands the chair in crimson velvet and gold, with a carved top surmounted by crown and "C. IX." The canopy is of crimson velvet lined with cream silk, the roof of which is profusely ornamented with gold crown and gold carving, cord, tassels, and fringe being of the same hue. On either side are beautiful paintings by old masters, with some similar ones in panels over the doorways. The decorations of this room are in cream and gold, the floor being covered with a costly Persian carpet.

Then I go through a corridor rich in old paintings, prominent amongst which is a full-length one of George III. of England in his coronation robes; and so on into the Ball Room—a room more than ordinarily rich with artistic decorations. Indeed, so brilliant is its appearance, that although I have seen larger, I have seen none so beautiful in Europe. The matchless parquetry floor, the rich colours of the many paintings, the crystal and gold of the chandeliers, the cream with gold relief of ceiling and walls, the rich crimson and costly white lace curtains, with the added effects of marble-topped console tables and costly Sèvres

But the King allows us to see some of the rooms, so we enter the Palace of Amalienborg, and proceeding to the State apartments, commence with the Dining Room. This is a long and spacious apartment, beautifully decorated, and made brilliant with the electric lights lately introduced. The ceiling is cream with gold relief, and casts of plaster figures, the whole supported with Ionic columns. The panels of the walls have also beautiful gold relief ornaments. Over each of the doorways are paintings, some on porcelain, some on canvas. Three beautiful crystal and ormolu chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling, and at either end of the room are immense marble and gilt sideboards, the centre of each showing fountains supported with the arms in gold, and piscatorial decorations of the same. The furniture is in crimson and gold, with curtains of crimson brocade and Brussels lace alternate.



From a Photo. by] THE BALL-ROOM—AMALIENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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china, combine to make a scene of really fairy-like splendour.

In a reception-room near at hand stands a framed group on an easel. It was a golden-wedding present to their Majesties, depicting themselves, their children, and their children's wives and husbands. The likenesses are all remarkably good, and the whole is what I deem to be worthy of reproduction.



THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.
(A Golden-Wedding Present.)

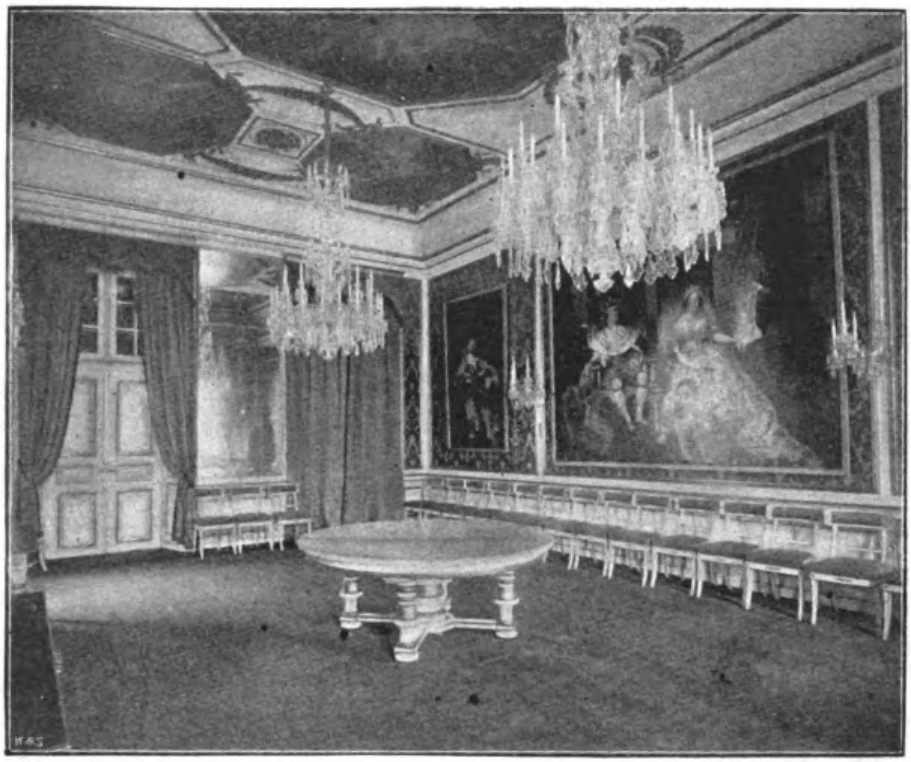
From here I enter one of the State drawing-rooms, which has a ceiling in cream and gold, walls hung in crimson, and window and door hangings in gold and cream, with furniture of the same. On the walls are some very beautiful tapestry paintings. At one end of the room hangs a fine painting depicting the King watching the embarkation of the troops; and over each handsomely curtained doorway are panels with painted centres and gold carved outlines. I note two very costly cabinets in pebble relief; some ormolu and marble tables, and one or two with plush tops; on one of which stands a golden horn, one of the before-mentioned Jubilee presentations. Some Sèvres china is scattered here and there, and in one corner stands a very large and valuable Dresden vase; also a wedding present.

One other room I must mention, known as the Rose. This has some fine paintings in the ceiling in representation of the feasts of Bacchus, and musical celebrations. On the walls are some valuable old paintings, some of which were brought from the Christiansborg Palace on the occasion of the last fire there. Torn down hastily, with neither time nor opportunity to remove the massive frames in which they were encased, the canvases only were saved, hence their somewhat remarkable appearance of being stretched on ordinary deal, instead of the handsome gold carving one expects to see. One of these



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—AMALIENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

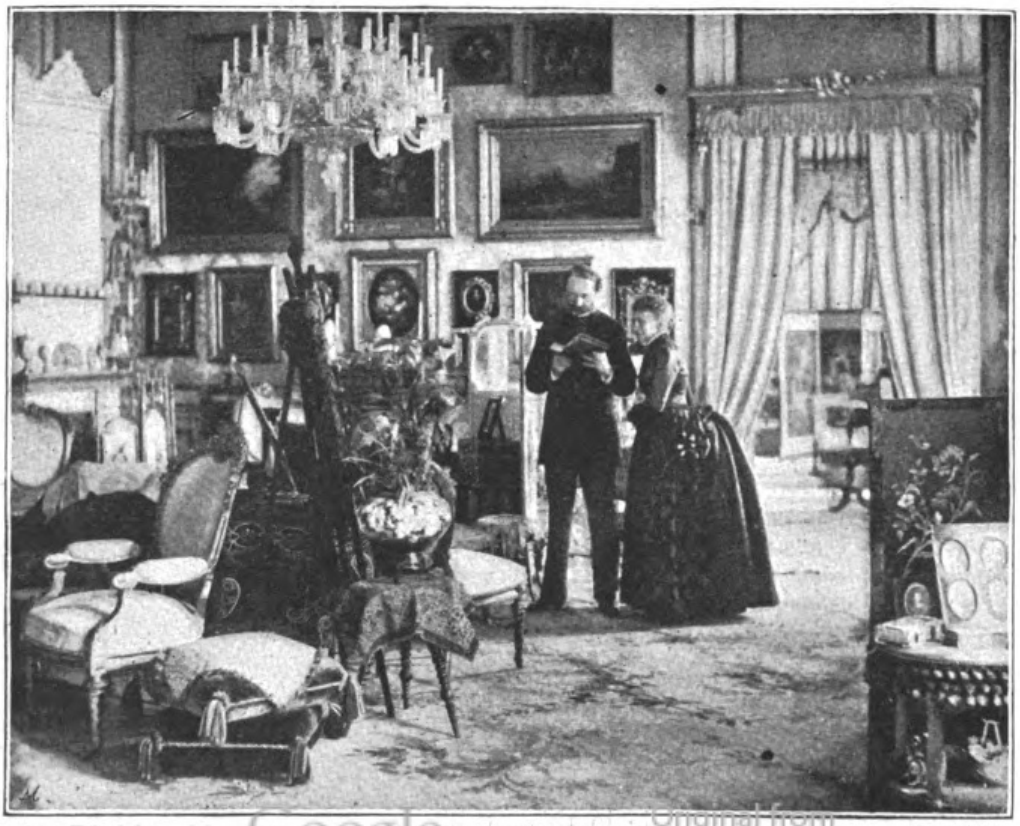
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From a Photo. by] THE ROSE—AMALIENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

paintings is very large, and shows a former King and Queen seated on the throne chairs, with the silver lions in front, all of which may now be seen at the Palace of Rosenborg.

We hear very much of Fredensborg, the favourite summer residence of their Majesties, situated in a magnificent park some few miles from the city, so must pay a brief visit to the same. Here, every autumn, the entire family are wont to gather, going from England, Russia, Greece, etc., to meet and spend a few happy weeks in an unconventional manner; putting on one side all State duties and cares, partaking in all manner of outdoor exercises, and enjoying to the full all the ordinary indoor amusements of a happy family party. Just now Fredensborg



From a Photo. by] THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE LIBRARY—FREDENSBORG. *[Steen & Co.*

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From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR. *[Steen & Co.*

is dressed in brown holland, and but little can be seen of the many beautiful things contained in its rooms; but everywhere are evidences of thoughtful affection from various members of this large and united family. Here is the Library, well stocked with a careful and valuable selection from the best authors, past and present, a photograph of which room I am able to furnish you with, having also the additional value of showing the King and Queen standing at a table in the centre, looking at a favourite book. Here, too, is Her Majesty's boudoir, crowded with portraits of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and curios and articles dear for their associations, sent from many countries. Here you will observe the central figures of Her Majesty the Queen, the Czarina of Russia, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Other portraits of the family I am also able to include in this article by special permission.

There is another and a third Palace, which the King permits me to see and photograph—Rosenborg Castle—to which we proceed the next day. It is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the Palaces which I had the pleasure of exploring; dating back as far as 1604, founded by King Christian IV., built in the Dutch Renaissance style, under the architecture of Inigo Jones. At that time it was really outside the city, and so had its own fortification and moats; but subsequently these were extended so as to inclose it.

It certainly is the most historical building in Copenhagen. Entering by a curious old gateway, you are directly faced by the Castle. Pass on through an archway, and up a flight of steps, and you are inside a quaint old corridor, crowded with curios of all descriptions.

Leaving here by a doorway at one end, we enter direct into the Audience Chamber: this being paved with marble, the walls are finely panelled in oak, with a number of oaken Ionic pilasters to support the ceiling—these pilasters, as well as the spaces between, being adorned with choice paintings. A huge, old-fashioned chimney-piece is built at one end, composed of marble and sandstone, and from the ceiling depends a large brass chandelier. In glass cases may be seen the coronation dress of Christian IV. and his mantle of the Order of the Garter, and some parts of the suit he was wearing when wounded at the battle of Fehmern, in 1644, together with two curious relics of the battle, consisting of two tiny gold hands holding bits of metal by which he was wounded: these it is said were worn as ear-rings by one of his daughters in memory of the battle. There is a good and interesting collection of armour, swords, pistols, knives, and guns; some of the former being very costly; a very beautiful ebony cabinet, ornamented with some richly engraved metal plates—date 1580; a Stras-

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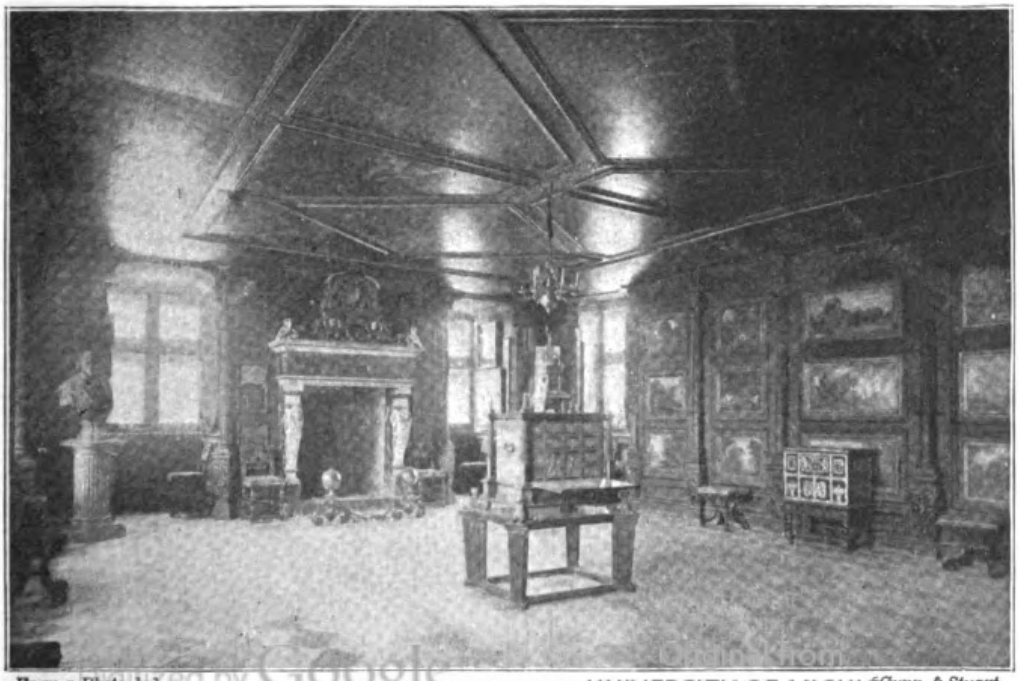


From a Photo. by] ROSENBORG CASTLE. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

bourg clock with musical work and movable figures, an antique iron-bound chest, a large bronze bust of Christian IV., and several portraits and pictures are all worth studying. Judging by two of these pictures, Christian IV. was much given to dreams, and also much given to having them perpetuated, for one represents a dream he had the night before the battle of Listerdyb, and the other, called the "Derision of the Redeemer," represents a dream he had at Rothenburg in 1625.

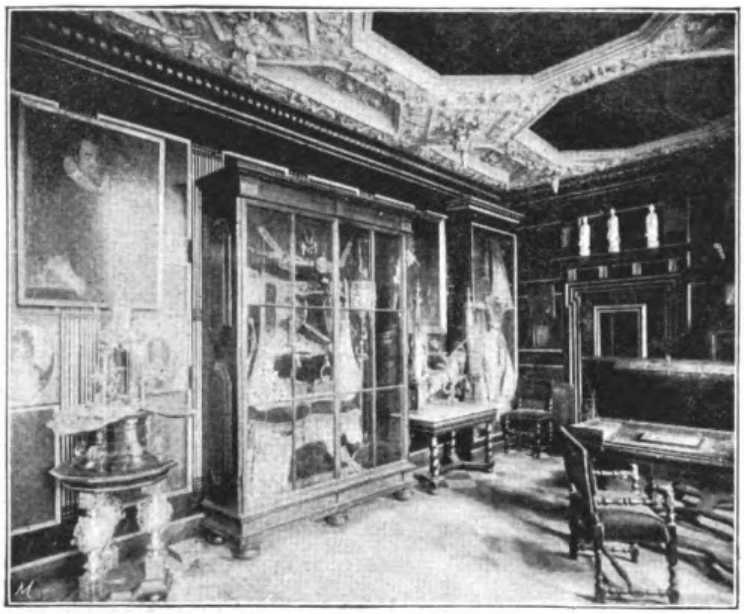
Next we enter the King's Study, also panelled in oak, the panels still faintly showing the original Japanese decorations. The ceiling is richly decorated in plaster relief, showing exquisite representations of fruit and flowers, with rich tracery of leaves; it also shows panels of mythological paintings. In a prominent position in the room stands the King's writing-table, on it being laid a documentary production bearing date 1633, in his own writing, a writing so wonderfully legible that it would be no discredit to a nineteenth century scholar. In front of the table stands the chair His Majesty usually occupied. Another prominent object in the room is a fountain in silver and ebony, 6ft. high; in the King's time used for perfumed water. It rests upon a base of ebony, which is beautifully adorned with silver. This was made at Halle, and was the property of Queen Anne Catherine.

Next comes the Council Chamber of Christian V. This monarch was the first hereditary King, ascending the throne in 1670, reigning for nearly thirty years. In his apartments may be seen evidences of the warlike training imparted to him by his



From a Photo. by] THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF CHRISTIAN IV., ROSENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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From a Photo. by] CHRISTIAN IV.'S STUDY—ROSENBORG. *Gunn & Stuart.*

father; his very playthings consisting of arms and armour, and small cannon. There is also a large collection which the King had used in *actual* warfare, both on sea and land. A small anchor, which is reported to have saved his life in a storm at sea, is suspended on the wall near the fireplace; this seems to have been formerly invested with some supernatural charms. Warrior as he was, he must also have been the possessor of a large amount of vanity, as I find several cases crowded with suits of the richest material handsomely embroidered in gold, and studded with precious stones; also a collection of swords of unusual beauty and worth.

Various paintings of himself and his Queen adorn the red haute-lisse tapestry of the walls. The Danish connection with the English Royal Family is here shown by a portrait of Prince George, husband of Queen Anne of England, and brother of the King of whom I am now speaking. Like Christian IV., he does not appear to have been famous for his beauty, but was, however, also distinguished for the same beautiful penmanship, shown by some political papers written by himself, placed in a case on one of the tables in the room. The ceiling of this room is well worth notice, the centre painting representing an orchestra, the surrounding ones consisting of dancing genii. Several very choice cabinets contain a unique collection of ivory, glass, china, silver, and gold curios, and in various directions of the room are some very costly mosaic cabinets and tables, too numerous for detailed mention.

The Marble Hall is also descriptive of the reign of Christian V. The first thing which strikes one on entering this apartment is the very uncommon and beautiful ceiling. Christian, if you remember, was contemporary of Louis XIV. The decorations and furniture of that period were costly to an unusual degree. This ceiling is as fine an example as could well be imagined. It is in stucco, with figures in rococo, with painted panels; some of which show the Royal crown and family



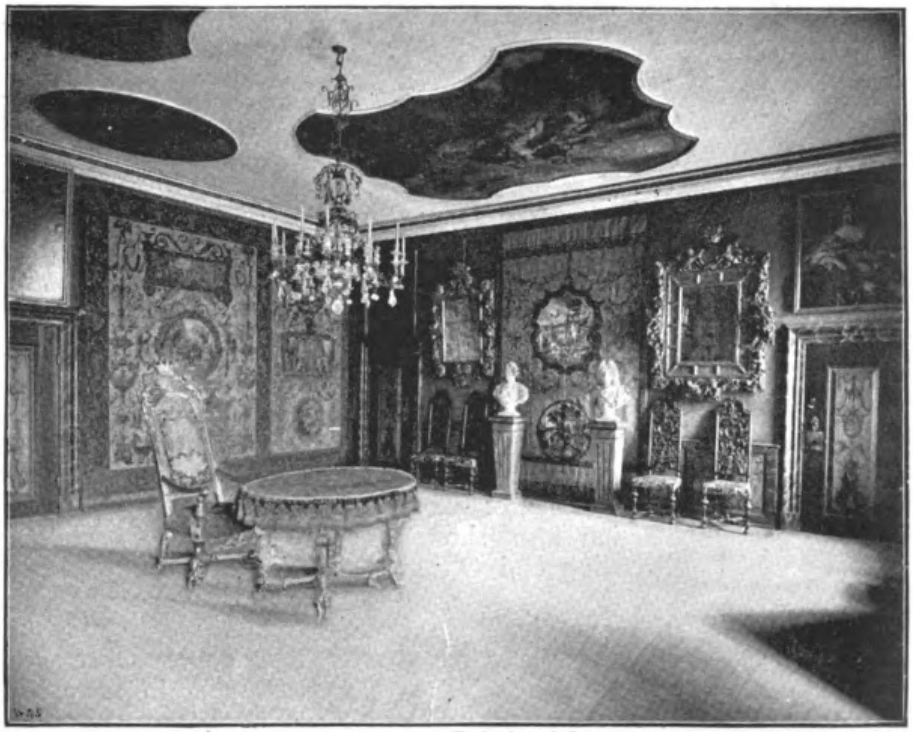
From a Photo. by] CHRISTIAN V.'S COUNCIL CHAMBER—ROSENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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From a Photo. by] THE MARBLE-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

arms. The whole is supported by numerous marble Corinthian pilasters, the walls being of the same costly material. The furniture and decorations are in the character of the period, and evidently the most costly that could be obtained: ebony cabinets, Florentine mosaic tables, and richly embroidered and carved furniture, all of them seeking, as it were, to outvie each other in splendour. Quantities of drinking horns and goblets, typical of remote periods, are found in nearly every room of the Castle. This apartment has no exception, these perhaps being more richly ornamented than are those which were the property of *some* of the monarchs. Another feature of this room is the selection of very beautiful ivory carvings and figure-heads. In glass cabinets may be also seen the garments,

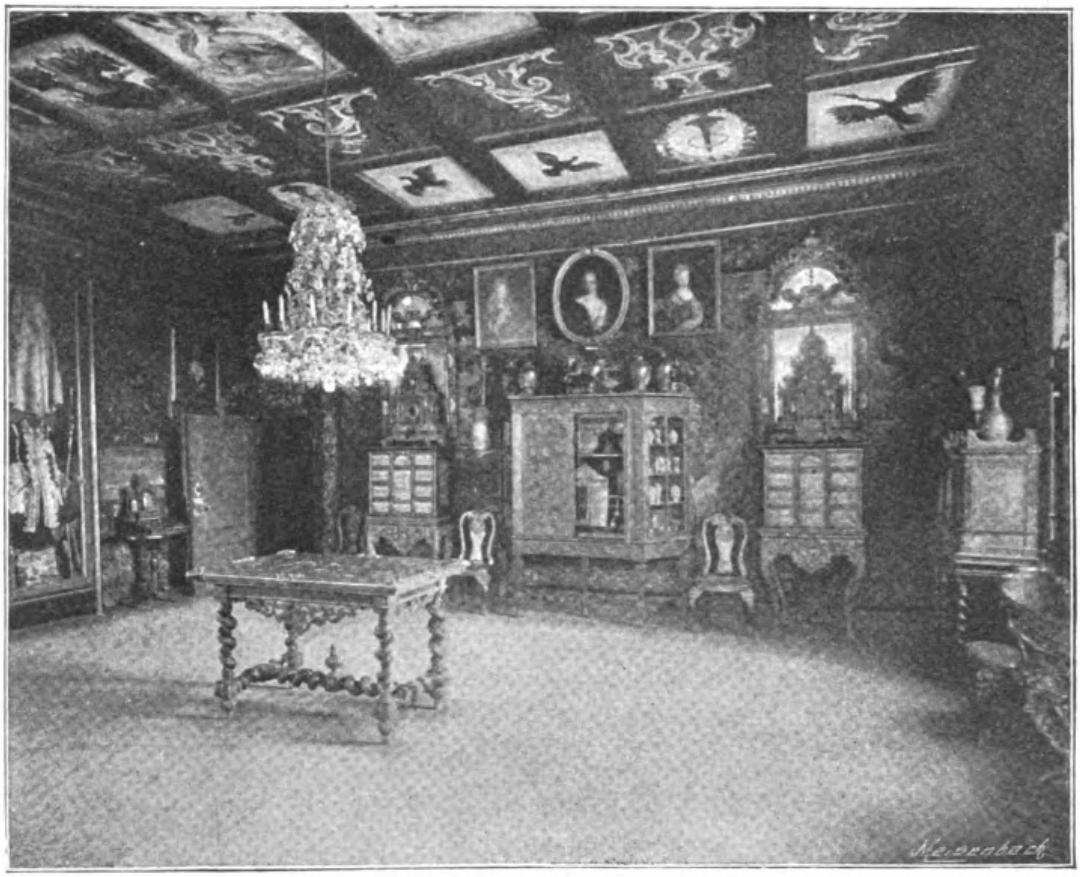


From a Photo. by] THE ROSE-ROSENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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swords, and walking-sticks of the King. Also is here shown the famous "Wismar" cup, peculiarly wrought and composed of pure crystal. It is said to be the finest example of its kind to be found in Europe.

We now proceed by a winding staircase to an apartment called the Rose, which really combines the times of Christian V. and Frederick IV., although appertaining more especially to the latter. The walls are hung with Italian tapestry of the best Florentine workmanship, brought from Italy by Frederick IV. in 1709. The chair and table oak. A beautiful rock-crystal chandelier depends from the centre of the ceiling. A large number of paintings of the Royal Family, together with several busts, are here displayed; also a painting of the famous Swedish General Magnus Stenbock, painted by himself for presentation to the King. A water-colour of very fine execution shows the coronation of Frederick IV. and Queen Louise (whose ante-chamber this was) in Frederiksborg Castle, and still another one showing the funeral of Frederick IV. I have called your attention to several very



From a Photo. by] THE PRINCESS'S ANTE-ROOM—ROSENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

shown in the accompanying illustration are of beautifully wrought silver: they were a birthday present to Frederick IV. from the lady who afterwards became his Queen, and were always used by him at the opening of the Session of the Highest Court of Appeal. The illustration also shows two marble busts of the King and Queen, by Jost Wiedewelt.

We now enter the ante-chamber of the Princess. The ceiling of this room shows some fine painted wooden panels. The walls are hung in woven woollen tapestry of fruit and floral designs. The floor is of polished beautiful mosaic tables in various rooms of the Castle, but here is one which is perhaps more remarkable than any. It is said that it took four skilful men thirty years to complete it. It was presented to Frederick IV. in 1709 by the Grand Duke of Toscany.

What is known as the Larger Room of Christian VI. has a ceiling painting by Coffre, representing "Flora Scattering Her Abundance Over Denmark." The walls are hung in haute-lisse tapestry, the floor being parquetry. Here you will notice a good collection of china, some of native

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From a Photo. by] THE LARGER ROOM OF CHRISTIAN VI.—ROSENBORG. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

manufacture, some Saxon, the most costly being Japanese. In the windows are some models of battle-ships of the line, made of pearl, tortoise-shell, and amber. In one of the cabinets is placed the King's diary, nearly all in his own handwriting, and several articles which show the King's strong mechanical tendency—one being a box having thereon an amber rose turned by the King himself, and another a box of ivory entirely his own make. There is also a catalogue in the Queen's own handwriting, giving a full list of the jewels which belong to her. The love of the Queen Sophia for hunting is shown by the presence of stags' antlers and her hunting gun. There is also a turning-lathe, the property of the Queen, showing indications of having been much used. In the very centre of the room stands a washing-table with delf surface, upon which stands an antique glass wine cask. I had previously seen several remarkable cabinets, but one which I noticed in this room is of a most unusual type, both for shape and construction. It contains a beautiful peal of bells, and, as is customary, a large number of secret drawers, also some painted panels on the front. It was made by Lehmann, the Court joiner. On either side of this hang fine painted portraits of the King and Queen. Underneath, some good miniatures and some antique chairs covered in tapestry.

Entering the room of Frederick V., we notice first of all the very beautiful Florentine gold and velvet tapestry on the walls. It, of course, shows signs of wear, but must originally have been of exquisite beauty. An amber chandelier, by Lorenz Spengler, hangs from the panelled ceiling, immediately under which stands a marble-topped, burnished wood writing-table, formerly used by Queen Caroline Matilde, this having placed thereon an extremely precious lace collar which had been worn by Queen Louise. Various paintings and water-colours of the Royal Family, and of several officers in the Danish service, as well as some allegorical pictures, adorn the walls. In two or three glass cabinets is a collection of various objects in ivory, many of them made by the Princess of the then reigning family; others by the maker of the chandelier. The



From a Photo. by] ROOM OF FREDERICK V. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK VI., WITH WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

wedding dress of Frederick V., with other rich attire, and some handsomely mounted gold pistols are also shown, together with a fine collection of enamelled boxes, one of which belonged to Catherine II. of Russia. It has a Roman mosaic lid, the design being the capitoline doves. Some of Frederick's orders are also here on view; one, the Russian Order of St. Andrew, in brilliants; and another, the Danish Order of the Elephant, in sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. Dresden china, together with that of native manufacture, a costly gold coffee service, and some fine crystal goblets, are a few other objects worthy of mention. One other curio must not be omitted: an article in monumental form, composed of ivory and lapis lazuli, made by Spengler, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Sovereignty.

Going from this apartment, we proceed at once to that of his son, Frederick VI. Facing the entrance to his room you find a very fine painting of himself, his Queen, and his two daughters, which we here reproduce. The painter was Eckersberg. Several other paintings of this monarch and his family are in various parts of the room, all of which is furnished in First Empire style.

This Schloss and its contents are so interesting, that I seem to have lingered almost indefinitely in their inspection, but the finish of this is the finish of my mission—as far as Palaces are concerned. During my stay I have met with much courteous kindness from the King's Private Secretary, and from the Master of the Ceremonies and other officials; also, I have had the opportunity of conversation with His Highness the Prince of Siam, who is an Attaché to the



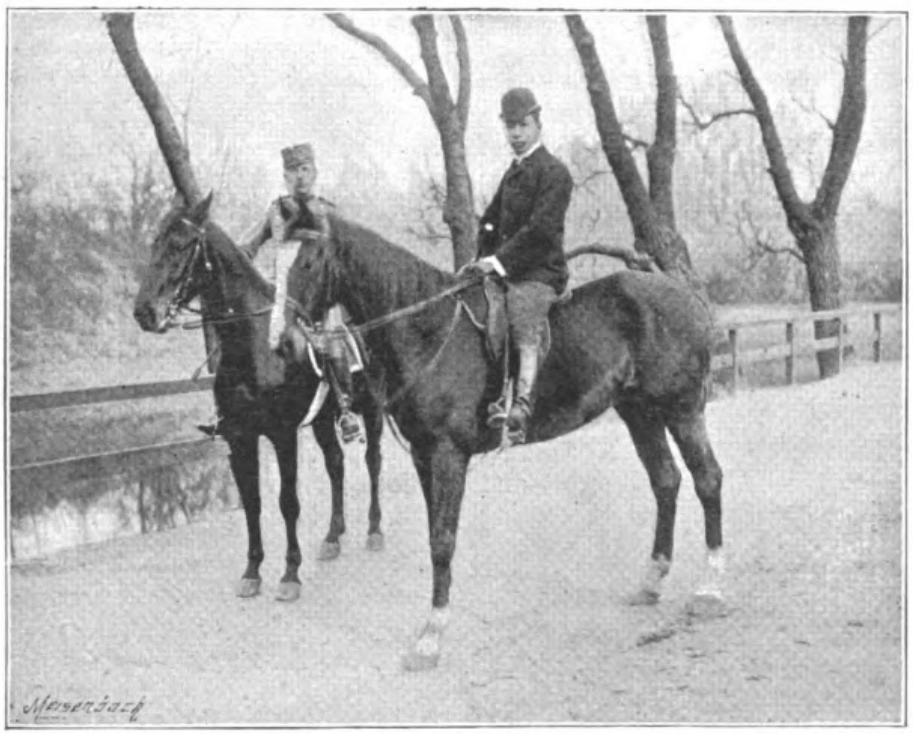
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, PRINCESS MARIE, AND CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by Steen & Co.

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From a Photo. by] A ROYAL GROUP. *[Georg Hansen, Copenhagen.*

Court. His father, the King, has been amongst us and is known favourably to us. The Prince has been educated in England, and speaks of it and its institutions in tones of warmest regard. When, in conversing on literature, he tells me that he is a subscriber to and highly regards THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I think perhaps my readers would be interested in his photograph; and as he is so connected with the Court which I have been visiting, I ask and obtain the favour of a special sitting.



From a Photo. by] THE PRINCE OF SIAM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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Distinguished Women and their Dolls.

By Frances H. Low.

THE handsome volume that, under the title of "Queen Victoria's Dolls," makes its appearance this month, with the gracious approval of Her Majesty, will call to the mind of many mature doll-lovers a host of happy childish recollections, in which a beloved wooden puppet was the central figure of the nursery drama. And, notwithstanding a recently-expressed masculine opinion, that little girls ought to be discouraged from placing their affections on inanimate wooden and wax objects, it is safe to predict that this fondness will continue to remain as deep and perennial an instinct as that of maternal love itself, of which, indeed, it is a touching premonition.

Those who are disposed to regard the pleasures, and passions, and play of a child as unimportant and unprofitable will have neither concern nor interest in this article. But there are others, youthful by right of freshness of spirit, who will read about the early tastes, affections, and playthings of distinguished women with an eagerness that is as wholesome as it is innocent.

The Empress Frederick, like Her Majesty, was exceedingly fond of dolls. Count Seckendorff says she was very fond of working their clothes. Here is his letter:—

"When a child, the Empress Frederick was exceedingly fond of dolls and of working their clothes—especially for small ones—and of arranging a doll's house and of putting them in. As a tiny child the Empress Frederick was devoted to dolls, and fonder of playing with them than many a little girl. Of the Empress's daughters, some were also very fond of dolls."



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

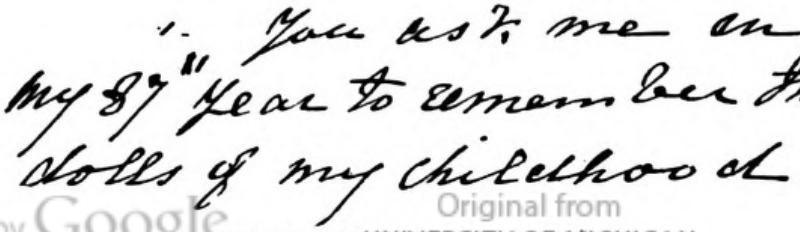
The Empress, as is well known, is a devoted mother; and one can well picture that her little doll-household was a very orderly one, carefully and systematically looked after. Early habits exercise an enormous influence over our lives; and who can doubt that the little girl who keeps her dolls clean, learns how to wash, and tend, and dress them with taste, is learning lessons which will stand her in good stead when she reaches motherhood?

The doll owned as a child by Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress, was a massive wooden creature, which did not even possess the conventional number of limbs; but that it held a place in her affection and memory is clear from her delightful letter, which is printed below:—

"To quote Ashby Sterry:—

I thought I'd done with dolls some years ago;
I've put away the dolls of childhood's age,
I've bid good-bye to puppets of the stage.

And yet you ask me in my eighty-seventh year to remember the dolls of my childhood. Well, I'll try, but fear the description will be very uninteresting. I never had but *one* doll, a great, heavy, *wooden* doll: no stuffing, no nice, soft leather arms and legs. No! its limbs were strongly wedged, and *pegged* into its body—it was so big and heavy, I could scarcely drag it about (I was four years old only); its name was 'Lummox.' It was a nuisance to everybody in the house, and one unlucky day I let it fall upon my mother's foot, and in her pain and anger she put it on



FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. KEELEY'S LETTER.

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the kitchen fire, and there was an end of 'Lummox.' As near as I can remember, the inclosed is a faithful portrait.—MARY ANNE KEELEY."



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mary Anne Keeley

No contribution will be read with more interest than that which has been sent by Lady Martin, whose sweet and noble personations of many of the greatest women in Shakespeare's gallery remain still in the memory of older playgoers, and are little likely to be effaced by any modern actress:—

"You touch me upon a tender point when you ask about the dolls of my childhood.

You touch me upon a tender point when you ask about the dolls of my childhood.

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM LADY MARTIN'S LETTER.

They engrossed a large share of my thoughts and my affection. The throb of joy with which a new doll was received into my arms, or the pitying interest with which a very old one was regarded, I can never forget. The earliest act of pure self-denial I can remember was when I surrendered my sweetest, newest doll, one possessed of excellent qualities—for dolls varied in these—to a poor young cousin who had lately lost her mother. I fear I inwardly bewailed this act of self-sacrifice when I found afterwards my favourite was thrown aside—neglected! Some girls have no liking, no feeling, for dolls. They like their pretty faces at first, but can see nothing *in them*, and thus soon grow tired of them. I had a proof of this in my godchild, Hester Helena Makepeace Thackeray Ritchie (I had to think well over this string of names before repeating them over the baby at the font). She is now advancing towards the sweet young lady period, but some four or five years ago I said to her, rather regretfully, 'Hester, I have never given you a doll.' 'I am very glad,' she responded; and, with a naïve air of weariness, added, 'I have a whole shelf full of them upstairs.' I had one young playfellow who shared my passion for dolls. We used to make stories about them. Some had good dispositions, some bad, and with the latter we had much trouble. Then the adventures they passed through! At times they were stolen by gipsies, then by robbers; were the 'babes in the wood'—every tale we read they had to realize. We had a boy doll who was the very counterpart of Aladdin, and, oh, the tricks he played us! In one of my letters on 'Shakespeare's Women,' I tell of the pleasure it gave me when grown up to see the stall of lovely dolls at the Soho Bazaar—and, lo! to behold one dressed in a costume 'such as worn by Miss Helen Faucit' in a play then acting This was a surprise and a joy nearly as great as the possession of a new doll used to be. You ask what sort of dolls I was fondest of. Large waxen dolls were my greatest admiration, but the humbler kind had their place in my regard, and helped to play their parts as gipsies, etc. As for the eyes and hair of my waxen beauties, they might be of the colour the doll-maker chose to make them, so long as the eyes were *large* and *round*, and could open and shut, and the hair abundant. The tow colour, which has prevailed so long for the hair, was not then in fashion. I think I have pretty fairly answered the questions you have asked me, and am, dear madam, yours truly, HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN."

Helena Faucit Martin.

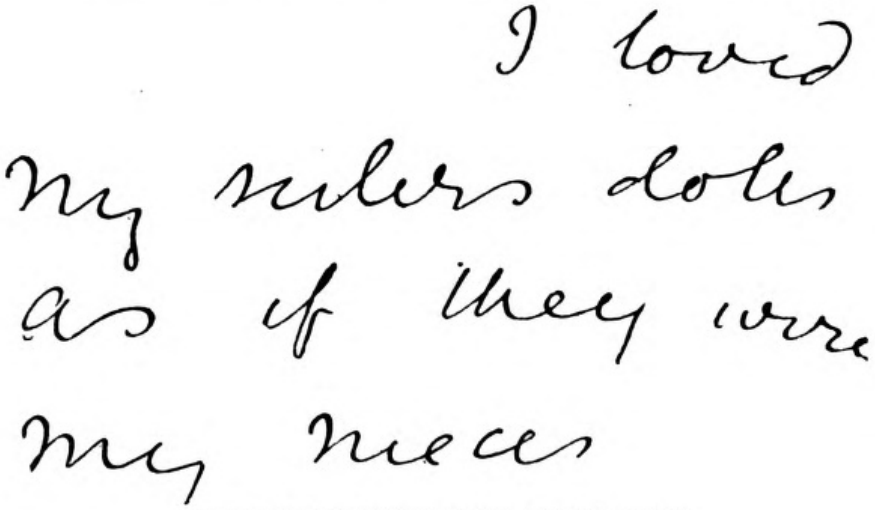
The god-child referred to is the child of Mrs. Ritchie, who, as is well known, is herself a daughter of Thackeray, and is perhaps the most exquisitely *feminine* woman writer of the day. Mrs. Ritchie was very much attached to dolls, so that it is curious that her little daughter should have had no love for them; though, perhaps, the reason is to be found in the child's answer, that she had a whole shelf full of them upstairs.

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But to return to Helen Faucit. Is not something of the imaginativeness of the great actress to be discerned in the little girl, who made "stories about her dolls," invested them with good and evil dispositions, and placed them in all sorts of situations and adventures?

Where is the lover of Thackeray who does not want to hear all about the childish pleasures of his much-loved little girl? Mrs. Ritchie's pen is ever graceful, and her letter needs no comment of mine:—

"Would that one of my dolls had ever survived to be included in such courtly company! They all came to violent ends, and caused me so much sorrow that, at the comparatively early age of four, I determined to have nothing more to do with them. I used to tie their heads on with string, and not look for two days; but it was no use: they never grew again. I loved my sisters' dolls as if they were my nieces long after I had given up any more direct affection; and now, quite late in life, I had just begun to be really in sympathy with my grand-children's dollies, when my own little girl suddenly ceased to take an interest in them, and I found my own somewhat flagged. I shall look out with much interest for your article. It is a most happy idea, and believe me, truly yours, ANNE RITCHIE."



FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. RITCHIE'S LETTER.

Mrs. Mona Caird's letter is particularly interesting, as showing how, even in her youthful days, her tastes and thoughts inclined to the subject of marriage: and her amusing confessions show us that little Miss Mona was an observant, shrewd child, whose clear eyes were incessantly watching the drama of life that was being played beneath them.

"I have no dolls extant—at least, none that could be got at now. I don't think there are any other details; the only thing that occurs to me is that in my dolls' house family, the two elder daughters, 'Augusta' and 'Emily,' were always receiving proposals of marriage from their neighbour, Mr. Smith, a wealthy bachelor in blue serge and a red tie, with black china eyes, and an exquisite complexion. The sisters always discussed these proposals in a truly business spirit, taking into consideration Mr. Smith's house and property, his coach and four (about one-fifth his own size), and other attractions of a worldly sort to induce an alliance. I presume these did not satisfy the ambition of the sisters, who remained always at home, to the grief of the younger members of the family, over whom they tyrannized. Mr. Smith's affections seemed to oscillate in pendulum fashion from one sister to the other; his china features expressed



MRS. MONA CAIRD.
From a Photo. by H. Mendelssohn.

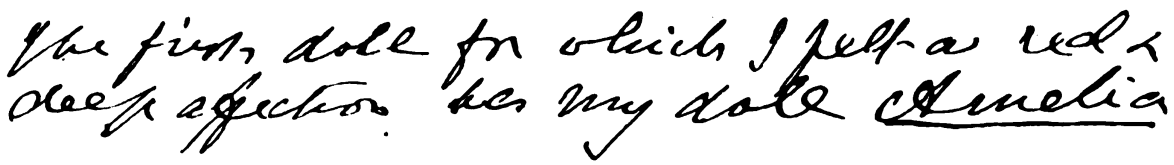
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no preference of any kind. All this was reproduced from life in unconscious satire—indeed, the whole history of that dolls' house and its family—with the pompous parents, the ambitious elder daughters, the innumerable younger ones; with the servants, visitors, and relations—photographed pretty exactly the impressions which the work of grown-up people was making upon my mind at the time. The picture was not very flattering to my neighbours. — I remain, yours truly, MONA CAIRD."



If we are justified in looking upon a little girl's affection for her doll as a sure promise of the maternal affection which she will afterwards show her offspring, then this instinct is by no means an insignificant one; and it should be a source of satisfaction to those who regard true motherhood as something infinitely high and precious, to learn that nearly all the celebrated women who have responded to my inquiries have cherished a passionate, and at times almost human, affection for their dolls. Miss Jean Ingelow, one of the sweetest of our modern singers, whose beautiful little poem, "When Sparrows Build," will remain in our memories so long as we remember anything, writes:—

"Dolls in my infancy were not my chief treasures—I preferred a Noah's ark or picture-book. The first doll for which I felt a real and deep affection was my doll 'Amelia,' whom I had when I was about seven years old. I was taken to a shop that I might choose her myself, and pay for her with my own half-crown. She had a pair of kid shoes, flaxen hair, and smiling blue eyes. I had a little chest of mahogany drawers to hold her clothes, for I need hardly say that they would take off. Some of them (and I remember them all to this day) were of my own concoction. The first thing I made for her was a white petticoat which had a real button and button-hole in the band. When 'Amelia' was taken out for a walk she was generally arrayed in a beautiful cloak, which had been made for her by our old cook. It was of purple silk, and had a white silk lining, was not unlike the long cloaks of the present day, was drawn in at the back, and had some real gores. With this, 'Amelia' wore a hat with a very large red rose in it. When she came in, her cloak was duly folded up and laid in her drawers. 'Amelia' had several beautiful frocks with sleeves; her underclothing, as a rule, was devoid of these appendages, for I made it myself, and could not manage to put them in. You ask what sort of doll I liked best—such dolls as 'Amelia.' There were several Dutch dolls in the nursery. They were common property, and were called 'it,' but the wax dolls were 'she.' However, a wooden doll has one advantage over all others—this—that you can put it into a doll's bath and wash it with real soap and water. When an interesting game was going on in the nursery, the dolls were set in a row on a chest of drawers that they might see it, for, of course, it must be dull to be shut up in 'the play closet' while other people are enjoying themselves. The Dutch dolls also were allowed to look on, but in my opinion a wooden doll—even one with joints—is not capable of attracting real love. But the life of dolls almost always ends in a catastrophe. When I had adored 'Amelia' for a long time, we once went out for a long walk and took the wax dolls with us, and baskets, for we were to gather buttercups and purple orchis. In course of time we came to a small, clear pond. The temptation was great. We let ourselves be left behind, and before we were found out we had undressed the two wax dolls and dipped them in. Alas! they were carried home dripping in one of the baskets. They were set up in a high cupboard to dry—they did not dry, but shortly after they disappeared. My next doll had black eyes like beads—she inherited all my dear 'Amelia's' clothes, even to the purple cloak and hat—but I could not (as it were) find out her name, and I changed it several times before one could be fixed upon. This is a very bad sign. Eventually her name was 'Priscilla.' But nothing signified; I



FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MISS JEAN INGELOW'S LETTER.

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had found out by this time that 'Simple Susan' and many other sweet old stories, both in prose and verse, were very delightful reading. That I read them over and over till I knew them by heart was nothing to 'Priscilla'; I liked them just the same, and did not love her. The reign of the dolls was over.—I am, very truly yours, JEAN INGELOW."

Jean Ingelow

Miss Ingelow's letter will go straight to the heart of every little girl who loves her wooden family, and who has healthy, ruthless brothers. For what could be truer than that pathetic sentence, "the life of dolls almost always ends in a catastrophe"? The poetess might with truth have added, that where there are boys, the life of a doll is almost a tragedy, ending in violence. For boys are the natural enemies of the doll race (in spite of their having a sneaking love for the despised creature), and the instinct to destroy, and damage, and utterly exterminate them is as strong in their breasts as is that of cherishing them in the hearts of their sisters.

Mrs. Fawcett, who is generally regarded as the typical woman who unites masculine intellect with feminine charm, says:—

"I adored dolls, and had many whose lovely features and fascinating frocks, beds, etc., I can still vividly recall. I don't think dolls exactly awoke the maternal feeling in me; because I remember, when I once had the misfortune to break my sister's doll, I thought honour and honesty, and everything else, compelled me to offer to give her mine in exchange and compensation. I don't think this was maternal; but I well remember the anguish of making the offer, and the wild, incredulous joy with which I heard my sister decline it. I thought her the most nobly generous creature in the world, and could not picture myself being offered my doll and saying 'No.' My favourite dolls were of moderate size, about in the same proportion to my size as a baby is to a woman's. I had one enormous doll, but I looked upon her as an inferior being—of coarser mould. She was so big that her shoes had to be made by a shoemaker. We gave great consideration to the choice of her name, and finally selected 'Berengaria,' because that had also a gigantic flavour. But my best-beloved dolls had more homely names: 'Grace,' 'Amy,' 'Louie,' etc.—Yours very faithfully, M. G. FAWCETT."



MRS. FAWCETT.
From a Photo. by Walery.

M. G. Fawcett

Miss Philippa Fawcett, who has distinguished herself in mathematics, shared her mother's partiality in this respect; and she adored, and affectionately cared for, two huge dolls, called "Dover" and "Calais," which were brought from the Paris Exhibition. It will be news to a good many people, that it was little Philippa Fawcett who really uttered the words which *Punch* has since made famous. The little girl was playing with her doll one evening, when some visitors were announced, and she was told to run away and take the doll; whereupon she said, reproachfully, and almost tearfully: "Oh! don't speak so loud. I try as

I adored dolls and had many whose lovely features a fascinating frocks, beds etc I can still vividly recall

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. FAWCETT'S LETTER.

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MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT.
From a Photo. by Owen, Salisbury.

hard as I can to prevent her finding out she is only a doll!"

Mrs. Stanley, the artist, and the wife of the great traveller, writes :—

"I have such happy recollections of my doll-days that I most readily answer your questions. I played with dolls till I was fourteen or more. My sister, Mrs. Frederick Myers, and I had two distinct *tribes* of dolls: dolls which we carried about and cared for in quite a maternal way, and dolls we played with, as I shall afterwards describe. Our doll from the age of seven to nine was a lambskin. We tied one end round into a ball for the head, and dressed the long, folded end in long clothes. We combed and parted the wool for the hair, and always saw in the featureless, woolly face the sweetest, most innocent and infantine expression. 'Tobina,' the lambskin baby, belonged to me alternate days. She was mine on Monday, my sister's on Tuesday, etc. I was fond also of a heavy armful of a doll. I dressed up a long, hard sofa bolster, painted a face on linen, and tied it round the upper part, and sewed on the top a wig we had for private theatricals. This doll, 'Charlie,' was very sturdy and heavy, and might be called a realistic sort of doll. We cared much more for our dolls than children, as a rule, seem to do. We always put them to bed, and on cold nights gave them additional wraps. We considered these senseless playthings alive and human—we endowed them with characters, we made them speak with certain intonations, so that my sister could recognise which of my dolls was speaking. But the real interest and occupation of those 'laughing days' was making our paper doll family. We began their manufacture at three years old, and continued till our teens. My sister and I, we each had a family consisting of a mother and thirteen children. These were drawn and coloured on stiff paper, and carefully cut out: the adults measuring about three inches, the children varying according to age. Each child had its particular cast of features, expression, and colouring. Of course, the family lived in a well-appointed dolls' house. As the paper dolls got torn, or soiled, or crumpled, two hours daily were spent in renovating the family. We were always careful to keep the likeness, so that each member was recognisable, though attired in some new dress. As we grew older we drew better, and turned out some creditable little specimens. We had a special box for the family in evening dress; so that, an invitation coming suddenly, our dolls were always ready to appear in fashionable attire. We also had a supply in walking-dress, hats, cloaks, muffs, and tippets. There was even a reserve in bathing costume when the family went down to the seaside (a soup-plate of water), but they could never remain long in the water, the colour coming off and the dolls becoming pulpy if too long immersed. Making our dolls was a never-ending amusement, and taught us to draw and paint



MRS. STANLEY.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Meyer, Cambridge.

I remember thinking after the thirteenth Christening of the paper family that for a change we really ought to have a funeral

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. STANLEY'S LETTER.

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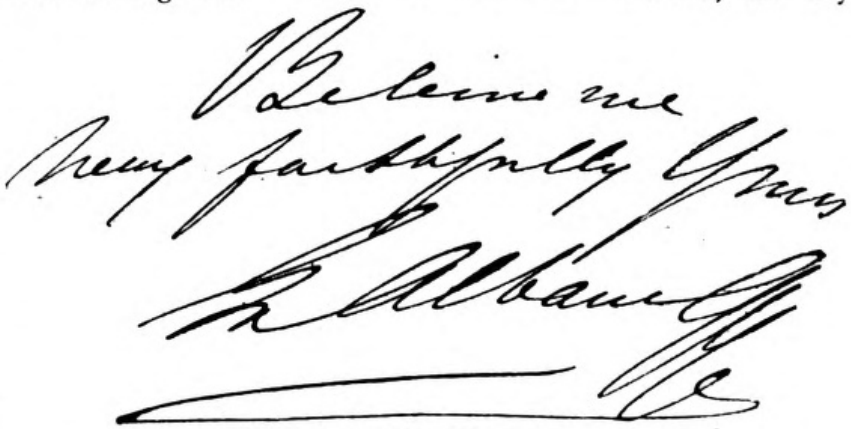
long before we could read or write. Our attitude towards these paper dolls was that of a gentle Providence. We ordered their lives, we gave them mimic joys and sorrows, and they afforded us most absorbing entertainment. But, of course, we did not feel for them the same love and solicitude we felt for the big, portable dolls. I remember thinking after the thirteenth christening of the paper family, that for a change we really ought to have a funeral; but that event was postponed by my sister, who said she did not feel up to the effort of mourning, that the family grief would necessitate playing in a minor key, and that all the dolls would have to be repainted—at once—in black. So there was a betrothal instead—a big ball—and afterwards the marriage was broken off. Even to this very day, my sister and I sometimes talk over the families, and wonder what has become of 'Joshua,' the elder daughter, or her cousin 'Moggie,' and we wonder whether 'Tommy' ever got into the army after all, considering how very backward he was as a small paper boy in a very bright Scotch kilt. I am, however, going beyond the bounds, and answering too much in detail the questions you put to me—but I have not invented anything; dolls' lives and our lives were interwoven. We hardly ever did lessons. We played nearly the whole day, and we were happy from the moment we opened our eyes till we closed them at night. — Yours truly, DOROTHY STANLEY."



From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

There is something pathetic about Madame Albani's childhood. She says:—

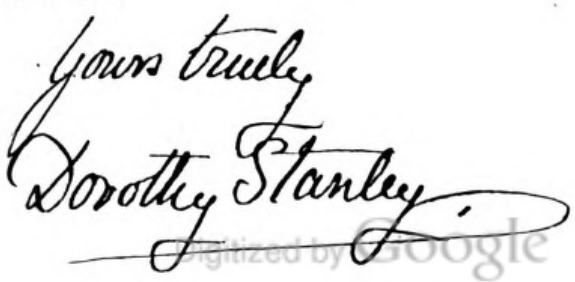
"I am sorry to say that I can give you but very little information about dolls, as my acquaintance with them has been of the slightest. I began to study music before I was four years of age, and I was obliged to give up so much time to it that there was none left for playthings. My harp and piano were my dolls, and I actually never possessed a real one all my life. I believe they are most interesting creatures to most little girls, but I was never able to study them sufficiently to be of any service to you now. —Believe me, very faithfully yours, M. ALBANI GYE."



FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MADAME ALBANI'S LETTER.

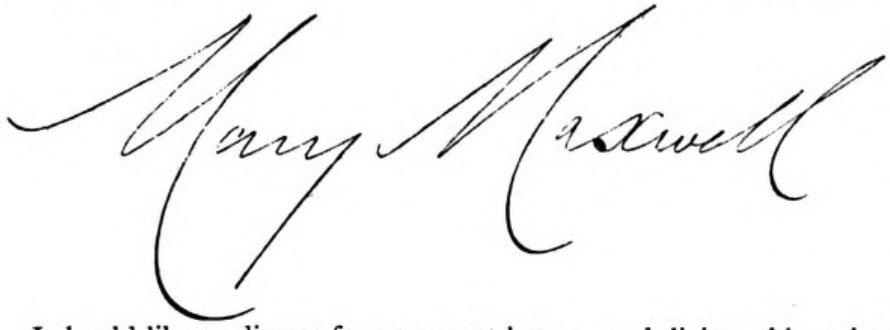
Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) was more fortunate. She says:—

"I was passionately fond of dolls from my earliest recollection of anything in the way of a plaything, and I played with them, dressed them, worked for them, and made



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believe about them until I was in my teens. Dolls and dolls' houses were my dream of bliss, and my amusement alternated between literary composition and dolls' dressmaking. The only rival for the doll in my affection was a toy theatre. — Believe me, very truly yours, MARY MAXWELL."



I should like to digress for a moment here, and call the attention of readers who have no remembrance of the dolls of forty or fifty years ago to the accompanying illustration. This group of dolls (kindly lent by Miss Ethel Thurston) were dressed nearly half a century ago. At that time dressed dolls were not in the market; and the notion of dressing them as babies and children, which is the popular one nowadays, had scarcely any vogue then. Their toilettes, carried out with great elaborateness, are exact reproductions of the fashionable Court dress of the period. One of the dolls represents the Duchess of Kent, and wears a full white satin skirt, tastefully trimmed with pink roses and ruchings of narrow white ribbon, and a long bodice sewn with beads, over which, coming into a V in front, is a blue velvet outer bodice and long, rounded train, embellished with gold beads and lined with white silk.

The male doll in military dress represents the Duke of Cambridge; whilst the other, in spite of his having something of the air of a stage policeman, is meant to be the Prince Consort; and in both cases the tailoring is of a very superior kind, every detail in the way of buttons, orders, belts, and so forth, being carried out with accurate realism.

A few of the ladies who have kindly responded to my inquiry seem to be exceptions to the general rule, amongst them being the Princess of Wales; Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who loved the woods and living things better; Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, who had but a moderate passion for her doll, "Don Quixote"; Miss Jane Harrison, who disliked dolls; and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who, curiously enough, conceived a great fondness for dollies as she grew towards womanhood.



PRINCE CONSORT. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



DUCHESS OF KENT.

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Giants and Dwarfs.

I.

STORIES of giants and dwarfs have come down to us from the very earliest times, and the most noticeable feature of these stories is that the giants get bigger and the dwarfs get smaller the further back we go for the stories. This is not evidence that the crop of wonders in these respects has steadily diminished through the ages, nor that the human race has either degenerated or improved. When love of giants and dwarfs is transmitted traditionally through many generations, each transmitter deducts an inch or two from the height of his dwarf and adds it to that of his giant; so that the longer the traditions have run the greater the marvels appear. Quetelet, indeed, gives an opinion that the tallest man whose inches have been authentically recorded was Frederick the Great's Scottish giant, who was 8ft. 3in. high—a very pigmy compared with many giants of tradition. But, as a matter of fact, men have lived who were some inches above this. The gigantic bones which have, from time to time, been dug up and held as undisputable evidence of the ancient existence of men of enormous stature, have long since been found not to be human remains at all, but relics of great extinct animals, mastodons, and so forth. Dwarfs, also, as small, or almost as small, as ever actually existed, we have probably seen in our own times, in the persons of the various little "Generals" and their ladies, who stand upon the exhibitors' hands in advertisement posters. *En passant*, we may mention that when dwarfs were manufactured by cruel processes of growth-restraint in old times, the anointment of the victim's backbone with the grease of moles, bats, and dormice was considered a very effectual expedient. Anybody anxious to produce dwarfs for the modern show market is welcome to the recipe.

A famous giant in the early part of the seventeenth century was Walter Parsons, who was gate-porter to James I. and afterwards to Charles. Parsons was a West Bromwich man, and was originally a blacksmith. In his early days, when working at this trade, it was found necessary to have a hole dug in the smithy near the anvil, wherein he might stand, in order to be able to work on a level with the other men. He was about 7ft. 6in. in height, and was altogether a fine man, being proportionately strong and broad—a thing uncommonly met with in men of such extreme growth. He was a good-humoured, jolly sort of fellow, with a favourite trick of catching up two of the biggest and strongest yeomen of the guard, one under each arm, and trotting about with them whithersoever he pleased, despite their most desperate struggles to get free. He was once insulted in a London street by a man of ordinary stature, whom he smilingly picked up and hung by the breeches-band on a high butcher's hook, and then walked calmly on, while the crowd con-



WALTER PARSONS. SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.

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gratulated his victim in the manner natural to a crowd. John Cleveland, the Cavalier poet and contemporary of Lovelace, celebrated Parsons in a copy of verses printed in the rare edition of his posthumous poems and epistles published in 1652. Of these a few couplets run as follows :—

Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glass ;
What name or title suits thy greatness, then,
Aldiborontifuscophornio ?
Wert thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought
Without physicians posting down thy throat ?

In a contemporary portrait, which we reproduce, Parsons is represented with Jeffrey Hudson—Sir Jeffrey Hudson, indeed, for he was knighted by the King, partly as a joke. Jeffrey first appeared in Charles's Court from the crust of a pie, wherein, armed with sword and buckler, he had been concealed by way of astonishing and amusing the Queen and her ladies at his bursting forth upon the table. The Queen kept him as her page, and thenceforth he became quite a Court character, and was even trusted by the King with certain negotiations abroad. Sir Jeffrey's growth, such as it was, was irregular. At eight years of age he was eighteen inches high, and remained at that stature without a shade of increase till he was thirty. At thirty he suddenly took to growing afresh, and finally attained 3ft. 9in., and there stopped. Hudson was a peppery little fellow, perpetually squabbling with the courtiers and the Royal servants, and more particularly with Parsons, the giant ! Upon one occasion Hudson challenged a certain Mr. Crofts to a duel, and his opponent appeared on the field derisively armed with a squirt. Additionally incensed by this treatment, Hudson insisted on the squirt being exchanged for a pistol, and thereupon shot his adversary dead. Sir Jeffrey had a life of some adventure, being once captured at sea by Dunkirk privateers and once by Turks. Moreover, he held a captain's commission with the Cavaliers in the Civil War. He will be remembered by every reader of Scott as a character in "Peveril of the Peak."



JOHN WORRENBURG.

In 1659, John Worrenburg, a famous dwarf, was born at Harlshomen, in Switzerland. He was exhibited in London in 1688 and the following year, and attracted considerable attention, his height being only 2ft. 7in. While in London his portrait was printed in mezzotint, and it is from this engraving that our illustration is taken. It is recorded that he was as stout and strong in his arms and legs as a full-grown man—a fact which the squat figure of the portrait would seem to confirm. Worrenburg met his death by drowning, in singular circumstances, in 1695. He was usually carried about, like Gulliver, in a box. As this box, containing himself, was being carried by a porter from a quay at Rotterdam over a plank to a ship, the plank broke, and porter, dwarf, box and all fell into the river. The porter escaped, but Worrenburg, confined by his box, was drowned.

A giant who was much exhibited in this country between the years 1728 and 1734 was Maximilian Christopher Miller, who was born at Leipsic in 1674. He, like Parsons, and unlike so many other giants, was remarkable for his strength as well as for his size.

Hogarth, in his print of Southwark Fair, has introduced the figure of Miller on a show cloth. This giant was, in 1733, 8ft. high. He died in the following year, at an age (sixty) very rarely attained by men of so large a growth. He seems to have grown somewhat even in the later years of his life, if we may trust a London newspaper notice of October, 1728 (six years before his death), which says: "On Wednesday last, arrived here from Germany a native of that country, 7ft. 8in. high." So that something must have grown 4in. in the last few years of his life—either Miller himself or the conscience of somebody else. Miller exhibited himself at the Blue Post, Charing Cross, at the Fan, Devereux Court, and many other places in London. At all his public receptions he was attired as our portrait (from an authentic source) represents him. The sceptre and the heavily-jewelled sword which he carried were presented him by Louis XIV. of France.

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MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

In this gorgeous get-up he paraded before his paying admirers with much state and dignity, being personally characterized by a sentiment usually supposed to be more common in small people—a great notion of his own importance. His face and head are contemporaneously described as being of "enormous size," even for so large a person.

Owen Farrel was born in County Cavan, Ireland, and was characterized not only by his short stature (he was 3ft. 9in. high when full-grown) but also by his amazing strength. He could carry four men at once, two sitting astride each arm. His build was heavy and clumsy, as may be judged by his portrait, which is from an original painting. At first a footman, he was afterwards persuaded to make a show of himself, but the show was somehow not a financial success. He came to London and, being lazy, subsisted by begging in the strees in a very ragged and disreputable suit of clothes. For a few years previous to his death (he seems to have died about 1742) he lived on a weekly allowance made him by a surgeon, in consideration of the right to his body when he had done with it. A transaction of this sort seems to have been a very usual one with people as small as Farrel, or as large, say, as Mr. Henry Blacker, who was born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724. This gentleman's height was 7ft. 4in. when he was first exhibited in London in 1751, and, it was said, in his advertising handbill, "the best proportioned of his size they"—the public—"ever saw." Among other distinguished sightseers who patronized Blacker was William Duke of Cumberland, himself a tall man, who made very frequent visits. A portrait engraved during the giant's lifetime, of which we produce a copy, represents him being inspected by four persons, none of whom are as high as his shoulder.

In 1739, near Chaliez, in Polish Russia, was born one of the most famous dwarfs of all time, Joseph, afterwards Count, Borowlaski. The family was a curious one. Both parents were of ordinary medium height, and their children were six in number, three of normal height, and three dwarfs. At his birth Joseph measured only 8in. in length, but was not weak or defective in any respect. At six years of age his height was 17in.; at twenty-two he measured 28in.; and it is a peculiarity in his case, something akin to that of Jeffrey Hudson, that he continued to grow, almost rapidly, after this till he was thirty years of age. His extreme height was 39in. — rather large compared with that of other dwarfs, perhaps, but still a height arrived at only after remarkable freaks of growth. Left an orphan at an early age, he was patronized by the Countess Humieska, who received him into her family and introduced him at Court. He married Mlle. Isalina Barboutin, a lady of French extraction and of ordinary stature, and there were two children of the marriage. This marriage displeased the Countess Humieska, and from that time Borowlaski was taken under the immediate protection of



OWEN FARREL.

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HENRY BLACKER.

King Stanislaus II. He visited many foreign Courts, and finally came to England, and was here presented to the Royal Family. He gave many concerts and balls, at which music of his own composition was performed. Altogether he was a dwarf of exceptionally brilliant attainments. The childishness of manner and thought common among dwarfs was entirely absent in the case of Count Borowlaski, who was an uncommonly intelligent and accomplished gentleman, inferior to those about him in size only.

Under the patronage of George IV. (when Prince of Wales) he wrote the history of his very remarkable life. With George IV., indeed, he was a great favourite, the King receiving him, not as a curious freak of Nature, but as a gentleman and a friend. His portrait here given is copied from that in the frontispiece of his autobiography, and represents Count Borowlaski with his wife and second child. Many instances are related of his quick-wittedness. On one occasion a very large, fat, and vulgar woman took it upon herself to assure Borowlaski that he could never attain to Heaven, being a Roman Catholic. He cheerfully replied that he had read that the way was narrow, wherefore he ventured to hope for a possibly easier passage for himself than the lady herself might manage. One of the most remarkable facts in regard to this dwarf was the great age to which he attained. He was ninety-eight when he died, on September 3rd, 1837, at Banks Cottage, near Durham. Any approach to this age on the part of either giant or dwarf has never been trustworthily recorded, both classes being, as a rule, especially short-lived. He was buried in Durham Cathedral, near Stephen Kemble.

Borowlaski's elder brother, although a dwarf, was not of such unusually small size as to call for especial notice, but his younger sister, Anastasia, was only 2ft. 2in. high at the time of her death by small-pox, at twenty years of age. Count Borowlaski, in his book, tells a pretty story of this sister, whom

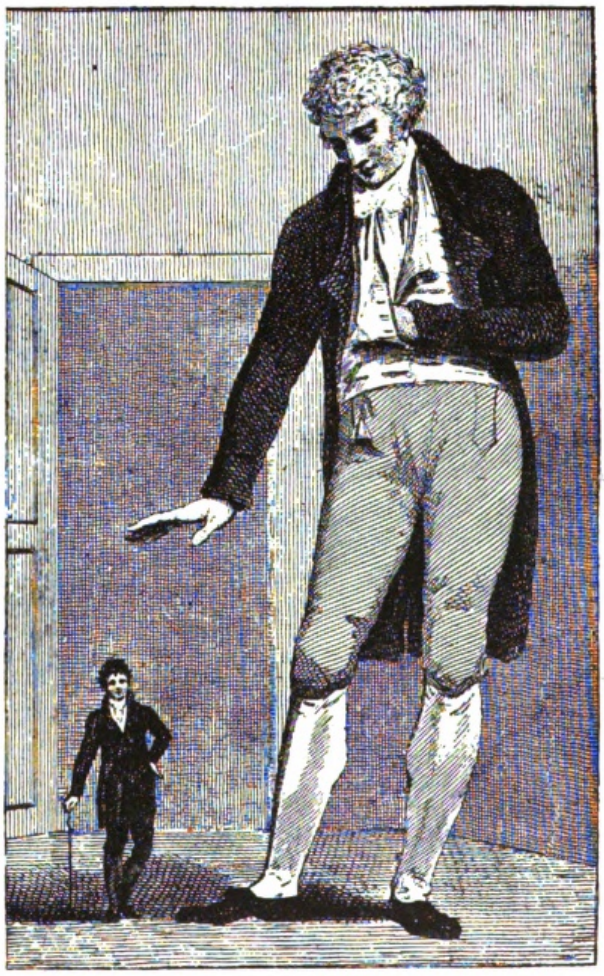


COUNT BOROWLASKI WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

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he held in great affection. It seems that, not long before her death, she fell in love with a young nobleman about the Court of Stanislaus, but kept her secret to herself, totally unsuspected by the object of her regard. The young nobleman, however, was extremely poor, and Mlle. Borowlaski, by way of assisting him in a manner he should not suspect, played piquet with him for considerable sums, always contriving to lose.

Another engraving representing Borowlaski in contrast with a larger person is reproduced here, the other person being one of the most famous of the exhibited giants of the last century, Patrick Cotter, an Irishman, more generally known by his assumed name, O'Brien. This man was born in 1760 or thereabouts, at Kinsale, and worked while young as a bricklayer. While he was still a youth, his father hired him out to a showman for three years at £50 a year. This showman under-let Cotter to another at Bristol. Here Cotter refused to allow himself to be shown unless, in addition to his keep, he were paid a salary for himself, and was in consequence put into prison for debt. Hence, however, he was rescued by some charitably-disposed person, who thereby earned the giant's life-long gratitude as well as a little corner in his will. On his liberation Cotter began to exhibit himself "on his own hook," and so successfully as to earn £30 in three days. He assumed the name of O'Brien, and his bills, probably concocted by somebody experienced in the show business, described him as the descendant of a race of Irish Kings—all giants. One of his best-known bills runs :—



COUNT BOROWLASKI. PATRICK COTTER (O'BRIEN).

"Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket, nearly opposite the Opera House, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; he is a lineal descendant of the old puissant King Brien Boreau, and has in person and appearance all the similitude of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family that, however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favoured by Providence with the original size and stature which have been so peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near 9ft. high. Admittance, one shilling."

In his thirty-eighth year (he died at forty-seven) Cotter is independently recorded as being 8ft. 7in. high. It is also recorded that he used two double beds placed together, and was in the habit, in his early morning walks, of lighting his pipe at the street-lamps. His mother, it may be observed, died at the age of 100. He probably got the notion of renaming himself from the fact that another Irish giant, 5in. less in height and using the name O'Brien (his actual name being Byrne), had died shortly before he (Cotter) began to exhibit himself. The skeleton of this smaller giant is now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in spite of its original owner's anxiety that the anatomists should not touch his body. A story is told to the effect that he left in his will a sum of £200 to two fishermen to throw his body, properly weighted, into the sea; but that the great William Hunter added another £200 to induce the lucky fishermen first to attach a rope to the corpse, so that, hauled out again, it became his property after all.

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MADAME TERESIA (THE CORSICAN FAIRY).

A very attractive dwarf was Madame Teresia, born in 1743, who, when exhibited in this country, was styled "The Corsican Fairy." She was to be seen in London in 1773, being at that time only 34in. high and weighing only 26lb. She was elegantly formed and perfectly proportioned, very intelligent and vivacious, and spoke three languages. There was, indeed, about this little lady nothing whatever of the disagreeable, as is so commonly the case with "freaks of Nature." Her portrait shows her in the Court dress of the period contrasted with a woman of ordinary height. In the matter of form the portrait certainly appears to bear out the story of elegance and symmetry; but in the matter of feature, some may be disposed to imagine that her nose could not have stopped growth until some time after the rest of her face.

Thomas Bell, the Cambridge giant, was born in 1777, and was one of twins—the other twin, however, not turning out a giant. His parents were of ordinary size, and he himself, when young, showed no signs of unusual growth. By 1813, the date of the portrait which we reproduce, however, he had attained the height of 7ft. 2in., and was being exhibited at the Hog-in-the-Pound in Oxford Street, London. He took to the show business because crowds of inquisitive sightseers prevented him from properly following that of his father, who was a blacksmith. His hands were 11in. long, and each middle finger was 6in. In his handbills he described himself as "double-jointed." No attempt has been made in the portrait to exhibit this last peculiarity, although the artist has certainly laid generous emphasis on the hands.

Wybrand Lolkes, who was born in Jelst, Holland, in 1730, was the son of a poor fisherman, and was, to begin with, a watchmaker. His trade failed, however, and he began to exhibit himself, and after attending various Dutch fairs for a considerable time, amassed some little money. When sixty years of age he came to England, and attracted much notice, always appearing on the stage with his wife, a comely Dutchwoman. He is represented by her side in the original engraving of which we give a copy. Astley



THOMAS BELL.

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WYBRAND LOLKES AND HIS WIFE.

gave him five guineas a week and a benefit, showing him at the Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge. He was said to be a very good husband, and had three children of the ordinary stature. Although clumsy in figure he was extremely active and strong, and could easily jump from the ground upon a chair of ordinary height. A vain little person and of rather morose temper, he attempted to comport himself with all the dignity proper to 6ft. of height, although his actual inches were only twenty-seven.

A very extraordinary monster was one Basilio Huaylas, a Peruvian Indian, who exhibited himself in Lima, South America, in 1792. His entire height was returned as "upwards of seven Castilian feet two inches," but the various parts of his great body were not duly proportioned. His head was enormous, occupying a third of his whole stature; his arms were so long that when he stood upright the ends of his fingers reached his knees. His trunk, too, was tremendous in size, while his legs were comparatively small, the right being an inch shorter than the left, the result, it was said, of a blow received in youth. His portrait was engraved from a rather rough and grotesque painting, wherein a musician, with a most extraordinary harp, apparently upside down, is introduced to indicate the giant's proportions comparatively with other men's.



BASILIO HUAYLAS.

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From a] AGE 17. *Photograph.*

THE REVEREND THE HON. EDWARD CARR-GLYN, M.A.

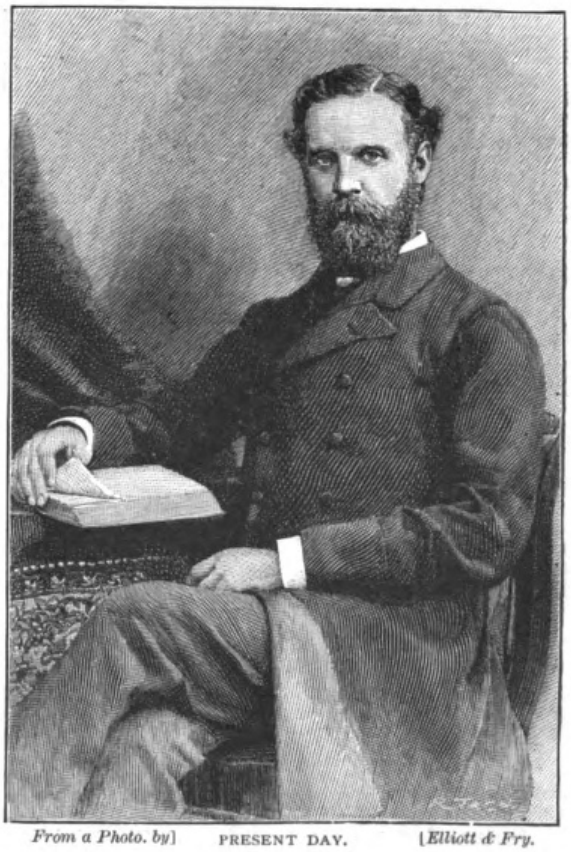
BORN 1843.

THE HON. EDWARD CARR-GLYN was educated at Harrow School and University College, Oxford, and was ordained by the Archbishop of York in 1868. In 1878, when Dr. Maclagan was raised to the Episcopate, he received the offer of the Vicarage of Kensington, having thus charge



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Elliott & Fry.*

of a parish second to none in importance and responsibility, and the zeal and devotion



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

with which he has given himself to his work are well known. The Rev. E. Carr-Glyn is also Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and assisted in the christening of Prince Edward, son of the Duke and Duchess of York.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Samuel A. Walker.*

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AGE 16.
From an Engraving.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by J. Petersen, Copenhagen.

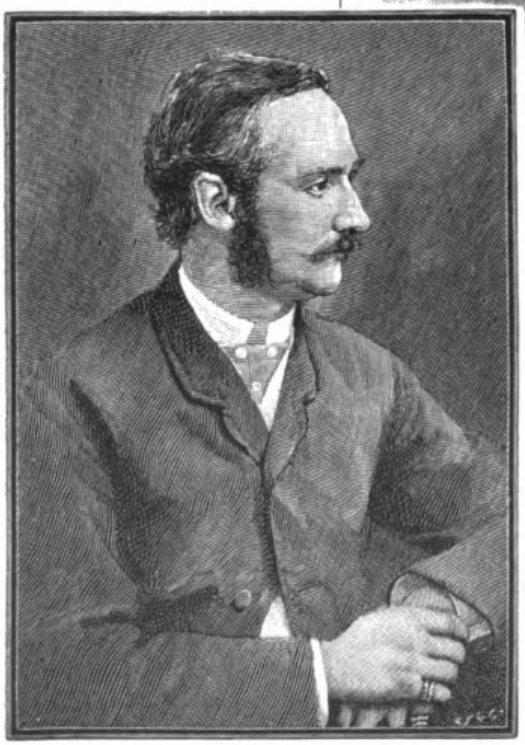
THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

BORN 1843.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERIC OF DENMARK was born in Copenhagen, and by the wish of his Royal parents was sent to an ordinary school, where he lived and worked with his future subjects. His studies were well supplemented by a thorough military training, he having risen to the rank of General in the Swedish army. In 1869 he married Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway, whose portraits are given herewith.



AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Didrik Jansson, Landskrona.



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

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THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE JOSÉPHINE EUGENIE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY is the daughter of the late King Charles XV. of Sweden, brother to the present King, Oscar II. Her Royal Highness was married to Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark, at Stockholm, on the 28th of July, 1869, the Prince and Princess having accordingly celebrated their silver wedding on the 28th of July of this year. The Princess has always been immensely popular in her native country, and by her many acts of kind-heartedness has also won the esteem and affection of her future subjects, the people of Denmark. The interest in these two sets of portraits will, no doubt, be enhanced by the appearance of a description of the Palaces belonging to the parents of the Prince and Princess, for as children of the Royal couple they are naturally closely connected with many of the incidents described in the article, as well as the subjects of the cuts with which the text is profusely illustrated.



AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Didrik Jansson, Landskrona.



AGE 20.
From an Engraving by Julius Wolf.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

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AGE 12.
From a Photo. by John Blees & Co.



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Vussuntrao, Hurrychund, & Co., Bombay.

THE MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

BORN 1863.

HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJAH SYAGI RAO GAEKWAR was educated at the "Maharajah's School" at Baroda, under the personal supervision of Mr. F. Elliot, of the Indian Civil Service. On Mulhar Rao, the former Gaekwar's deposition, His Highness was selected as his successor, and was installed on the throne, under regency, in 1875. In December, 1881, he was invested with full and Sovereign powers. His Highness is an excellent English scholar, speaking the language as fluently as his own.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[John Blees & Co.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[E. Hawkins, Brighton.*

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Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

VII.—THE AFFAIR OF THE TORTOISE.

VERY often Hewitt was tempted, by the fascination of some particularly odd case, to neglect his other affairs to follow up a matter that from a business point of view was of little or no value to him. As a rule, he had a sufficient regard for his own interests to resist such temptations, but in one curious case at least I believe he allowed it largely to influence him. It was certainly an extremely odd case—one of those affairs that, coming to light at intervals, but more often remaining unheard of by the general public, convince one that after all there is very little extravagance about Mr. R. L. Stevenson's bizarre imaginings of doings in London in his "New Arabian Nights." "There is nothing in this world that is at all possible," I have often heard Martin Hewitt say, "that has not happened or is not happening in London." Certainly he had opportunities of knowing.

The case I have referred to occurred some time before my own acquaintance with him began—in 1878, in fact. He had called one Monday morning at an office in regard to something connected with one of those uninteresting, though often difficult, cases which formed, perhaps, the bulk of his practice, when he was informed of a most mysterious murder that had taken place in another part of the same building on the previous Saturday afternoon. Owing to the circumstances of the case, only the vaguest account had appeared in the morning papers, and even this, as it chanced, Hewitt had not read.

The building was one of a new row in a partly rebuilt street near the National Gallery. The whole row had been built by a speculator for the purpose of letting out in flats, suites of chambers, and in one or two cases, on the ground floors, offices. The rooms had let very well, and to desirable tenants as a rule. The least satisfactory tenant, the proprietor reluctantly admitted, was a Mr. Rameau, a negro gentleman, single, who had three rooms on the top floor but one of the particular building that Hewitt was visiting. His rent was paid regularly, but his behaviour had produced complaints from other tenants. He got uproariously drunk, and screamed and howled in unknown tongues. He fell asleep on the staircase, and ladies were afraid to pass. He bawled rough chaff down the stairs and along the corridors, at butcher boys and messengers, and played on errand boys brutal practical jokes that ended in police-court summonses. He once had a way of sliding down the balusters, shouting: "Ho! ho! ho! yah!" as he went, but as he was a big, heavy man, and the balusters had been built for different treatment, he had very soon and very firmly been requested to stop it. He had plenty of money, and spent it freely; but it was generally felt that there was too much of the light-hearted savage about him to fit him to live among quiet people.

How much longer the landlord would have stood this sort of thing, Hewitt's informant said, was a matter of conjecture, for on the Saturday afternoon in question the tenancy had come to a startling full-stop. Rameau had been murdered in his room, and the body had, in a most unaccountable fashion, been secretly removed from the premises.

The strongest possible suspicion pointed to a man who had been employed in shovelling and carrying coals, cleaning windows, and chopping wood for several of the buildings, and who had left that very Saturday. The crime had, in fact, been committed with this man's chopper, and the man himself had been heard, again and again, to threaten Rameau, who in his brutal fashion had made a butt of him. This man was a Frenchman, Victor Goujon by name, who had lost his employment as a watchmaker by reason of an injury to his right hand, which destroyed its steadiness, and so he had fallen upon evil days and odd jobs.

He was a little man, of no great strength, but extraordinarily excitable, and the coarse gibes and horseplay of the big negro drove him almost to madness. Rameau would often, after some more than ordinarily outrageous attack, contemptuously fling Goujon a shilling, which the little Frenchman, although wanting a shilling badly enough, would hurl back in his face, almost weeping with impotent rage. "Pig! *Canaille!*" he would scream. "Dirty pig of Africa! Take your sheelin' to vere you 'ave stole it! *Voleur!* Pig!"

There was a tortoise living in the basement, of which Goujon had made rather a pet, and the negro would sometimes use this animal as a missile, flinging it at the little

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"FLINGING IT AT THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN'S HEAD"

Frenchman's head. On one such occasion the tortoise struck the wall so forcibly as to break its shell, and then Goujon seized a shovel and rushed at his tormentor with such blind fury that the latter made a bolt of it. These were but a few of the passages between Rameau and the fuel-porter, but they illustrate the state of feeling between them.

Goujon, after correspondence with a relative in France who offered him work, gave notice to leave, which expired on the day of the crime. At about three that afternoon a housemaid proceeding toward Rameau's rooms met Goujon as he was going away. Goujon bade her good-bye, and pointing in the direction of Rameau's rooms said, exultantly: "Dere shall be no more of the black pig for me; vit 'im I 'ave done for. Zut! I mock me of 'im! 'E vill never *tracasser* me no more!" And he went away.

The girl went to the outer door of Rameau's rooms, knocked, and got no reply. Concluding that the tenant was out, she was about to use her keys when she found that the door was unlocked. She passed through the lobby and into the sitting-room, and there fell in a dead faint at the sight that met her eyes. Rameau lay with his back across the sofa and his head drooping within an inch of the ground. On the head was a fearful gash, and below it was a pool of blood.

The girl must have lain unconscious for about ten minutes. When she came to her senses she dragged herself, terrified, from the room and up to the housekeeper's apartments, where, being an excitable and nervous creature, she only screamed "Murder!" and immediately fell in a fit of hysterics that lasted three-quarters of an hour. When at last she came to herself she told her story, and, the hall-porter having been summoned, Rameau's rooms were again approached.

The blood still lay on the floor, and the chopper, with which the crime had evidently been committed, rested against the fender; but the body had vanished! A search was at once made, but no trace of it could be seen anywhere. It seemed impossible that it could have been carried out of the building, for the hall-porter must at once have noticed anybody leaving with so bulky a burden. Still, *in* the building it was not to be found.

When Hewitt was informed of these things on Monday, the police were, of course, still in possession of Rameau's rooms. Inspector Nettings, Hewitt was told, was in charge of the case, and as the inspector was an acquaintance of his, and was then in the rooms upstairs, Hewitt went up to see him.

Nettings was pleased to see Hewitt, and invited him to look round the rooms. "Perhaps you can spot something we have overlooked," he said. "Though it's not a case there can be much doubt about."

"You think it's Goujon, don't you?"

"Think? Well, rather. Look here. As soon as we got here on Saturday, we found this piece of paper and pin on the floor. We showed it to the housemaid, and then she remembered—she was too much upset to think of it before—that when she was in the room the paper was lying on the dead man's chest—pinned there, evidently. It must have dropped off when they removed the body. It's a case of half-mad revenge on Goujon's part, plainly. See it—you read French, don't you?"

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The paper was a plain, large half-sheet of note-paper, on which a sentence in French was scrawled in red ink in a large, clumsy hand, thus :—

puni par un vengeur de la tortue.

"*Puni par un vengeur de la tortue*," Hewitt repeated, musingly. "'Punished by an avenger of the tortoise.' That seems odd."

"Well, rather odd. But you understand the reference, of course. Have they told you about Rameau's treatment of Goujon's pet tortoise?"

"I think it was mentioned among his other pranks. But this is an extreme revenge for a thing of that sort, and a queer way of announcing it."

"Oh, he's mad—mad with Rameau's continual ragging and baiting," Nettings answered. "Anyway, this is a plain indication—plain as though he'd left his own signature. Besides, it's in his own language—French. And there's his chopper, too."

"Speaking of signatures," Hewitt remarked, "perhaps you have already compared this with other specimens of Goujon's writing?"

"I did think of it, but they don't seem to have a specimen to hand, and anyway, it doesn't seem very important. There's 'avenger of the tortoise' plain enough, in the man's own language, and that tells everything. Besides, handwritings are easily disguised."

"Have you got Goujon?"

"Well, no; we haven't. There seems to be some little difficulty about that. But I expect to have him by this time to-morrow. Here comes Mr. Styles, the landlord."

Mr. Styles was a thin, querulous, and withered-looking little man, who twitched his eyebrows as he spoke, and spoke in short, jerky phrases.

"No news, eh, inspector, eh? eh? Found out nothing else, eh? Terrible thing for my property—terrible. Who's your friend?"

Nettings introduced Hewitt.

"Shocking thing this, eh, Mr. Hewitt? Terrible. Comes of having anything to do with these bloodthirsty foreigners, eh? New buildings and all—character ruined. No one come to live here now, eh? Tenants—noisy niggers—murdered by my own servants—terrible. *You* formed any opinion, eh?"

"I daresay I might if I went into the case."

"Yes, yes—same opinion as inspector's, eh? I mean an opinion of your own?" The old man scrutinized Hewitt's face sharply.

"If you'd like me to look into the matter——" Hewitt began.

"Eh? Oh, look into it! Well, I can't commission you, you know—matter for the police. Mischief's done. Police doing very well, I think—must be Goujon. But look about the place, certainly, if you like. If you see anything likely to serve *my* interests tell me, and—and—perhaps I'll employ you, eh, eh? Good afternoon."

The landlord vanished, and the inspector laughed. "Likes to see what he's buying, does Mr. Styles," he said.

Hewitt's first impulse was to walk out of the place at once. But his interest in the



"SHOCKING THING THIS, EH, MR. HEWITT?"

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case had been roused, and he determined, at any rate, to examine the rooms, and this he did, very minutely. By the side of the lobby was a bath-room, and in this was fitted a tip-up wash-basin, which Hewitt inspected with particular attention. Then he called the housekeeper, and made inquiries about Rameau's clothes and linen. The housekeeper could give no idea of how many overcoats or how much linen he had had. He had all a negro's love of display, and was continually buying new clothes, which, indeed, were lying, hanging, littering, and choking up the bedroom in all directions. The housekeeper, however, on Hewitt's inquiring after such a garment in particular, did remember one heavy black ulster, which Rameau had very rarely worn—only in the coldest weather.

"After the body was discovered," Hewitt asked the housekeeper, "was any stranger observed about the place—whether carrying anything or not?"

"No, sir," the housekeeper replied. "There's been particular inquiries about that. Of course, after we knew what was wrong and the body was gone, nobody was seen, or he'd have been stopped. But the hall-porter says he's certain no stranger came or went for half an hour or more before that—the time about when the housemaid saw the body and fainted."

At this moment a clerk from the landlord's office arrived and handed Nettings a paper. "Here you are," said Nettings to Hewitt; "they've found a specimen of Goujon's handwriting at last, if you'd like to see it. I don't want it—I'm not a graphologist, and the case is clear enough for me, anyway."

Hewitt took the paper: "This," he said, "is a different sort of handwriting from that on the paper. The red ink note about the avenger of the tortoise is in a crude, large, clumsy, untaught style of writing. This is small, neat, and well formed—except that it is a trifle shaky, probably because of the hand injury."

"That's nothing," contended Nettings; "handwriting clues are worse than useless, as a rule. It's so easy to disguise and imitate writing; and besides, if Goujon is such a good penman as you seem to say, why, he could all the easier alter his style. Say now yourself, can any fiddling question of handwriting get over this thing about 'avenging the tortoise'—practically a written confession? To say nothing of the chopper, and what he said to the housemaid as he left."

"Well," said Hewitt, "perhaps not; but we'll see. Meantime," turning to the landlord's clerk, "possibly you will be good enough to tell me one or two things. First, what was Goujon's character?"

"Excellent, as far as we know. We never had a complaint about him except for little matters of carelessness—leaving coal-scuttles on the staircases for people to fall over, losing shovels, and so on. He was certainly a bit careless, but, as far as we could see, quite a decent little fellow. One would never have thought him capable of committing murder for the sake of a tortoise, though he was rather fond of the animal."

"The tortoise is dead now, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Have you a lift in this building?"

"Only for coals and heavy parcels. Goujon used to work it, sometimes going up and down in it himself with coals, and so on; it goes into the basement."

"And are the coals kept under this building?"



"HEWITT TOOK THE PAPER."

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"No. The store for the whole row is under the next two houses—the basements communicate."

"Do you know Rameau's other name?"

"César Rameau he signed in our agreement."

"Did he ever mention his relations?"

"No. That is to say, he did say something one day when he was very drunk; but, of course, it was all rot. Someone told him not to make such a row—he was a beastly tenant—and he said he was the best man in the place, and his brother was Prime Minister, and all sorts of things. Mere drunken rant. I never heard of his saying anything sensible about relations. We know nothing of his connections; he came here on a banker's reference."

"Thanks. I think that's all I want to ask. You notice," Hewitt proceeded, turning to Nettings, "the only ink in this place is scented and violet, and the only paper is tinted and scented too, with a monogram—characteristic of a negro with money. The paper that was pinned on Rameau's breast is in red ink on common and rather grubby paper, therefore it was written somewhere else and brought here. Inference, premeditation."

"Yes, yes. But are you an inch nearer, with all these speculations? Can you get nearer than I am now without them?"

"Well, perhaps not," Hewitt replied. "I don't profess, at this moment, to know the criminal—you do. I'll concede you that point for the present. But you don't offer an opinion as to who removed Rameau's body—which I think I know."

"Who was it, then?"

"Come, try and guess that yourself. It wasn't Goujon, I don't mind letting you know that. But it was a person quite within your knowledge of the case. You've mentioned the person's name more than once."

Nettings stared blankly. "I don't understand you in the least," he said. "But, of course, you mean that this mysterious person you speak of as having moved the body committed the murder?"

"No, I don't. Nobody could have been more innocent of that."

"Well," Nettings concluded, with resignation, "I'm afraid one of us is rather thick-headed. What will you do?"

"Interview the person who took away the body," Hewitt replied, with a smile.

"But, man alive, why? Why bother about the person if it isn't the criminal?"

"Never mind—never mind; probably the person will be a most valuable witness."

"Do you mean you think this person—whoever it is—saw the crime?"

"I think it very probable indeed."

"Well, I won't ask you any more. I shall get hold of Goujon—that's simple and direct enough for me. I prefer to deal with the heart of the case—the murder itself—when there's such clear evidence as I have."

"I shall look a little into that, too, perhaps," Hewitt said, "and if you like I'll tell you the first thing I shall do."

"What's that?"

"I shall have a good look at a map of the West Indies, and I advise you to do the same. Good morning."

Nettings stared down the corridor after Hewitt, and continued staring for nearly two minutes after he had disappeared. Then he said to the clerk, who had remained: "What was he talking about?"

"Don't know," replied the clerk. "Couldn't make head or tail of it."

"I don't believe there *is* a head to it," declared Nettings; "nor a tail either. He's kidding us."

Nettings was better than his word, for within two hours of his conversation with Hewitt, Goujon was captured and safe in a cab bound for Bow Street. He had been stopped at Newhaven in the morning on his way to Dieppe, and was brought back to London. But now Nettings met a check.

Late that afternoon he called on Hewitt to explain matters. "We've got Goujon," he said, gloomily, "but there's a difficulty. He's got two friends who can swear an *alibi*. Rameau was seen alive at half-past one on Saturday, and the girl found him dead about three. Now, Gonjou's two friends, it seems, were with him from one o'clock till four in the afternoon with the exception of five minutes when the girl saw him, and then he left them to take a key or something to the housekeeper before finally leaving. They were waiting on the landing below when Goujon spoke to the housemaid, heard him speaking, and had seen him go all the way up to the housekeeper's room and back, as they looked up the wide well of the staircase. They are men employed near the place, and seem to have good characters. But perhaps we shall find something unfavourable about them. They were drinking with Goujon, it seems, by way of 'seeing him off.'"

"Well," Hewitt said, "I scarcely think you need trouble to damage these men's characters. They are probably telling the

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truth. Come, now, be plain. You've come here to get a hint as to whether my theory of the case helps you, haven't you?"

"Well, if you can give me a friendly hint, although, of course, I may be right after all. Still, I wish you'd explain a bit as to what you meant by looking at a map and all that mystery. Nice thing for me to be taking a lesson in my own business after all these years. But perhaps I deserve it."

"See now," quoth Hewitt, "you remember what map I told you to look at?"

"The West Indies."

"Right. Well, here you are." Hewitt reached an atlas from his bookshelf. "Now, look here: the biggest island of the lot on this map, barring Cuba, is Hayti. You know as well as I do that the western part of that island is peopled by the black republic of Hayti, and that the country is in a degenerate state of almost unexampled savagery, with a ridiculous show of civilization. There are revolutions all the time—the South American republics are peaceful and prosperous compared to Hayti. The state of the country is simply awful—read Sir Spenser St. John's book on it. President after President of the vilest sort forces his way to power, and commits the most horrible and bloodthirsty excesses, murdering his opponents by the hundred and seizing their property for himself and his satellites, who are usually as bad, if not worse than the President himself. Whole families—men, women, and children—are murdered at the instance of these ruffians, and, as a consequence, the most deadly feuds spring up, and the Presidents and their followers are always themselves in danger of reprisals from others. Perhaps the very worst of these Presidents in recent times has been the notorious Domingue, who was overthrown by an insurrection, as they all are sooner or later, and compelled to fly the country. Domingue and his nephews, one of whom was Chief Minister, while in power committed the cruellest bloodshed, and many members of the opposite party sought refuge in a small island lying just to the north of Hayti, but were sought out there and almost exterminated. Now, I will show you that island on the map. What is its name?"

"Tortuga."

"It is. 'Tortuga,' however, is only the old Spanish name—the Haytians speak French—Creole French. Here is a French atlas: *now* see the name of that island."

"La Tortue!"

"La Tortue it is—the tortoise. Tortuga means the same thing in Spanish. But that island is always spoken of in Hayti as La Tortue. Now do you see the drift of that paper pinned to Rameau's breast!"

"Punished by an avenger of—or from—the tortoise or La Tortue—clear enough. It would seem that the dead man had something to do with the massacre there, and somebody from the island is avenging it. The thing's most extraordinary."

"And now listen. The name of Domingue's nephew, who was Chief Minister, was *Septimus Rameau*."

"And this was César Rameau—his brother, probably. I see. Well—this *is* a case."

"I think the relationship probable. Now you understand why I was inclined to doubt that Goujon was the man you wanted."

"Of course, of course. And now I suppose I must try to get a nigger—the chap who wrote that paper. I wish he hadn't been such an ignorant nigger. If he'd only have put the capitals to the words 'La Tortue,' I might have thought a little more about them, instead of taking it for granted that they meant that wretched tortoise in the basement of the house. Well, I've made a fool of a start, but I'll be after that nigger now."

"And I, as I said before," said Hewitt, "shall be after the person that carried off Rameau's body. I have had something else to do this afternoon, or I should have begun already."

"You said you thought he saw the crime. How did you judge that?"

Hewitt smiled. "I think I'll keep that little secret to myself for the present," he said. "You shall know soon."

"Very well," Nettings replied, with resignation. "I suppose I mustn't grumble if you don't tell me everything. I feel too great a fool altogether over this case to see any further than you show me." And Inspector Nettings left on his search; while Martin Hewitt, as soon as he was alone, laughed joyously and slapped his thigh.

There was a cab-rank and shelter at the end of the street where Mr. Styles's building stood, and early that evening a man approached it and hailed the cabmen and the waterman. Anyone would have known the new-comer at once for a cabman taking a holiday. The brim of the hat, the bird's-eye neckerchief, the immense coat buttons, and more than all, the rolling walk and the wrinkled trousers, marked him out distinctly.

"Watcheer!" he exclaimed, affably, with the self-possessed nod only possible to

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"I'M A-LOOKIN' FOR A BILKER."

cabbies and 'busmen. "I'm a-lookin' for a bilker. I'm told one o' the bloke's off this rank carried 'im last Saturday, and I want to know where he went. I ain't 'ad a chance o' gettin' 'is address yet. Took a cab just as it got dark, I'm told. Tallish chap, muffled up a lot, in a long black overcoat. Any of ye seen 'im?"

The cabbies looked at one another and shook their heads; it chanced that none of them had been on that particular rank at that time. But the waterman said, "'Old on—I bet 'e's the bloke wot old Bill Stammers took. Yorkey was fust on the rank, but the bloke wouldn't 'ave a 'ansom—wanted a four-wheeler; so old Bill took 'im. Biggish chap in a long black coat, collar up an' muffled thick; soft wideawake 'at, pulled over 'is eyes; and he was in a 'urry, too. Jumped in sharp as a weasel."

"Didn't see 'is face, did ye?"

"No—not a inch of it; too much muffled. Couldn't tell if he 'ad a face."

"Was his arm in a sling?"

"Aye, it looked so. Had it stuffed through the breast of his coat, like as though there might be a sling inside."

"That's 'im. Any of ye tell me where I might run across old Bill Stammers? He'll tell me where my precious bilker went to."

As to this there was plenty of information, and in five minutes Martin Hewitt, who had become an unoccupied cabman for the occasion, was on his way to find old Bill Stammers. That respectable old man gave him exact particulars as to the place in the East-end where he had driven his muffled fare on Saturday, and soon Hewitt had begun an eighteen or twenty hours' search beyond Whitechapel.

At about three on Tuesday afternoon, as Nettings was in the act of leaving Bow Street Police Station, Hewitt drove up in a four-wheeler. Some prisoner appeared to be crouching low in the vehicle, but leaving him to take care of himself, Hewitt hurried into the station and shook Nettings by the hand. "Well," he said, "have you got the murderer of Rameau yet?"

"No," Nettings growled "Unless—well, Goujon's under remand still, and after all I've been thinking that he may know something——"

"Pooh, nonsense!" Hewitt answered. "You'd better let him go. Now, I *have* got somebody." Hewitt laughed and slapped the inspector's shoulder. "I've got the man who carried Rameau's body away!"

"The deuce you have! Where? Bring him in. We must have him—— "

"All right, don't be in a hurry—he won't bolt." And Hewitt stepped out to the cab and produced his prisoner, who, pulling his hat further over his eyes, hurried furtively into the station. One hand was stowed in the breast of his long coat, and below the wide brim of his hat a small piece of white bandage could be seen; and as he lifted his face it was seen to be that of a negro.

"Inspector Nettings," Hewitt said, ceremoniously, "allow me to introduce MR. CÉSAR RAMEAU!"

Nettings gasped.

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"WHAT! YOU?'

"What!" he at length ejaculated. "What! You—you're Rameau?"

The negro looked round nervously, and shrank further from the door.

"Yes," he said; "but please not so loud—please not loud. Zey may be near, and I'm 'fraid."

"You will certify, will you not," asked Hewitt, with malicious glee, "not only that you were not murdered last Saturday by Victor Goujon, but that, in fact, you were not murdered at all? Also that you carried your own body away in the usual fashion, on your own legs?"

"Yes, yes," responded Rameau, looking haggardly about; "but is not zis—zis room publique? I should not be seen."

"Nonsense," replied Hewitt, rather testily, "you exaggerate your danger and your own importance, and your enemies' abilities as well. You're safe enough."

"I suppose, then," Nettings remarked, slowly, like a man on whose mind something vast was beginning to dawn—"I suppose—why, hang it, you must have just got up while that fool of a girl was screaming and fainting upstairs, and walked out—they say there's nothing so hard as a nigger's skull, and yours has certainly made a fool of me. But then *somebody* must have chopped you over the head—who was it?"

"My enemies—my great enemies; enemies politique. I am a great man"—this with a faint revival of vanity amid his fear—"a great man in my countree. Zey have great secret club-'sieties to kill me—me and my frien's; and one enemy coming in my rooms does zis—one, two"—he indicated wrist and head—"wiz a choppah."

Rameau made the case plain to Nettings, so far as the actual circumstances of the assault on himself were concerned. A negro whom he had noticed near the place more than once during the previous day or two had attacked him suddenly in his rooms, dealing him two savage blows with a chopper. The first he had caught on his wrist, which was seriously damaged, as well as excruciatingly painful, but the second had taken effect on his head. His assailant had evidently gone away then, leaving him for dead; but as a matter of fact he was only stunned by the shock, and had, thanks to the adamantine thickness of the negro skull and the ill-direction of the chopper, only a very bad scalp wound, the bone being no more than grazed. He had lain insensible for some time, and must have come to his senses soon after the housemaid had left the room. Terrified at the knowledge that his enemies had found him out, his only thought was to get away and hide himself. He hastily washed and tied up his head, enveloped himself in the biggest coat he could find, and let himself down into the basement by the coal-lift, for fear of observation. He waited in the basement of one of the adjoining buildings till dark and then got away in a cab, with the idea of hiding himself in the East-end. He had had very little money with him on his flight, and it was by reason of this circumstance that Hewitt, when he found him, had prevailed on him to leave his hiding-place, since it would be impossible for him to touch any of the large sums of money in the keeping of his bank so long as he was supposed to be dead. With much difficulty, and the promise of ample police protection, he was at last convinced that it would be safe

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to declare himself and get his property, and then run away and hide wherever he pleased.

Nettings and Hewitt strolled off together for a few minutes and chatted, leaving the wretched Rameau to cower in a corner among several policemen.



"NETTINGS AND HEWITT STROLLED OFF."

"Well, Mr. Hewitt," Nettings said, "this case has certainly been a shocking beating for me. I must have been as blind as a bat when I started on it. And yet I don't see that you had a deal to go on even now. What struck you first?"

"Well, in the beginning it seemed rather odd to me that the body should have been taken away—as I had been told it was, after the written paper had been pinned on it. Why should the murderer pin a label on the body of his victim if he meant carrying that body away? Who would read the label and learn of the nature of the revenge gratified? Plainly that indicated that the person who had carried away the body was *not* the person who had committed the murder. But as soon as I began to examine the place I saw the probability that there was no murder after all. There were any number of indications of this fact, and I can't understand your not observing them. First, although there was a good deal of blood on the floor just below where the housemaid had seen Rameau lying, there was none between that place and the door. Now, if the body had been dragged, or even carried, to the door, blood must have become smeared about the floor, or at least there would have been drops; but there were none, and this seemed to hint that the corpse might have come to itself, sat up on the sofa, stanched the wound, and walked out. I reflected at once that Rameau was a full-blooded negro, and that a negro's head is very nearly invulnerable to anything short of bullets. Then, if the body had been dragged out—as such a heavy body must have been—almost of necessity the carpet and rugs would show signs of the fact, but there were no such signs. But beyond these there was the fact that no long black overcoat was left with the other clothes, although the housekeeper distinctly remembered Rameau's possession of such a garment. I judged he would use some such thing to assist his disguise, which was why I asked her. *Why* he would want disguise was plain, as you shall see presently. There were no towels left in the bath-room—inference, used for bandages. Everything seemed to show that the only person responsible for Rameau's removal was Rameau himself. Why, then, had he gone away secretly and hurriedly, without making complaint, and why had he stayed away? What reason would he have for doing this if it had been Goujon that had attacked him? None. Goujon was going to France. Clearly, Rameau was afraid of another attack from some implacable enemy whom he was anxious to avoid—one against whom he feared legal complaint or defence would be useless. This brought me at once to the

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paper found on the floor. If this were the work of Goujon and an open reference to his tortoise, why should he be at such pains to disguise his handwriting? He would have been already pointing himself out by the mere mention of the tortoise. And, if he could not avoid a shake in his natural, small handwriting, how could he have avoided it in a large, clumsy, slowly-drawn, assumed hand? No, the paper was not Goujon's."

"As to the writing on the paper," Nettings interposed, "I've told you how I made that mistake. I took the readiest explanation of the words, since they seemed so pat, and I wouldn't let anything else outweigh that. As to the other things—the evidences of Rameau's having gone off by himself—well, I don't usually miss such obvious things; but I never thought of the possibility of the *victim* going away on the quiet and not coming back, as though *he'd* done something wrong. Comes of starting with a set of fixed notions."

"Well," answered Hewitt, "I fancy you must have been rather 'out of form,' as they say—everybody has his stupid days, and you can't keep up to concert pitch for ever. To return to the case. The evidence of the chopper was very untrustworthy—especially when I had heard of Goujon's careless habits—losing shovels and leaving coal-scuttles on stairs. Nothing more likely than for the chopper to be left lying about, and a criminal who had calculated his chances would know the advantage to himself of using a weapon that belonged to the place, and leaving it behind, to divert suspicion. It is quite possible, by the way, that the man who attacked Rameau got away down the coal-lift and out by an adjoining basement, just as did Rameau himself; this, however, is mere conjecture. The would-be murderer had plainly prepared for the crime—witness the previous preparation of the paper declaring his revenge — an indication of his pride at having run his enemy to earth at such a distant place as this — although I expect he was only in England by chance, for Haytians are not a persistently energetic race. In regard to the use of small instead of capital letters in the words 'La Tortue' on the paper, I observed, in the beginning, that the first letter of the whole sentence—the p in 'puni'—was a small one. Clearly the writer was an illiterate man, and it was at once plain that he may have made the same mistake with ensuing words.

"On the whole, it was plain that everybody had begun with a too-ready disposition to assume that Goujon was guilty. Everybody insisted, too, that the body had been carried away—which was true, of course, although not in the sense intended—so I didn't trouble to contradict, or to say more than that I guessed who *had* carried the body off. And to tell you the truth, I was a little piqued at Mr. Styles's manner, and indisposed, interested in the case as I was, to give away my theories too freely.

"The rest of the job was not very difficult. I found out the cabman who had taken Rameau away—you can always get readier help from cabbies if you go as one of themselves, especially if you are after a bilker—and from him got a sufficiently near East-end direction to find Rameau after inquiries. I ventured, by the way, on a rather long shot. I described my man to the cabman as having an injured arm or wrist—and it turned out a correct guess. You see, a man making an attack with a chopper is pretty certain to make more than a single blow, and as there appeared to have been only a single wound on the head, it seemed probable that another had fallen somewhere else—almost certainly on the arm, as it would be raised to defend the head. At Limehouse I found he had had his head and wrist attended to at a local medico's, and a big nigger in a fright, with a long black coat, a broken head and a lame hand, is not so difficult to find in a small area. How I persuaded him up here you know already; I think I frightened him a little, too, by explaining how easily I had tracked him, and giving him a hint that others might do the same. He is in a great funk. He seems to have quite lost faith in England as a safe asylum."

The police failed to catch Rameau's assailant—chiefly because Rameau could not be got to give a proper description of him, nor to do anything except get out of the country in a hurry. In truth, he was glad to be quit of the matter with nothing worse than his broken head. Little Goujon made a wild storm about his arrest, and before he did go to France managed to extract £20 from Rameau by way of compensation, in spite of the absence of any strictly legal claim against his old tormentor. So that, on the whole, Goujon was about the only person who derived any particular profit from the tortoise mystery.

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Engine Drivers and their Work.

By Alfred T. Story.

II.

JOHN CHALLON, who began his career at Watford in 1853, and commenced driving in 1859, said he was fifty-six years of age, but did not look much over forty. His father took the first engine from Euston to Boxmoor. Describing his "hair-breadth escapes," Challon said he was once standing with his engine in a siding at Crewe, waiting to take on the 3.45 Scotch express, when he was run into by another Scotch express and had a "narrow squeak of it." The driver of the express had failed to put on the brake soon enough, or something of the kind, and as he was bound to run either into him or into a full train standing in the station, the signalman put the points so as to turn him into the siding. By his presence of mind he undoubtedly saved a great number of lives. As it was, only a lady passenger was much hurt. His engine, the engine of the express, and another were badly injured.

"You were not hurt?"

"No, the first I saw of what was coming was that my fireman said, 'Look here, mate!' I was off the engine in an instant, and so was he."

"Do you always jump off when you see a collision inevitable?"

"It depends how you are going. If I were running at a high speed I should prefer to stay on my engine. We should have a better chance. It is always safest to stay where you are if you are going more than ten miles an hour. In jumping, you get down on to the foot-board, and jump as far as you can the way the engine is going. Even then, if the train is travelling only at the rate of ten miles an hour, you may get a nasty knock. If there is a hedge near, it is pretty safe to spring for that. Sometimes when you jump you are rolled over and over several times like a hoop, but that does not hurt you."



JOHN CHALLON.
From a Photo. by A. Scott, Oxford Street, W.

Another narrow escape which Challon described was one in which he and Brown were concerned. It occurred near Nuneaton. Brown was working down an empty waggon train from Camden to Crewe, and Challon was running the Scotch express, leaving Crewe at 5.32 in the morning. Brown was being shunted to let the express pass, and was lying right across the main line. This was before the block system was introduced, and it was a very foggy morning. Brown heard the express coming, knew what a terrible catastrophe would happen if the express were not stopped, and blew his whistle as hard as he could. Fortunately Challon heard it, put on his brake, and thus barely escaped a collision, as it were, by the skin of the teeth. Said Challon: "We had not the brake-power then that we have now. Now we can stop easily within 300 yards; then it took us more than half a mile. I thought we were surely in for a smash, and when we were slowing down I jumped for it. Luckily we avoided it; but there was not more than a yard between my engine and Brown's train when we came to a stand." In conclusion, Challon said he is generally chosen to take the Prince of Wales when he goes to Tring to visit Baron Rothschild. He added, "My engine is of the 'Precedent' type, 6ft. 6in., four wheels coupled."

It should be added here that every man, before he is put on an engine, has to undergo a sight examination. This is designed to test not only his sight as such, but also his ability to distinguish colours. In addition to this the men are examined from time to time to see that there is no failure of sight. Slightly different tests are employed by the

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different companies, but the effect is the same. On the London and North-Western a card, five inches long by four broad, divided into coloured sections, and covered with dots, is used. This is placed at a distance of from fifteen to twenty yards, and if the person tested can distinguish the colours and count the dots at that distance, with one eye or with both, his sight is considered all right, and he is passed.

A day spent among the Great Western Railway Works at Swindon is an education in railway matters in itself. There seem to be miles upon miles of factories, sheds, and sidings; but as our subject is engine-men, we must keep to them. Mr. W. Dean, the head of the Locomotive Department, deputed his assistant, Mr. Williams, to select suitable men to give their experience.

William F. S. Ball said he began his career in connection with the Great Western Railway at Gloucester, in 1844, at fourteen years of age, as an engine cleaner. He went through every grade from that position until he became a driver. He has now been a driver thirty-eight years. He first worked on the Vale of Neath Railway, and was taken over by the Great Western along with the line. Questioned as to his day's work, he said:—

"When I arrive at the shed in the morning, the fire has been put in my engine. My first duty is to see that it is all right. We examine the whole of the engine minutely, and see that it is fit to go out. If I found anything wrong, or in any way defective, I should communicate with my foreman at once. When we have satisfied ourselves—I mean myself and my fireman—we then join the train. Our time is ten hours a day. I am at work nine and a half hours. I and another man are running special trains from here to London. One day I run from the station at 9 a.m., being on duty at eight and finishing at five. We arrive from London at 4.30. That is one day. We are three hours in London, and then return. On alternate days I come on at 1 p.m., and am back again by 9.30, finishing about ten. The alternate day's train back is a stopping train."

Asked if he had ever been in an accident, Ball said:—

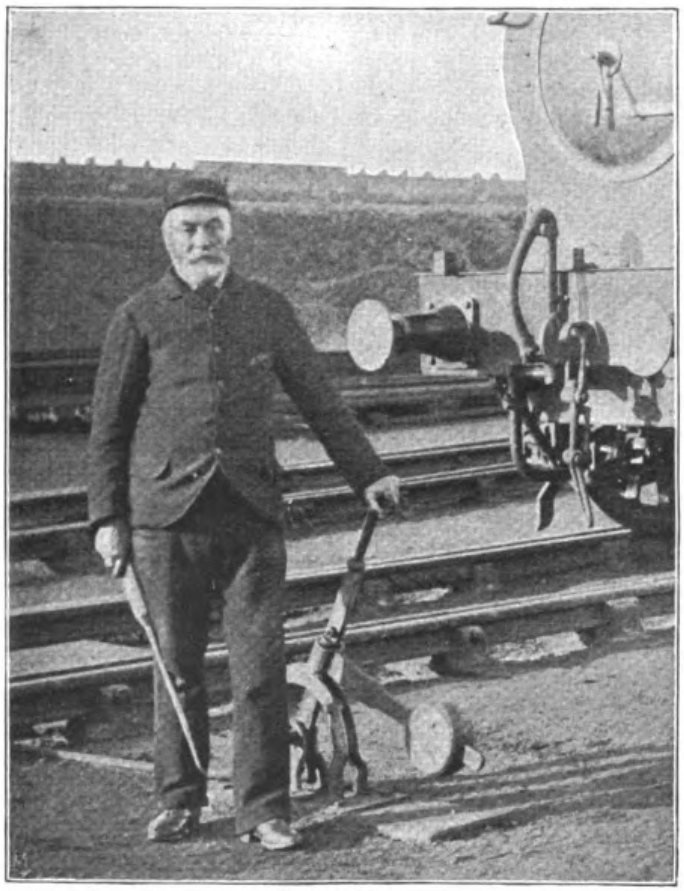
"I was in an accident in South Wales. We ran our train into a coal train. It was no fault of mine, however; it was in consequence of a wrong signal. I was not hurt. Our chief danger lies in wrong signals. We have to take them, right or wrong. As far as our duty is concerned, we have to be always on the alert."

In reply to a question as to the wear and tear of the work of driving, Ball said:—

"An engine-man needs to have a good constitution." He added, "The Great Master has given me good health, and I have taken good care of it. I never had any ill-health, and I know nothing about it. I do not find that the exposure tells upon me at all."

"Do you receive a premium for economy in the use of fuel?"

"Not exactly for that, but for economy in the use of coal and other things, and for good conduct generally, I get a premium of £10 a year. I receive that every year."

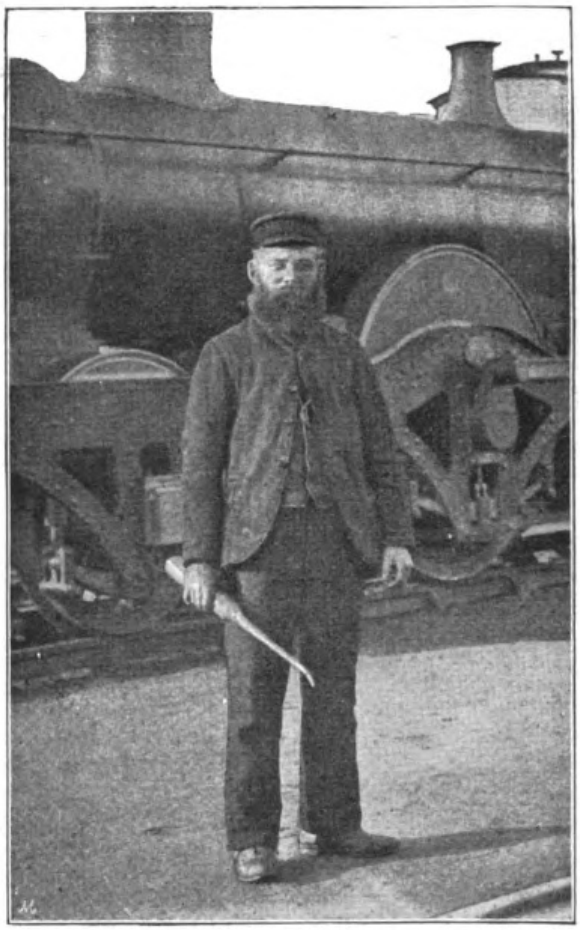


From a W. F. S. BALL. [*Photograph.*

While this conversation was going on, Ball was oiling his engine and getting ready to take on the express to London. We then went on his engine to the water tank, and

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from thence to the siding to be in readiness for the express from Bristol. On the way up Ball explained that the oiling of the engine was one of the most important duties of the driver, and he always attended to it himself. He pointed out also that the driver's place on the foot-plate is on the right side and the fireman's on the left. The chief handles and other gear connected with the control of the engine are on the right side, while those connected with the fire, the sand-box, and boiler are on the left. The driver keeps a good look-out on the right—the signals being generally on that side—while the fireman, when not engaged with the fire, watches from the left side.



From a] A. DICKENSON. *[Photograph.*

A. Dickenson said he was doing goods work, and had been twenty-two years firing and driving. He commenced as a cleaner, but never did much cleaning. He was put on the engines from the first, and employed on jobs in the sheds. He then went on to say :—

"I have been an engineman now twelve years. I am in a second-class 'link' that runs trains to London, Ilfracombe, and Neath. I have been on duty eight and a half hours to-day. I am running to London and back this week. I have finished now till 5.30 to-morrow morning. Next week I go to Neath; then I take a rest and come back from Neath next day."

Mr. Martin, formerly a driver, now foreman of the engine-shed, said he started at fifteenpence a day as cleaner. He used to work from six till six, with meal times. He was allowed to work three days extra, for the sake of making overtime. That was a regulation that would not be allowed now. At present a man was not allowed to put in more than sixty hours a week. Drivers, as well as others on the line, were 30 or 40 per cent. better off now than they were thirty years ago. He joined the Great Western service in 1858, and started driving at Reading in 1867 or '68 on a goods train. Later he went on to passenger work, and for nine years drove on the broad gauge from London to Bristol. He was inspector for some years before he became foreman.

Asked if he had ever been in an accident, Mr. Martin said :—

"Yes, I have been in one or two. When I was driving a goods engine, I once got into a bad mishap at Lilliput, in South Wales. We were going at the rate of ten miles an hour up a heavy gradient, the points being in our favour, and everything apparently all right, when suddenly I found the engine give way beneath me and myself flying through the air. The embankment had broken down, and the engine and some of the waggons had gone over into a field. I was shaken a bit, but not hurt, neither was my mate. The accident happened two days after my marriage, and I remember thinking what would become of my poor wife as I was going through the air."

"What other accident were you in?"

"I was coming up from Bristol in the month of June, somewhere about 1880 or '81, with the 12.45 limited mail. There was a dreadful thunderstorm at the time, and what with the noise of the train and the rolling and crashing of the thunder, I did not hear that the line was covered with water. The worst of the storm was just as we had passed Reading. It would be about three o'clock in the morning, and the thunder and lightning were something fearful. About two miles on the London side of Twyford I saw a goods

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From a] MR. MARTIN. *[Photograph.*

train coming down, and the driver was holding a red light and signalling to us. We were running at the rate of sixty miles an hour at the time. I shut off steam and was preparing to pull up, when I felt the engine run into something soft, and then felt it coming out of the fire-hole door. The side of the cutting had come down; it was of limestone, and the débris had become mixed with the water. The fire was, of course, put out, and we were covered with lime, right back to the tender. We had broken away from our train, and there is no telling what might have happened but for the timely warning of the goods' driver."

Referring to the introduction of the improvements in signalling, Mr. Martin said: "The block system was introduced on the Great Western in the seventies. When I first became an engineman the signalling was very defective, and we never knew exactly what might happen. The signalman would say: 'There is such a train on the line in front of you. It started about ten minutes ago. You can go on; but keep your eyes open.' So we would go on, feeling our way; but it was dangerous and hazardous work—although there were not nearly so many trains as now—and I had several narrow escapes at one time or another."

When a Great Western driver arrives for the first time at a new terminus, and is obliged to stay there for the night, he is allowed half a crown for his expenses. After the first night he is allowed eighteenpence. On other lines there is either a similar allowance, or else the men—fireman as well as driver—are provided with accommodation for cooking their food, resting, and sleeping in "barracks" built for the purpose. Those at Crewe, Rugby, and Camden, on the North-Western, are very extensive, accommodating in all many hundreds of men.

The London and South-Western, although not one of the largest, is among the best managed lines. The company pays special attention to its workmen; and when a man retires, at the age of sixty or over, he is given a free superannuation, varying from five to twenty-one shillings a week, according to rate of pay and length of service. The general rules and arrangements under which the men work are much the same as on the other lines, and need not be specially described. The wages and hours of working are also much the same. Mr. Thomas Higgs was the first to be interviewed. He is the chief assistant in the running department of Mr. Adams, superintendent of the Locomotive Department. Mr. Higgs said:—

"I have the superintendence of the engines, the enginemen, firemen, cleaners, coalmen, and everything connected with the running department. I commenced my career on the London and North-Western Railway at Rugby in 1846, as office and bar-boy. I worked through the sheds and fitting shops until 1853. Then I commenced on the road as a fireman, and worked in that position until 1854, when I retired from the service of the London and North-Western Railway. After a short turn on the South Staffordshire Railway, and then some months in Dublin and Belfast, I joined the service of the London and South-Western Railway in 1856 as a fireman, and in the following year was promoted to the position of relief driver on the Dorset and Weymouth line. The same year I was made engineman, working on different parts of the railroad, running goods and passenger trains. Finally, in 1859, I settled at Salisbury, running between Salisbury and London. On the opening of the Exeter line I was shifted to Exeter, and then ran between Exeter and Salisbury. After that I was promoted to the express running between Exeter and London,

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up one day and down the next. That position I held until the 8th of July, 1868, when I was appointed locomotive foreman for Exeter, having in addition the supervision of all the signals and the gas and carriage departments from Yeovil to Bideford. In 1872 I was appointed district chief foreman for the Western District, from Basingstoke to all stations in the West of England. Ten years later I was removed from Exeter to London to take charge of the running department of the London and South-Western Railway, which position I have held ever since."

Asked if he had had any accident while working as an engineman, Mr. Higgs said :—

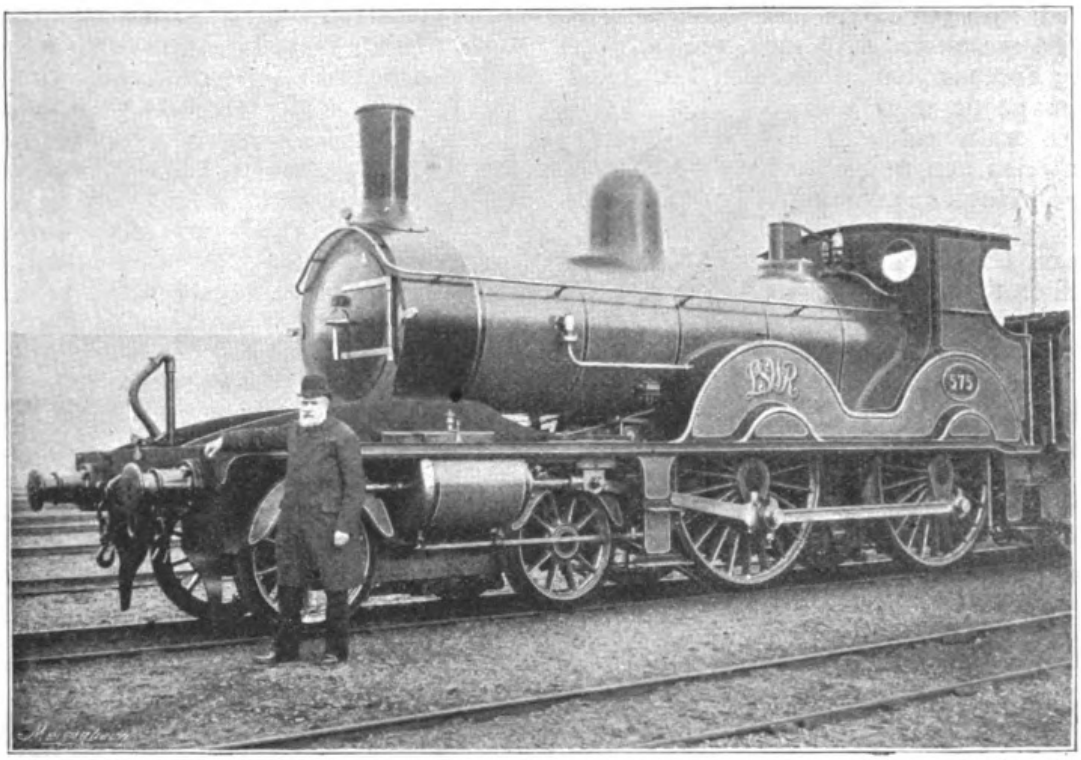
"I have never met with any serious accident, but was once scalded very severely in the execution of my duties. It occurred in October, 1862, and was caused by the heating apparatus giving out. I was laid up for five or six months. In 1863, a man attempted to throw me off the road with the mails coming over the North Devon line from Bideford to Exeter. Fortunately I managed to bring the train to a stand before any serious result occurred. Had I not stopped the train when I did, it would have been precipitated through a bridge into a river."

"Did the man place something on the line?"

"Yes; he took a gate off its hinges and laid it across the road. Fortunately I saw him and pulled up in time. When he perceived that he was discovered, he ran away across the fields. I got down from my engine, and chased and caught him. He tried hard to get away; but I brought him to my engine, and carried him on to Crediton, where I handed him over to the police. I afterwards gave evidence against him at Exeter, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

"Through seeing the man's attempt, then, you prevented a fearful accident?"

"It must have been terrible, as we carried a great number of passengers. For my conduct on that occasion our directors gave me a silver medal and five pounds."



From a] THOMAS HIGGS—WITH ENGINE USED WHEN THE QUEEN TRAVELS. *[Photograph.*

"Is it customary for your directors to reward such conduct?"

"Yes; I have been rewarded on several occasions for preventing accidents and serious loss of life. I am happy to say that, during all my career, I have had to attend but one inquest on a person run over. This was at a level crossing. I never broke down on the road but twice. Once I broke the driving axle on an engine called the 'St. George,' but managed to bring the train on to the next station. I broke down once afterwards on the Exeter line. During all my career I have never travelled in a train where the engine has failed; and I have never at any

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time been travelling in a railway train where anything has gone wrong with the train."

"The engineman is better cared for now than formerly, is he not?"

"As the engine has been improved, his position has been improved, too. A major consideration now, in constructing an engine, is the comfort of the driver. When I first went on to an engine there was nothing but a small hand-rail to prevent the men from falling off the footplate. There was nothing like the present protecting plates or cabs for the comfort of the men."

"Are your men, Mr. Higgs, allowed a premium for economy in the use of coal?"

"Yes; there is a certain quantity of fuel allowed per mile. Express engines are allowed 27lb. per mile—that is, on the best engines. Double duty men are allowed 28lb.; Southampton goods 28lb., Yeovil and Exeter goods men 30lb., and in many cases these quantities are not consumed. We give a premium in this way: the men who show the least consumption of fuel on their engines and keep the best time receive—the driver 20s. and fireman 10s. each four weeks."

"I suppose, Mr. Higgs, when the Queen travels over the South-Western line, it falls to your lot to accompany the train?"

"Yes; whenever Her Majesty travels on our line, I go on the engine. You see, it is necessary for someone to be on the train who would know what to do in case anything went wrong. One can never foresee what might take place, especially on a line like that from Windsor to Gosport, between which places there are no fewer than fourteen or fifteen junctions. The best run I ever did with Royalty on board was early last year, when we fetched the Prince and Princess of Wales from Wimborne. When I left London there was a dense fog. The Prince asked me what the weather was like in London. I said if there proved to be as much fog on the way as I had left in London, we should arrive two or three hours late. As a matter of fact, we found the fog in patches—here and there very dense, while here and there we found it quite clear. Whenever we got into the fog we had to crawl along, feeling our way and going along very cautiously; but as soon as ever we got a bit of clear daylight, I made her waltz along. Once or twice I put her to sixty-five miles an hour. When we reached Waterloo the finger was just on the point of twelve: we had done the journey to the minute. Our general manager was very pleased at the splendid run we had made, and so was the Prince."



MEDAL PRESENTED TO THOMAS HIGGS.
From a Photograph.

William Lawrence said: "I began on the Great Western in 1839, at Maidenhead. I then migrated to Twyford, where I was fitter's assistant. I subsequently became fireman and then driver. I joined the South-Western in 1849, and ran from Nine Elms to Southampton with goods. Was advanced to the passenger work in 1851. In the month of November that year I was transferred to Twickenham, and ran from Twickenham to London and Windsor. In 1856 I came from Twickenham to Windsor, and continued to run betwixt here and London until 1881, when I met with a serious accident from a collision between Wraysbury and Datchet, which occurred on the 18th of January in that year."

"What was the nature of the accident?"

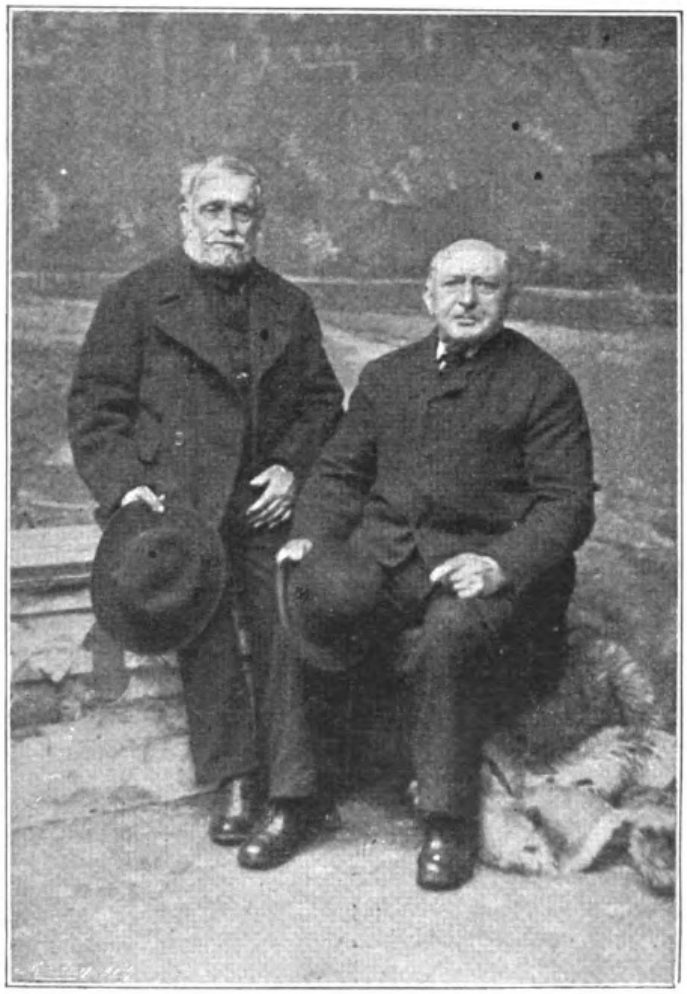
"Two trains were snowed up between Wraysbury and Datchet, and they telegraphed to Windsor for help. I and my mate were sent on with our engine. When we got to Wraysbury we did not know whether to go on or not, and so waited for information. In the meantime four engines had come up from London and had worked their way through, and not knowing I was on the line they ran smash into me. My mate had got off the engine and had asked me for the shovel. He wanted to keep himself warm by shovelling away the snow. Suddenly he says, 'Look out, mate!' But before I knowed where I was, the engines had struck my engine. I was knocked down and my left leg broken. The engine was sent along for some distance by the concussion. Then it stopped, and the engines struck it again. I was banged about once more, and half the coals in the tender heaped upon me. I had my senses all the time, and knew what was going on, but I was pretty well done for. My left leg was broken in two places, my right hip was put out, my jaw was broken, and I was otherwise hurt. I

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was in the hospital a long time, but finally came out as you see me. I'm able to get about a bit, but I think I should have been all right, and able to go about my work, but for the hip being put out."

Although Lawrence said this, he did not look like a man who, even without the dislocated hip-joint, would be fit for much service. His broken jaw had resulted in permanent lockjaw, which, though he was enabled to talk well enough, prevented him from taking any but liquid or semi-liquid nourishment by means of a spoon.

Nor was this finishing accident the only one that Lawrence had been in. In 1851 he was disabled for some time by an accident which resulted in the loss of one of the fingers of his right hand. It was caused by an operation which was then all but universal, but which is now well-nigh forgotten by all except old railway men, namely, the "roping-in" of trains into terminal stations. In those days an engine was not allowed to go into a terminal station, but was hauled in by a rope, the engine being unhooked and run into a siding for that purpose. On the occasion in question, the man who had hooked the rope on to the engine and was going to hook on the train rolled down the embankment. Lawrence then got down from his engine and was about to hook on the rope, when he got his hand entangled by some means in the footboard, with the result that his finger was broken in several places.



WILLIAM LAWRENCE. JOHN DEAR.

From a Photo. by H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

Lawrence, who notwithstanding his many accidents is still full of spirit, described his experience at St. Thomas's Hospital with much humour. "When," he said, "the head doctor looked at my finger, says he, 'You had better have it off. If we fix it up for you it will be stiff, and you will be poking it where you should not do.' Says I, 'Doctor, you know your business and I know mine, so you just do what you think best.' With that he winks to a student, who outs with a lancet, makes a cut this way, a cut that way, and then across, and the finger was off—just as quick as that; and I hardly felt it. But when it came to joining the leaders—Oh, my eye! Didn't it pay me out? But they made a good job of it."

"Had you any other accident?"

"Yes, I was in a rather serious one in 1859 or '60. It occurred to the 11.25 train from here (Windsor), between Ashford and Feltham. The rails had come away from the sleepers, and we ran right into a wheat-field, the train turning upon its side on a hedge. When I felt the engine going I jumped right over the fireman. He followed suit. When we found ourselves on the ground my mate says to me, says he, 'Bill, are you hurt?' I says, 'No, I'm not hurt, mate. Are you?' 'No,' says he; 'so let's thank God that neither of us is hurt.' Then he suggested that we should go and look at the train and see if anybody was injured. We peeped down the funnels to see who was in the carriages. There weren't many passengers in the train. But there was an old lady in a first-class compartment, along with a little girl, who was screaming and making a great hullabaloo. So we fetched

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assistance and set to work to get them out. But it wasn't an easy matter, for the train was on its side, and the carriage door was locked. Howsomdevers, we got the window open, and soon had the little girl out all right. But it was quite a different affair with the old girl, for she was eighteen stone if a pound. After considering a bit, my mate gets in through the window and tells the old lady to mount on the arm of one of the seats. Then he gives her a bump up behind, and me and another as we got to help us pulls up above, and presently, him thrusting and us pulling, we brought her out safe and sound. But it was a tough bit of work, and for a time it seemed as though she was going to stick, half-way in and half-way out. She was a good deal frightened, but not hurt; neither was anybody else in the train."

"And since your accident in 1881, you have been pensioned by the company?"

"Yes, I have been able to do nothing since then, and the company has very kindly looked after me."

The following have been selected as typical drivers on the South-Western Railway:—

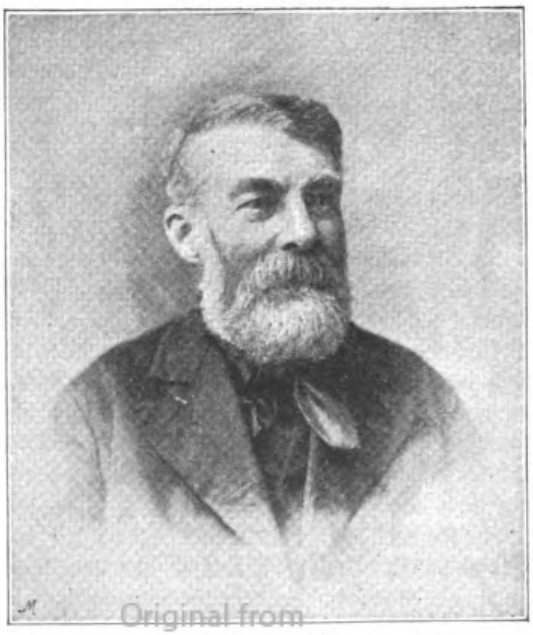
John Dear, seventy-five years of age, said he began his career on the railway in 1837. After a short experience on the London and Birmingham Railway, he joined the South-Western in 1840 as fireman, becoming a driver about 1842. He continued driving until 1884, when he was made inspector for the Windsor Station, having to look after the engines and men, which position he held until 1891, when—to use his own words—"in consequence of ill-health the directors kindly granted me a pension, as they do to all their old servants."

Dear continued: "I ran a passenger train between Nine Elms (the London terminus at that time) to Southampton till the end of 1849. Then, on the opening of the Windsor branch (in 1850), I was shifted to Datchet; and when the line was completed I ran between London and Windsor."

"Were you ever in an accident?"

"I was in an accident at Richmond once, when a man ran out of the yard and met me with a ballast engine. I was coming from London with the 5.50 train. I saw the ballast engine coming and ducked down, and so escaped being hit with the pinch-bar, which, by the concussion, was sent thirty or forty yards. If I had not ducked, it would have gone right through me. As it was, one of the taps went against my chest and broke my breast-bone. I have suffered with my chest in consequence ever since. A collision of that sort could not occur now. It was a ballast engine going to Nine Elms. The driver of the engine let himself out of the yard, thinking I had gone by. They could let themselves anywhere in those days. That was about 1845 or '46. Both the engines were smashed. I went to work again almost immediately. I never had a day's illness till I had that accident. I do not think I ever lost a day's work through ill-health. I had many narrow squeaks; but I did not think much of them in those days. In later times driving was much better and safer. When I began there were no 'distant' signals and no 'home' signals, and we had to clamber over the coke to get at the brake, which was at the end of the tender. It was both dangerous and very rough work. We wore a pair of boots out almost every fortnight by going over the coke."

Charles Payne, who started on the Great Western Railway, and had had eight years' experience on it before joining the South-Western, said that he had been forty-six years in the service of the latter—twenty-six of which had been spent as a locomotive fireman, and eighteen as a driver. He described several accidents in which he had been concerned. The first was at Ashe, where his train came into collision with a ballast train, which ought to have cleared before he arrived. When he saw that a collision was inevitable, he jumped off the engine and told his mate to jump. They both of them got off unhurt. The two men on the ballast train, however, were badly injured.



CHARLES PAYNE.
From a Photo. by W. Shawcross, Guildford.

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The next accident he had was near Shalford Junction. It was caused by some young colts getting on to the line. When the engine struck them, the concussion caused the engine to leave the metals. Fortunately, it ran into the "six-foot," and so no great damage was done to the train itself, but two of the colts were killed, one of them being cut up into mince-meat by the wheels of the engine and carriages.

Most drivers have had experience of cattle getting on the line, but it is not all who have had the experience of a driver who used to run over one of the western lines threading a well-preserved country. Game was in abundance, and frequently coveys of birds were seen on the line. One day, however, while going slowly up a steep incline with a goods train, he astonished his mate by stepping down from his engine, getting over the fence into a field, and immediately afterwards returning with two live hares. As they were going up the incline he saw the two hares fighting. When they do this they sit on their hind-quarters and go at it like two boxers. This they generally do in such a blind rage that they may be approached unnoticed. Our driver knew this, and so quietly went up to them and took first one and then the other by the scruff of the neck, as he put it, and then walked off with them to his engine.

But to return to Payne's experiences. Between Swindon and Gloucester there is a bank known as Brown Rock. This bank is five miles in length, and the incline is 1 in 70. Going down this bank one frosty morning, when the line was "greasy," he found that there had been a fall of rock just before he arrived, which had doubled up the line, and which resulted in throwing the engine off the road, together with some of the carriages. One large stone went underneath the engine and stripped off the feed-pipes, and then bent the axle of the tender. He stuck to the engine and brought the train to a stand. Fortunately no one was hurt.

On another occasion, while going with the mail train over this same bank, he felt the engine give a sudden lurch. He afterwards learned that the bank had sunk over eighteen inches while he was going over it. It was only the speed at which they were travelling that saved them. The depth below the bank was sixty feet, so that, had they gone over, the carnage would have been terrible. "I often shudder when I think of the near escape we had," Payne remarked.

Charles Turton, like Payne, is stationed at Guildford. He is sixty-seven years of age, and was last year still at work driving an engine from Guildford to Farnborough and Ascot; having been forty-six years in the service of the South-Western Railway Company. One of his chief recollections is driving troop trains during the early part of the Crimean War. He considers that he has been very fortunate as regards accidents, never having been in a serious one, although he has had his quota of breakdowns.

Once when driving between Guildford and Alton his driving-wheel broke. He got out his tools, uncoupled the wheel, packed it up, and drove into Alton with one side only working. He prides himself on always having been able to take his engines to their destination. One Sunday night, going to Guildford with the 9 p.m. train, he had the misfortune to break the right trailing axle when between Surbiton and Esher. He managed to pack it up against the box of the wheel, and work on to Guildford and Godalming.



CHARLES TURTON.
From a Photo. by W Shawcross, Guildford.

It should be said now, if it has not been already, that it is part of the training of a driver to learn enough of engineering to be able to take out his tools and rectify any little mishap that may occur to his engine on the road.

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Most Truly One.

By Edward Salmon.

I.

"GOOD-BYE, darling; good-bye, Mr. Marston."

"Now, then, any more for the shore? Who's for the shore?"

"*Bon voyage*, sweetheart; come back strong and well."

"Who's for the shore? Tender's waiting. Mind that rope, sir."

The last words were addressed to a handsome, pale-faced man of some twenty-six years, who had just torn himself from the arms of a lady on board an Orient liner at anchor off Tilbury. He was but one of many saying farewell to friends bound for the other side of the globe, perhaps never to return.

As Walter Terrell stepped on to the ladder at the ship's side, hot tears were in his eyes, and he dared not look. The parting with Lena Marston, the woman he hoped ere another year was over their heads to make his wife, was harder than he had anticipated. He loved her with a love which he had never given to anyone else; in this hour of parting he felt that it was perhaps unwise she should ever leave him, and as the tender moved away from the huge vessel and the water flowed between them, he wished from the bottom of his heart that she were not going. She stood at the ship's side throwing kisses to him, and he returned them fervently. Not till now had the voyage, which the doctors declared to be so important for her health's sake and which she was taking with her father to Australia, and the prospect of six months' or more separation, been fraught with such intangible terrors.

But the screw of the tender revolved with cruel indifference to the thoughts of the love-sick man, and ere he reached the shore the ocean-going vessel itself began to move. Now that it was impossible to do so, he asked himself why had he not gone round to Plymouth with her? Then he wondered whether the immutable decrees of Providence would permit him to see her again, and a silent prayer went up from his heart that he might not only see her again, but see her with that glow of health on her cheeks to which they had been a stranger since he had known her. Any way, their love in the time to come should be, and no doubt would be, only the more firmly and deeply rooted for this separation.



"SHE STOOD AT THE SHIP'S SIDE THROWING KISSES."

Walter Terrell waited with an impatience and an anxiety which he could neither explain nor reason away for the letter which Lena promised she would post at Plymouth, and which he received in due course. It was just the letter he expected—warm, loving, hopeful. But it contained one item that served to strengthen the curious sense of misgiving which had taken possession of him. She had met on board the brother of a school friend, a most delightful man whose

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acquaintance she made some years ago, when he was a mere boy. Was it jealousy at Walter Terrell's heart? Not for a moment would he admit any such thing, but as he sat down to reply to Lena's letter he knew that doubt coloured his words.

A second letter from her left matters where they were. For the life of him he could not say why, but the fact remained, that an idea, a foreboding, had crept into his soul which ought never to have found a lodgment there. In vain he sought to dispel it. The result was inevitable. He grew thoroughly miserable and out of sorts, and try as he would to assure himself that he was taking an unreasonable view of things, that view predominated.

II.

THE truth was that Walter Terrell needed a voyage as much as Lena Marston. A man of some means, enough, at any rate, to keep him without work if he chose to live very modestly, he adopted the profession of letters, and pegged away at his manuscripts day and night like the veriest hack. More than once his doctor had warned him that if he persisted in taxing his nervous energy as he did, disaster was inevitable, but he was warned in vain. He suffered considerably with his eyes, and their weakness bothered him and hampered his work. He was now writing a book on political economy, and was putting into it research and thought which he hoped would place his name in the forefront. Only the necessity of not breaking the continuity of his labours induced him to abandon all notion of going to Australia with Lena Marston and her father.

Even at the end of some six weeks, when he received a letter from Colombo, he had not shaken off the despondent fit. He tried to conceal it from her in his reply, and then threw himself into a learned, exhaustive, and exhausting dissertation on the laws of supply and demand. What a pity he could not apply to himself the moral of the dependence of the two! The demands he made on his energy were undoubtedly greater than the supply, and that the latter should grow less and less, until it finally disappeared, was not wonderful.

Walter Terrell finished that part of his task to rise from his desk one night and stagger across his den like one who had imbibed unwisely. He fell back into an arm-chair and faintness seized him. A million spots danced before his eyes. A crisis of some sort was at hand. With an effort he reached the bell-handle, pulled it hard, and remembered nothing more till he found himself on a bed with his doctor and man-servant beside him. As he opened his eyes he still saw those strange spots before him, and the room was very dim.

"Why don't you turn the gas up?" he asked.

"It is full on, sir," said his servant.

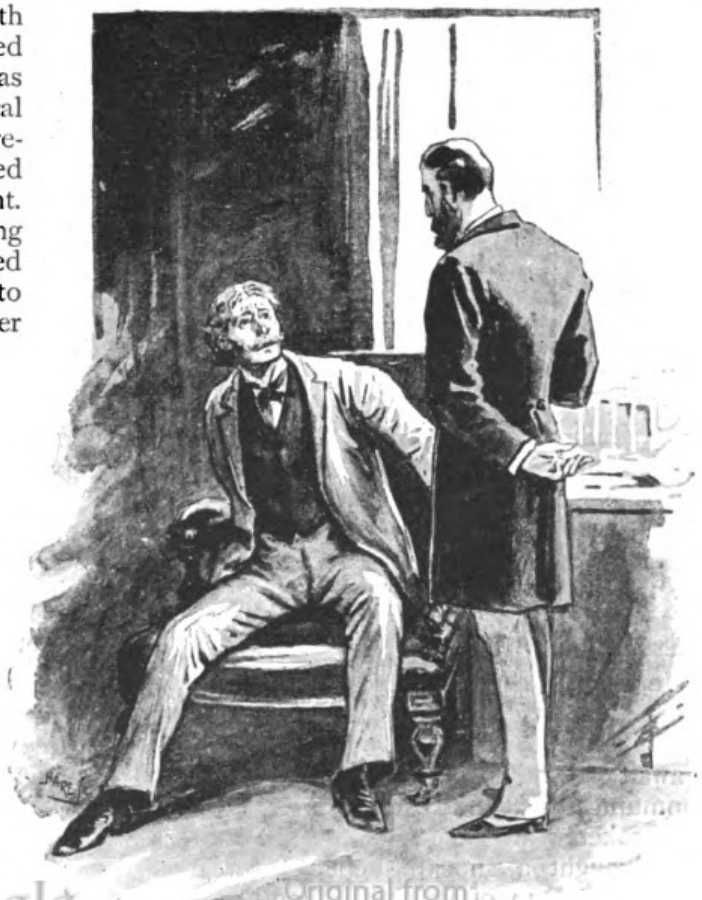
"Really," he answered, "then my eyes are very bad to-night."

"You must see an oculist," put in the doctor, "and that without delay."

It was the doctor's opinion that the weakness of Walter Terrell's eyes had saved a collapse of the whole man. With his eyes, unhappily, there was something seriously wrong, but he little realized how wrong!

The next morning he went to the oculist and had them thoroughly examined. The eye-doctor considered the occasion one for plain speaking.

"You are," he said, bluntly, "in danger of



"YOU ARE IN DANGER OF GOING BLIND."

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going blind. By the utmost care it may be possible to save your eyes. But you must rest them entirely."

"You do not mean to say that I *may* go blind, really?" cried the unhappy man.

"I do, indeed, I am sorry to say. Your eyes have been neglected and overtaxed. But I hope they are not beyond human skill to set right."

The oculist probably knew his optimism to be unwarranted. Gradually Walter Terrell's sight faded. Day by day he underwent the most terrible of trials—that of waiting and watching whilst the eyes grow weaker and weaker, and the dread doom of darkness settles down.

It was a time of nameless misery, of despair, of sullen resignation. To be blind! Never to see God's light and the beauties of God's earth again! How awful! Even that could be endured if he had the love for which his soul yearned, now more than ever, and no question weighed with him more than that which recurred to him again and again: "What would Lena say to a blind man?" Could he ask her to marry him now? Could he let her marry him? Fate had indeed borne out his forebodings with bitter irony. Would he, he had speculated, ever see his darling again? How little he anticipated the character of the answer to be given to the dread query. She might stand at his side, she might gaze into his eyes, she might press his hand, but he would never more be permitted to see her!

It seemed, however, as though Fate had not yet dealt with him as hardly as she intended. Weeks went by and no further letter came from Lena. What did it mean? At first his affliction proved so absorbing that he only realized vaguely the lapse of time. But now he began to wonder, and gradually another conviction seized him. As he would never see her again, neither would he ever hear from her again.

"Merciful Heaven," he cried, "what have I done that these blows should fall so thick and fast? Why does not Lena write? I cannot believe her cruel and disloyal—and yet——"

He thought of writing to tell her all, but whilst he hesitated to dictate his inmost thoughts to another, something compelled him to await a communication from her, and that communication never came. Poor, crushed and broken Walter Terrell! A few months had wrought a shocking change for him. The midday sun of youth had long ere the gloaming suffered an eclipse more complete and terrifying than night's darkest hour. Week succeeded week, and, philosopher as he was, he grew in time to accept his fate and even to persuade himself that it was better to have parted thus than to have faced the anguish of a separation demanded by duty. His dearest hopes were blighted; he was sorely disappointed in the girl for whom he cared so tenderly and so truly, and life was a blank. Her action was mysterious in the extreme. In his heart Walter Terrell believed she had repented of the promise she gave him, and lacked the courage to withdraw it, and he wished he had his eyes, if only that he might himself write and release her from it.

The month which was originally to have seen her in London again was at hand. Would she return? or would she take up her abode at the Antipodes as her schoolfellow's sister-in-law? The thought sent a knife to Walter Terrell's heart, and made his sightless eyes smart again in their helplessness.

III.

LITTLE dreamed he of what really had happened on the other side of the world.

Lena Marston arrived in Australia all the better for her voyage, and her constant thought was of the delight Walter would experience if this improvement continued.

Her satisfaction was destined to be short-lived. At Melbourne she went to stay with some friends, and, the very day after her arrival, was taken seriously ill. Typhoid, that bane of Victoria's beautiful capital, seized her, and for some days her life was despaired of. She recovered only to find that the disease had robbed her of her hearing. She was deaf; and, in the doctor's opinion, doomed to remain so!

At first the blow overwhelmed her, and she almost wished she had never regained her strength to learn the terrible fate in store for her. Her first concern was for Walter Terrell. During her illness a long letter reached her from him—the last he was destined to write under the guidance of his own eye (could she but have known it!)—and when she was better, she read it with eager joy. But what, she asked herself, would he say when he knew of the affliction which had overtaken her—his affianced bride?

She was not long in determining in which direction her duty lay. She could not reasonably expect him to marry her if deafness was to be her lot during the rest of her life, and the doctors gave her no hope save in a miracle. For days she lay in her sound-

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"FOR DAYS SHE LAY IN HER SOUNDLESS WORLD."

less world turning over the dread prospect. Sometimes the thought of the long years of silence before her nearly drove her mad; at others she accepted her fate calmly.

"If only my affliction did not involve my love, I could bear with it," she said again and again.

When at length she was permitted to use a pen, she courageously faced the ordeal of writing to Walter Terrell, to tell him everything, to assure him of her undying love, and to release him from an engagement which could never be fulfilled. Hot tears fell from her eyes as she penned sentence after sentence, palpitating with her heart's blood; but it was her duty, and bitter as it was, she performed it with a relentless disregard of self.

True, there was a conviction at her heart that the man she loved would never give her up, but she attempted to smother it even as it grew. There would be for her now no marriage, no realization of life's dearest hope and ambition; yet she looked forward to the date when a reply might reach her with an anxiety which belied the sincerity of her assumption that Walter and she must necessarily part.

But no reply came. Then, clear as noonday, she thought she saw it all: Walter had not the heart to write and resign her. He had simply allowed their love to go by the board, like a mast which it was hopeless and dangerous to attempt to preserve.

"He might have written one line to say farewell—farewell!" was the only comment she made to herself.

And thus two hearts that should have been one went their several ways, each believing of the other that which was not true. There was little to return to the old country for now, and Lena Marston prolonged her stay in Australia accordingly.

IV.

A YEAR or more has elapsed, and Walter Terrell has mastered his great sorrow. He has engaged an amanuensis and settled down to work with him. He also occasionally goes out to parties and functions of interest when he can get a friend to look after him. Such a friend he has found to pioneer him on a certain night when he is invited to a grand reception given by a lady whose husband has made a fortune as an Australian squatter, and is starting a fine establishment in London.

He has been in Mrs. Monkswell's drawing-room some half-hour, and is standing with his back to the door, talking to an elderly dame, when he hears the names announced: "Mr. and Miss Marston!" Then through the crowd he feels instinctively they are coming his way, and by some extraordinary intuition he knows that the new-comers are the lady who should have been his bride and her father. His whole frame is instantly suffused with emotion, and he controls himself with great difficulty.

She is approaching; *she* whom he has loved and loves; she who left him in his misery—albeit, she knew it not—to solitude and despair.

"Do you happen to know what Marstons they who have just entered are?" he asks of his companion, with a vain attempt at hiding his concern.

"They are recently back from Melbourne—they came home in the ship which restored dear Mr. and Mrs. Monkswell to London. Do you know them?"

Before Walter could make any sort of reply the good lady had turned aside with the words:—

"Ah, my dear Miss Marston, how are you?

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and you, Mr. Marston? So glad to see you back."

What would the sightless man have given then for one second's gaze into the face of Lena Marston? What should he do? Would she recognise him? Yes, his face was the same, his eyes were as blue as of old. A stifled cry told him she had seen him, and guided by Providence alone, he proffered his hand, and it was caught in the firm but gentle grip he remembered so vividly.

"Walter!"—"Lena!"

At that instant someone attracted the attention of Mr. Marston, and the two lovers of old were left for a moment in that corner unmolested. Walter forgot that he had ever made up his mind that she had given herself to another; he realized only that she was before him, and he asked as one who has a right to ask:—

"Why did you not write?"

He gazed intently with those poor blind eyes of his into her face, and she answered:—

"I did write; why did you never give me one word in reply?"

"What do you mean?" he answered, vaguely. "Tell me—is there any quieter corner than this where we can talk? Will you lead me?"

"Lead you?" she said, inquiringly. "Why? Can't you walk alone?"

"Yes, but don't you know my trouble? But how should you? Lena, I am—blind! and I can't see you or a thing."

"Walter, you can't mean that—how shocking! how terrible! and I never to know! Why did you not write? Why leave me in ignorance? I wrote and told *you* my trouble and all I had gone through."



"LENA, I AM BLIND!"

"All you had gone through, Lena? How—in what way? I received no communication from you after you left Colombo."

"Then you do not know that I too am afflicted? That I am deaf—deaf, as you are blind."

"Impossible! How can you be deaf, and yet hear what I say?"

"I can't hear you. I have not heard a word you have said. I have learnt to lip-read, and fortunately have become so expert in the art that my eyes are now most excellent substitutes for my ears."

Walter Terrell stood aghast. Had anything more wonderful, more remarkable than this been written in story-book? She was deaf: he was blind; and yet they were holding converse as though they had all their faculties complete and unimpaired.

No need is there to follow Walter Terrell and Lena Marston through the long explanations which occupied their talk that night and during the meetings of many days to come, nor to indicate the certain result of their reunion. The impediments to their free intercourse were not insuperable, and these two so strangely parted, and more strangely brought together again, were destined to become man and wife after all. Their love was superior to earthly woes, and never surely were man and wife more truly one. She was his eyes on essential occasions, and he was her ears when circumstances rendered the organ of sight no substitute for that of sound. Bitterly afflicted as they had been, they found in their mutual love a solace which they, and they alone, could appreciate at its true value.

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An Expert in Handwriting.

By Harry How.

IT would not be possible within the limits of this paper to enter fully into the methods employed by handwriting experts in "treating" the problems of penmanship which they have been called upon to solve. Handwriting experts are not amongst the many—they are only to be found amongst the fewest of the few. They recognise what may be said to be the creator of their art, lithography—which was accidentally discovered by Johann Aloys Senefelder—for lithography has bred the rare gift which the handwriting expert possesses to-day.

Johann Aloys Senefelder was born at Prague in 1771, and died in 1834. It is a romantic, an historical, story. Wishing to publish musical compositions of his own, he tried various experiments with stereotype plates, and etching on copper and pewter plates, but was far from successful. He tried the Solenhefen stone, etching it similarly to the plates, but his proofs in no way satisfied him. In 1796—he was just twenty-five years of age—his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen given to the laundress. He took up a polished stone, and wrote the list on it with his ink of soap and lampblack, with the intention of copying it on paper when convenient. Finding the writing tenacious to the stone, he etched the uncovered parts with acid, inked the relief portions with a dabber, and taking off a proof found it successful. Thus, lithography in relief was invented. Various improvements followed until the discovery was perfected.

It is admitted by all experts in handwriting that a keen knowledge of lithography is absolutely essential to the true exercise of their peculiar craft. The eye and the hand have been trained to observe and copy all the peculiarities and eccentricities of writers—a training absolutely necessary to one who practises as an expert in handwriting. Mr. Joseph Netherclift, the first recognised expert; his son, Mr. F. G. Netherclift, and Mr. Charles Chabot were all lithographers—as were also Messrs. Mathieson, MacQuarrie, Rae, and the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Smith Inglis.

Mr. Inglis may be signalled out as the first amongst handwriting experts of the present day. He is an Edinburgh man, and was born in 1831. True, he was a good writer at school, and his writing-master would point out his "p's" and "q's" as a pattern to the class; but, by an accident, he was apprenticed to a lithographer, and there gained a knowledge which to-day is invaluable to him. Although in his sixty-fourth year, his eye is as keen and susceptible, his methods of working as safe and sure, as they were when, on the death of Mr. Charles Chabot, he received the St. Luke's Mystery Case, which Chabot had in hand at the time of his decease.

I have watched Mr. Inglis at work. He will watch a "t" for an hour at a time, and revel in the loop of a "j" for a similar period. He twists it this way and that way, writes out a single word a hundred times—and a hundred times is no figure of expression, but a fact! He picks up his compasses, and compares lengths and breadths of dots and dashes. A comma, a semicolon, a full stop—one might almost say a blot does not escape that little pair of compasses. He positively glories in a note of exclamation; a questionable interrogation is a "sphinx" to him, and he attacks it, to discover its origin, with as much ardour as though he were called upon to decipher the diary which Noah penned in the ark.

Mr. Inglis is not only an expert, he is an enthusiast; and I propose, in this article, to refer to a few of the many remarkable cases which have been brought under his notice.

The individuality of "Junius" has always been the pet theme and study of all experts in handwriting. The handwriting of "Junius" is the great problem of all experts. It has puzzled and perplexed all who have sought to prove the identity of the man who wrote it. The letters of "Junius" consist of a series of political missives signed "Junius," which appeared in *The Public Advertiser* — a London newspaper. The first was published in the issue of January 21, 1769, and the last in that of January 21, 1772. The consternation which these letters created amongst the Ministries of the day is a matter of history, as they not only attacked the public works of the parties concerned, but their private doings also.

Pages upon pages have been written on

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the handwriting of "Junius," though possibly—from a popular point of view—the romantic side of the query lies in the set of verses which have been conclusively proved to be in the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis.* Reproduced in these pages are facsimiles of some of the lines written by Sir Francis, addressed to Miss Giles, a lady with whom he danced at the Assembly Rooms at Bath (Fig. 5). Let these, as well as the dates in Fig. 1, be compared with the date on the Junian Letter XVI., in which the writer apparently forgot to disguise his writing or to obliterate it afterwards. This is one clue. The note accompanying the verses was written by Sir Francis in disguised writing (Fig. 4), which may be compared with the corrections on the Junian proof (Fig. 3). This is a second clue. "Junius"—in other words, Sir Philip Francis—was evidently enamoured of the young maiden, for shortly after the ball she received an anonymous letter, couched in the following words:—

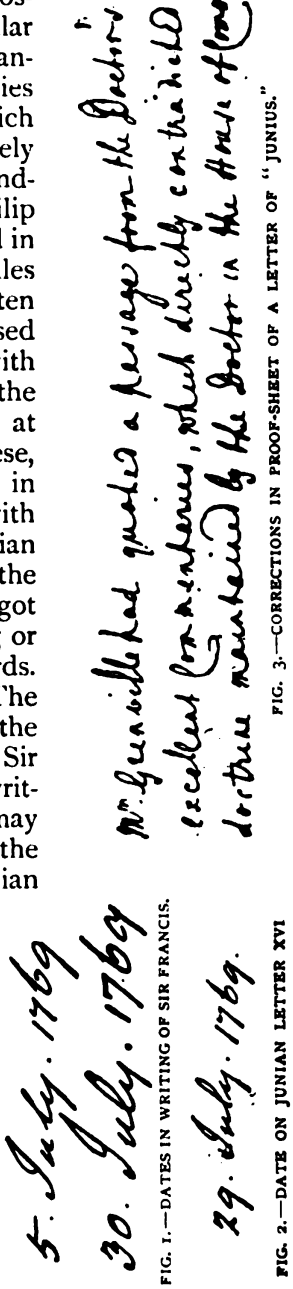


FIG. 1.—DATES IN WRITING OF SIR FRANCIS.

FIG. 2.—DATE ON JUNIAN LETTER XVI

FIG. 3.—CORRECTIONS IN PROOF-SHEET OF A LETTER OF "JUNIUS."

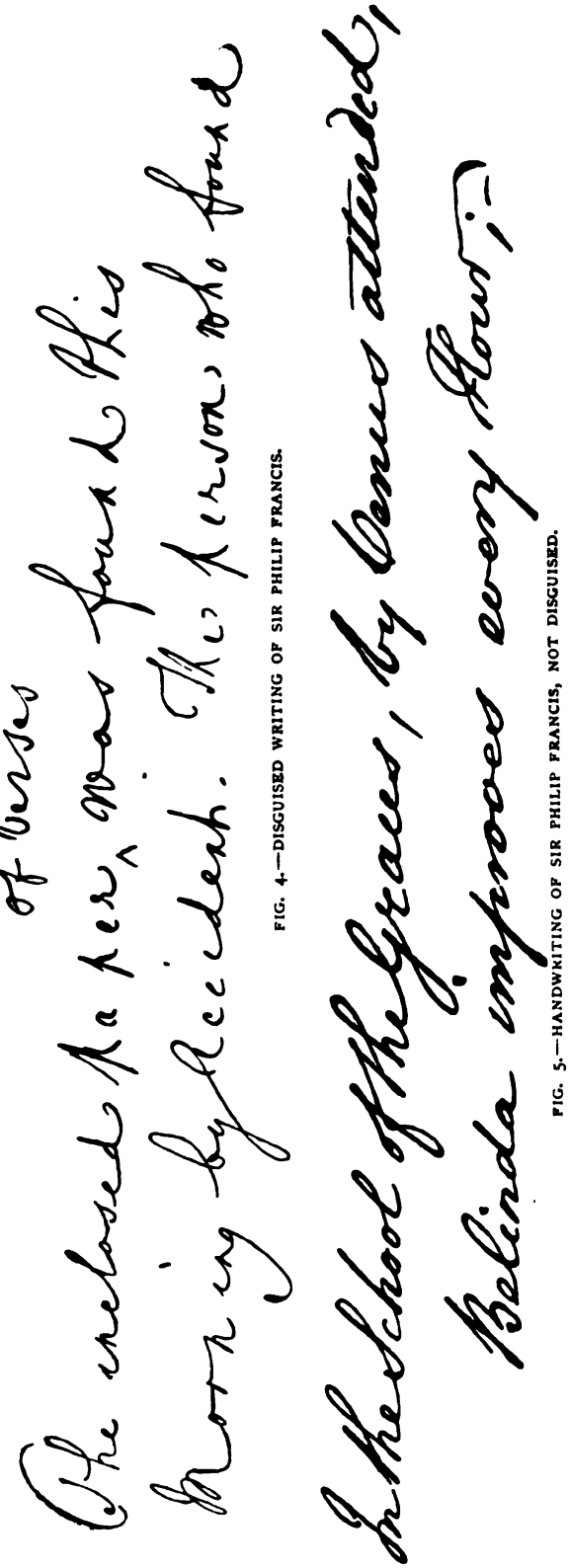


FIG. 4.—DISGUISED WRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

FIG. 5.—HANDWRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, NOT DISGUISED.

"The inclosed paper of verses was found this morning by accident. The person who found them, not knowing to whom they belong, is obliged to trust to his own judgement, and takes it for granted that they could only be meant for Miss Giles."

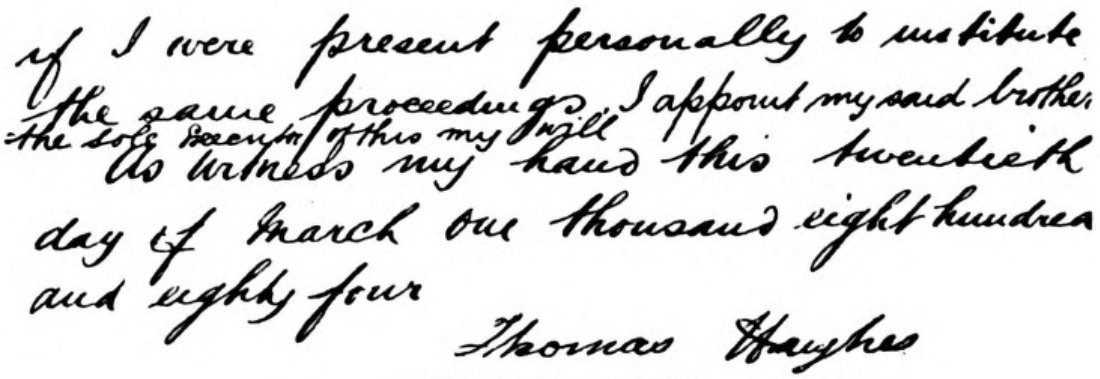
A very charming compliment indeed, and one which, on the surface, might carry with it the conviction that the sender of the note and the writer of the poetry were one and the same. Here are two of the verses:—

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;
They tell her that Beauty itself may be mended,
And shew her the Use of her Power.

They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill;
For whatever She aims at, the Head or the Heart,
She can wound, if She pleases, or kill,

*Vide "Junius Revealed." By his grandson, H. R. Francis.

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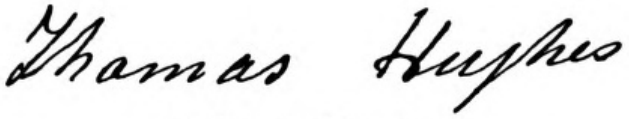


THE WILL OF THOMAS HUGHES.

I have but briefly alluded to "Junius." To dissect him thoroughly would occupy all the space of many issues of this Magazine; but, as it has ever been the great work of all handwriting experts down to Mr. Inglis, no paper, however small, would be complete without a glance at this penmanship problem.

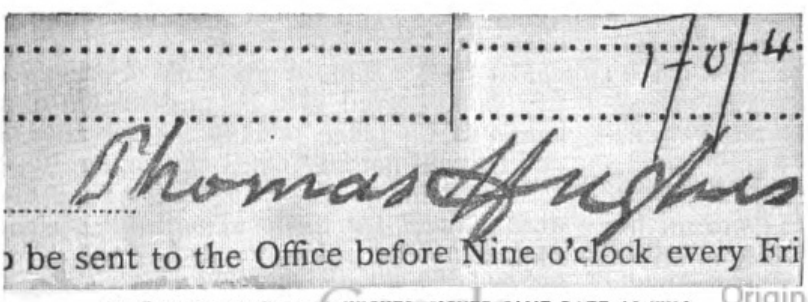
Mr. Inglis has been associated with many wills of a remarkable character. As to his peculiar abilities in this direction, the words of Mr. Justice Denman at the Swansea Assizes, of July, 1887, might be quoted: "Now, the expert (Mr. Inglis) himself comes, and I must say, after having seen many experts in courts of justice, I think I may compliment that expert on this: he appears to have taken great pains to see whether the thing would hold water or not, and whether he is sound or not, and whether you adopt his view or not. At all events, every observation he has made seems to me to be one which calls your attention to a thing worth observing."

These remarks gathered round the Thomas Hughes Will Case. Here the expert was called to prove that the signature to the will was not a genuine one. He compared the signature with that on his daily time-sheets, one of which the deceased had to sign every morning. Mr. Inglis obtained a sheet which Thomas Hughes had signed on the very day he was supposed to have signed the will, and the expert stated—as did also a brother of the deceased—that in his estimation it was not a genuine signature. A relation of the testator was desired by the judge to write in his presence. She did so; and the reader can form his own opinion as to who really wrote the signature when he compares the test writing, by the relation, with the signature on the will.



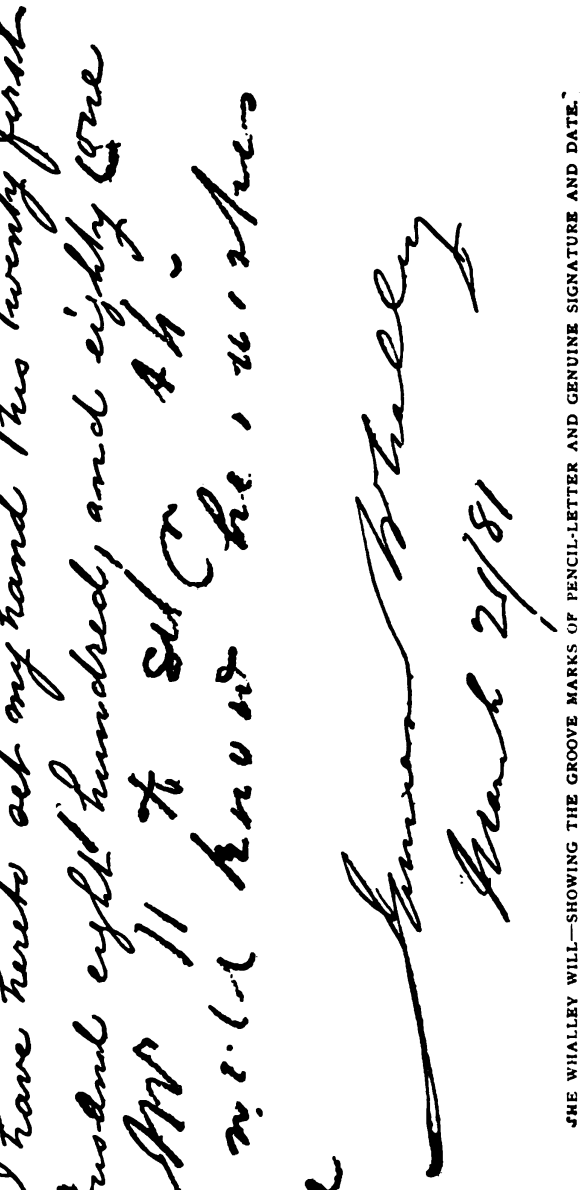
THE "RELATION'S" SIGNATURE.

The Whalley Will Case was a perfect little puzzle—successfully solved by Mr. Inglis. James Whalley, although he died worth something approaching £70,000, was a typical miser, and rented rooms in a cottage at 9s. a week. He was a retired iron-master, and resided with a railway porter at Leominster. While on his death-bed, his landlord wrote a letter in pencil on his behalf to his son at Derby. Mr. Whalley signed his name and the date in ink. His son never received the letter. Mr. Whalley rallied somewhat, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. The son visited him, and the old man showed him the will he had made, and where it would be found amongst his papers in case of his death. The son observed that one of the witnesses was the supervisor of the census papers. Mr. Whalley died on a Saturday morning, at nine o'clock. No telegram was sent to the son until the afternoon, after the last cross-country train had left Derby; consequently he did not arrive at Leominster until the following



TIME-SHEET OF THOMAS HUGHES, SIGNED SAME DATE AS WILL.

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THE WHALLEY WILL—SHOWING THE GROOVE MARKS OF PENCIL-LETTER AND GENUINE SIGNATURE AND DATE.

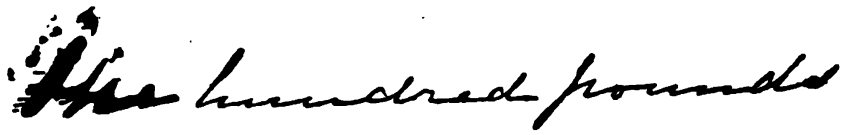
day. After the funeral a will was read. The son immediately challenged its genuineness—it was not the one his father had shown him, he said. Finding the will could not be upset, a compromise was made: the deceased's landlord to receive one-third, the son one-third, and the other third to go to another person. However, the fraud was eventually discovered. The solicitor received certain information, and, on meeting one of the witnesses, quietly asked what they did with the loaf of bread in regard to Mr. Whalley's will.

It was ultimately proved that the envelope containing the genuine will had been steamed, and the will abstracted. The pencil letter was rubbed out with bread, a new and spurious will written above the signature of James Whalley, and the document placed in the envelope, *leaving the gum mark of previous fastening.* Mr. Inglis examined the will at Somerset House, and detected the groove marks where the pencil marks had been (the landlord, being a railway porter, wrote rather heavily). He was shown the handwriting of a number of persons, and noticing a similarity between two or three of them with the groove-marked words, he was able to prove it to be identical with the landlord's writing. The landlord and one of his accomplices—the third party turned Queen's evidence—are at the present moment partaking of Her Majesty's hospitality, in a building specially erected for gentlemen who need a compulsory holiday, with apartments provided.

A holograph will case also forms an interesting study. It was written in violet ink. There was one word on the eighth line which was blotted and required deciphering. It appeared blurred, the alteration being wiped with used blotting-paper while the ink was wet. The spreading of the ink made a blur which looked like the word "One," but after careful scrutiny the expert believed the word first written was "Five." Mr. Inglis found the capital F's in three parts of the will would go inside the blurred capital "O" of "One," but he also discovered in the slurred writing part of the "F" outside the "O" at the top left hand. The sloping initiatory line of the "i," and the dot to it are split. This dot agreed with the others in the will in being split. The horizontal line from top of "v" to the "e" are all solid lines, not blurred ones.

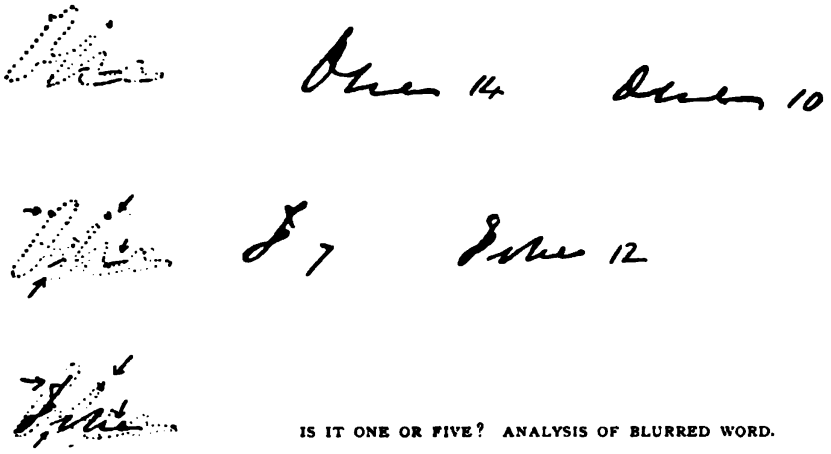
Mr. Justice Butt, in giving his decision on this case, proved that he possessed a rare knack in "arguing" a disputed letter. He said it could not be "One," at first, for, if so, there was no necessity to alter it; nor the word "two," for there were not sufficient strokes to make it a "w," and no "o" finishes with a horizontal line at the bottom. It could not be "three," it is too small, and

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IS IT ONE OR FIVE? THE BLURRED WORD.

there is no "h"; it could not be "four," there are not sufficient strokes to make that word; it could not be "six," the letters are not of the form of "ix"; neither could it be "seven," the strokes are not sufficient; nor "eight," there being no tail for a "g," or top loop for an "h"; "nine" is a longer word; whilst as for "ten" hundred, that would most likely be written "one thousand."



IS IT ONE OR FIVE? ANALYSIS OF BLURRED WORD.

It must, therefore, have been the word "*five.*" The reader will be able to make these comparisons from the reproduction.

As an example of the lengths to which money-seekers will go, the case of E—— is a highly respectable specimen. In this instance the expert considered that Mrs. E—— took her husband's hand, holding the pen, and guided it whilst writing the name—Robert E——; her hand over his and with the pen writing the surname in her own style. One can readily see the struggle of the two hands in the two names. The expert's opinion was right, for a few days afterwards the solicitor came joyously to Mr. Inglis's office, and intimated that his statement as to how the signature was written had been corroborated by a later witness, who deposed to having seen the method employed. Fortunately it resulted in a compromise.

Perhaps, however, the most curiously interesting will case with which Mr. Inglis has had to struggle is that known as—"Is the word Twenty or Seventy?" The case was tried in the High Court of Session, Edinburgh, before Lord Kyllachy, in December, 1891. The action was raised by Thomas McNab, of Gollamd, Middleton Kerse House, Clackmannanshire, against the trustees of his late brother, Alexander McNab, of Techmuiry, and the dispute was whether a certain legacy left to the pursuer was one of £20,000 or £70,000. An examination of the contested word showed that the parties interested could hardly be expected to rest satisfied with anything short of a judicial interpretation of the intentions of the testator.

The writer has before him folio after folio of test-words of every description, which Mr. Inglis spent many weeks over, in order to arrive at a definite opinion. It would be interesting to all future would-be will makers to reproduce them in their entirety, as a timely warning to write plainly when disposing of their money; but a few will suffice. The disputed word was the third on the last line of page two of the will. The question is:

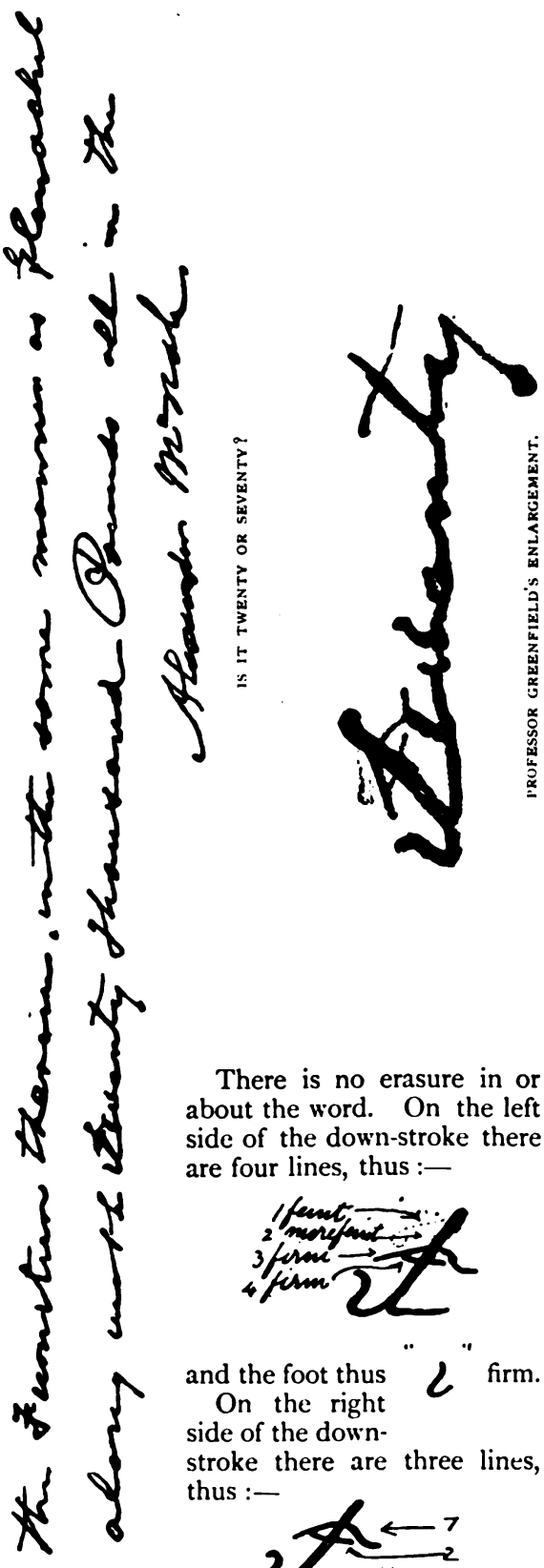


THE ROBERT E— — CASE. THE GUIDED SIGNATURES.

What was the latest idea or inception in the mind of the testator when he altered the will? Mr. Inglis made a most remarkable report on this case. He examined the word in dispute under a very powerful microscope. To show the elaborate nature of his researches in matters of this kind, here are

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reproduced facsimile results of the examination of the first letter of the word.



IS IT TWENTY OR SEVENTY?

PROFESSOR GREENFIELD'S ENLARGEMENT.

There is no erasure in or about the word. On the left side of the down-stroke there are four lines, thus :—

and the foot thus firm.

On the right side of the down-stroke there are three lines, thus :—

all of which are firm.

The lowest line on the right side of the down-stroke is carried to the first up-stroke following, and joins it at the bottom, thus :—



The first up-stroke following the supposed capital is inordinately tall and it touches the top line on right side of down-stroke, thus :—



The second up-stroke following the supposed capital agrees with the average height of the "e, n, y" following, about which there is no dispute. The third up-stroke after the supposed capital is also inordinately tall and finishes with a peculiar twist, thus :—



The remaining letters are "enty." This makes the disputed word to be either

"twenty"

or "Seventy."

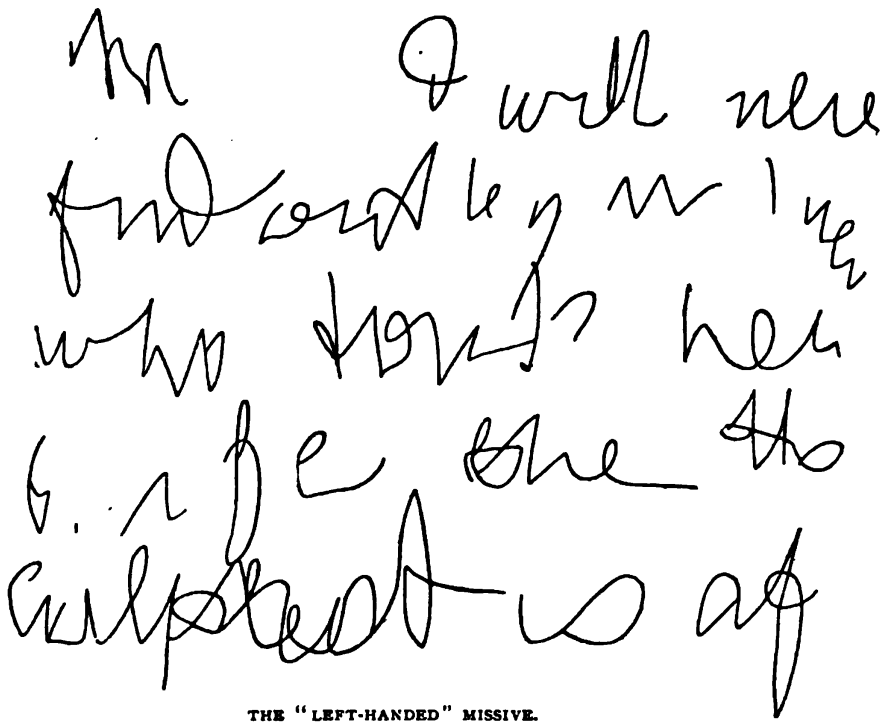
The whole of Mr. Inglis's exhaustive analysis resulted as follows: That there are two faint head-lines which cannot be followed out; that the word was written "twenty," with a small "t" instead of a capital; that the small "t" has been altered to stand for a capital "S;" and that "w" has been altered into "ev," which manipulation destroys the identity of the word as being "twenty," altering it to the word "Seventy," which, in Mr. Inglis's opinion, was the last idea and inception in the mind of the testator.

This was singularly confirmed six months after by Professor Greenfield, of Edinburgh, and a facsimile of his enlargement of the disputed word is shown beneath the portion of the will reproduced here.

To turn from wills. The following tends to show that "habit" is of as great use to the expert when analyzing a case as similarity of style. In penning a letter there is always some peculiar characteristic which the writer cannot easily rid himself or herself of. In this instance a libellous letter was sent to a gentleman against his *fiancée*. A certain lady was suspected and charged with the offence. In

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reply she wrote a most indignant denial. This, which was written heavily with a quill pen in a bold, split-dotting style, along with the libellous missive, written in a scratchy style, were the only documents submitted to the expert. Mr. Inglis decided that they were penned by one and the same person—a fact to which the guilty party subsequently confessed. Here comes "habit." The lady, although she disguised her writing very cleverly, was innocent of the fact that she always commenced her communications by economically writing close up to the edge of the note-paper, instead of leaving the customary margin usually adopted; furthermore, in each communication omitting the salutation of "My dear," etc. A small thing, but quite sufficient to bring the offence home.

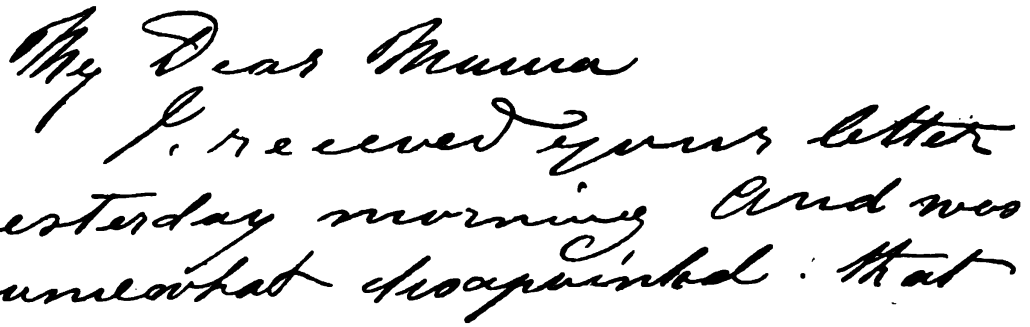


THE "LEFT-HANDED" MISSIVE.

Mr. Inglis has had many schools through his hands, and nearly in every case young ladies' establishments. It seems that the green-eyed monster has a veritable stronghold in the immediate vicinity of the desk. Here is one—a part of the letter in question being reproduced.

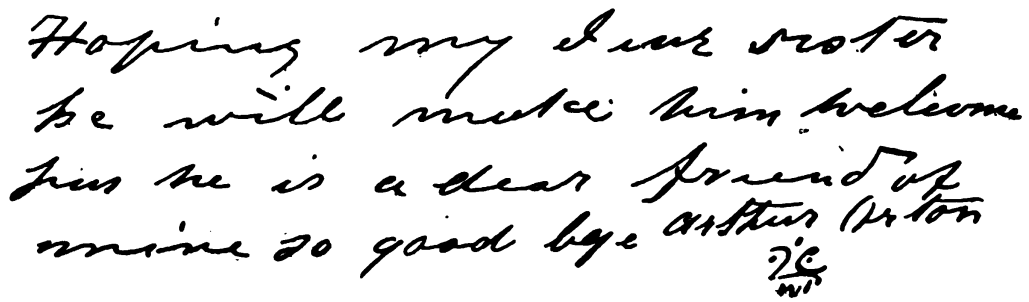
Miss R——, a young girl at a boarding-school, complained to the lady-principal that she had received abusive anonymous letters, and stated that she thought Miss S——, a fellow-pupil, was the guilty person. The dictation lesson-book of Miss S——, and four letters of Miss R——, were handed over to the expert. After examining the documents he concluded that Miss R—— herself was the author. She was expelled. A fortnight after she admitted having written the disagreeable missives by using her left hand!

The documents submitted to handwriting experts are frequently of a very "weighty" character. At another scholastic establishment for young ladies, the mistress one day discovered a very objectionable word written on the panel of a door. The mistress had the panel cut out and sent to the late Mr. Netherclift. He adopted a clever ruse, in order to lay the finger of guilt on the culprit. The classes were assembled—some sixty girls in all—and a dictation lesson was given, in which all the letters used in the objectionable expression were scattered in various words very freely. A comparison of the dictation-books with the word complained of was made, and the guilty girl pointed out. She was sent away, and her parents, naturally, not being satisfied with the expert's opinion, Mr. Inglis



THE CLAIMANT'S HANDWRITING. PORTION OF FIRST LETTER TO LADY TICHBORNE.

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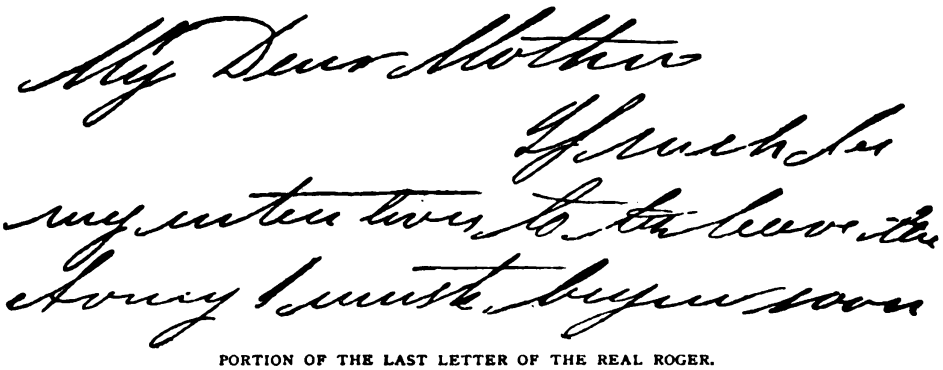
PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER, SHOWING THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

was consulted. He could only confirm, in every possible way, the idea expressed by the previous expert.

Mr. Inglis executed the facsimiles utilized by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the Tichborne trial. The late Lord Cockburn published an edition of his own of his memorable summing-up in this famous case. At the end of the volume are a number of pages of the many facsimiles used at the trial, in order to show the identity

simple habit—just a matter of continual sharp loops at the beginning of each line.

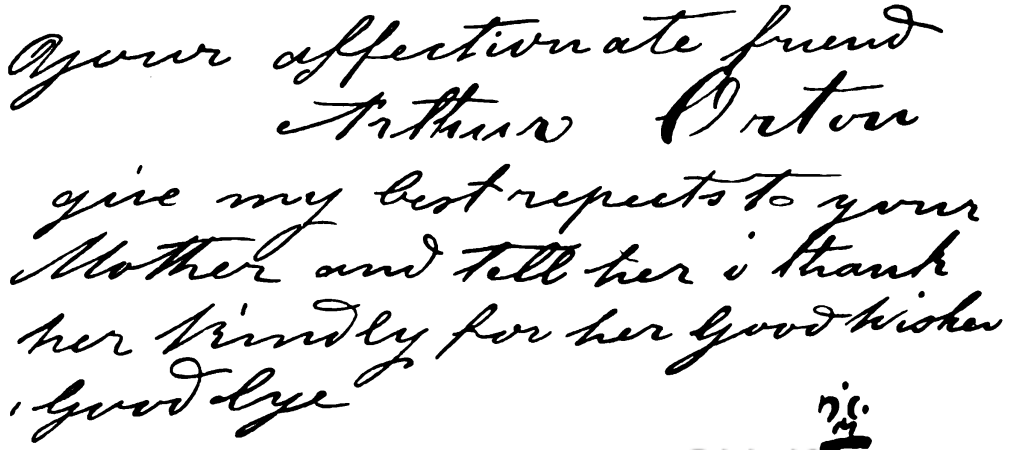
As to the opinion which judges have of experts in handwriting, the compliment paid by Lord Cockburn to the experts engaged in the Tichborne trial may be quoted here. In summing up, he said: "The evidence of professional witnesses is to be viewed with some degree of distrust, for it is generally with some bias; but within proper limits it is a very valuable assistance in inquiries of



PORTION OF THE LAST LETTER OF THE REAL ROGER.

of Arthur Orton's handwriting with that of the assumed Roger, and the difference in style from those of the real Roger. Here is habit again, and the reader is invited to study the examples given here, and to form his own conclusions as to what the one evinced in his penmanship and the other lacked. A very

this kind. The advantage is that habits of handwriting—as shown in minute points which escape common observation, but are quite observable when pointed out—are detected and disclosed by science, skill, and experience. And it is so in the comparison of handwriting by the assistance of experts."



PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO MISS MARY ANN LODER, SHOWING HIEROGLYPHICS LEARNT IN SPANISH AMERICA.

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Peculiar Furniture.

By James Scott.

IN the capacity of designer of furniture novelties for the trade and for technical journals, I have frequently met with particulars and drawings of curious articles of what may be called "practical joke furniture," and have sometimes seen the actual goods. I have been interested in making a collection of the details of these curious chairs, tables, beds, etc., and, under the impression that the description of some of them may prove acceptable reading, have made a selection from my portfolio. The explanations of the mechanical portions of the articles will be found sufficiently exhaustive to assist any reader, who may so aspire, to make any of the goods.

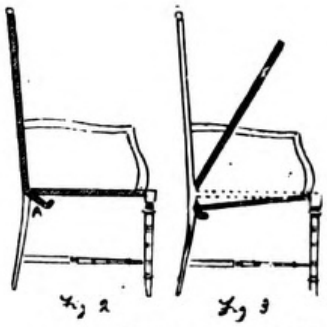
The chair illustrated in Fig. 1 would appear harmless enough to the person intending to



FIG. 1. A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

accept the comfort apparently offered by it, but upon taking a seat that person would experience a decidedly sharp smack upon the back of his head. Naturally, he would instinctively and quickly rise, only to discover the chair in its normal condition, no sign of weakness of any part being observable. The drawing illustrates the chair in its tormenting attitude—as it would appear supposing a person were seated upon it. A side view of the chair, supposed to be cut exactly in half, is shown in Fig. 2.

The immediate effect of a person's weight upon the seat is to cause the back edge of it to subside, and press upon the lower and hidden end (A) of a banister, or upright middle piece, the direct result being that the extreme upper end of this banister is projected violently forward, as in Fig. 3; striking the person's head before he has had the opportunity of avoiding the blow. The seat is hinged in front to the framing of the chair, as also is the banister. A spring, somewhat resembling the pattern of those fitted behind shop doors, is attached to the under-side of the seat, and this spring forces the seat to regain its original elevation instantaneously upon the release of the pressure previously exerted above it. In like manner, the action of a small spring situated between the banister and the seat-frame results in the return of the banister to its normal position. One can imagine the surprise of a person unfortunate enough to receive a shock from the



A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

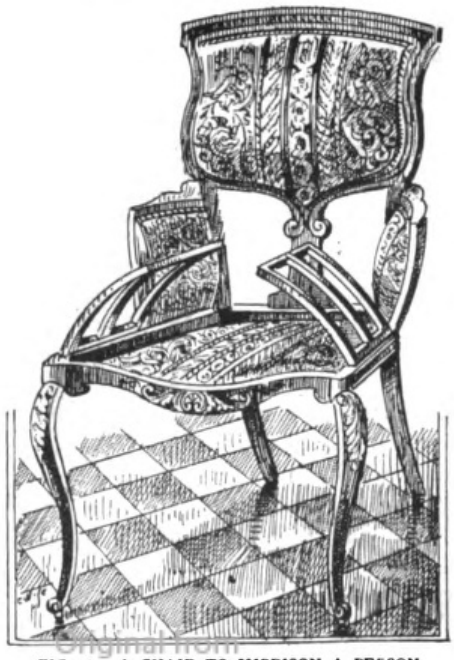
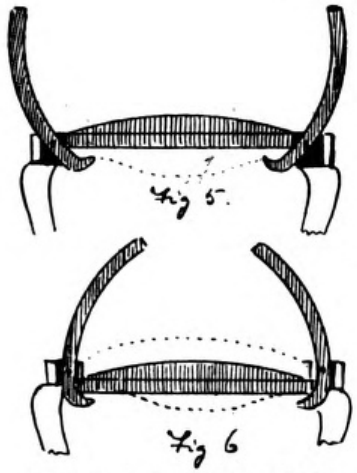


FIG. 4. A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

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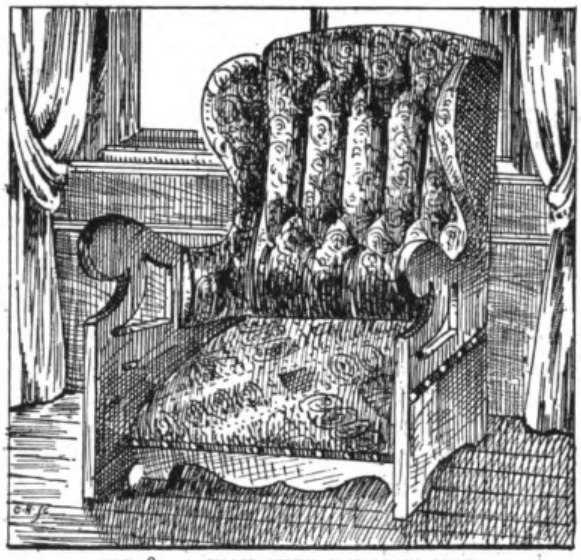
innocent-looking banister. The top of this banister, under ordinary circumstances, comes into direct contact with the under edge of the chair top.

A chair possessing less obnoxious capabilities is that drawn in Fig. 4, yet it is one equally likely to create surprise on the occupant's part. The weight of the sitter depresses the seat bodily for an inch or so, acting on levers adjoined to the bottom end of a portion of each arm, the immediate result being that the front halves of the arms arch over the sitter's legs, thereby imprisoning him, and rendering movement of the legs a difficult matter. To add to the effectiveness of this article, contrivances are fitted in the back and front framework of the seat, which throw out a pair of catches as soon as the seat sinks, fully serving to prevent the return of the seat and arms to their normal position until the catches have been pushed into the woodwork again. A man could thus be held a prisoner for a lengthy time. Fig. 5 shows the arms up; Fig. 6, down, as in Fig. 4.



A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

A third and rather atrocious description of article is seen in Fig. 8. The front portion of the seat subsides beneath the sitter, transferring him instantly to the carpet. The distance of the drop, and the velocity of its accomplishment, are both calculated to produce bruises or broken bones. Two catches—one at each side—may be used in order


FIG. 8. A CHAIR WITH SLIP-DOWN SEAT.

to maintain the seat in a rigid, horizontal position when so required. A "shop-door" spring is likewise fitted to the under-side of the seat, which immediately returns to its ordinary level when the person has slipped off it.

A chair, the ultimate purpose of which is somewhat analogous to that of the article illustrated by Fig. 4, yet different in its action, is shown in Figs. 9 and 10. The first drawing provides a view of it in its normal state. Upon taking a seat nothing unusual is experienced; but immediately the occupant leans against the back, that back gives way to the extent of a few inches at the top, thereby forcing the arms round the body of the sitter, after the manner to be seen by

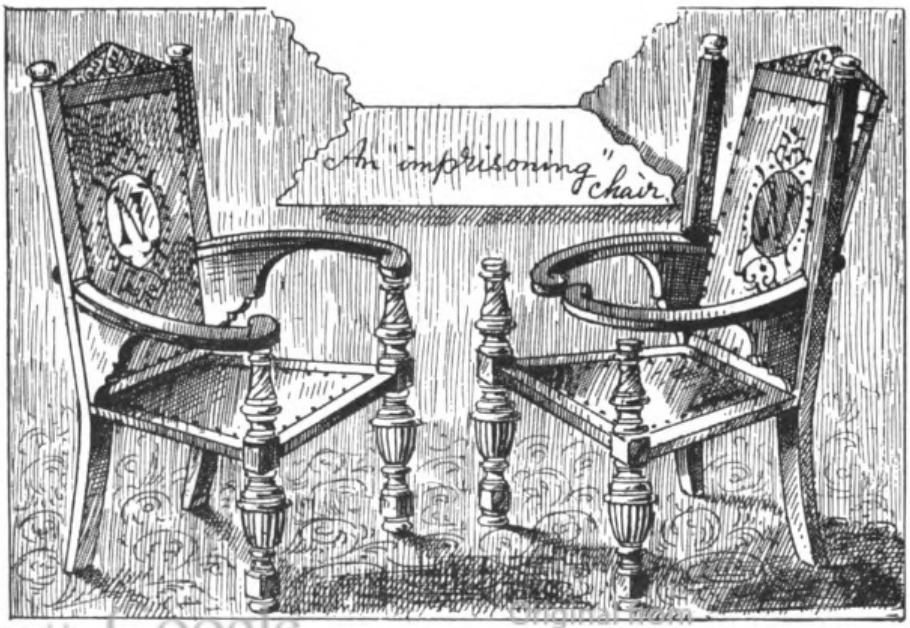
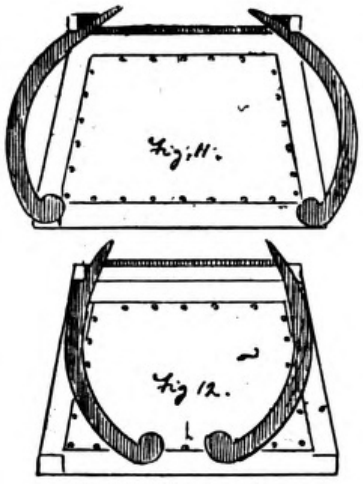


FIG. 9. FIG. 10.

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a reference to Fig. 10. The motions producing these results are explained as follows: Each arm is hinged, as in the plan Fig. 11, to the inner side of a back upright. The back is hinged to the seat, but is prevented from falling too far by means of a curved back rail joined to the uprights.



AN IMPRISONING CHAIR.

When pressure is exerted on the back, the curved end of the arms—those parts behind the chair—are pushed, thus causing the arms to swing round as shown in plan Fig. 12. A person could, in this manner, be held a temporary prisoner for a period depending upon the discretion of the owner of the chair.

Turning aside from peculiar chairs, I will introduce a very innocent-looking article in the shape of a piano-stool. Fig. 13 gives its usual appearance. Receiving an invitation to amuse the company with a tune on the piano, the pianist would proceed to the instrument, where it would be explained to him that the top of the stool was incapable of rising, but "would he just try the height, to ascertain whether it were suitable?" Dumping down on it, the pianist would momentarily be struck with the impression that an earthquake had taken place, for the seat would depress beneath his weight, until it reached the elevation depicted in Fig. 14. Most assuredly the effect of this subsidence would be to hurl him to the floor, to be eventually confronted upon his rising with the stool apparently unaltered in form or size.

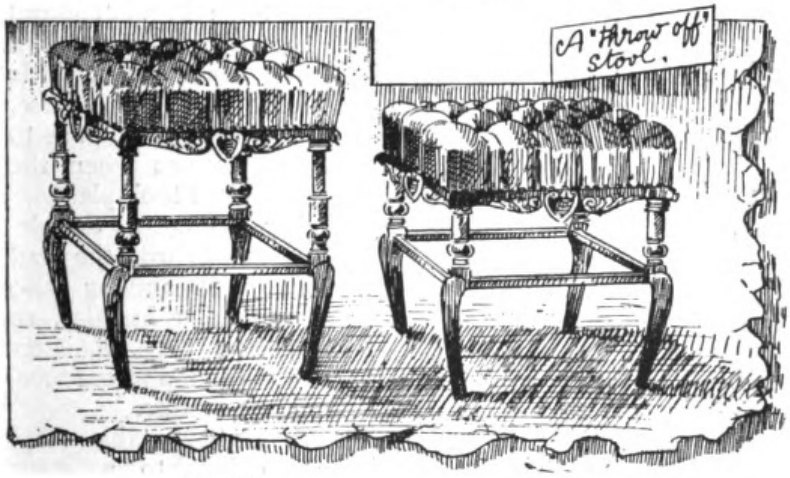


FIG. 13. FIG. 14.

It would be difficult, I fear, to find the man who would not strenuously resent such despicable treatment, especially if the practical joke were imposed upon him whilst in the midst of a gathering of festive people.

The contrivance permitting this action on the part of the seat is of the simplest kind. Each turned leg consists of two pieces—a hollow lower portion, into which fits a cylindrical upper piston. A strong spiral spring is inserted within each hollow, beneath the end of each upper piece, and these springs force the seat back to its original height when the pressure of the body is taken away. There are grooves partially along the upper pistons, into which fit small pegs attached to the tops of the lower portions of the legs, and these prevent the seat from being forced entirely out of place.

My descriptive remarks now reach what must be regarded as an hypocritical table. Everyone, no doubt, is acquainted with the assertions of mesmerists respecting the possibility of the strong influence of mind, acting through the medium of hands placed on a table, raising the table to a height of a few inches. I will not attempt to criticise this declaration, for the mind, I am aware, is capable of such development as to produce wonders in the way of its power over inanimate matter; but here is the explanation of the way in which trickery may be, and often is, introduced into these experiments.

Two or four persons may sit at the table illustrated in Fig. 15, one of the number being, of course, the owner of the article, who is acquainted with the details and object of its construction. Hands are placed, in pairs, upon the top of the table, and the persons are requested to concentrate their attention upon the matter of endeavouring to raise it by the aid of will-power alone, their gaze to be meanwhile fixed steadfastly at the centre of the table-top.

After remaining in this posture for a few

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moments, they will feel the table pressing upward, apparently acceding to their desires. It will seem rather unsteady, but will continue to rise until a certain height has



A RAISABLE TABLE.

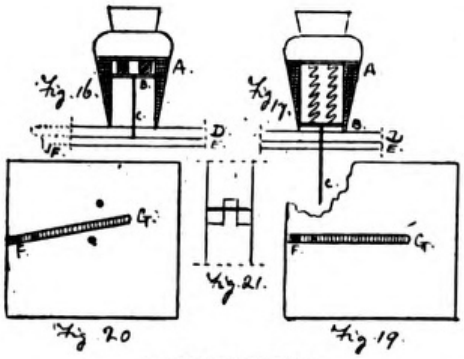
been attained, when it will slowly sink, and assume its normal position. Should one of the experimenters become inquisitive during the uprising of the table, and glance at the legs of the article, he will perceive that the extremities of them are actually off the floor, and will naturally be astonished at the progress of events.

Other tables may, perhaps, be tried; but for some reason or another, so the host will explain, they will not rise. They may be too heavy, or the impulse of the operators may be weakened after experimenting with this table. The visitors will little dream that they have been effectually deceived by a most simple contrivance, which is now exposed to the reader. The vase of evergreens is a fixture. Its upper portion is devoted to the purpose evidenced by the existence of the plant; but its lower half contains the means of deceit.

Fig. 16 will assist the reader to understand the arrangement adopted in order to secure the results described. A is a division in the vase, supporting the mould and plant. B is a movable division, travelling, when required, up and down a cylindrical space within the vase. Between the fixed and movable divisions is placed a series of strong spiral springs. From the bottom of the movable division proceeds a very thin metal rod (C), its lower extremity being flush or level with the under-side of the bottom board (D) of the table, where it is covered by a rail (E) pivoted on this same side. Now, the rail just mentioned has a projection (F), which can be easily touched by the foot.

Figs. 19 and 20 provide plans of the underside of the bottom board. G represents the pivoted rail, which covers the end of the metal rod. Upon applying the foot to the catch F, the rail will turn, exposing the end of the rod. When this has been done, the springs force the movable division downwards and push the rod against the floor, the consequence being that the table is impelled in an upward direction. Of course, it would topple over were it not for the persons' hands, which steady it. The liability to unsteadiness is calculated to impress the visitors to a greater extent than a steadily rising table would be likely to.

The rod is composed of two portions, pivoted as in Fig. 21, and when this part emerges beneath the bottom board of the table, manœuvring on the part of the owner will result in the table moving bodily in a side direction, causing the rod to bend at the joint, when a small spring, which is permanently inserted in that joint, completes the trick by forcing the rod into contact with the under-side of the board, where it is then entirely out of sight. By this time the table will have resumed its normal position. The size of the bottom board prevents any of the operators seeing the rod, should they happen to peer curiously at the table legs. The rod would be apparent to anyone sitting at a distance from it, in the same way as it is apparent in the drawing; but, of course, the owner would exercise his discretion as to the occasions when the experiment took place.

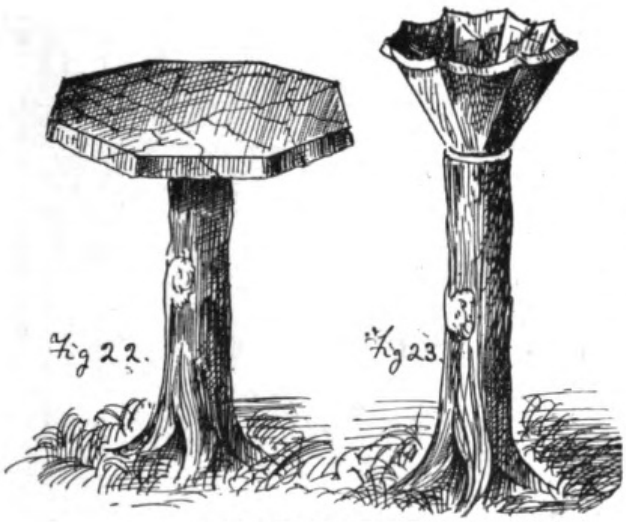


A RAISABLE TABLE.

By using a double-bottom board, the rail E, Figs. 16 and 17 (also shown as G in Figs. 19 and 20), may be effectively hidden from *too*-curious visitors.

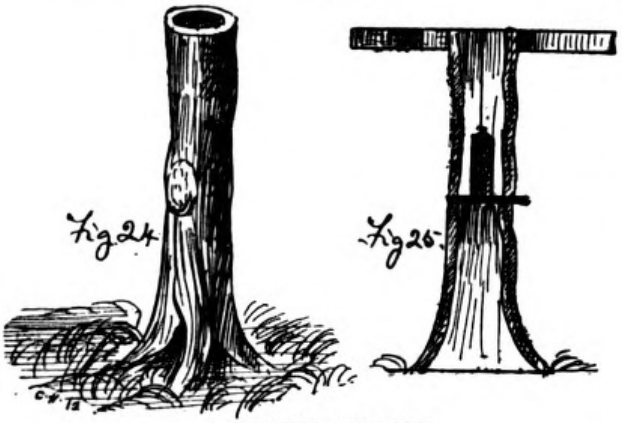
The next table (Fig. 22) differs to a great extent from the foregoing. It is a garden-table; apparently a tree-stump surmounted by a marble-cloth covered board. One can imagine the consternation experienced by a visitor invited to sit in a summer arbour with

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A DISAPPEARING TABLE.

his host, adjacent to one of these tables, when he found, after having had his attention diverted for a moment, that the solid-looking top had disappeared. He would feel in a ridiculous position, sitting facing his com-



A DISAPPEARING TABLE.

panion, with an ordinary bare tree-stump standing between them. He might eventually discover that the top had gone a journey down into the hollow interior of the stump; but notwithstanding the simplicity of the method by which such a result had been accomplished, he would, doubtless, be at a loss to account for the disappearance.

The shape of the table is octagonal, and the appearance of the hanging edge gives one the impression that the table-top is a solid affair. This, however, is a misconception, for the top consists of nothing more than six steel ribs, resembling those of an ordinary umbrella, radiating from a small circular piece of wood, of a smaller diameter than the opening of the stump, entirely covered with marble cloth. Their arrangement prevents them from folding downwards from the centre block. Half-way down the tree-stump, within its interior, is pivoted a narrow shelf, the unattached end of which protrudes outside the stump, through a slit. This shelf is movable in a horizontal direction, and upon it a weight is supported. To the weight is secured a string, connected also to the centre of the table-top. Whilst the weight is standing upon the shelf the top is sufficiently rigid to conceal its formation. But immediately upon the protruding end of the shelf being moved sideways, the weight is dislodged, falling instantly to the bottom of the cavity, and of course carrying with it the table-top, which is bound to collapse, as shown in Fig. 23.

Fig. 24 shows the appearance of this curious article after the top has so effectively disappeared. Fig. 25 illustrates the interior.

The article drawn in Fig. 26 is one calculated to instil intense fright if its effect be practised upon a visitor at night time and in the dark. Supposing that a jocular old farmer has invited one of his town relatives to spend a few days with him; and, supposing further that the town relative has wished the old farmer "Good-night!" and is lying half awake in his bed, his state would be fearful at suddenly being fully aroused by a shrieking, howling, whistling noise at no great distance from him. Most assuredly he would not hesitate to accept

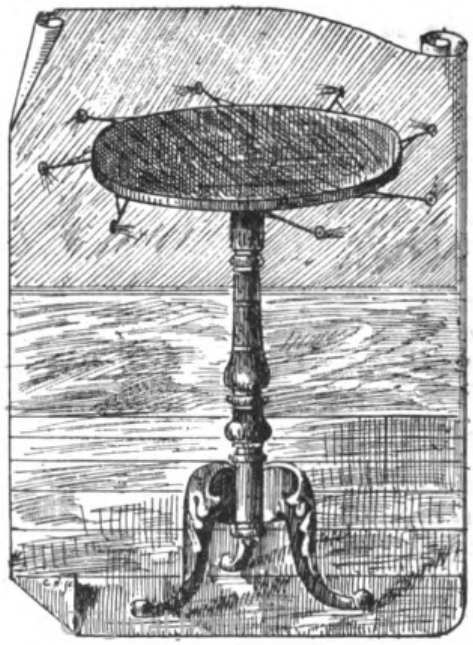


FIG. 26.—A WHISTLING TABLE.

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the belief that the place was haunted by evil spirits.

The cause of the disturbance can be quickly revealed. An ordinary-looking coffee table is so constructed that its top revolves. A powerful spring is wound around the pivot which extends from the table-top into the pillar. Hinged underneath the top is a series of wires, at the end of each being fixed a whistle resembling the "bird-warblers" sold in such large numbers in our main thoroughfares. Under ordinary circumstances these wires are held flat against the underside of the top by means of pieces of elastic (see Fig. 27), the whistles pointing towards the centre of the table. To a very small catch is connected a length of twine, which passes down the pillar, through one of the claw feet, and out through the door or window, *viâ* the underside of the carpet. The table is, of course, made to withstand the strain brought to bear upon it when the twine is pulled, at which moment the catch is released, thereby permitting the top to revolve, the consequence being that the terrific rate of the revolutions impels the wires outwards as seen in Fig. 26, when the wild whirling of the whistles forces the air through them, producing the horrible sounds desired. So soon as the revolving of the top desists, the pieces of elastic exert *their* power, and pull the wires back to their normal position, in which situation they are entirely out of sight.

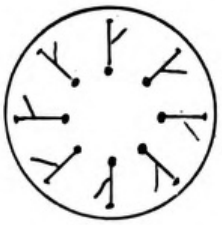


FIG. 27.
A WHISTLING TABLE.

The object of each and all of the pieces of furniture heretofore described assumes a mild and inoffensive nature when compared to the object of the bedstead illustrated in Fig. 28. Most people are acquainted with the tales relative to travellers, and the risks they ran, in the old coaching days of this country. In isolated inns, men of the road were done to death by brutal landlords for the sake of the money and property which they carried. I have many details in my possession of the forms of secret panels and flooring, by means of which ingress was made to a man's apartment when desired. It was useless for the traveller to lock the door of the room. But the use of this bed entirely obviated the necessity for direct personal



FIG. 28. A SUFFOCATING BEDSTEAD.

contact with the wretched occupant who had sought rest and met conflict. Nothing whatever of a suspicious character revealed itself to the eye of the wayfarer, yet when the scoundrel who meditated crime had satisfied himself that the man slept, he would quickly lower an interior portion of the canopy of the bedstead, firmly imprisoning him in an air-tight cavity until suffocation ensued. Struggling and shouting would be useless under such circumstances, as the weight of the box would be tremendous.

Four ropes pass up through the floor of the room, and travel along shafts in the bedposts, serving to support the movable portion of the canopy, which, even if something wrong were suspected, one would have great difficulty in detecting to be so treacherously constructed. Of course, more than one pair

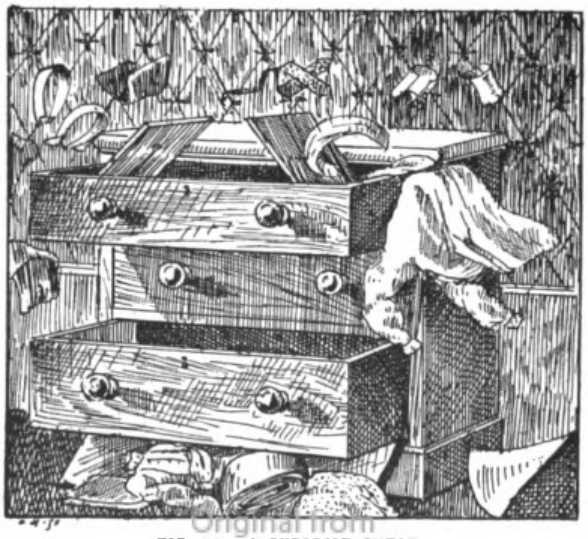


FIG. 29. A SURPRISE CHEST.

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of hands would be needed in order to lower this canopy, unless mechanical aid were called into requisition.

Another bedroom article, but, happily, one possessing far different capabilities than the foregoing formidable bedstead, is shown in Fig. 29. The bottoms of the drawers are devised in such a manner that upon certain occasions one of them will, by means of powerful springs fitted beneath it, effect the sudden upheaval of the contents of the drawer upon its being opened, whilst the bottom of another will, at some other time, follow a reverse course, and permit the linen to fall through.

As the details of this article are of a somewhat complicated character, and would prove but tedious reading, I will omit them; but the general construction of the drawers is made clear in Fig. 29.

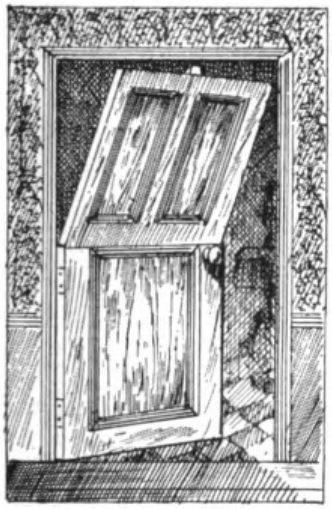


FIG. 30. A STRIKING DOOR.

A door, which might prove very useful if fitted in some of the rooms to which enterprising gentlemen of the burgling persuasion are sometimes tempted, is shown in Fig. 30. When shut, it resembles an ordinary door; but upon being opened it immediately surprises the visitor by letting its upper half fall heavily upon his unfortunate head.

The reason for the door acting in this forcible manner is explained by the fact that a small projection, or tongue, fits into a hollow in the framing surrounding the doorway when the door is shut, and is drawn from the space upon the door being opened, the direction in which the door is travelling materially aiding the downfall.

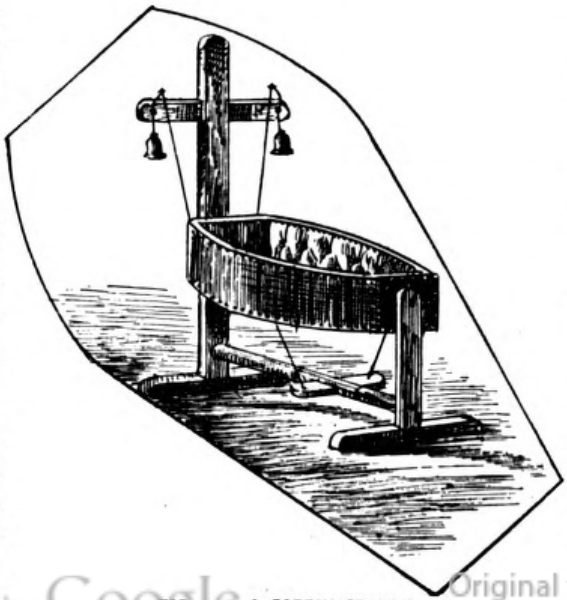


FIG. 32. A COFFIN CRADLE.

I have deemed it fitting to leave the two most gruesome articles of furniture I have encountered until the conclusion of my paper. Fig. 31 shows the purpose to which, I am assured, many worthy and not very sensitive people have devoted the awe-inspiring receptacle which is so familiar an object to the eyes of man. Really, I believe there are but few persons who would not shudder at the thought of eating or drinking food which had been contained in so depressing an article.



FIG. 31. A COFFIN CUPBOARD.

My last illustration will perhaps convey to the reader the most suggestive impressions. It is shown in Fig. 32. Here we have an article which brings both extremes of existence together—the symbol of *death* is used to rest the babe who has just begun *life*—birth and death are mentally associated upon contemplating this peculiar outcome of man's mind. Whether intended to impress the growing child with the nearness of death, and to demand a due reverence for the future state of man, or whether merely the result of a morbid desire to connect the mind continually with the undertaker, I cannot venture to say; although it must be admitted that the cross fixed at the head of this curious cradle substantiates the supposition that a religious idea prompted its construction. The bells, which tinkle upon occasions when the cradle is being rocked, seem to point to the wish on the parents' part to comfort the little darling of humanity destined to occupy this coffin-cradle.

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The Eagle's Crag.

By M. P. Shiel.

THE village of Arli is, I should think, quite the smallest community of human beings extant with a baker's shop and a *cabaret* in it. The primitive folk who inhabit it would strike you as more than merely old-fashioned —they are antique, prehistoric, suggesting "the old eternities."

They are amphibious too, like seals. Living high up on a spur of the Apennines, you would call them mountaineers, but they are fishermen as well—water-rats, if you like —and from their high eminence they can almost see the little sweep of dark grey sand on which they draw up their boats o' nights. All round the valley, which reaches down to the sea, hang tiny villages at dizzy heights on the bare crags. They look like nothing so much as nests. Till you go near them, the imagination refuses to see why they do not topple over all of a heap. A telescope would reveal to you the fact that everywhere there is a small square church tower; it is as if the eagles had set to work and built baby temples to the Infinite.

In Arli, wonderful to tell, there lived a great man, a rich man, and a wise. What if he could not read? He had seen the world, and all its wonders. The house he lived in had not peat or thatch on the roof like the houses of the rest of men, but real shingles that had come from Genoa, hard by. This was old Francesco Testi, bent down now with age, his long locks all white like the driven snow; but with eyes still wild and bright as ever. What fate was ever like this fate? He, like others, had started life as a goat-herd and deep-sea fisher, and see what he had grown to now, after fourscore years of living—rich and honoured, a king in Arli! Nothing is incomprehensible but the infinitely simple, and that was why these poor people never could understand how this miracle had been brought about for Francesco; and yet the whole secret lay in the fact that he had had the pluck and the invention to go off to Genoa to be a sailor, and had dared to cross the great sea in a great ship.



FRANCESCO TESTI.

It was darkly whispered that Signor Francesco had a thousand napoleoni, which people were keeping for him in a bank in some far-off city. And this all was to fall to Simonetta, his grand-daughter, when he died —to her, and the husband she should choose. Simonetta, mark you, was only seventeen, and many a time, as she wandered lonely in the chestnut woods, she felt hardly grateful for her thousand napoleoni. She was a beam of sunlight, and felt herself to some extent forbidden to shine, and glance, and dart. By a beam of sunlight, of course, I mean a flirt. She was the queen of the village, and was dying to be its plaything. The lads worshipped her, but at a distance that was dreadful to her.

Now, it happened that one fine day old Francesco took himself up and went away somewhither. It must have been to that same far-off city where all his wealth lay stored, for when he returned he had all his worldly goods about him in the shape of a pile of notes. Day by day the hunger to see them, to fondle them, had grown on him, till the longing became a greed, a lust. So he had gone, and on the very night of his return he showed them in his wicked glee to

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Simonetta before locking them up in a frail wooden cabinet; and Simonetta, in a flutter, went and told Marina, who fluttered for company, and so the flutter spread and spread, till the very crows in the trees caught the contagion, and croaked the great news in concert.

But on the morning of the third day after Francesco's return, the notes were gone—gone!—and every one of those brown faces turned to white, and a great hush fell on all that mountain-side.

From far and near they came, assembling in front of the shingled house, speaking little and in whispers. They waited long as the slow hours rolled round, hoping for a sight of the old man's scared face. All this time they relieved one another like sentinels. At last, at dusk, Simonetta came to the door, a woful sight, her eyes all red with weeping.

"My grandfather thanks you, good people, for your kind feeling," she said, and then broke down, sobbing straightaway. "He—would come — and thank you — himself, but——"

"Who stole the money, Simonetta; tell us that? What does Francesco think?" cried a voice.

"He—doesn't know—but it must be one of you."

A murmur, half of anger, rose from the crowd. They were honest folk, you see, and a theft like this had never been known among them.

"What about that Pippo?" shrieked a woman's voice.

Simonetta started and looked up. This was an idea that seemed to appeal to her quick woman's wit. But she shook her head after a moment, and said:—

"No, it is impossible. Grandfather saw Pippo at Milan, where he got the notes. Pippo is far from here."

There was a sharp exclamation of surprise at this point from a man in the crowd. It came from Nicolo, the boatman, the fruit-carrier to the Eagle's Crag. Every eye turned to him. Here, surely, would be light and insight, if anywhere. But Nicolo, who was not prone to speech, and shyer than a chamois kid, hung his head, and said nothing.

"It boots nothing to stand there making guesses," continued Simonetta. "It would be better if you all went home and tried to forget us. But, oh! I beg of you, whoever has stolen the money, for the Madonna's sake, to return it! Nothing will be said. You would not kill an old man?—and this has nearly killed him already. And besides, he bids me say to you all, that whoever—mark that—whoever brings back those pieces of paper shall—shall—have me for his—— You know what I would say, perhaps. I am a maiden, and would speak maidenly. And I would consent, too—indeed, indeed, I would—if only to save him from dying of his despair!"

She ceased her simple speech and closed the door, whereupon the crowd formed itself into a series of select committees to discuss the situation. For the present, only one of their number withdrew from the conclave of loosened tongues—it was Nicolo, the silent.

He descended the mountain-side for a while, then turned into a lonely piece of level land shut in by crags. The short grass was covered in places by patches of crisp snow, which had fallen only the evening before. All the time he kept his eye fixed on the ground, as if searching for something. That something he had seen there the previous night, and he now wanted to see it again. Fresh snow had fallen since, but it must have been very little, for he soon gave a grunt of satisfaction, and bent low down to examine his find: it was an enormous footprint in the snow.

Nicolo knew that there were only two feet in all Italy that could make such a track as that—the feet of Pippo, the hunchback. And yet Pippo was supposed to be far away in Milan!

Pippo, I must tell you, was a stranger in those parts. No true mountain-climber he, but a Roman from the flat lands of the Campagna. Some three years before he had suddenly appeared in the midst of these solitudes, and had settled down amongst them. No one knew who or what he was, save this: that he was a learned man, a chemist, a reader of books. It was clear, too, that he must be rich; and people whispered that he must be one of the *far niente* ones of the big outside world, who, for some crime, had come to this lonely, quiet place to hide securely from justice; for he did not labour like other men, but spent his time in awful bouts of drunken madness, or—during lucid intervals—in wandering over the mountains, and, in his monstrous, misshapen head, dreaming vain dreams of Simonetta.

At first she had only laughed at him, and witched him only the more with her laughter, till one day, meeting her alone in a wood, he seized on her like a falcon on a dove, and in wild words swore she should be his. Then did Simonetta all at once become a tragic queen. Her little nails were sharp, and she used them to tear

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steaks from Pippo's cheeks; her tongue was shrill and shrewish, and she used it in shrieking out invocations on all the saints. Between whiles she spat in his face—and so it lasted till Nicolo, stern of brow, suddenly appeared to rescue her. And all this was well known in the villages round.

But what no one knew save himself was a little romance—the only one he had ever had—which Nicolo had been for some time hiding and hugging in his own bosom. He was thirty years, if he was a day, and a swarthy, black-bearded man—lean, athletic; but there was tingling in his heart in these very days of the theft, all the visionary, rapturous, clandestine joy of a schoolboy's first love.



"HE SEIZED ON HER LIKE A FALCON."

It had come about in this way. One day, with the burning sun right overhead, Nicolo had sat him under a pine-tree far up the mountains; in the lassitude of the hour he had taken out a knife and carved his name, "Nicolo," on the trunk. A week later, when he came to that tree again, he stood face to face with a miracle. Someone had scraped out three words in the bark right beneath his name, and the words were: "I LOVE YOU."

Who was it had done this thing? Nicolo, without daring to whisper it to himself, believed in his heart of hearts, with that belief, perhaps, which is the offspring of one's wishes, that it was Simonetta. And he was a shrewd fellow to hit a nail on its head, too!

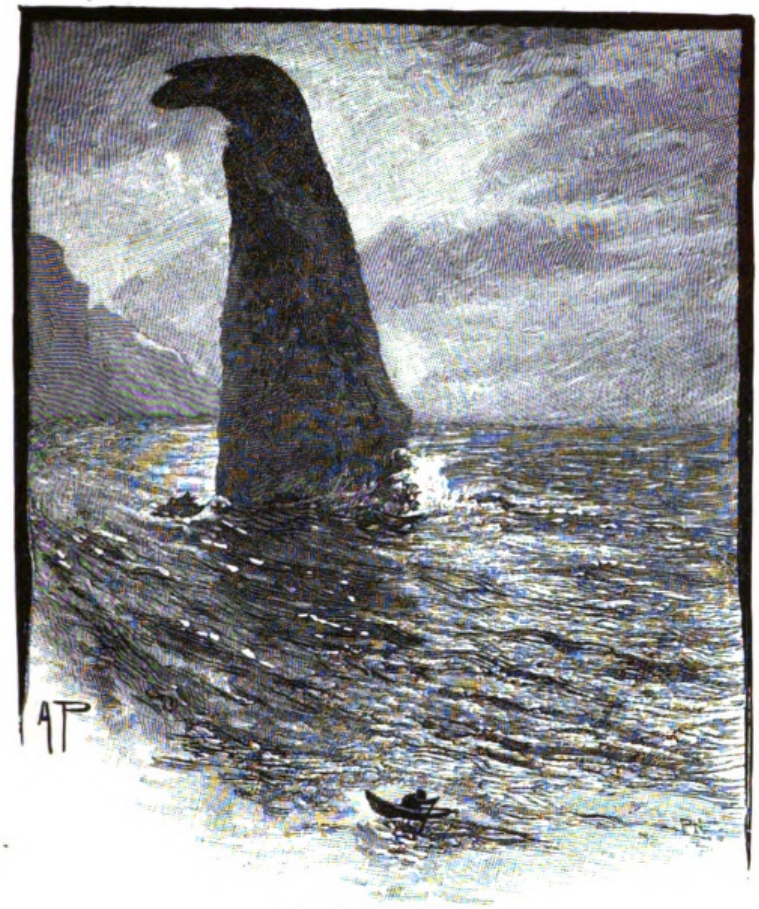
After finding the footprints in the snow, he continued his way listlessly down the mountain. He was no longer in doubt as to who had stolen Francesco's notes — the only question was, *where were they now?* The world is full of hiding-places, and Pippo, he knew, was considerably more cunning than the devil. He sat on a ledge of rock from which the sea was visible, letting his eye rest on a tiny speck far out on the water.

It was already dusk, but he had the vision of a sparrow-hawk, and presently this speck began to interest him. When it came nearer he could see that it was a small boat, and that it contained only one occupant; and that one, he soon decided, was no fisherman. He ran quickly down the path and concealed himself behind a clump of myrtles that grew near the shore. He could have laughed aloud for joy when he recognised the huge, doubled-up form of the hunchback as he jumped from the boat, and applied his great strength to draw it up. Surely Nicolo was in luck's way—he had discovered, and without an effort, the great secret. The notes were at the Eagle's Crag!

This rock stands some miles from the mainland. The old fishermen of Liguria and Etruria in the palmy days of the Roman Republic called it *Rupes Aquilina*, because of the curious configuration of the summit, which resembles an eagle's head and beak. And the old name still clings to it.

It rises in awful solitude sheer out of the sea to a height of near two thousand feet. It is shaped somewhat like one half of a cone slit down the middle—quite flat on one side, the other forming a convex surface. On the convex side, the south, not only is life possible, but a few poor men and

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"IT WAS A SMALL BOAT."

women actually exist there. This south side has a regular steep incline upward to the very summit, and a bold and skilful climber may even reach the top; but once there, the brain grows dizzy to look down, on the *north* side, on a smooth wall of rock, falling away from the feet, not perpendicularly, but with a marked *inward* slant. Those who have so climbed and looked down, by stretching far out over the flat eagle's beak, will tell you that it is a sight full of terror, making the heart sick. In all this wall of rock there is one break, and only one—a horizontal ledge, three feet broad, which runs right across it at a height of rather more than three-quarters of the rock's height from the bottom. Quite near the end of the beak on that side a few shrubs grow.

Before the sun rose on the morning following his lucky discovery, Nicolo was far out to sea. He had laboured all night furnishing his boat with a supply of "tasso" (dried strips of deer-meat), with water, fruit, a great hunk of goat's-milk cheese, fishing-tackle, and a pot-bellied bottle of gentian brandy. He had an idea that Pippo was too cunning to hide his treasure on the rock itself. What was simpler than to cram the notes in, say, a hollow ball of lead, and sink them away out in the deep? The sea is an excellent confidant, but it has this disadvantage, that you must mark the spot where your hidden object lies by some visible floating substance. It was for this substance that Nicolo went in search. In doing so, all his movements were regulated by the most scrupulous method. He never passed over the same spot twice. At night, the sea being at that season as smooth as a lake's surface, he hung two lanterns over his boat's side, making himself the centre of a little circle of light. In this way he spent two weeks, searching for miles round the Eagle's Crag. Then he decided definitely that he was on the wrong track.

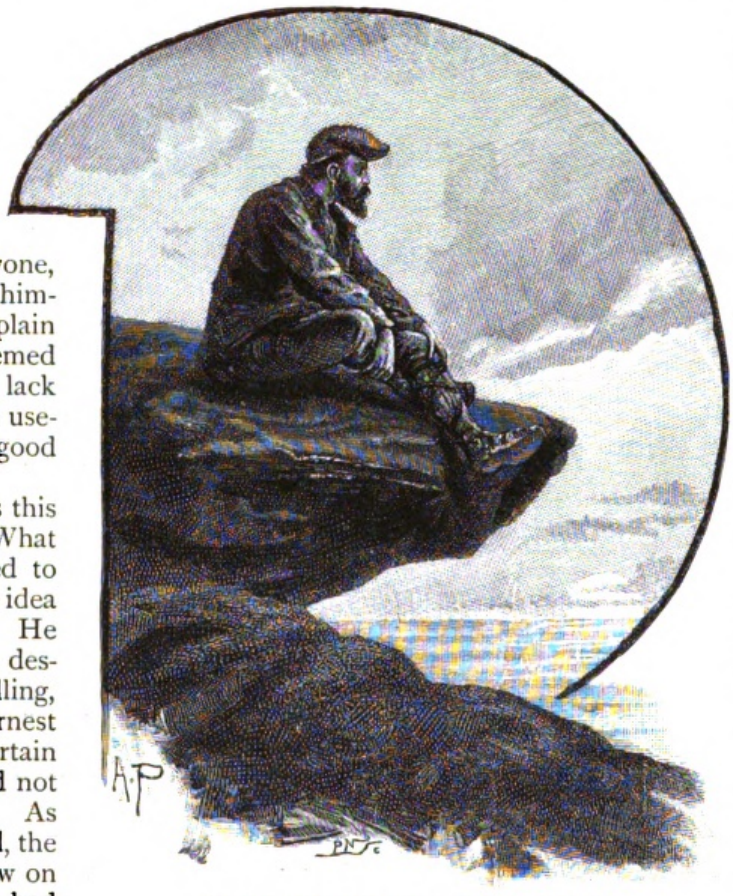
The next week or two he spent on the rock itself, examining every square inch of its only accessible side—the south. One of the men who lived there *remembered to have seen Pippo* coming down the side of the hill on a certain night. On calculating, he discovered that that was the very night after the notes were stolen—the night he had seen Pippo come to land in the boat. That evidence was conclusive, for with what other object could the hunchback have ascended the rock (which hardly anyone ever visited) but to hide his treasure? The notes were there, then, hidden somewhere near the summit. There was hardly any soft soil in which they could be buried, and that made his task easier, for he must look for them on the surface. With the most scientific precision, with the patience of Sisyphus, he scrutinized—to the wonder of the few natives, who could not imagine what Nicolo was searching for—every spot from base to vertex; but the weeks rolled round, and he found nothing.

At the end of this great search Nicolo was sitting one evening near the extremity of the eagle's beak just as the rim of the sun was dipping, away in the red west, into the sea. Vaguely he began to ply himself with the question—what next?—what next? Suddenly a pebble fell away from his feet, and following it, his eyes rested mechanically on the narrow ledge of the receding north side.

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He started as if slapped on the back by a hand. What if the notes were there?

But he soon dismissed the idea as improbable. If they were on that ledge, he argued, they must have been *flung* there, and would be past recovery by anyone, even by Pippo himself. Being a plain man, there seemed to him to be a lack of motive in so useless a waste of good money.



"HE WAS SITTING NEAR THE EXTREMITY."

Still, ever as this question of "What next?" recurred to him, so did the idea of the ledge. He was unwilling, desperately unwilling, after all his earnest quest, to entertain it, but it would not be shut out. As the days passed, the conviction grew on him that Pippo had wantonly thrown away the notes; and he began, too, to discover something like a motive for such an act. Despairing of Simonetta rich, Pippo had resolved to make her poor, and that—and not the love of gain—must have been his reason for stealing the notes; and so he had practically destroyed them. But, for some reason or other which Nicolo could not imagine, he had not thrown them into the sea, or torn them up, or burned them—for if so, *why had he climbed the rock?* And he had not hidden them on the south side; of that Nicolo's exhaustive search made him sure. There was only one alternative left: he had flung them on to the ledge—flung them in his fiendish malignity, in his fantastic cunning, where it would be impossible for any human being to regain them, unless—unless—the rock were scaled!

To *descend* was, of course, impossible; for anyone attempting this, even with the aid of a rope, would swing out into air from the far-projecting beak. But to scale it? One must be both a genius and a giant, and he must be agile and patient, as he was daring and muscular. Imagine an animal made up of the hippo, the goat, the eagle, and the ant, and possessing withal the intelligence and the inventiveness of a man.

The ledge was partly visible from the summit, but parts of it were hidden from view by patches of foliage. Nicolo passed hours in examining the parts he could see, leaning his body far over the edge; but though he could perceive nothing except a few pebbles, he abated no whit of the resolve he had formed to attempt the great feat. He passed several days in brooding over elaborate plans, carefully separating in his thoughts what was possible from what was not. Then late at night, when he knew all prying eyes were closed, he returned to the mainland, pulled up his boat, and started off on foot over the mountain passes to the nearest large town. He came back as secretly as he went, staggering under a heavy load. This consisted of his tools and a large stock of provisions.

When he reached the Eagle's Crag, he anchored his boat close under the steep north wall, mooring it in addition to a great spike which he drove into a crevice. There was no beach, and the water was deep. He rigged up a tarpaulin into a coffin-shaped tent in his boat: this was to be his sleeping-place. After that night, for four long months he never saw a human face or sign of human life, except a fishing-boat or two from the other side of the island.

He began by driving spikes into the rock, alternating these by holes which he chipped out for his feet. To the spikes he attached ropes. He was provided with means to sharpen his tools when they wore down, but

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the granitic mass he worked on was almost as hard as the metal he worked with. The splinters and the sparks flew into his face and blinded and cut him; sometimes as soon as he had driven in a spike, after half a day's labour, he found it loose in the hole it had made; then it was necessary to begin all over again, for it was from these that his life hung. Like Dante, his labour made him lean many days.

He depended in a great measure for his food on the fish he could catch, and this very often did not come up to his expectations. Once he hungered for three days together, and all this time it was necessary to quench his thirst with minute draughts of water, for his stock of this, too, showed signs of failure. To return for these things among men would be to delay his work and betray himself, and he would have died first. So long as he remained where he was he felt fairly secure from observation, for the three or four fishermen on the other side never came round to the dreadful north side, and believing it the haunt of the terrible storm-spirit, sighed at the very mention of it. To the great ships, of course, passing in the distance he was invisible; as, also, to the folk on the mainland, who, generally speaking, had little or no intercourse with those on the rock. Nicolo therefore, so long as he kept close, was as good as buried from the sight of man. Only God's eye perceived him.

After a time he found that he had miscalculated the length of rope he would require, and his supply of this began to fall short: he cut his tarred canvas tent into strips, and twisted them firmly together; thenceforward he slept with the starlight in his eyes, wet, like the old Babylonish king, with the dew of Heaven. But he prospered, if slowly, and every day found him at least a foot or two higher.

It was when he had nearly reached the middle point of his upward pilgrimage that, as he was striking one final blow before descending for the night, his great hammer slipped from his wearied fingers and fell into the sea. To work without it was impossible, and he knew that it had fallen into some eight fathoms of water. All that night and the next day he was dredging the bottom with his weighted net. The net seemed to gather to itself all the *débris* of ocean with which to taunt and jeer at him—all but his hammer. At last, with an angry exclamation, he stripped himself, and began to dive. Paler and paler showed the resolute face of the man under the grey moonlight every time he emerged to the surface. When at last he appeared, grasping the lost prize, two thin crimson streams were trickling from both his ears.

There was something sinful in his persistency—it was like hurling a challenge at the Invincible. In the cold days of winter the frost fixed and riveted his numbed limbs, like the limbs of some naked, crucified Prometheus, to the cruel rock. There came a morning when he awoke, shivering from his nightmare sleep, to see his ropes, the gunwale of his boat, and the face of the rock covered over with icicles. To climb at all now was deadly dangerous, but he made more than one attempt, only to slip back bruised and impotent to the bottom. During the week the hard frost lasted, Nicolo became that worst of all self-tormentors—a wild beast



"ONLY TO SLIP BACK BRUISED AND IMPOTENT."

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chained. But when it was over he began sullenly again, not even pausing to feel grateful.

His scanty garments were always wet, and soon hung in rags from him. The elements, wandering through the world in search of a plaything, saw him, and made him their target. The hail, the sun, the sirocco, the snow took turns in shying at him, in pinching and torturing him. Gradually his eye lost lustre, his ribs stood out, and a feverish palsy seized on him. He became the ruin of a man. And with all this, the spirit, too, that had borne him up began to droop. Genius, you see, has its limits. The very worst element of his malady was the terrible temptation that seized him in the last days of his toil, voluntarily—defiantly—to hurl his failing limbs into the deeps beneath him.

At last, one day when only a week's labour remained to be done, Nicolo, absorbed in his work, suddenly felt a shiver run through him. He glanced up; the sky was inky in its blackness; underneath, the sea was white with foam, and the breakers were whishing and thundering against the base of the rock. He looked for his boat, and he saw it—but miles away, a black dot on the seething waters. To swim after it in such a sea, in such a current, was a task too great for any man, and he was already very weak. He was a real Prometheus now—chained irrevocably to the rock he had set out to conquer.

He worked night and day, foodless, parched, sleepless, bowing his head before the relentless storm that tugged and tore at him, swinging him viciously from side to side, or battering him against the rock. Had he been a good man, a humble man, he would inevitably have failed; but a demon was in him—and on the morning of the third day he reached out his bony arm, drew himself on to the ledge, and with a deep gasp, fell prone on the object of all his effort, to die.

He lay there without sign of life all that day and another, the storm raging over him; but when it cleared, Nicolo stirred in his long sleep, and awoke to new hope and motion. After all, pain is only pain, and when it is past, seems bearable enough; and was it not for Simonetta—she who, he hoped, had written the sweet hieroglyph, "I love you"—that he had suffered so? And now at last—at last—he had triumphed, and had only to stretch out his hand to take the notes. He never for a moment doubted the correctness of his theory that they had been thrown there attached to some weight, and if so, it was clear they could not have rolled off, for the inside edge of the ledge was at a lower level than the outside.

He rose to his feet and walked backward and forward several times over the narrow platform. Merciful God! *But there were no notes there!* With his head fallen forward on his breast he sank down again on the rock, moaning piteously, for the first time giving way to utter despair.

Presently it struck him that he was dying of thirst, and he decided to descend, intending to swim round to the other side if his strength sufficed—he hoped that it would not. As he was about to step over the edge, a piece of metal at the very end of the ledge caught his eye. He wondered vaguely what it was doing there, and picked it up. It was a large, heavy nail.

To his surprise, two bits of thin white thread were tied around it. The first of these led up from the piece of metal along the side of the rock above him: he could not follow it far with his eye, but he concluded that it must be fastened to one of the shrubs at the summit. He tugged at it, and it snapped mid-way. Then he looked at the other thread. He was endlessly mystified to see it lead straight up, not along the side of the rock this time, but up into the air, away from the slanting edge of the rock, where this narrowed in to form the peaked summit—straight up and up—till he lost sight of it in the azure, as if, forsooth, this, and no other, were the slight connecting link that binds Heaven to earth. He pulled at it, and it yielded easily to his touch; he commenced to draw it in, as he used to draw in his fishing-line when a "bite" was on, hand over hand. The length seemed endless, but gradually a diminutive round object came into sight above his head. At this object the thread ended.

When the whole length had been thus taken in, Nicolo held in his hand a small balloon, a couple of feet in length, made of a double fold of gold-beater's skin, and filled with hydrogen gas. He tore it open; the notes were within it. With these firmly grasped in his right hand, with both his arms stretched out to Heaven, he dropped sobbing on his knees, uttering agonized thanks to God.

And at that moment his uplifted eyes met a face peering at him over the summit of the rock; far off as it was, he recognised it as the face of Pippo. He guessed at once that Pippo had missed him from the mainland, and, his suspicions being aroused, had come to see how the notes were faring.

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In the next moment a pistol shot entered Nicolo's back, and, turning over and over in one horrid, stupendous somersault, he fell into the abyss below.

Before Nicolo struck the sea he was suffocated, but he was not dead. By the strange providence of Heaven, the eye of a bewildered fisherman, being caught from afar by the flash of a white form in human likeness tumbling down the face of the Eagle's Crag, the man rowed up to him and saved him. The wet notes were still in his hand. He was taken to the other side and coaxed back to life by the old fisherwives, who possess a skill all their own, both in surgery and medicine. One fine day, after some weeks, he stole out of his hut when his old nurse's back was turned: it was his first new attempt at walking. On missing him she hurried after him in alarm, and discovered him at the water's edge eagerly looking towards the coast. Nicolo was humming the air of a gay Highland madrigal.



"HE FELL INTO THE ABYSS BELOW."

All the birds were singing and shouting on the bright morning that he returned to the mainland, and began to climb the mountains; as for him, his heart was a whole nest of larks.

At a turn of the path he met a woman coming down with a basket of oranges on her head; she glanced curiously at him, and said, as she passed him:—

"Walk fast, Nicolo—or you will be late to see the wedding."

A few yards farther up a boy, tending a herd of goats, called merrily out to him:—

"Walk fast, Nicolo—or you will miss the wedding. Signor Pippo, you know, is to be married this morning. Poor Simonetta! It is old Francesco's doing, all of it. It was Pippo found his notes, you see, and the old man had sworn that whoever found them should——"

Nicolo answered nothing. He did not even mend his pace; but he looked upwards into the pale sky, as if appealing *there* for justice.

The little church at Arli was crowded that morning. The priest at the altar looked glum, as though conscious that he was helping forward the action of a tragedy. He had already begun, when a strange figure in ragged clothes, with long hair and wild eyes, walked unsteadily up the aisle. So long had he disappeared that many believed him dead, and his coming back was like the uprising of a ghost in their midst. Every eye in the building turned on him in amazement. With bent head he moved slowly up to the altar and stood by the side of the sad-faced bride.

"Do you take this woman for your wife?" asked the priest, ignoring the new presence.

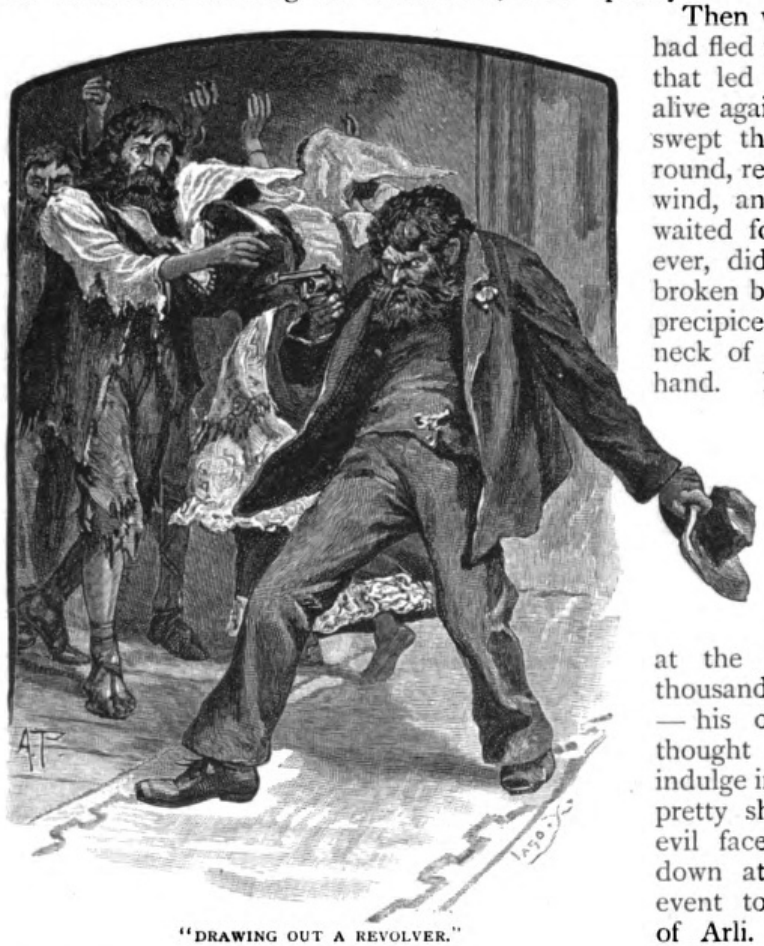
"I do," replied Pippo, defiantly.

"I do," repeated Nicolo, humbly.

This was an embarrassment of riches. Clearly, something must be done, and the *padre* at once referred the question of conjugal rights to Simonetta's better judgment. Before she could answer, Nicolo, with masterly diplomacy, had whipped out the notes from his pocket, and held them up before the crowd; a word or two sufficed to show that the notes Pippo pretended to have found must have been his own, and not *the* notes at all. With this explanation, popular sentiment turned wildly in Nicolo's favour. Dark, honest faces all round the central figures began to glow sullenly with vindictive rage

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at the deed that had been done in their midst, and a vague threatening rumble began to make itself heard. In one hand Francesco grasped a sailor's bowie-knife, while with the other he pressed that of Nicolo. The dainty little bride, pale and trembling, glanced thankfully up at her deliverer. Meantime, the ominous murmur had swelled into a howl of indignation; the hot blood of the peasants was lashing itself into a fury, and several of the wildest of the lads had already risen from their seats and huddled nearer to the altar. Suddenly a loud voice cried out, "Seize the thief!" followed by a rush that would certainly have borne down Pippo, had he not quickly retreated backward, at the same time drawing out a revolver, and



"DRAWING OUT A REVOLVER."

pointing it at his aggressors. His face was livid, and had in it a something that warned the boldest to beware. At the sight of the cold barrel there was a slight hesitation among the peasants, and Pippo, taking quick advantage of it, turned on his heels and made a dash for an open door. As he did so, one of the men ran rapidly up to him, and by a deft movement snatched the weapon from his hand, but before it could be used against him, Pippo had disappeared through the door, which he slammed behind him.

The keeper of the little *osteria* of Arli told afterwards how, all ghastly and panting, he had then rushed into her shop, shrieking "Brandy, brandy!" She had handed him a bottle, which he half drained before her eyes. "They have my pistol," he exclaimed, "but let them beware of sudden death when Pippo returns with arms. Tell them I go where they may be had in plenty!"

Then with the bottle under his arm he had fled from the shop, taking the road that led to Genoa. He was never seen alive again. All that night a black storm swept the hills, but in many a village round, resolute men, defying thunder and wind, and armed with deadly weapons, waited for his appearing. Pippo, however, did not come. A week later his broken body was found at the foot of a precipice far up the mountains, with the neck of his bottle still grasped in his hand. It was never certain whether he died a suicide's or a drunkard's death, or, as legal people say, "by the act of God."

Old Francesco, with a certain rough sense of the fitness of things, was for having Nicolo married to Simonetta at the Eagle's Crag. He had two thousand napoleoni now instead of one — his own and rich Pippo's — and thought perhaps he could afford to indulge in whims. But Simonetta, with a pretty shudder, said she would see the evil face of Pippo grinning spitefully down at them from the top. So the event took place in the little church of Arli. For many a long year after, it was noticed that Nicolo never went near that stupendous Strength from which, by much wrestling, he had drawn Sweetness; and even when by chance he cast a glance at the great rock, he was observed to sigh an "Ave," and devoutly and humbly to cross himself.

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The Likenesses of Shakespeare.

By Alexander Cargill.

APART from the glorious body of writings that bear his name, how very little does the world possess to-day that belonged to Shakespeare. How little is known with certainty regarding his personal history and appearance that can enable us adequately to judge as to what manner of man he was in the flesh—as he lived, moved, and had his being in this work-a-day world some three centuries ago! Many lives of Shakespeare have, it is true, been written with more or less elaboration and ingenuity, yet the really credible facts of his career may amply enough be summarized in a few paragraphs.

What, then, as to his image or likeness? Even of that treasure of the Homer of England—

The maker of our stately English speech—

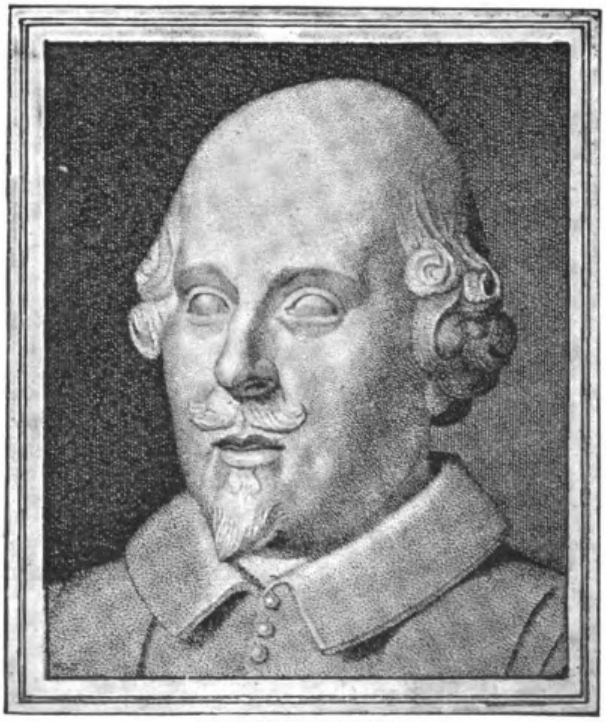
the world has *almost* been denied a copy in which implicit trust may be placed. Would it not, perhaps, have been more in keeping with Shakespeare's transcendent genius, as well as with the mystery that envelops so much of his life, had there never been a single copy left behind him of what, *at best*, only purports to be his likeness?

Be that as it may, there are not a few copies extant that at least exhibit *something* of his likeness in the flesh, and in spite of certain flaws and imperfections attached to most of these copies, they must form a subject of unique interest to all the great poet's admirers—a countless host in almost every country in the civilized world. By far the most important example of these is, of course,

The Bust of Shakespeare

in the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. With this likeness generations of pilgrims to that classic shrine have been familiar, ever delighted to gaze upon the marble image with profound admiration. The features of the poet as therein expressed are probably better known than those of any other great Englishman who lived before or after Shakespeare's time—for do they not represent in some fair measure the lineaments of one whose works are the heritage not of a sect, or party, or nation, but of mankind?

It is believed that when Shakespeare died, on the 25th April, 1616, exactly fifty-two years of age, a cast of his features was taken—by whom is not known, though the name of the sculptor of the bust, Gerrard or Gerald Johnson, a Hollander, has been suggested. Johnson has been credited with having done his part of the work well, since, before its erection in the chancel of the church, the bust was probably approved by Shakespeare's relations as a good likeness, and deemed worthy of its conspicuous position and of the man it represented. As is well known to all who have seen the bust, its prominent characteristic is the calm serenity and stately gentleness of the expression of the features; an expression that fairly well satisfies the popular ideal of England's most glorious poet.



THE STRATFORD BUST.

Since its erection in the chancel—some time between 1616 and 1623—the bust has experienced not a few vicissitudes. Originally coloured over to resemble life, a custom of the period, the bust was never once restored or touched up in any way till 1748—a century and a quarter afterwards—when its condition after such a lapse of time can be readily imagined. In the latter

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year, however, at the instance of an ancestor of the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, it received careful and loving attention; the old colours were fetched forth anew, and the monumental setting was improved and made worthy of the poet. The necessary expenses of this work were, it is interesting to note, defrayed out of the profits of a representation of the play of "Othello" by a company of actors "strolling" by Stratford-on-Avon at the time.

About fifty years after, Mr. Malone, well known in his day as an enthusiastic admirer and commentator of Shakespeare, bethought him that the bust required further renewing, and took it upon himself to "cover it over with one or more coats of white paint, thus," in the opinion of those who witnessed the sacrilegious act, "at once destroying its original character and greatly injuring the expression of the face." For this unfortunate display of hero-worship, Malone was severely censured, and there is at least one record extant that expresses in a measure the feeling of annoyance his action created at the time. In the old visitors' album at the Church of Holy Trinity, the following lines were inscribed as a protest against Malone's offence:—



THE DROESHOUT PRINT.

Stranger! to whom this monument is shewn,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste betrays,
And daubs his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays!

The bust remained for many years in the condition in which Malone had left it. Eventually, however, it was restored once more. Malone's daub was completely obliterated, and the original colouring, as "improved" in the year 1748, as far as possible renewed. In that satisfactory condition the bust has, with careful tending, remained ever since, though it has been occasionally touched up to preserve the glorious features of the "carved marble" as they deserve to be, and doubtlessly will be, preserved in all time to come.

The inscriptions on the mural tablet below the bust must, of course, ever claim regard for their references to the death of Shakespeare, but they are quite overshadowed in importance by the well-known inscription engraved on the stone slab that covers the tomb, since tradition has it that the lines were the composition of the poet himself, and penned, very probably, when on his death-bed. They read as follows:—

Good frend for Iesys sake forbeare
To digg the dyst encloased here.
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

THE DROESHOUT PRINT.

In point of intrinsic worth and literary interest, the Droeshout print of Shakespeare—an engraving of his likeness given to the world for the first time along with the original edition of his collected works in 1623—ranks next to the Stratford bust. Some authorities place what is known as the Chandos portrait of the poet before the Droeshout print; while, again, others value the print even before the bust. But there are one or two good reasons why, in this particular instance, the work of the engraver should have prior claim to regard to that of the painter.

In the first place, the Droeshout print was executed by a skilful artist whose profession it was to "draw from the life"; whereas the Chandos portrait is only supposed to have been painted by one or other of two (or perhaps of three) men whose calling was that of the player.

The Droeshout print bears, in the second place, the special *imprimatur* of Shakespeare's ever-glorious associate, Ben Jonson; and not only his, but it also has the indorsement of the poet's intimate friends and "fellowes," Heminge and Condell, who were remembered in his last will and testament.

In the third place, there is the very suggestive fact that between the Stratford bust and

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the Droeshout print there are certain striking correspondences, not so observable between the bust and the Chandos portrait, that have led the best authorities to infer that the sculptor of the bust in all probability had the print before him while executing the details of his work, though modelling mainly from the mask taken after the poet's death. If that inference be correct, it again further infers that the Droeshout print had received the approval of the poet's relatives, and also that Heminge and Condell obtained their sanction before affixing it side by side with Ben Jonson's dedicatory lines in the forefront of the famous first folio referred to. These lines declare as follows :—

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doe the life :
O, could he but have drawne the wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse ;
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

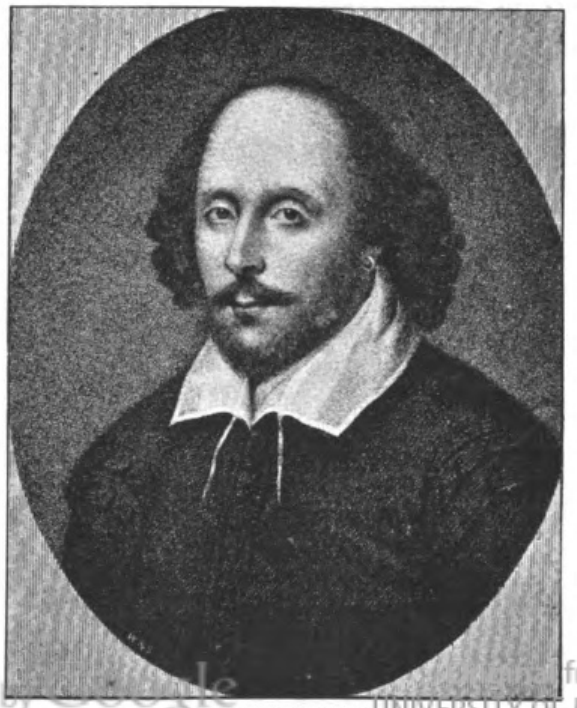
In this work of Martin Droeshout there is nothing, beyond what the print itself bears, to tell of the circumstances in which it was originally executed. Assuming that other portraits of the poet were, in addition to this one, taken during his lifetime, the Droeshout print was doubtlessly one of the earliest copies. Its date, however, is unknown. Judging from the appearance of the face generally, and comparing that with his other likenesses, Shakespeare had not, it is pretty certain, attained his fortieth year when, with this portrait,

. . . . . the graver had a strife
With Nature !

THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

Of the countless editions of the works of Shakespeare that show a frontispiece likeness of the poet, it is a singular fact that by far the greater number favour the Chandos portrait. The face and features of Shakespeare as "imaged" in that portrait are those with which his readers are probably most familiar. It is not easy to account for this, since the portrait is certainly not the first in point of genuineness, whatever may be its degree of artistic merit. Possibly it satisfies more fully the popular ideal of the likeness of a great creative poet than does the bust or print just referred to. Be that as it may, the Chandos portrait, for various reasons, more than justifies its being kept in the custody of the nation as a very rare and valuable relic of its greatest dramatist. Its history is, briefly, as follows :—

According to the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, where the relic is now safeguarded : "The Chandos portrait was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbadge, it was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father of Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham." Hence the name of the portrait, and such, in substance, is all that is known with certainty regarding its history.

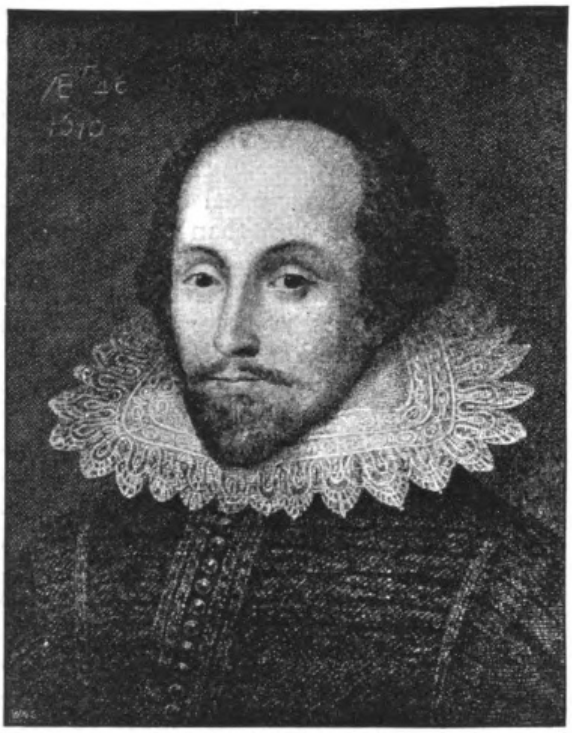


THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.

It is a remarkable circumstance that not a few of the best-known likenesses of Shakespeare should have been executed by others than his own countrymen. As its name would seem to imply, the "Jansen" portrait was also the production of a foreigner. There are others, also, of the Shakespearean likenesses yet to be considered that owe their origin very largely to the skill of devout admirers of the poet who were not in any way of his national kith or kin. In the "Jansen" portrait, so called from the name of the painter, Cornelius Jansen, it is quite

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THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.

possible that we have a picture of Shakespeare that shows him as he appeared about his forty-sixth year, and when fast approaching, if not already arrived at, the summit of his physical and intellectual strength and glory. It is also possible that the likeness was painted as a memento or token of that friendship and regard which were entertained for the poet by the Earl of Southampton almost from the outset of Shakespeare's career.

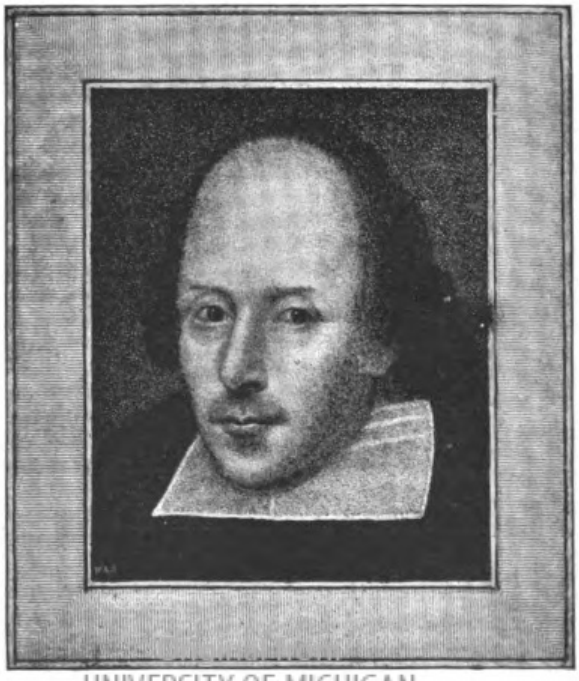
The Felton Head.

Apart from the question of authenticity, it is safe to say that the likeness of Shakespeare known under the name of the Felton head is one that will probably fascinate, more than any other portrait, the great majority of the poet's admirers. It will, however, speak for itself as to this. But for a somewhat severe and sad, if not dissatisfied, look that seems to haunt the eyes, the portrait takes rank, in at least its excellence of ideality, with any other example. Allowing for some exaggeration in the height of the forehead, a defect which has led some experts to infer that the Felton portrait was in existence even before the Droeshout print, and that, indeed, it served as the model for the engraver, it is assuredly a splendid portrait of Shakespeare, and speaks eloquently of the painter's lofty conception of the poet's features. Its history is curious, if for nothing more than the fact that the name, "Guil Shakespear," and the date, "1597," together with the initials, "R. B.," traced on the reverse side of the picture, indicate the likeness to have been, as some authorities believe, the handiwork of Richard Burbadge, the player, who is thus for the second time identified with his great contemporary in this interesting connection.

The "Becker" Mask.

In the year 1849 there was discovered at Mayence what bore to be a genuine though gruesome relic of Shakespeare, and claimed to be set almost side by side in value and interest with the Stratford bust itself. This relic was declared to be nothing less than the mask of the face and features of the poet taken after his death in April, 1616. As nothing was ever known as to what befell the mask after Gerard Johnson had manipulated it in the preparation of the bust—assuming it had been in his hands for that purpose—the finding of such an extraordinary relic created widespread interest, not only throughout England and Europe, but in America, where also there were those who were ready to believe in its story with sincere trust.

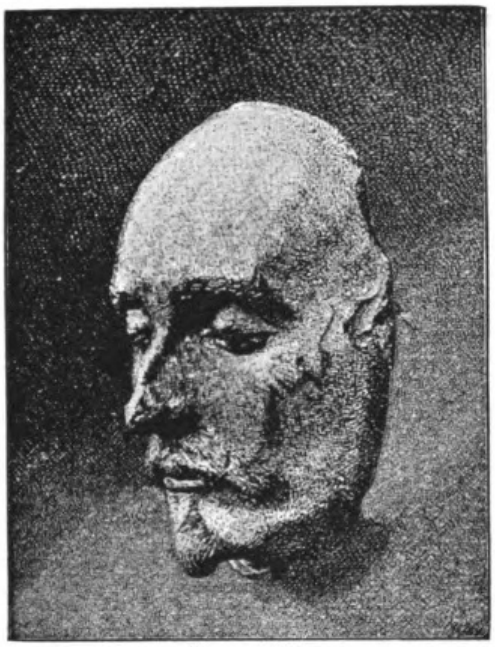
The resurrection of the veritable death-mask of the immortal author of "Hamlet" not unnaturally suggests, as it no doubt suggested at the time, a famous scene in the last act of that famous tragedy. Nevertheless, its discovery was hailed with enthusiasm, and what purported to be an undoubted clue



THE FELTON HEAD.

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to a mystery more than two centuries old was taken up at once and followed with rare persistence by those who declared they held, in the possession of the mask, the only key to its solution.



THE "BECKER" MASK.

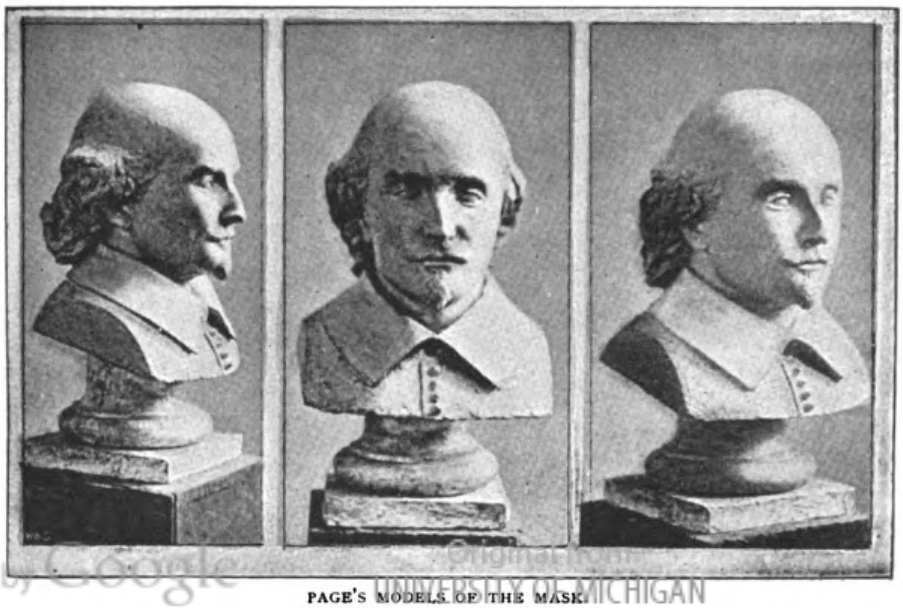
The gentleman into whose possession this curiosity came was named Ludwig Becker, who, writing in 1850, gave so entertaining an account of it as to induce Mr. Page, a well-known artist of New York, to visit Germany and there examine this famous relic for himself. After a prolonged scrutiny of the mask, Mr. Page declared his firm belief in its *bona fides*, and thereupon made from it a very interesting set of models of the features of Shakespeare, which, at the time, attracted great attention. An excellent account of the history of the mask was also written by Mr. Page for *Scribner's Magazine* of May, 1876. The relic itself was brought to London for exhibition, where it secured many admirers and willing believers, and it is actually recorded that some were so affected by the sight that they burst into tears!

THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

Like the "Becker" mask, the Stratford portrait of Shakespeare, so-called from its having been discovered (in 1860) in that town, is quite a modern "find." Whether the portrait had its original home in London or elsewhere is unknown; but, like the "Becker" mask, it, too, was taken to the Metropolis for public exhibition. Many opinions were pronounced in favour of its genuineness, while many more unhesitatingly discredited it. At the time of its exhibition a newspaper warfare was waged over the question with results that, on the whole, were unfavourable to the pretensions of the portrait.

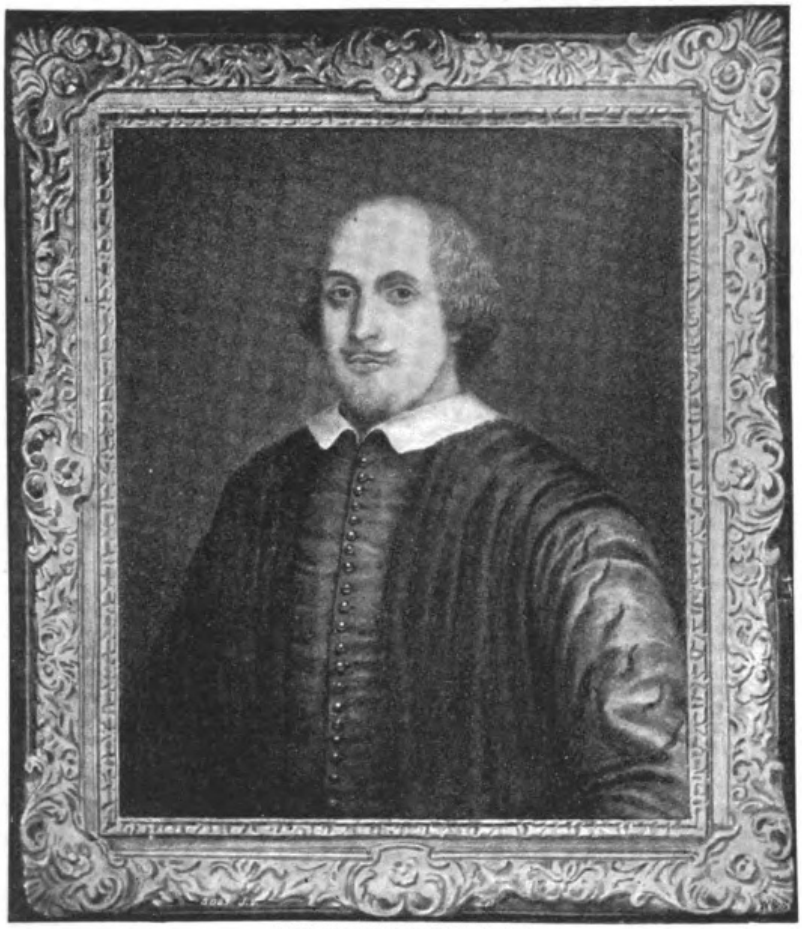
In this likeness Shakespeare appears as if in the very flush and heyday of his early manhood and strength. A robust, almost bucolic, massiveness and compactness is, perhaps, the prominent physical trait. A calm, dignified repose fills the full, winsome eyes, and at the same time gently compresses the eloquent lips. The forehead is ample: somewhat less lofty than in the bust, much less so than in almost any other portrait, but still a fine, full brow that could only have been that of a highly gifted man. Like so much else connected with Shakespeare, the history of this portrait—when, and by whom, and for whom painted—is enveloped in obscurity.

Some authorities believe it to have been the work of a local amateur, who either painted it to satisfy his own or another's ideal. Some even incline to the view that it was made to order, to do duty as a common tavern-sign! If so, then it is surely one of the best examples of the kind ever executed. After



PAGE'S MODELS OF THE MASK.

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THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

having been exhibited in London, the picture was taken back to Stratford, where it has ever since found a place of honour and safety in the house in Henley Street where Shakespeare was born.

THE HILLIARD AND AURIOL MINIATURES.

The former is by far the more interesting and meritorious. When its pretensions to genuineness were put forward early in the present century, the Hilliard miniature belonged to Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., who, in a letter to a friend giving an account of it, alleged that it had been discovered in a bureau which belonged to his mother, who had inherited it from her father, Lord Somerville, and thus traced its history back to the days when the poet lived in retirement at Stratford.



THE HILLIARD MINIATURE.

The Auriol miniature is certainly more pretentious than the other, though greatly inferior as a work of art or even as a likeness of the poet. It was claimed for it that it at one time belonged to the Southampton family, but there is no evidence of this. It bears to have been painted when Shakespeare was in his thirty-third year, and it is recorded that "to the bottom of the frame of the miniature was appended a pearl, intended to infer that the original was a *pearl of men!*"

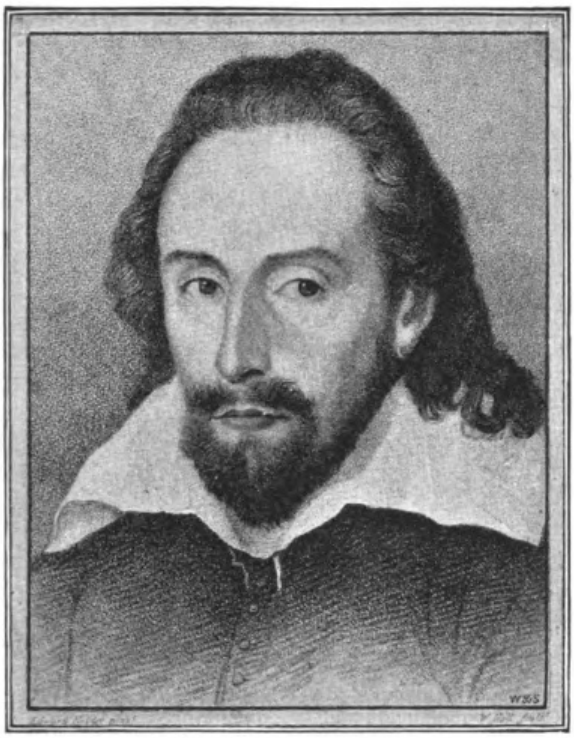
THE DUNFORD LIKENESS.

If the likeness known as the Dunford portrait has the slightest resemblance in any particular to Shakespeare, that individual is exceptionally gifted who can trace the same. When its claims were put forward for the first time in 1815, Mr. Dunford, the owner, assured the public that he "saw in the portrait a likeness to the Droeshout print." Mr. Wivill, the well-known expert, compared them carefully and was afraid the resemblance was of the kind discovered by Fluellan between Macedon and Monmouth! When the portrait was exhibited shortly after its discovery in the year mentioned, it is recorded that "of not more than 6,000 who went to see it, 3,000 declared their belief in its originality." Even an authority like Sir Thomas Lawrance voted in its favour. Moreover, it was twice engraved by Turner in



THE AURIOL MINIATURE.

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THE DUNFORD LIKENESS.

mezzotinto, so sincerely did many persons believe in it as a true likeness of Shakespeare. Eventually, however, it lost credit, and is now only remembered as an instance of that strange trait in the character of the British public, viz., its easy gullibility in matters appertaining to Shakespeare.

Zoust's Portrait.

An excellent likeness of the poet, which strikingly recalls the Chandos portrait, is



THE STACE PICTURE.



ZOUST'S PORTRAIT.

one that was alleged to have been painted by Soest, or Zoust. As that artist was not born till 1635, when Shakespeare had been dead for nineteen years, his example must have been from a copy—probably that in the possession of Sir William Davenant, afterwards known as the Chandos portrait.

The Stace Picture.

What is known as Stace's picture of Shakespeare is reminiscent, like that by Zoust, of the Chandos likeness, in so far as the arrangement of the figure and dress and the expression of the features are in some points not unlike. The history of this picture is peculiar in that it has had an unusual spirituous aroma about it. Discovered early in the present century in a public-house, "The Three Pigeons," Shoreditch, where it hung for more than forty years, its glory "all unbeknown," it was sold by auction at another public-house, "The Old Green

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GILLILAND'S PORTRAIT.

Dragon," Wilson Street, Moorfields. Its ultimate destination, however, was "far otherwise," if it really was the case that "its purchaser, having formed such an attachment to the portrait, secured it by lock and chain in a costly case to be buried with him at his decease!"

GILLILAND'S PORTRAIT.

If this picture has any merit at all it is in its bald antiquity. In this curious likeness of Shakespeare, which was discovered about seventy years ago, there is at least a guid auld grey-bairdie bit o' a man, as we say in Scotland: nothing more. The purchaser, Thomas Gilliland, writing in 1827, declared it was his impression that the portrait was painted about the time of Shakespeare, "either by an artist who had seen him, or who copied a genuine portrait of the poet *now lost*, as this likeness differs from all the portraits published or known." What an interesting gallery the lost portraits of Shakespeare would make, to be sure!



THE PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO.

THE ZINCKE LIKENESS.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and this of them," is the not inappropriate foot-note which the engraver printed on his



THE ZINCKE LIKENESS.

copy of the likeness of Shakespeare known by the above name. Here again, for the third time, is Richard Burbadge, the actor, associated with what pretends to be a portrait of his friend; while, for the second time, in like manner, the name of Ben Jonson is connected with it. Of course the picture is only a fabrication, "concocted" about 1820 by the artist whose name it bears.

THE PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO.

Those who are familiar with the portrait of Shelley will not fail to note the very striking resemblance between it and the above example. But it, too, has small claims to be regarded as authentic.

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"READING A PLAY"*

BY MARY·E· TENNYSON

IT was cold and dull enough, outside, on that wintry February morning, but in Humphrey Warden's handsomely furnished breakfast-room all was comfort and cosiness, and the heart of George Clinton, the ambitious young dramatic author, grew a trifle braver as he entered the pleasant apartment in the wake of the trim parlour-maid. A glance at the round table, however, with its steaming coffee-pot, and still covered silver dishes, which reflected the flames of the fire in the most cheery fashion, speedily reduced him to his former condition of pitiable nervousness.

"I am afraid," he stammered, indicating the well-spread breakfast-table; "I am afraid there must be some mistake. I am not a friend of Mr. Warden's: I have called on a matter of business."

"Oh, yes, sir, it's quite right," the maid replied, brightly; "master said I was to show you into the breakfast-room, if you came before he was down. I was to ask you to take a comfortable chair, and to give you the paper."

But George Clinton did not attempt to study the news of the day. Seating himself, he leant back in the luxurious chair and looked around him.

"It's the house of a gentleman and an artist," he muttered, remarking the etchings on the walls, and a picture covered with a curtain on an easel. "Well, it's a comfort to have to do with a cultivated man; they are always more inclined to make allowances. I am glad, after all, I accepted Moore's offer of a personal introduction to Humphrey Warden. It certainly is heart-breaking work sending in plays to managers. You may wait six months, and then they are returned without having been opened, apparently. In this case I must know my fate, one way or the other, within an hour. It's awfully nervous work, though," he continued, dabbing his forehead. "I'm sick with anxiety. If Warden will only take the little piece, I am certain it would catch on, he is so tremendously popular; and then my fortune would be as good as made, for I know my long plays are better than this—I am sure they are—and yet nobody will even look at them. By Jove! my mouth's getting dry; I hope I shan't stammer! Oh, Lord, here he comes! Confound it! what a fool I am!"

But when Clinton's eyes fell upon Humphrey Warden, the successful actor, and the manager of the most popular comedy house in London, his fears grew quieter. A less alarming, more genial-looking man, in fact, it would be impossible to imagine. Humphrey Warden was diminutive in stature, but he was thoroughly well set-up, and dressed to perfection; his prematurely white hair contrasted pleasantly with his fresh complexion and bright blue eyes, and altogether there was an air of vigour, and yet of homely refinement about him which comforted Clinton strangely, and he felt almost emo-

* The author reserves the right of dramatizing this story.

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tional when the little gentleman advanced towards him with outstretched hand, saying, in brisk, cheery tones:—

"Good morning, Mr. Clinton! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. It's not like me to do that: I pride myself upon being the most



"GOOD MORNING, MR. CLINTON!"

punctual man in town. Here, let me take that newspaper and parcel, and then we can shake hands. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of any friend of Moore's. Ah! this is the little play, I see. Well, let us set to work at once. I daresay you are anxious to get it over."

"Why, yes, I confess I am," Clinton answered, with a grateful but sickly smile. "I should consider myself very lucky if I succeeded in pleasing you, sir, for I think if I could once get a hearing, I might do some good work."

"Of course, my dear fellow, why not? Everybody must have a beginning. Now, then, where would you like to sit—back to the fire, or not? I can easily alter the arrangement of the table."

"Oh, pray, don't," Clinton cried. "It doesn't matter a bit, really."

"Ah, but it does," Humphrey Warden persisted, kindly, fussing round the table with much energy. "I want you to be perfectly comfortable, Clinton. Now, what do you say to this place? All right? Very well, then, put your MS. here. Now seat yourself and fire away—unless, by the way, you'll join me at breakfast?"

"No, indeed, thank you; I have breakfasted," the young author replied, faintly, opening his manuscript and clearing his throat.

"I'm sorry for that," Warden responded, brightly; "but perhaps we haven't too much time as it is. You won't mind my eating while you read, I'm sure?"

"Not at all; I should like it," Clinton replied, quickly. "I should feel less nervous."

"That's all right, then," the other said, with a smile. "I shall not interrupt you—I feed very quietly. The other two places that you see set are for my daughter and my secretary, Henry Browne. They are used to hearing plays read, you needn't mind them. Browne's gone round to the theatre for the morning letters, and she's not down yet—was out late last night. My daughter, Mrs. Somerset, is my housekeeper, you understand; she's quite a girl, only twenty-two; but she's been a widow for nearly four years. She was married when she was seventeen, and was a mother on her eighteenth birthday. Now then, let us start."

Again Clinton cleared his throat, and with his heart thumping painfully, straightened his back.

"By-the-bye," the manager remarked, "how long will the play read?"

"Oh, less than half an hour," Clinton answered, moistening his parched lips.

"Good!" Warden ejaculated, briskly. "I put an hour aside for you. You can have no idea, my dear fellow, how I have to plan out my days. First there's this, and then there's that, and then there's the other. Somebody comes for an engagement, for instance—never a day passes without that; and I am not surprised; for, I say it without conceit, there's no theatre managed like mine in London.

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I take a personal interest in all my people, and, no matter how busy I am, can always find time to listen to their hopes and fears."

"That's very good of you," Clinton murmured, smoothing out his manuscript.

Warden pushed back his plate and, rising, walked to the fire-place, jingling his loose money merrily in his pockets.

"I like to encourage young talent," he said, with much earnestness; "but, unfortunately, as a rule the most ridiculously absurd people that ever you saw are those who wish to adopt the stage as a profession. Now, Clinton, what do you imagine to be the qualifications that are necessary before a man or woman can hope for success on the stage?" Clinton hesitated and fingered his manuscript anxiously. "You can't give an opinion, eh? Well, I'll tell you, and you may be sure I know what I'm talking about."

Drawing a deep breath, the little man folded his arms across his breast, and straightening his figure, with his eyes sparkling with animation, proceeded in full, round tones:—

"You want, in the first place, good appearance; in the second, good voice; in the third, marked intellectual powers; in the fourth, grand facial expression, an eye which indicates a mind of no common order—an eye wherein the soul of the man is reflected; a figure of dignity — not necessarily tall, mind you—and a general air of capability and superiority. I say it without conceit, but you may take my word for it, all these things are absolutely necessary to success."

Crimson in the face, Clinton made a desperate effort.

"I am afraid I made a slight mistake," he faltered; "I fancy now that my play will read a trifle over half an hour."

"Well, we've allowed a good margin," Warden responded, cheerily, reseating himself. "I always allow a good margin in these cases, because there are certain to be plenty of small details to consult over. I'm considered a capital adviser on these subjects. I've got the bump of construction very strongly developed in my cranium; my head's a most remarkable shape — in fact, the imaginative faculties are simply abnormally developed; and I'm sure any assistance I can give you with regard to your little play, I shall be most——"

"You'll tell me the truth, sir, I hope," Clinton interrupted; "you won't try to spare my feelings. I want your genuine opinion."

"And you shall have it, my dear boy," the other replied, warmly. "If I don't like your piece, I'll tell you so candidly; if I do—well, I won't raise hopes which may not be realized, but I should be really glad to do a good turn for any friend of Moore's. Now, fire away!"

"And you will not let my bad reading prejudice you against the piece?" the palpitating author continued, with a sickly smile. "Authors never can read their own works, I'm told."

"They can't, my boy, I know it!" Warden assented, with a laugh. "I say it, without conceit: there's no man living who's a better elocutionist than I am; but even I cannot read my own plays."

"I wasn't aware, sir, that you were a writer as well as an actor," Clinton cried, impulsively.

Rising quickly, Warden crossed the room. "Come here," he said, briskly.

With rather a scared countenance, Clinton placed his manuscript upon the table, and joined the manager, who stood before a well-filled book-case.

"Do you see that row of quarto volumes?" the dapper little man asked, with his head on one side, and his bright eyes gleaming with interest.

"Yes," Clinton stammered.

"All bound manuscripts, my dear fellow; my own, every one of them. Look here. Strong titles these! 'The Human Scorpion'; 'Herod Out-Heroded'; 'The Red Hand.' A splendid character-part for a man in 'The Human Scorpion.' Irving didn't seem to see it; yet—I say it in all modesty—I don't believe any such part has ever been written before. He'd have made a tremendous hit in it. Now, in 'Herod Out-Heroded,' the man's part is strong; stronger, I can confidently assert, than most of the parts one finds in plays; a man who has to say in the last scene—'I am not a murderer, I *despise* the word! I am Nemesis! Others kill their tens: they murder in detail. I make of the whole world a holocaust!' You won't find a speech like that in any play that I know of. 'The Red Hand,' too, has magnificent parts all round, simply magnificent! If a man wants an opportunity for tenderness, for passionate declamation, and for high comedy, he couldn't get a better chance—I speak it impartially—than the hero in 'The Red Hand'; *but* 'The Human Scorpion' is simply a dramatic inspiration! Such a situation has never been dreamt of before. The Scorpion is a good man, mind you, a noble character, but he suffers from a strange affliction. The ends of his fingers sting

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everyone that he touches, and the sting is poisonous! There you are, you see. It's a grand idea. His mother dies mysteriously. His lover dies mysteriously, and in the last scene he commits suicide in a very curious manner. Quite original, I assure you. Stings himself—you understand? Irving, with his long, white fingers, would have made your blood creep. But, there, the cleverest men can't recognise their opportunities sometimes. Now, the manner in which the plot of 'The Human Scorpion' was first suggested to my mind was rather extraordinary. You know plots flash across your brain in a moment——"

"They do!" Clinton cried, with a catch in his breath, "they undoubtedly do. The plot of that little play I'm here to read to you, for instance, came to me in an instant."

Dropping the volume he had abstracted from the shelf, Warden ran his fingers through his hair, and hurriedly led the way towards the table.

"Why, bless me, of course, I had forgotten!" he murmured, penitently. "I must apologize, really. Please sit down and commence. I've finished my breakfast, and can attend entirely. The others are extra late today, I suppose——"

"I have not named the play yet," Clinton explained.

"Indeed!" Warden cried, starting forward in his chair. "I may be able to help you there. I am especially good at titles."

His forehead growing moist, Clinton proceeded hastily, paying no heed to the interruption.

"These are the characters represented: the Reverend Felix Findlater; Frederick Hammer; Joseph, a footman; Marjorie Findlater; Sybil Findlater; Emma, a housemaid. The scene is the morning-room at——"

Clinton stopped abruptly. The door opened softly, and an elderly, spectacled man came in.

"Ah, Browne, good morning!" the manager cried, heartily. "Here, come along, old man, your breakfast is getting cold. Now, what will you have? Bacon, kidneys, fish? But first let me introduce you to Mr. George Clinton, a friend of Jack Moore's, who has come to read a play to me."

The author and secretary bowed to each other, while Warden continued, with genuine feeling:—

"Clinton, this is my right hand, my old school chum, Henry Browne. If you knew half the good of him that I do——"

Helping himself quietly to bacon and coffee, with a glance at the flushed, anxious young author, Browne remarked, gently:—

"Mr. Clinton will not care to discuss my virtues now, I'm sure. Go on with your reading, please."

"Just one moment," Warden said, deprecatingly. "Clinton will excuse me, I'm sure. Any letters, Browne?"

"Not one of any interest," the secretary replied, firmly.

"Let me have a look at them, my boy."

"But Mr. Clinton is reading, isn't he?"

"No. We haven't begun yet."

"Oh, haven't you?" the other responded, meaningly. "Well, here they are, but I assure you there's nothing in them."

"By George!" Warden cried, looking over the bulky bundle, perfectly oblivious of the blank expression of the perturbed author. "By George! plenty of ladies this morning, any way!"

"All applications for seats or engagements," Browne explained, curtly.

"Any good, the latter?"

"Not a bit. Fashionable amateurs."

Throwing himself back in his chair, Warden thrust his hands into his pockets, and once more jingled the contents loudly, saying, merrily:—

"As I remarked just now, Clinton, you would scarcely credit the people who write for engagements. You remember the squinting girl with no chin, Browne? The one who actually sent her photo! Ha! ha! Where is that photo, by the way? I've got it somewhere, I know."

Springing up, he turned towards an escritoire; but before he could take a step, Browne laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come, Warden," he said, "Mr. Clinton doesn't want to see that hideous thing."

"I am sure he does," the other answered, innocently; "it's quite a curiosity."

"Give him the choice, any way," the secretary urged.

"I don't think I do care about seeing it just now, thank you all the same," Clinton said, hoarsely.

"Oh, all right, please yourself—you don't know what you've missed, that's all," Warden replied, reseating himself with a slightly aggrieved countenance. "Now, Clinton, I'm ready. First, though — How's the wind, Browne?"

"West."

"Good! I might have known without asking, though. I feel thoroughly fit this morning. You can't imagine the effect

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atmospheric changes have on me, Clinton; I am no use at all when the wind is in the east. I am simply a cumberer on the earth at such times. The fact is, my nerves are too highly strung, altogether. It's my artistic temperament, I suppose. Lord bless me, I led my poor dear mother a life when I was a child. Why, before I was twelve I had measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, chicken-pox"—Browne coughed—"I beg your pardon, did you speak, Browne?"

"Certainly not," the secretary replied, emphatically: "I am waiting for Mr. Clinton to begin."

"To be sure," Warden assented, kindly. "Your pardon again, Clinton. Now, then."

Clinton's voice shook a little, as with a relieved countenance he re-commenced: "Scene, interior of morning-room at——"

Once more the door opened and a lady entered. Clinton's nerves were beginning to assert themselves very inconveniently, but notwithstanding his uncomfortable condition he noted that the new-comer was charming to look upon, and that she strongly resembled the genial manager. Very quietly she took her seat at the foot of the table, with a gesture to show that she perceived the necessity for silence. Bowing politely to the author, she blew a kiss to her father, nodded familiarly to Browne, and then noiselessly helped herself to food. But Warden was not to be restrained.

"Ah, Dolly, my love!" he cried, warmly; "you are late, little woman. Quite well to-day, dear?"

"Quite, thank you, father," Mrs. Somerset replied, quickly.

"This is my daughter, Clinton," Warden continued, regarding her with loving pride. "Mr. Clinton has come to read a play, my dear."

"I know. I am so sorry to have interrupted," the lady said, turning graciously to the young man. "Please go on."

"One moment, Clinton. I'm glad you've come in, Dolly," Warden proceeded, passing toast and potted meat fussily, "because now you can give your opinion on the play. I assure you, Clinton, Mrs. Somerset has very correct judgment. Her taste has been cultivated carefully. She has read the whole of my plays, and I've even altered scenes at her suggestion."

Again he threw himself back in his chair, and stretching out his neat little feet, rattled his money and keys, and smiled benevolently at his sweet daughter.

"You remember that scene in 'The Human Scorpion,' Dolly?" he asked, with a happy twinkle in his bird-like, brown eyes.

Flushing charmingly, Mrs. Somerset stole a swift glance at Clinton's rapidly paling face, and then answered, with a pretty little frown at her unconscious father:—

"Yes, dear, I recollect it perfectly. Now, Mr. Clinton, do please go on. If you haven't gone far, I shall gather your meaning, I'm sure."

"Oh, we haven't got far!" the father exclaimed, cheerfully.



"YOU REMEMBER THAT SCENE IN 'THE HUMAN SCORPION'?"

"Only as far as the description of the characters, yet," Browne interposed, meaningly.

"Oh!" Mrs. Somerset ejaculated, doubtfully.

"It's fortunate, isn't it?" Warden continued. "Would you mnd just running through the characters again, Clinton, for my daughter's sake?"

"Not at all," Clinton answered,

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earnestly. "Mrs. Somerset honours me by showing an interest in my play." His heart growing lighter, he raised the manuscript and read :—

"The Reverend Felix Findlater ; Frederick Hammer ; Joseph, a footman ; Marjorie Findlater ; Sybil Findlater ; Emma, a housemaid."

Warden placed the tips of his fingers together, and nodded his white head approvingly.

"Nice, compact little cast. Three men and three women."

"Oh, ah, I ought to have explained," Clinton interposed ; "Sybil Findlater is a child."

"A child ! Good !" Humphrey Warden cried, enthusiastically. "You are fond of children, Clinton ?"

"Very," the author replied, readily.

His face beaming with smiles, Warden sprang up, and going to the door, opened it.

"Sophie, bring Miss Mabel," he called. Then turning to Clinton, he continued : "If you are fond of children, you must see my grandchild."

With a very pale countenance and a wan smile, Clinton replaced his manuscript upon the table ; but he did not speak : he could not.

"Father," Mrs. Somerset said, firmly, "please don't call Sophie, I told her not to bring Mabel in this morning."

"But, my darling," the father expostulated, "the child always comes in just to say how do you do. I daresay the dear little soul is in great distress at being kept away. She won't hinder us a moment ; besides, Clinton is fond of children. Ah, here she is ! Here's my pet ! Come here, come to grandpa, Mabel !"

But before the golden-haired toddler could obey his behest, the young mother took its little hand in hers, and said, with an air of sweet severity :—

"Now, Mabel, kiss grandpapa, and then run away with Sophie at once, because we're busy."

"Oh, dear !" laughed Warden, with a humorous grimace ; "oh, dear, mother is cross this morning, isn't she ?"

Lifting the child, he fondled the golden head lovingly. "That's my darling !" he murmured, holding the soft cheek against his own. "Now, Mabel, how d'ye do—and a kiss for Brownie, old friends first."

The child stretched towards the secretary, who, rising, kissed her hastily and re-seated himself.

"Halloa !" the manager exclaimed, "that was rather a peck, wasn't it, my precious ? Never mind, birdie, there's another instead."

Kissing her again and again, the little man pranced round the room, still carrying the child, who laughed and screamed with pleasure ; leaning her sunny head against his, the gold and silver threads mingling together. It was a pretty picture, the two were so thoroughly happy, but neither of the silent lookers-on appreciated it. Presently, out of breath, Warden stopped at Clinton's side.



"THE LITTLE MAN PRANCED ROUND THE ROOM."

"Now, Mabel," he panted, "how do, and a kiss for Mr. Clinton, my sweet."

"Father !" Mrs. Somerset cried, advancing.

"Nonsense, Dolly," the father retorted. "Clinton's fond of children. Now then, pet."

Terribly ill at ease, the unfortunate author rose ; but his woe-begone visage was not inviting, and after a glance at it, Mabel turned away, and, clutching her grandfather tightly round the neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

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"Oh, come, come, Mabel, that's silly!" Warden said, with a chuckle of delight; "the gentleman's waiting. Now, darling, do as grandfather tells you."

But the baby clung the closer, and Warden's face grew quite grave.

"Mabel," he went on, earnestly, "kiss Mr. Clinton, or I shall be angry."

With the flush getting deeper on her cheeks, Mrs. Somerset went to her father.

"Father, dear," she pleaded, "as a favour to me, let the child go. She is inclined to be naughty altogether, this morning."

Warden shook his head and tried to look stern.

"All the more reason not to give in to her," he remarked, firmly. "Mabel, kiss Mr. Clinton at once! Clinton, please hold your face a little nearer."

With a sensation as of cold water running down his back, the hapless author protruded his forlorn countenance; but the child, having stolen a peep at him, began to cry vigorously, and even to kick, whereat her grandfather lost patience.

"Hang it all!" he ejaculated, warmly; "this child is getting too obstinate by half. But I will not be beaten by her. Come here, Dolly, and make her do as I tell her. Oh, don't move, Clinton, keep your face just as it is."

Clinton began to totter on his feet, and Mrs. Somerset, with sparkling eyes, took the child from the somewhat irate, elderly man, and put her into the arms of the maid, crying sharply:—

"Take her away at once; at once, Sophie, do you hear? I am sorry, father, to interfere," she continued, more gently — "but, dear, do recollect Mr. Clinton's business is important."

His good temper quite restored, Warden turned to the agitated young man.

"My dear boy," he said, "you must forgive me. That small minx is the apple of my eye, bless her! Now, Dolly, attend, please: don't talk."

Browne smothered a laugh, and Clinton recommenced unsteadily:—

"Interior of morning room at Mr. Findlater's. Handsomely furnished apartment. Family portraits on walls. Old Master over mantelshelf——"

"Pictures! Old Master! Good!" Warden cried, rattling his money excitedly. "Are you fond of pictures, Clinton?"

Mrs. Somerset and Browne coughed simultaneously, and the scared author raised his eyes, but he could make nothing of their signals and head shakings.

"Yes," he replied, drearily, "yes, I'm fond of pictures."

Warden rose, and walking briskly to the easel, withdrew the curtain and disclosed an utterly incomprehensible painting: a worthless imitation of a well-known artist, meaningless daubs of yellow being depicted upon an impenetrably black background.

"If you're fond of pictures, here's something will delight you," Warden cried, gloatingly. "Now, what do you think of that?"

The young man hesitated.

"I don't call that a picture," Warden proceeded.

"No, no more do——"

"It's a poem, sir, not a picture. I say it, and you won't find me far wrong in matters artistic. I am an art critic by instinct, in fact. Never had a lesson, but I know exactly how a thing ought to be. If I hadn't taken to the stage, I should have made a first-rate painter. Why, I have suggested a dozen subjects, any one of which might have made a big sensation; but painters are queer folk: they never seem disposed to take an idea from anyone else. Now, that man is an exception, that landscape is the result of a suggestion of mine; but he's a genius, this fellow is, and yet he has never once been hung at the R.A. But how can you wonder? Think who are the successful artists nowadays—just you run through their names——"

"Father!" Mrs. Somerset interrupted, desperately. "Unless he goes on, I shall forget the names of Mr. Clinton's characters."

"By Jove! Yes, of course. My dear, you are perfectly right. Clinton, I must apologize again. Sit down, my boy. By-the-bye, would you mind giving me some idea of the idiosyncrasies of the characters before you start off? It helps one so much in understanding a play. One doesn't miss points."

Greatly reassured, for Warden appeared at last to have settled down calmly, Clinton replied, quite cheerfully:—

"By all means. Well, the Rev. Felix Findlater is a man who thoroughly believes in himself——"

"I know," chuckled Warden; "I know, a very objectionable sort of person——"

"A man," continued Clinton, "who has all sorts of new theories, and lays down the law about them."

Raising his hand with an excited gesture, the manager cried, triumphantly:—

"New! Lay! I understand it now! It's

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"THIS IS A SUGGESTION OF MINE."

been bothering me all along; but those words of yours have solved the mystery. Browne, where's your new-laid egg?"

"I have not ordered it to-day, father," Mrs. Somerset replied, quickly.

"Why, my child? Isn't there one?"

"Oh, yes," the lady replied; "but I told them not to send it in, as Mr. Clinton was reading."

"My dear, you were wrong," the father said, in gentle reproof; "that accounts for the little pet's naughtiness altogether. Order it at once."

Mrs. Somerset saw Clinton lay down the MS. with shaking hands.

"I really cannot," she said, decisively.

"Then I will," Warden remarked, slightly ruffled, striking a small gong. "I am sure," he continued, amiably, "Clinton is too kind-hearted to take offence. This is a little custom, Clinton, and a pretty custom, too. Sophie," to the maid who had entered, "send in Mr. Browne's egg at once."

"Very well, sir, it is boiled. Cook didn't know it wasn't to come in till after she had boiled it."

"Browne had an awfully bad illness a year ago, Clinton," the manager explained, his bright eyes suddenly growing misty; "we thought he'd have slipped through our fingers, by George, we did! And the first thing he ate, after refusing food for weeks, was an egg that the baby carried to his bedside. Ever since that, Mabel has brought in her dear Brownie's new-laid egg each morning. That's what upset the sensitive little soul. She didn't see why she should be done out of her privileges. Curious, wasn't it? Your words '*New* theories which he *lays* down' reminded me of it."

Once more the door opened, and the child appeared, her cherubic face suffused with smiles, carrying with elaborate care an egg in a silver cup.

"Come on, ducky!" Browne cried, hastening her. "Be quick, I'm waiting. That's right: thank you very much. Now be off to Sophie."

"Ah, but where are the wages, Browne?" Warden asked, beaming with joy.

Hastily taking a lump of sugar, the secretary thrust it into the child's outstretched hand, and then pushed her gently towards the maid; but the proud grandfather was irrepressible.

"Let's look, birdie," he said, holding out his arms. "Oh, that's a wretched bit; tell him he's a mean cad, my sweet! Here's a bigger one. What do you say? Kiss me for it. That's right, that was a lovely one; here's another lump for that. Mabel's a good girl, I'm sure; I know she'll kiss Mr. Clinton now."

The unhappy young man fell back in his chair, powerless to utter any protest, but Mrs. Somerset rose, with a face of righteous indignation.

"I will not have it, father!" she cried; "it is too much, really! Sophie, take that child away and keep her in the nursery."

The maid retired quickly, and Warden sighed.

"My dear," he remonstrated, "you really are a little—well, never mind. Now, Clinton, please go on with the *dramatis personæ;* the conceited reverend gentleman is the part for me, I presume? It's curious that people should fancy I can play that sort of rôle, for you wouldn't easily find a more modest man than I am; in fact, I——"

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Clinton's voice was almost strident from agitation as he proceeded :—

"The next on the programme is Frederick Hammer; Hammer is an ordinary young man enough——"

Warden started violently.

"My dear fellow, excuse me a moment. You've just reminded me—Browne, is the carpenter here?"

"Yes, that's all right; don't you worry."

"But are you sure he's mended the desk and the arm-chair?"

"Yes, long ago; it's all right, I tell you."

"Ah, very well. Ten thousand pardons for interrupting you, Clinton; but if I hadn't got the matter off my mind, my attention might have wandered from your play. Now I'm perfectly ready."

"The footman comes next," Clinton explained, tersely: "low comedy."

"Good! Pass on to the women," Warden cried, sharply; "pardon my brusque manner, dear boy, but fewest words are best in these matters."

"Quite so," the author agreed. "Marjorie Findlater is rather a strange sort of girl; attractive, but a creature of impulse with a fiery temper."

"By Jove!" Warden ejaculated, "another Evelyn Thompson!"

"I beg your pardon——"

"Evelyn Thompson is the principal woman in one of my comedies. Recollect that character, Dolly?"

"Perfectly, father," Mrs. Somerset responded, curtly.

"There's a capital scene in that play," Warden continued, stretching out his thin legs, and resuming his rattling of the contents of his pockets, while a shadow of green overspread Clinton's moist and pallid face. "I say it without conceit, but that scene positively sparkles with epigram. Where is that MS., Dolly?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father," she replied, her heart thrilling with sympathy for the unhappy author.

"But, my dear, you *should* know," the unconscious manager remarked, gently.

"Dear father," she responded, pleadingly, "I'll look for it directly Mr. Clinton has finished; but he must get on now. See, the time is going quickly."

"By George! So it is! Fire away, Clinton. We understand about the characters now. I like the introduction of the child. Queer little souls, they are! Mabel's tantrum this morning reminds me of the time Fraser called. You recollect that time, Dolly?"

"No, father, I do not," Mrs. Somerset answered, compressing her charming mouth with an air of determination. "Now, Mr. Clinton, please."

Very tremulously, the hapless George Clinton recommenced, but hardly had he spoken the first words, than his throat seemed to close, and an overwhelming attack of nervous coughing seized upon him. He was just recovering, and was dabbing his crimson face, when once more the door opened and Sophie reappeared, ushering in a lady.

"Mrs. Blunt," the maid announced.

With a musical ejaculation of pleasure, Humphrey Warden sprang up.

"Mrs. Blunt!" he cried, delightedly, while the agonized author groaned inwardly. "Dolly, here's Mrs. Blunt come to see us! Ah, Mrs. Blunt, I caught sight of you at the private view the other day. *Now*, what do you think of British art? How about the comparative merits of the French and English schools, now?"

An hysterical desire to burst into tears came upon George Clinton, and placing his hand over his trembling lips he got up hastily, and walking to the window stood gazing disconsolately out, struggling to prevent his eyes welling over. But when Mrs. Blunt's reply fell upon his ears, his heart rose a little. Sharply and brusquely the lady spoke, with a decided American accent.

"Can't argue about that this morning, Mr. Warden; guess I haven't time. My visit's to Dolly on business. Dolly——!"

Mrs. Blunt was an especial favourite with the manager; but finding that for once her object in coming had not been to chat with him, she became suddenly perfectly uninteresting to him, and drawing himself up with dignity he said, somewhat coldly :—

"Mrs. Blunt, you'll excuse my wishing you good morning. The fact is, this gentleman, Mr. Clinton"—Clinton bowed gloomily, trusting nobody would notice the condition of his eyes—"this gentleman is reading a play to me."

Hastily Mrs. Blunt broke in :—

"Sorry I interrupted, then. Shan't be a moment. Dolly, meet me this afternoon."

"You see, Mrs. Blunt," the manager proceeded, with mild severity, "an author's time is precious. That must be my excuse for hurrying you off. Good morning to you."

With a humorous twinkle in her eyes, Mrs. Blunt bustled to the door.

"Marshall and Snelgrove's, Silk Depart-

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ment, 3 sharp, Dolly. Good-bye all, don't move, anyone."

With a smothered laugh, the visitor departed. For a moment Warden looked almost cross, and then his face lighted up again.

"By George! How that little woman does talk!" he exclaimed, good-humouredly. "I hope she didn't think me rude, but I was obliged to hurry her off. Women really haven't the slightest idea of the value of time."

"Oh, father, dear!" Mrs. Somerset cried, whilst Browne turned away to conceal the amusement excited by poor Clinton's blank stare of amazement. But Warden noticed nothing; settling himself comfortably, perfectly unconsciously he continued, smilingly:—

"It's quite true, Dolly, I never knew a woman who realized the value of time, yet. I remember a very funny instance of my dear wife's disregard of time, Clinton——"

"Father!"

"My child," Warden said, deprecatingly, "what an awkward habit you have of interrupting! That's another womanly weakness. It seems to be a positive impossibility to a woman to keep her attention fixed: her mind invariably wanders from the subject. Well, Clinton, on this particular occasion I was playing a character-part. I only came on in one scene, but, I say it without conceit, that scene made the piece; my performance was as highly polished as a gem. Where do you find that sort of polish nowadays, eh? Nowhere. It's these stylish amateurs have spoilt the artistic standard. Now, this very Mrs. Blunt wants to go upon the stage. What are her qualifications? Youth and beauty, you'll answer. Granted. But where is the beautiful humility and modesty, that doubt of her own powers, without which there can be no true art? There's no man, I say it without conceit, who can read character better than I can. I can read Mrs. Blunt. Mrs. Blunt believes in herself, and therefore she's a duffer."

The table began to shake; Clinton had suddenly turned deadly cold, and he shivered involuntarily as he sat with depressed head and dreary eyes.

"My boy," Warden cried, almost tenderly, "you don't look comfortable—not a bit of it. You are cold?"

"I am not, indeed," Clinton muttered, hoarsely. "I'll get on now, please."

"Stop a bit, don't be in a hurry!" was the kindly rejoinder. "You must come nearer the fire. It's quite impossible to do yourself justice while you feel uncomfortable. Come over here."

The blood singing in his ears, Clinton rose, and, walking unsteadily round the table, dropped into the chair Warden had placed for him. Then, raising his MS. once more, he cried, in trembling tones:—

"The scene you have heard described. Enter Frederick Hammer, carrying bouquet of flowers——"

"Ah!" Warden exclaimed, drawing in his breath appreciatively—"Ah, you are fond of flowers, Clinton?"

"No, I am not!" the desperate author shouted, his very lips growing pale as he clutched his MS. hard.

"Really, now, that's very strange!" Warden remarked, bending towards him with much interest; "not fond of flowers! Well, well, and I love them myself! Not fond of flowers: how queer! Why, to me a rose is the incarnation of beauty. And then a lily! Purity symbolized! Daisies, cowslips, primroses, violets! But, there, I worship Nature in every aspect. That's where I get my power both as author and actor. I am a student of Nature. I say it in all becoming humility, but in my plays my men and women live and breathe; they are not puppets: they are human beings with souls! While on the stage—— How many parts have you seen me play, Clinton?"

Completely crushed with bitter disappointment, his brain dizzy and his heart aching, Clinton gazed blankly at his kindly torturer.

"I haven't the least idea," he faltered.

"But you know which you consider my greatest effort?"

"No, I don't," the young man responded, faintly, consumed with a terrible fear that he should never get away without breaking down altogether.

"Oh, but think, think, my boy," Warden continued, energetically. "There's Sir Peter, Sir Anthony Absolute, Touchstone——" The clock commenced striking; Clinton could not suppress a smothered groan of misery.

"God bless me, what's that?" Warden cried. "Not twelve, surely!"

"Yes, it is," Browne said, ominously.

Mrs. Somerset was silent, but she looked in almost tearful sympathy at Clinton.

Warden rose and fussily buttoned up his coat. "Dear, dear," he said, "I'm so awfully sorry, but I must go. I've called a rehearsal for twelve, and I never keep people waiting. I'm really grieved that we shan't be able to finish the play, though. It opened capitally.

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"I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY, BUT I MUST GO."

The child, the pictures, the flowers, all first-rate! Fresh and unconventional, that's what we want nowadays. That's how I've made my hit. I'm unconventional; there's no actor like me, in fact. I combine old-fashioned finish with modern go-aheadedness. I'm not boasting, you understand—I detest that sort of thing—it's a fact. Now, Browne, come along, I want to talk to you. Good morning, Clinton"—shaking hands warmly with the speechless author—"good morning to you; I hope we shall meet again at some future time when I'm not so busy; you see how it is with me to-day. So pleased to have made your acquaintance. I shall tell Moore I think your piece commenced remarkably well. By-bye, Dolly. Good morning, again!"

The two were gone, but Clinton could not speak. Sinking into a chair he leant his bewildered head on his hand.

"Mr. Clinton, oh! Mr. Clinton, I'm so very sorry; I don't know what to say," Mrs. Somerset faltered.

Pulling himself together, the young man rose, and began with trembling fingers rolling up his MS.

"Don't say anything, Mrs. Somerset," he stammered, with a brave attempt to speak lightly; "at least, I don't mean that, but it's of no consequence, thank you."

"But it *is* of consequence," she retorted. "Oh, if the wind had only been in the east!"

"The wind in the east!" he repeated, disconsolately. "I don't understand."

"That is the only time when it's possible to read a play to father."

"Indeed!"

"When the wind is in the east," she explained, very earnestly, "father is subject to rheumatism in his jaws; talking under those circumstances is painful to him."

"I understand," Clinton murmured, regretfully; "I wish I had known."

"Will you leave the play with me?" Mrs. Somerset asked, flushing prettily. "The wind may change at any moment, you know, and I promise you I wouldn't lose an opportunity."

A gleam of hope came into Clinton's woebegone eyes.

"Do you really mean," he cried, "that you would read my unfortunate little piece to your father yourself?"

"Indeed, I would."

Poor Clinton's voice shook with emotion.

"You take away my breath," he said. "It might be the making of me if your father would accept the play. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try to thank me now," Mrs. Somerset murmured, lowering her eyes demurely; "thank me when you come to fetch the MS."

Clinton's heart suddenly leapt, and an unaccountable thrill passed through him.

"I may come again?" he said, quite tenderly; "you really are serious?"

"Of course I am," she responded, softly, "and I hope I shall have good news for you."

"Oh, I don't care about that now," he cried, irrationally; "that is to say, so long as I may come and talk it over with you I shall be more than content."

Somewhat confused, the lady held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, gently; "good-bye for the present; I hope we shall meet again soon."

"I hope so, indeed," Clinton answered, pressing her hand slightly; "good-bye, I can't tell you how grateful I am. I was so awfully down ten minutes ago. Good-bye, again."

Mrs. Somerset stood at the window watch-

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ing until Clinton's tall figure was lost in the distance; then she turned towards the fire and seated herself with his MS. in her hand.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "Poor fellow. How good-tempered and how good-looking he is. I wonder if his play is clever! I am almost afraid to look, I should be so sorry to find it wasn't. Ah, Sophie, clear away the breakfast things."

Opening the MS., she glanced rapidly through the first page, while the maid loaded the tray with plates and dishes; she read rapidly for a few minutes, and then her countenance began to beam.

"Good!" she cried, involuntarily. "Capital! That's awfully funny, really! Oh, Sophie, for mercy's sake do leave off making that dreadful noise. Clear the things presently."

"And what time is Miss Mabel to go out, ma'am?" Sophie inquired. But Mrs. Somerset did not reply, and the maid raised her voice. "Nurse says, what time is Miss Mabel to go out for her walk, ma'am?"

With an impatient gesture, Mrs. Somerset shook her charming head.

"Good gracious, Sophie! do go, and don't bother," she cried. Sophie raised her brows in astonishment, and was about to close the door quietly when Mrs. Somerset looked up sharply. "Sophie," she said, excitedly, "what quarter is the wind in now? I thought I heard the window rattle. Go and look—make haste!"

The maid crossed the room, while the mistress continued, in an undertone:—

"It's really wonderfully good! Poor fellow, how disappointed he must have felt. So modest he was about it, too. Father must and shall take it. I hope we sha'n't keep him long in suspense. Well, Sophie?"

"The wind's changed, ma'am," Sophie said; "poor master will feel it in his face: it's in the east."

But Mrs. Somerset expressed no commiseration for her suffering father. Pressing the MS. to her breast, she looked up at the astonished maid, and murmured, ecstatically, "In the east—already in the east! Oh, I am so glad!"



"THE WIND'S CHANGED, MA'AM."

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From the Painting] QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF SIX. [*by Fowler.*

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From the Painting] QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN. [*by Fowler.*
(FROM THE ORIGINAL AT FROGMORE.)

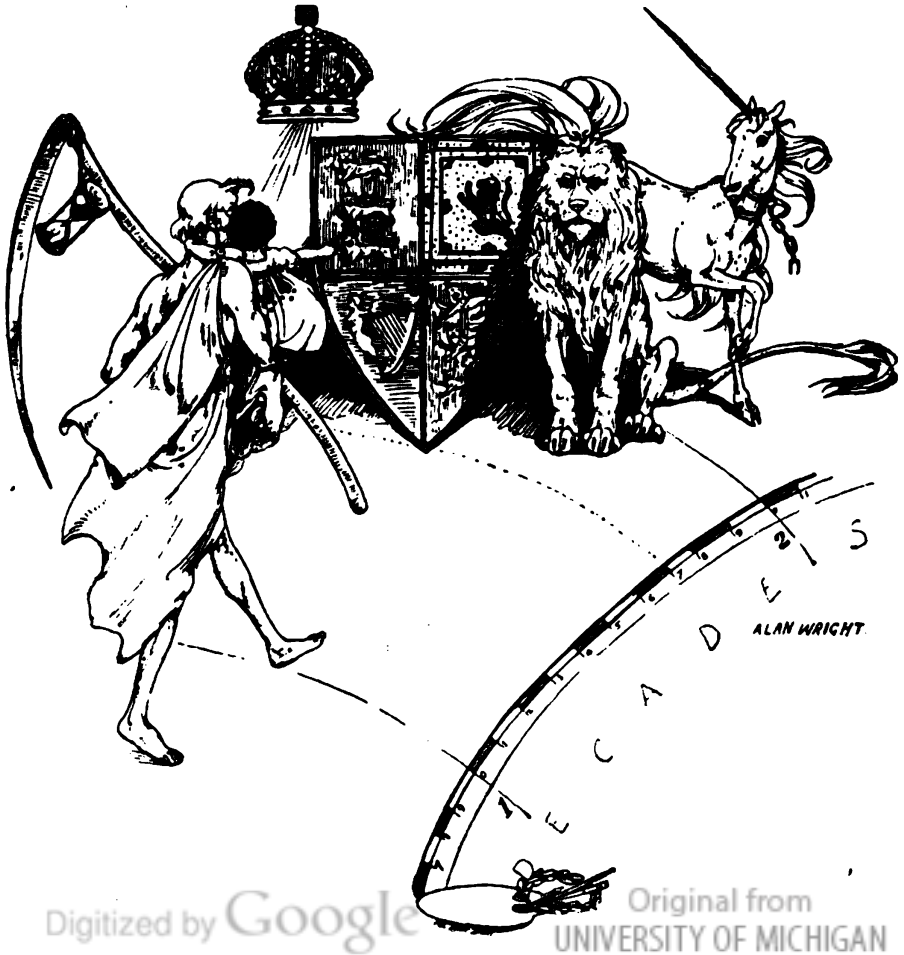
Portraits of Queen Victoria when a Child.

(By gracious permission and approval of Her Majesty the Queen.)

THE two early portraits of the Queen here given make their appearance under somewhat curious circumstances. In the first place, we have to correct an error which made its way into the description of the Palaces of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which appeared in our July issue. We there reproduced a portrait of a young

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child playing with a dog, under the title of "Queen Victoria at the Age of Four," accompanied by the following description by the writer of the article, Miss Spencer-Warren: "Going into another room in the upper part of the house, I find on the wall a painting of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, now our Queen, representing her as a wee child cuddling her favourite dog. This seemed to me to be well worth photographing; carrying one back as it does over a period of seventy years, when the parents of the little Princess scarcely dreamed of the future exalted position their little daughter would be called upon to take." The portrait was pointed out to Miss Spencer-Warren as that of the Princess Victoria by an old retainer of the Castle, who had been charged with the mission of conducting her over the Palace. "Are you certain," asked Miss Spencer-Warren, "that this is a portrait of the Princess Victoria?" "Undoubtedly it is," replied the old gentleman; "I have lived in the Castle all my life, and my father lived here for thirty years before me, and this picture has always been known as a portrait of the Princess Victoria." Upon this authority Miss Warren photographed the portrait with an easy mind. But, alas for the stability of the best-established legends! When our reproduction of the portrait came to the Queen's notice, Her Majesty at once pronounced it to be a painting by the celebrated French artist, Greuze, who died in 1805—fourteen years before the Queen was born. Her Majesty was so good as to inform us of the fact, and at the same time to give orders that two genuine portraits should be sent to us for reproduction in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Our readers have therefore the privilege of comparing the portrait which has so long enjoyed an undeserved reputation with the two interesting and valuable portraits here reproduced with the authority of Her Majesty herself.



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Illustrated Interviews.

XXXVI.—SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.

By Raymond Blathwayt.



CENTRAL INDIA HORSE
Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffman.

I WAS seated in a darkened room in the Residency at Gwalior, talking to my host, Col. Donald Robertson, to whom, as in the past to his predecessors, Sir Lepel Griffin and Colonel Barr, so much of the prosperity of the vast native state of Gwalior is due. It was a day of blazing heat; the hot wind blew fitfully against the damp tatties, on which now and again the native servant threw buckets of water, which splashed upon the ground with a delicious sound of coolness and refreshment; a little green lizard ran about the drawing-room wall; outside there was deep stillness, broken only at regular intervals by the bell-like, monotonous note of the "coppersmith" bird. Suddenly a wail of sobbing wind, forcibly recalling to me the sound I have so often heard in a little English church upon the top of some lonely, wind-swept hill, rushed through the silent house; doors slammed, voices were heard once more, and in another moment the stately "bearer" entered the room, announcing "Maharajah Sahib," who, indeed, followed close upon the servant's heels.



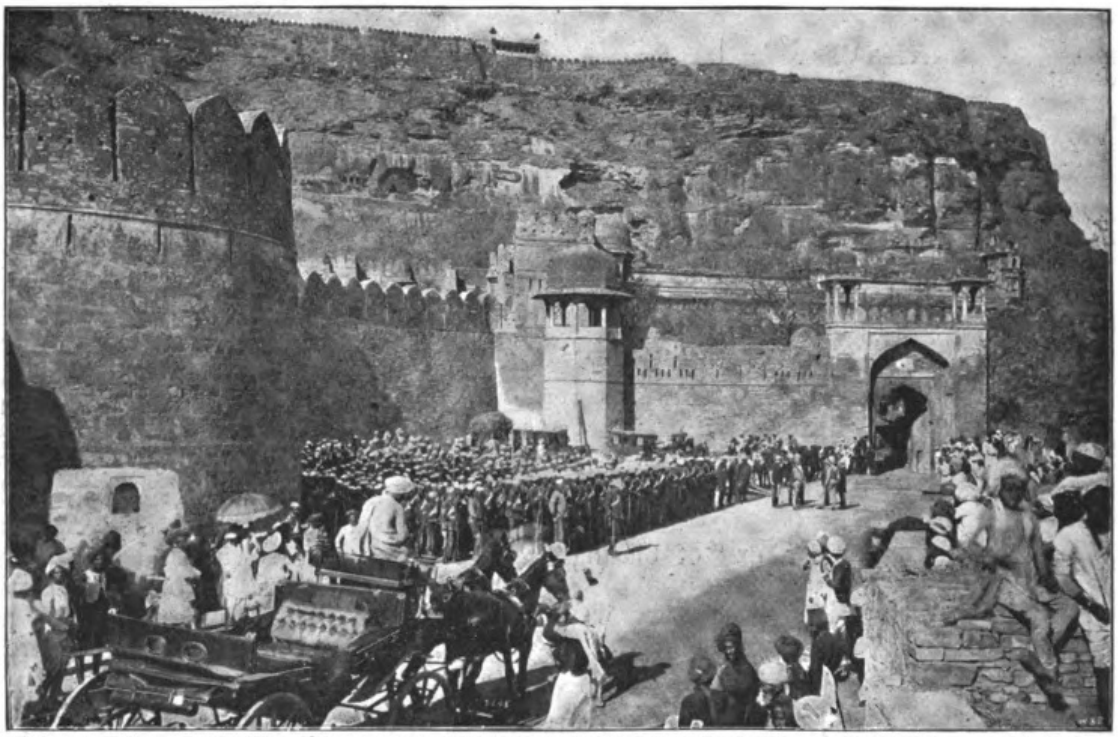
SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.
From a Photograph by Johnstone & Hoffman.

Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior, one of the most powerful princes in India, is a rather tall, stout, broad-shouldered, well-built young fellow of about eighteen years of age. He is very dark, with handsome black eyes full of a certain merry intelligence that invariably wins him friends wherever he goes. Though an exceedingly gentle-mannered person, he is possessed of any amount of determination and resolution, which, indeed, require the utmost control lest they should degenerate into mere obstinacy and self-will. Fortunately for him and the nation over which he rules, such a tendency is balanced by so keen a sense of humour and such real goodness of heart that it is impossible to conceive of his doing anything unjust, unkind, or that would place him in a ridiculous position.

"Colonel Robertson," said he, after my presentation to him, "will you come down to the Palace with me, as I want to show you some photographs I have just taken; and won't Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Blathwayt come, too?" he continued, as he asked our hostess permission to smoke a cigarette.

We were only too pleased to exchange the dull quietude of the long Indian day for something

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From a Photo. by] PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.—SHOWING THE CEREMONY OF HANDING OVER THE KEYS TO THE MAHARAJAH IN 1885. *[Mr. Lake.*

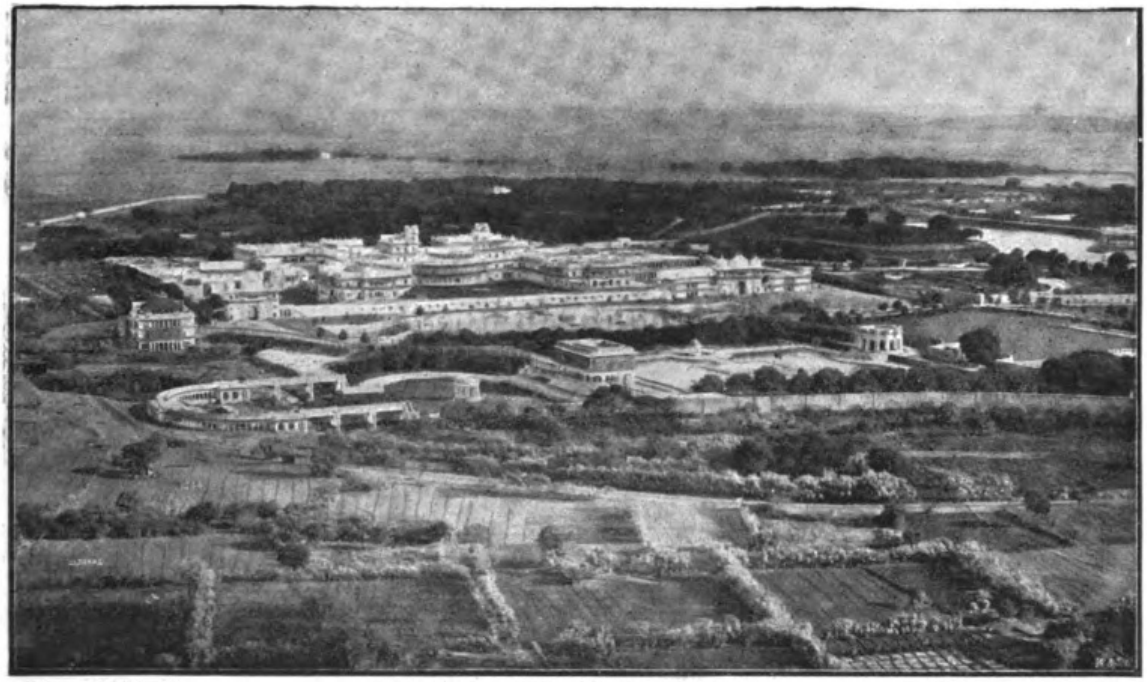
that promised us a little change and action, and so, stepping into the Prince's carriage, we all drove off. A curious scene it was that met our eyes: the flat, low-lying country across which the long shadows were lazily stretching themselves beneath the rays of the declining sun; the Residency itself, a picturesque building of the regular bungalow type, hidden away in a group of trees, above which one caught a glimpse of the British flag flying in the breeze, with a native sentry marching up and down the gravelled terrace; and then, outside the Residency gardens, the deserted streets of Merar, once occupied by our British troops, and now left to silence and decay. And three miles away stands, frowning down upon the surrounding country, the fortress of Gwalior itself, which, in 1885, as is shown in the appended picture, we restored to its rightful owner, the father of the present ruler.

The rock upon which the fortress stands rises abruptly from the plain to a height of 300ft., scarped and almost impregnable, except in two villages on the western face, which has been of late years strongly fortified. The rock itself is thus the fortress, the abrupt scarps of which form its best wall of defence. A wonderfully impressive and interesting spectacle it presents, thus suddenly rearing itself upon the vision of the stranger, and none the less interesting that it was a seat of



From a Photo. by] SAS BHAO—BUDDHIST TEMPLE. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

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From a Photo. by] MOTI MAHL—OR PALACE OF THE ZENANA. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

monarchy and the stage whereon many a strange tragedy has been enacted for centuries before the Christian era. It is about two miles in length, and some hundreds of yards in width. Perched high upon its summit stand the beautiful Buddhist temples of Sas Bhao and the Teli Mandir, one of which is certainly not less than three thousand years old.

Buildings wrought in dead days for men a long time dead.

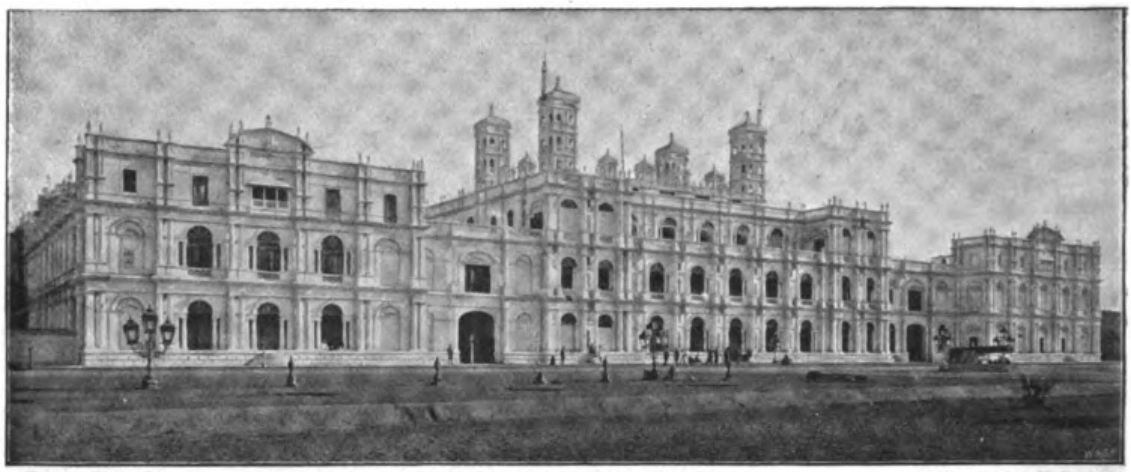
The entrance to the fort, through which I passed the following day seated upon an elephant, and with a small escort of native police, is hewn out of the gigantic walls, which are still decorated with beautiful encaustic tiles, and within which is situated the great Palace of Raja Man Singh, of great antiquity, and which is considered to be one of the finest pieces of architecture in Northern India. All this I gathered from the Prince himself and Colonel Robertson, as the carriage rolled smoothly along the well-preserved high road, sun-flecked, shadow-stricken, across which perpetually darted the little striped squirrels which are so distinctive a feature of Indian life, and along which groups of brilliantly costumed, stately, and salaaming natives were seated or walking.

Round the north-east base of the rock lies the ancient city of Gwalior, now almost deserted: upon the other side are stretched the wide parks and pleasure grounds in which stand the Maharajah's magnificent palaces, the Jai Bilas and the Moti Mahl—or Palace of the Zenana. And very beautiful they looked as they gleamed snow-white



From a Photo. by] JAI BILAS—THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

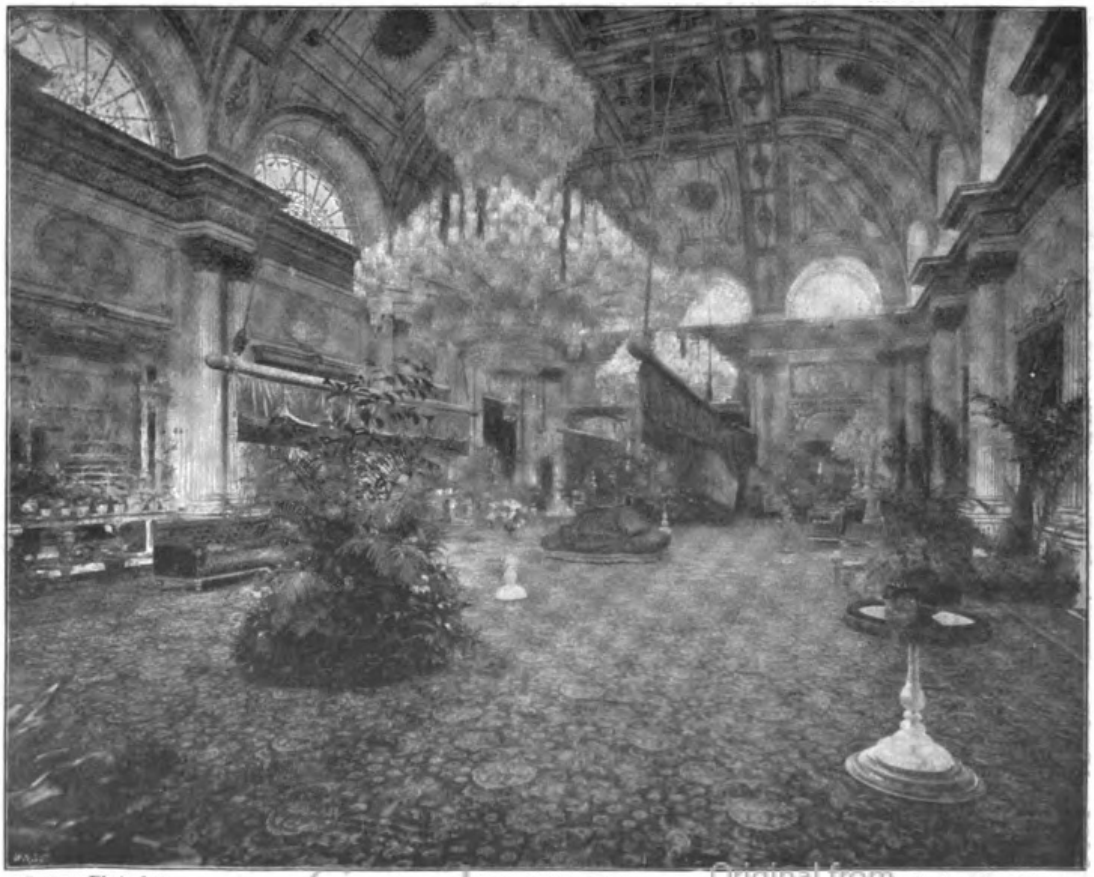
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From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE TO JAI BILAS PALACE. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

beneath the rays of the afternoon sun. Side by side with the walls of the palaces are the streets and houses of the new town of Gwalior, known as the Lushkar, which, by its name, meaning "camp," as Sir Lepel Griffin has pointed out, significantly recalls the days when the Mahratta chief from whom the present ruler of Gwalior is descended was no more than the leader of a marauding clan, who had no fixed habitation, and whose tent was his home. The mention of Sir Lepel's name recalls that day, memorable in the history of Gwalior, when, in the year 1886, the late Maharajah died, and the temporary guardianship of his young successor lay in the hands of this distinguished official, to whom the whole country of India owes a debt of gratitude which it cannot easily repay.

I have learnt from private official papers which have been intrusted to me the immense care and consideration which Sir Lepel Griffin displayed in his arrangements for the education and for the future of the young child who, in the time to come, would



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

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From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S STUDY AND PHOTOGRAPHING ROOM. *[Johnstone & Hofman.*

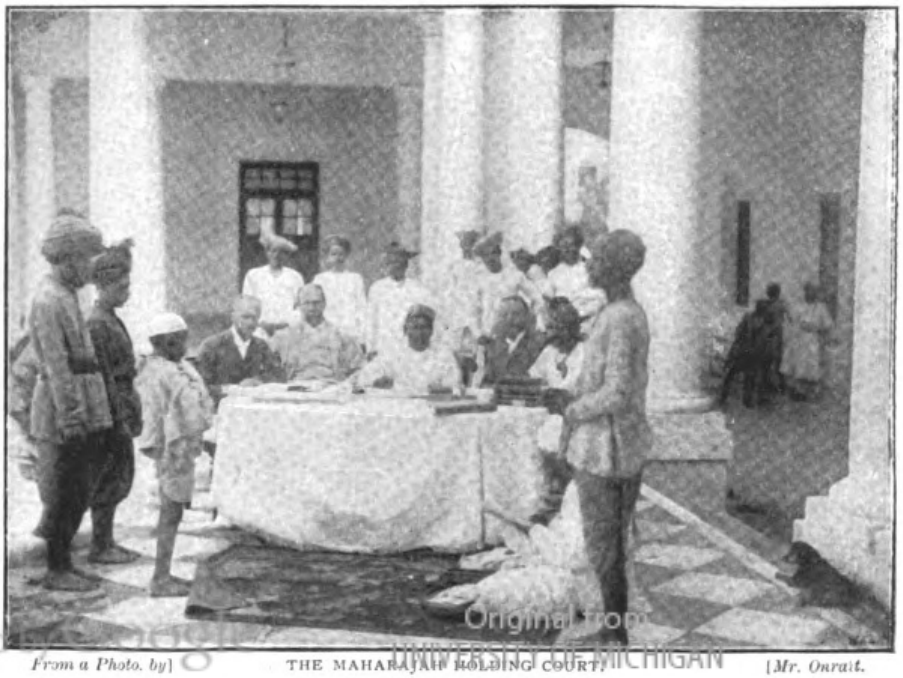
be called upon to rule over this great tract of country. And well, indeed, have those arrangements been carried out, as I was to discover for myself in a very short period of time.

As we drove up to the beautiful entrance of the Jai Bilas Palace, where a guard of honour received the Prince with a Royal salute, we saw standing there Surgeon-Major Crofts, the Maharajah's guardian and medical attendant, and Mr. W. Johnstone, his tutor, to both of whom he is devoted, and at whose hands he has met the most tender consideration.

As we mounted the stairs and entered the splendid drawing-room, or Durbar Hall, the Prince drew my attention to the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales. "My father," said he, "built the greater part of this Palace in a few months in order that he might receive the Prince of Wales, and you will note the rooms here are as English as we could make them. It took 10,000 men working day and night for many months to get it ready in time. Here was the Prince's private sitting-room, which I now use as my study; I showed it to the poor Duke of Clarence when he was here three years ago. Here I develop my photographs, attend to the financial matters of the Palace, and here is where I used to prepare my lessons for Mr. Johnstone."

At this moment Mr. Johnstone himself and Dr. Crofts entered the room, and joined in our conversation.

"The Prince," said Mr. Johnstone, "has gone through the ordinary curriculum of the English boy's education, except that Marathi, English, and Hindustani have taken the place of the classics. But we have given up doing lessons now, haven't we, Maharajah Sahib? And we are now going in for more practical work"; and, as he spoke, he showed me some



From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH HOLDING COURT. *[Mr. Onrait.*

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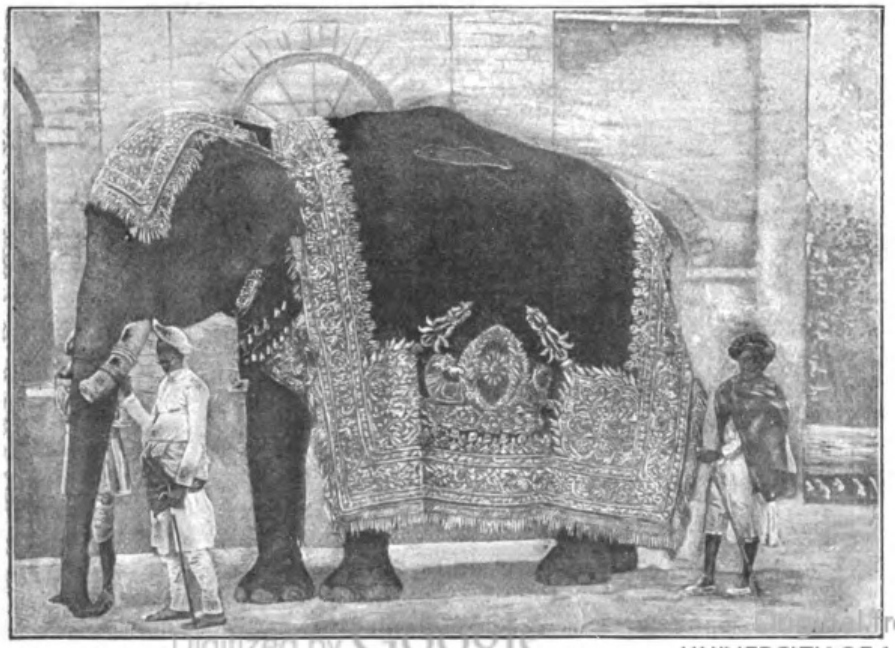
admirable surveying work which the Prince had been doing that very morning. "And again, as you see in that photo., he is taking up magisterial work under the direction of Colonel Robertson. The accused is a boy in custody of two policemen, charged with theft from that third man who is standing near. I was present at the trial, and we were all struck with the Maharajah's interest and insight into the whole matter. He is curiously just in his ideas for an Oriental," he continued, in a low voice, as the Prince and Dr. Crofts were laughing together in a corner of the room, "and the people are already devotedly attached to him."

"You must show Mr. Blathwayt some of your photographs, Maharajah," said Dr. Crofts, as he came up to where I was standing.

"Well, Maharajah Sahib," said I, "won't you photograph that splendid elephant of State that I see there? I am sure the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE would like that!"—for we had already agreed that I should write an article on all I saw and heard in Gwalior.

The Maharajah was much pleased at the idea, and accordingly down we all trooped into the great courtyard of the Palace, where stood the magnificently-caparisoned animal, of which the Maharajah took the photograph here reproduced. A beautiful little railway-engine and carriages passed us slowly by as we stood by the elephant, and the Maharajah proposed that we should all be photographed by its side (which was accordingly done, the Prince and myself standing by the first carriage, as is shown in the picture), and that we should then take a run through the gardens. The Maharajah himself drove the engine—no one in India is a more skilled engine-driver than he—and swiftly we rolled through the wide-spreading gardens of the Palace grounds. Highly cultivated as they are in some parts, yet in others there are picturesque tracts of wilderness which forcibly recalled to me Swinburne's description of "the Forsaken Garden"—where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses now lie dead.

"When I first came here in 1886," said Dr. Crofts, as we passed some magnificent tanks, and where, as I was told, ten thousand fountains are sometimes to be seen playing at once, "I had the greatest difficulty in getting the Prince sufficient exercise. He was never allowed outside the Palace, as he was too sacred a personage to be seen by ordinary people. A wall three and a half miles long was thrown round the gardens, and inside of this he took exercise as a prisoner might. At last I insisted he must go out more, and he was allowed to do so, but never at first without an escort of a thousand cavalry. Now, as you see, he goes about just as he pleases. He is far too active and too independent to be kept down by such trammels, I can assure you. That pretty house away to the right," continued my companion, "is the guest house" (of which a picture is shown at the end of this article); "and," he went on a few minutes later, as we passed some elephants busily engaged in piling wood, and which scarcely heeded the scream of the engine, "here is the hospital which we are building, and which will cost at least 500,000 rupees. It is much needed, I can assure you, for I and my staff of native doctors treated last year no fewer than 70,000 patients. The Maharajah takes the greatest interest in medical work, and he is well up in the principles of anatomy and physiology, besides having gone through an ambulance course. I can assure you he is quite an expert himself in minor surgery. He



From a Photo. by the THE MAHARAJAH'S STATE ELEPHANT. *[Maharajah of Gwalior.*

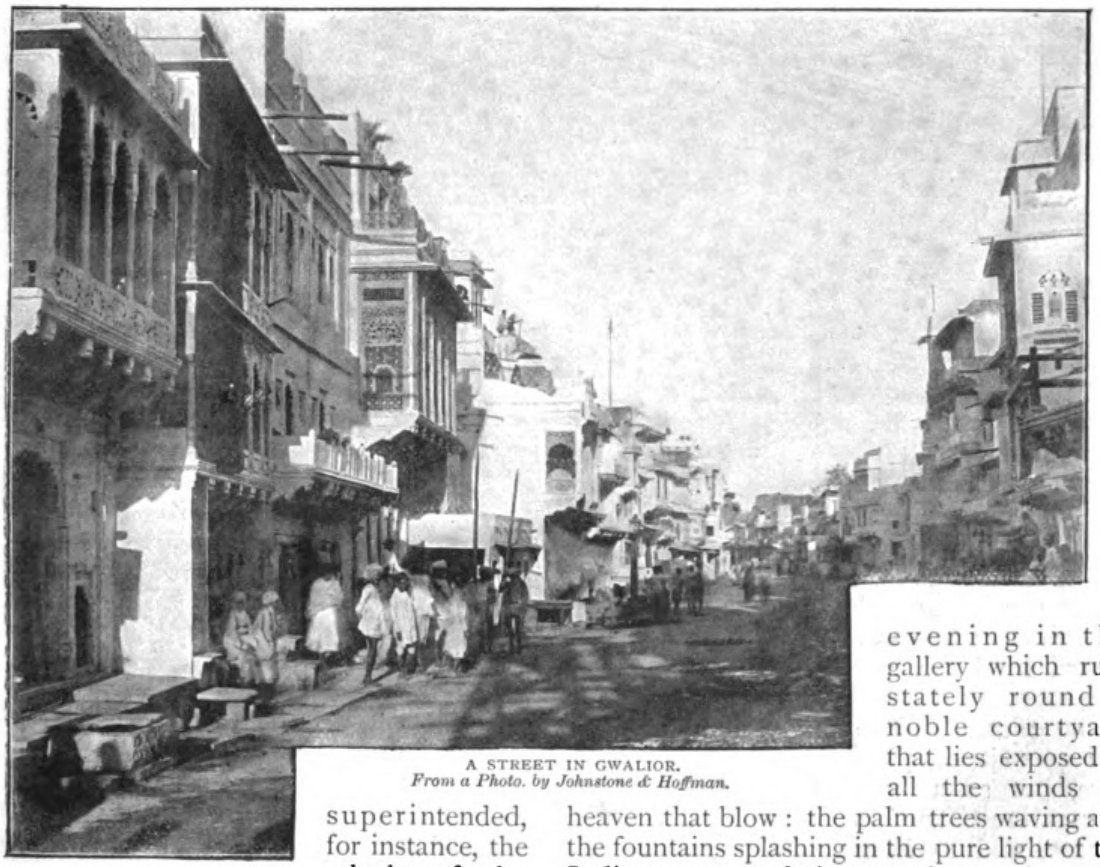
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From a Photo. by] THE NEW HOSPITAL, GWALIOR. *[Mr. Onrait, Chief of Police.*

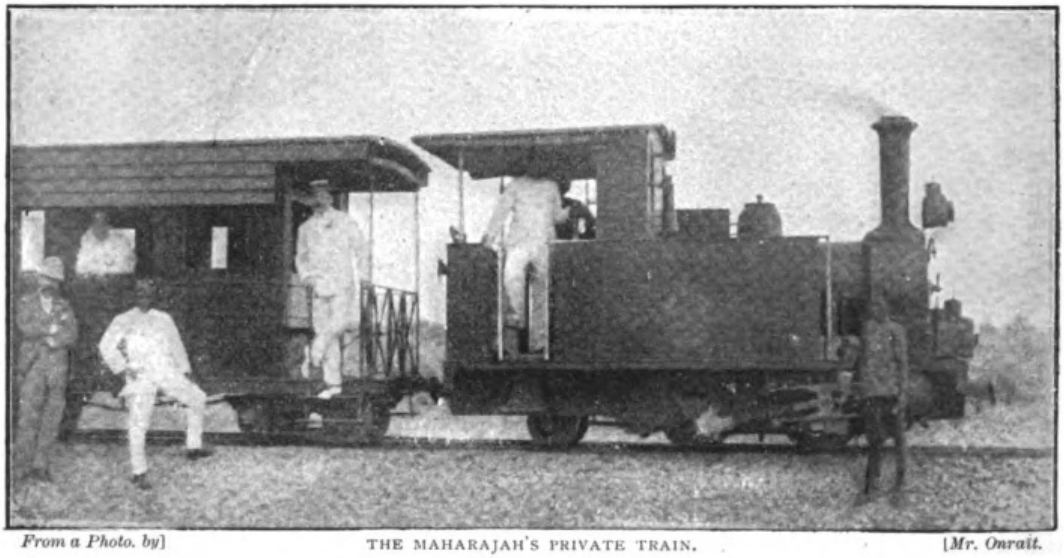
can set a broken limb in splints, arrest hemorrhage, and bandage a wound with the best of us. We had a good instance of this last week. A workman fell down from a scaffold and broke his arm, and the Prince, who was close by at the time, bound it up and attended to him most tenderly until I came up. We want to make him a thoroughly good all-round man, and he is shaping out well to become so. Some of the native papers have been jeering at him for the interest he takes in engine-driving, photography, and electricity — he superintended, for instance, the whole of the electric lighting of that enormous Palace— but we uphold him in everything that will make a really useful man of him."

By this time we had reached the hospital, a building that stands "in a strait waste place, that the years have rifled of all but the thorns, that are touched not of time"; but sterile as are its surroundings, the building itself gives promise of charm and beauty for the wearied and worn ones who will one day occupy it. Its conception and erection are due almost entirely to the energy and self-sacrifice of Dr. Crofts. That night, by way of entertainment and in the presence of the leading officials and the nobles of the State of Gwalior, I delivered a lecture on well-known people I had met, which was illustrated by lime-light slides, the Maharajah himself manipulating the lantern through which they were shown. I shall not easily forget the beauty of the scene that met my eyes, as we gathered at the end of the evening in the gallery which runs stately round a noble courtyard that lies exposed to all the winds of heaven that blow: the palm trees waving and the fountains splashing in the pure light of the Indian moon, and above and around us the deep blue heavens, in which the stars burned bright as they never burn in our cold, grey, foggy atmosphere.



A STREET IN GWALIOR.
From a Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffman.

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From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S PRIVATE TRAIN. *[Mr. Onrait.*

On the following day, after a game of tennis at the Residency, in which the Maharajah joined, and during which his fine native band played a selection of European music, Colonel Robertson told me something of the Prince's life and habits. "Although," said he, "His Highness has had an English education, and has been instructed in the customs and usages of English society, still he remains a true Hindu prince, and observes all the religious ordinances and caste customs of the Hindus. He has had no special instruction in English politics other than that obtained from reading the newspapers and from intercourse with Europeans, nor has he been instructed in the European management of nations which is not applicable to Eastern States. The object that I and all of us have in his bringing up is to make him a true gentleman and a Prince who will regard his State, not as a source of revenue to be squandered in the pursuit of pleasure, but as a trust committed to his charge, and to keep him in touch and sympathy with the people over whom he has been called upon to rule. He is very tolerant to other religions in his State, and he takes special care that everyone shall have fair play. He is much interested in criminal and civil law, and he has already decided several cases under my guidance and direction. Like his father, who was a general in the British Army, he is an enthusiastic soldier, and he has been through a course of military equitation, and has been thoroughly instructed in drill and camp exercise."



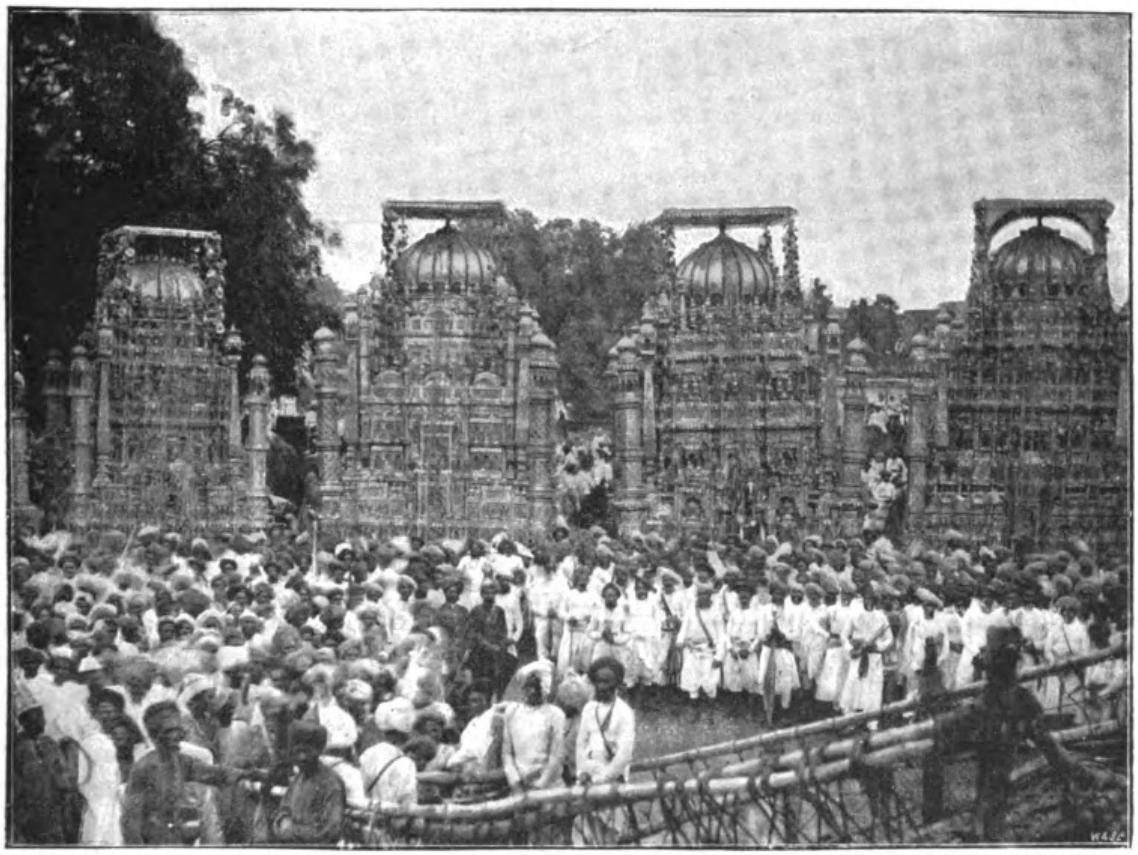
BABA SAHIB JADU, PRIME MINISTER.
From a Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffmann.

By this time night had fully come, the Maharajah had driven off, and it was time for us to prepare for our journey. For the Maharajah had been asked to open a new railway line, which ran far into the interior of the State, and a large party was to accompany him for the ceremony. As we alighted at the brilliantly illuminated station we discovered a long "special" drawn up at the platform, in the centre of which train were the Royal carriages.

Something like two hundred people accompanied the Prince: the Prime Minister of Gwalior, or President of the Council, Baba Sahib Jadu; the Resident

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and Mrs. Robertson; many of the nobles; Mr. Summerville Large, the Chief of the Engineering Staff, a man of the greatest service to Gwalior; Mr. Onraït, an English gentleman who presides over 15,000 police; Mr. Johnstone, and myself. The long night through we travelled, until at six o'clock on the following morning we drew up at a large station and clearing in the wild country, to be greeted by one of the most magnificent spectacles I have ever seen. There upon the platform stood thin red lines of native troops, who presented arms as the train came to a halt, and the band played the National Anthem. Hard by from a neighbouring hill a battery of guns fired a Royal salute, while round and about was gathered a brilliantly attired mass of some five to ten thousand people, hidden from the gaze of European and native alike, a very curious scene took place. An English engineer, who had behaved with incredible folly, and had been set upon and severely beaten by some native soldiers, preferred a formal charge against his assailants, who were brought before the Resident, the Maharajah, and the President of the Council to be tried. The men in reply assured their judges that the engineer had first attacked them, and they displayed pretended wounds in proof of their assertion. The Resident, however, suspecting the truth of their story, bade them remove their bandages, when it was promptly discovered that there was nothing the matter with them. After a trial, in which the most conspicuous fairness of dealing was displayed by both



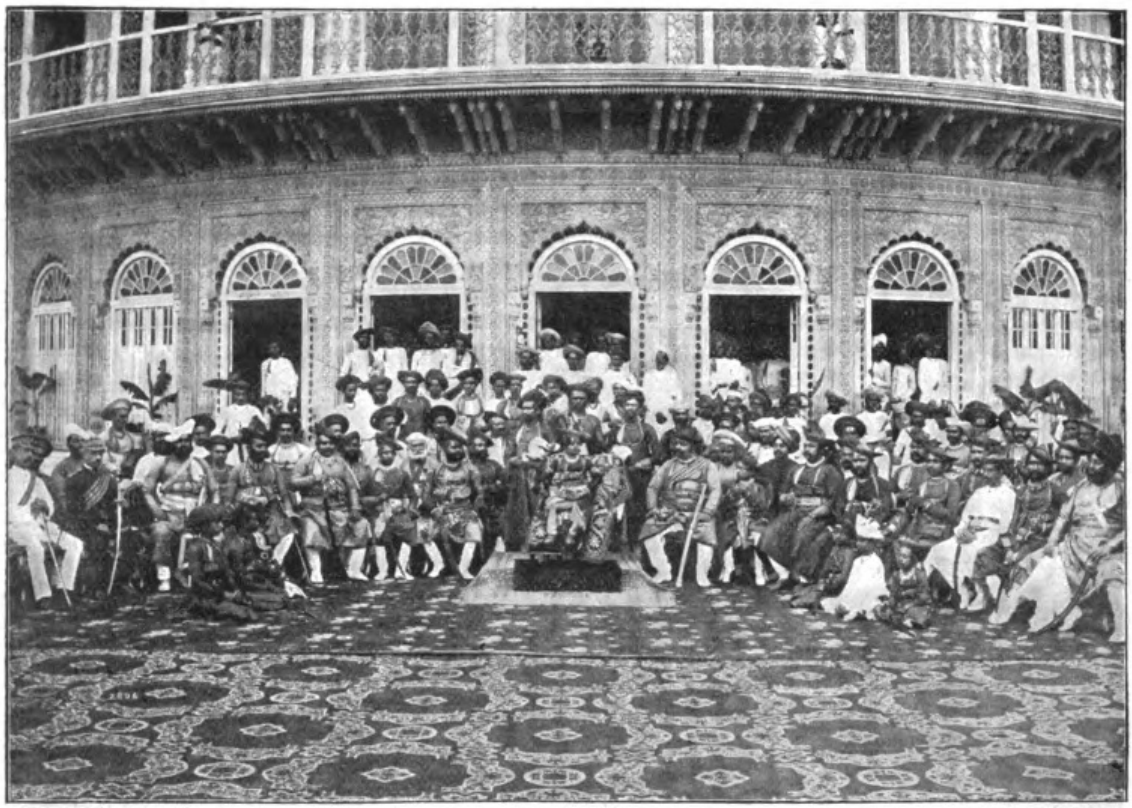
From a Photo. by] FESTIVAL AT GWALIOR. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

assembled to do honour to the young Prince, of whom many had heard, but whom comparatively few had ever seen. And as he stepped from his carriage and walked down the long lines of infantry, keenly inspecting them at every point, the people pressed, salaaming round him.

Here, while the ladies of the harem passed to the special tent prepared for them, and where they were most carefully native and European officials, the soldiers were sentenced to a light term of imprisonment, and we once more proceeded on our journey to our destination—Goona.

Arrived here, the scene was even more brilliant than that which I have just described. Upon the platform was drawn up a guard of honour from the splendid regiment of the Central India Horse, under the command of Captain Watson, whose father, Sir

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From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S FIRST DURBAR. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

John Watson, V.C., did so much for our Indian cavalry. Here we all alighted, and at once set off for the camp, the Prince preceding us in a carriage and pair and attended by a cavalry escort, whilst the Resident and Mrs. Robertson and myself followed close behind. In the afternoon the officers of the Central India Horse, whose kindness and hospitality will not soon fade from my mind, arranged for a special display of tent-pegging. The scene was a very splendid one. The troopers were drawn up in line, from which now and again one would dart forth with a wild cry, and, careering over the ground, he would swoop down with his spear, to raise it almost invariably with the "peg" sticking to its point, as he swept on with a triumphant "huzza!" to a distant part of the field. The crowd itself was a mass of life and colour, and above all shone "the splendid silent sun" blazing down upon us. Several of the officers, and notably Captain Watson and Mr. Daunt, took part in the tournament, and were no whit behind the native soldiers in the skill and grace of their movements.

On the following day, word having been brought to the camp that panthers were in the neighbourhood, a shooting expedition was arranged in honour of the Maharajah and myself, as the newest arrival in India. Early in the morning men had been sent to see if the decoy goats and buffaloes had been killed, and the reply having come back in the affirmative, we all started off—a brilliant cavalcade. The Maharajah rode in the centre, the Resident, Captain Watson, and I on either side, while behind us steadily pounded the stately and magnificent soldiers forming the Royal escort. Now and again I would turn my head round to admire the manner in which they sat their horses and the picturesque aspect they presented, with their coloured turbans, their soldier-like, handsome faces, and the points of their spears glittering in the golden sunshine. Arrived at the scene of action, where upwards of one hundred and fifty coolies had been beating the woods, we were met by the "Gader"—the head man, as it were, of the shoot—and were assigned our places.

The panthers, we were told, had taken refuge in a cave, above and around which stood some very handy trees. In two of these trees, which afforded the place of honour, the Prince and I were directed to seat ourselves, while the Prime Minister and Colonel Robertson perched themselves in two other trees close to the cave, and the officers who were with us also placed themselves as directed. Each of us, of course, had a man specially to attend upon him.

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The scene and occasion remain indelibly stamped upon my mind. As we each sat in silence, so deep that we scarcely dared to breathe, and when I had loaded my rifle, I looked round about me. I can recall, as though it were but an hour ago, the surrounding country: a lofty hill, bathed in the blazing sunshine, lay many miles away, blue in the delicate shimmer of heat; a kite wheeled in the air uttering its harsh, metallic cry; away to the rear stood a patient elephant; about us in the immediate foreground, hanging over the cave, were the coolies, throwing bombs and fire into the yawning cavern, from which issued smoke in quantities, but no panther. At last, just when I had given up hope, there was a crackling as of dried leaves beneath the feet, a rush and a roar, and a magnificent panther bounded into the open. The Prince immediately raised his rifle, and so also did I—one moment, and the poor beast lay dead.

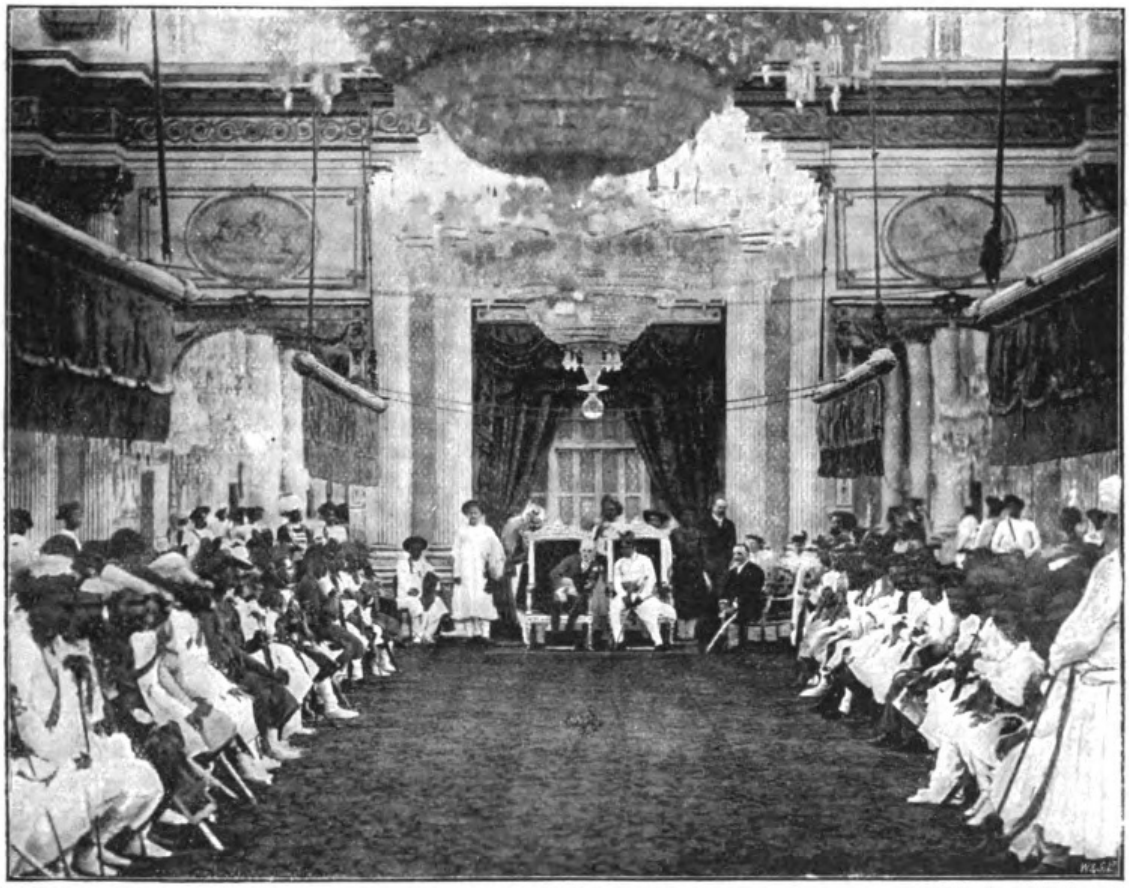
I am sadly hurried in my account for want of space, but I must devote a few lines to the conversation that took place as we all sat eating sandwiches and drinking welcome whisky-pegs, which took the form of soda-water or lemonade in the case of the Prince and his grandfather. Someone had alluded to the recent troubles in Burma, and the Prince remarked: "Well, I don't blame them; what right have the English there at all?" To which the Resident, I think it was, replied: "My dear Maharajah Sahib, it is no worse than you, a Mahratta Prince, taking possession of and ruling over Gwalior."

The Prince laughed heartily, and acknowledged that he was fairly caught.

I asked His Highness what he most wanted to see when he came to England. He replied: "The Queen, of course."

We fell into a conversation on the visits of Indian Princes to England, and I related to my companions what Colonel Massy, the Deputy Commissioner at Delhi, had told me occurred when he had visited England the previous year in attendance upon the Maharajah of Kapurthala. The Maharajah, although delighted with the hospitality, had complained to Colonel Massy that his hosts invariably asked him "how he liked England," and gave him but little information on the country.

On the following day the Maharajah was received by Mr. Gladstone, who began, as all



From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S LAST DURBAR. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

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the others had begun, by asking him "how he liked England."

The Prince smiled slily at the Colonel, and replied: "Very much, indeed; but, Mr. Gladstone, I want you to tell me all about Ireland and Home Rule."

The old statesman was delighted, and entered into a long and learned dissertation upon the Home Rule Bill.

"But what will you do when the Lords reject it?" said the Maharajah.

At this cool assumption on the Prince's part that all his labour was to be in vain, the Grand Old Man became much excited, and only cooled down on the Prince requesting that he might see Mrs. Gladstone.

"I shall not think my visit to England complete unless I see your wife, Mr. Gladstone," said he.

On the appearance of the lady, the Maharajah, after having been introduced, proceeded to regularly interview her on the subject of her husband's daily life and actions. Nothing was too unimportant: what did he eat for breakfast, how did he spend his day; did he amuse himself like other people, could he sleep well, and so on; and, at the conclusion of the interview, he said: "I have only one more favour to ask you, Mrs. Gladstone. Will you give me your own photo. and that of your husband, and will you please write your name upon it?"

The Maharajah Scindia pondered deeply over this instance of his brother Prince's enterprise, and he was only aroused out of it by my asking him what he thought of Lord Meath's proposition that the Indian Princes should sit in the House of Lords at home.

"You might go, sir, as member for Gwalior," one of the party suggested.

"I would rather stay here in India," he replied, with much simplicity; and Colonel Robertson closed the conversation by remarking: "Precisely, Maharajah; none of us can spare you from your own home and country."



From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S GUEST HOUSE. *[Johnstone & Hoffman.*

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FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES BEAUME.

I.

FOR a long time Roch had lived alone with his son, in his house, built of reeds and stones, by the roadside, under the hill overlooking the far-off little town. He was the owner of rich lands, planted with vines, both on the hillside and in the plain. Only on rare occasions he quitted his own paths to climb into the mountain woods, to shoot the hare or gather mushrooms and salads.

Persons sometimes came to see him, mostly on the eve of the vintage, to treat for the purchase of the fruit, which he sold on the vines for ready money, and on no other terms. At those times, after business, he would invite the dealers or his comrades to drink a bottle of wine, over which he would gaily talk about the doings of his youth, his health; all the while laughing the laugh of the master, sitting at his door in the sun, his fowls picking and scratching in the straw and dust around him.

His son Michel resembled him closely—blonde, square-shouldered, with beard and hair tufted like the brambles in a ravine.

The old man was becoming grey, and bushy eyebrows protected his keen little eyes, which took a dreamy expression when, at the close of the day, he sat upon his stone bench and saw the trembling sea of darkness overspread the plain. He was a miser. He mended his own clothes, repaired his own ploughs, replastered the worn-out walls of his house and trimmed the hedges on his domain. He and his son, without any beast of burden to help them, did all the work. They dug deep, and opened out their cultures to the sun with energy and confidence. Their vines were the best in the country. They never quitted them—never ceased thinking of them day and night; and so, lived by them.

Roch took pleasure in this kind of existence. He loved money—religiously, with all his strength. He hungered for gold, more and more gold, that he might handle it, imbibe its powers, hide it in corners, at the foot of trees, under heaps of rock.

On sunny Sundays he collected his fortune from its hiding-places, and heaped it on his table in front of his door, in the midst of his fowls, alone, and counted his silver and

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his gold pieces, making them glitter in the sunlight, and fall through his horny fingers in a clattering shower. Near him, within instant reach, he had his double-barrelled gun. And he laughed and fed his eyes with his large fortune. A glory sang within him, he swelled with the pride of being rich. He thought of Michel, of the happiness which this treasure, amassed with so much fervour and patience, would give him at some future time, when he would no longer be there. At ease in his solitude, he gave himself up to this enjoyment; he enjoyed his lands, still full of riches, while his son, down yonder, behind the trees, dug bravely at the foot of a vine.

Then, suddenly, overtaken by terror, he hurriedly returned his gold to a canvas bag and bore it away; made a fresh hole in the ground, no matter where, sometimes in the most open and noticeable spots, so as to ward off suspicion. And when he had thus buried his treasure, the old man stood powerless, oppressed with remorse, as if he had buried his happiness, his eyes lost in an ecstasy: he planted himself for a moment before his cottage, lifted his eyes towards the blue sky, scanned the high road along which were passing the dull and indifferent waggoners, and ever fearful of having been watched, he looked for his son, still working yonder behind the trees.

When he returned to labour and health, the joy of the soul came back to him abundantly. Yet he was pursued by an anxiety, a miser's care, a peasant's pride in his lands. After him what would become of the patrimony? What would become of his gold? He had confidence in his son—who resembled him; but his son would not remain alone. He ought to be married already. And the young wife and the new relatives would, perhaps, destroy the order and prosperity of his possessions. He would himself choose a wife for his son.

Michel bowed humbly before his father, whom he regarded as a superior being, since, out of nothing, from the depths of poverty, Roch had raised himself to opulence. They went forth together, at dawn, one Sunday in spring. The clear sky hung over all like a robe of innocence. Fresh voices murmured in the solitude.

"We will not go into the town," said the old man. "We shall not find there what we want: the girls there are too fond of luxury and amusements. Let us try what we may see in the villages."

Michel followed him, his hands in his pockets, his head bent downwards, not daring to turn his eyes on the country, agitated by happiness and weakness, troubled in his virgin nature as a brooklet by the storm.

They went on for a long time without speaking: they were thinking of the old woman who, for five years, had slept at the foot of an oak, and for whom, at sunset, they said a prayer. She was wanted now. She would have given her advice, and Roch, supported by her, would have been enabled to maintain his authority; as it was, he, for a moment, mistrusted his experience.

They visited the hamlets and villages, to the surprise of those who lived there, and were taken to the café, to the skittle and racket grounds, and to the spots where the crowd was promenading. They refused to drink, and walked about slowly, considering the girls.



"THEY WALKED ABOUT SLOWLY."

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Michel tired of these proceedings after awhile: none of the girls pleased him. He thought them all too much dressed up and too forward in their bearing. The father grumbled at the young man's ill-humour and exaction. With quickening steps they made their way into the open country.

In the evening they returned home tired out. On the way the old man, angrily and with flashing eyes, attacked his son.

"What do you mean by all this?" he demanded. "Don't you want to marry? Are you hoping to find a princess, block-head?"

Michel shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing about it—only that I love the land—and that a girl who has sprung from it might please me."

The old man, dumfounded by this reply, bit his lips. He wished to get at the full meaning of what his son had said, suspecting that they implied the existence of a love as yet unknown to him. Something like a feeling of joy dawned upon him, but coupled with the agony of a fear, lest he might be deceiving himself.

But, blunt and rough as he was, he dare not ask any questions, conscious of his inability to touch the desire which, like a flower under water, was waking in the young man's simple soul.

II.

On the further side of the mountain, on the border of a torrent and shadowed by trees, stood a farmhouse, poor and isolated, the only house to which Michel sometimes paid a visit. Its inhabitants were a man named Bruno, taciturn, always at work, rusted by the sun; the wife, Olympe, a dried plant of the mountain, burned up like a cinder, like her husband, for ever at work, sewing, and tending the flowers and vegetables; then the daughter, a tall, brown-haired girl, sweet smelling as the grass about a spring, the pure and caressing growth of the peace of the fields.

This was Justine, the sunshine of the hearth, the pride of her parents. For her sake Bruno put off his taciturnity after the day's work, and on Sundays went to the town and to the fêtes, exhibiting his heiress dressed in bright-coloured gowns, with gold chains about her neck—the jewellery of a long-forgotten grandmother. Justine was not yet twenty, and there had been no thought of marrying her

Michel sometimes went to the farm, and he and Justine chatted, standing by the well, or, more often, under the mulberry trees, breathing the freshness of the leaves in the hours of rest and when the heat was too oppressive, looking through the hanging branches away to the far-off hills and the wide-stretching plain.

Then Michel returned home in company with Justine's father, examining by the way the vineyards, meadows, and olive gardens of their neighbours, comparing them with their own. But Michel only entered the inclosure. Occasionally Roch, putting down his spade, came forward, and he and Bruno, in their shirt sleeves, with their arms resting on the barred gate, chatted for awhile, but in a tone of no great intimacy. Bruno never entered the gate, which Roch never opened, seeming to guard his domain on the threshold.

Sometimes Bruno received commissions from him which he executed in the town on Sundays; these were the only confidences between Roch and him. The old miser had never been across the mountain, and had only by chance seen Olympe and Justine as they passed along the hedges; when that occurred they only said "Good day" and smiled, without stopping to converse.

Michel and Justine had grown up together on the same soil. They regarded each other as if they had been old people, talking and laughing together without restraint, their conversation always turning on the same subjects, their labours and the seasons.

On the evening of the day following that on which he had been with his father on that strange excursion to the town and the adjacent villages, Michel met Justine; they looked at each other—then suddenly flushed, and their eyes grew moist with fondness.

They walked side by side.

At length Michel, with a thrill of contentment, clapped Justine on the shoulder.

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"Yes, I am returning from the town—tired. Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way home, too—but I'll go with you; I have not seen your parents for a long time."

They walked on slowly up the hill.

As they went down the other side, the fresher evening breeze fanned their faces, and they were penetrated by a glory of health: a pleasure of calm and purity united them. Their eyes turned together to the same objects of interest. They had one and the same soul, and the same feeling of life.

When they were near the farm, already dim amid the shadows that were creeping to the brow of the hill, Justine asked:—

"You and your father were away from home yesterday—why?"

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"BY THE WELL."

"Oh, yes!—Fancy!"

And with laughter and abrupt gestures, fearing to offend Justine by ideas forbidden to her modesty, Michel related to her the story of the pilgrimage in search of a wife.

"It was all nonsense," he added; "I don't know what my father has been thinking of lately. I have constantly seen him, spade in hand, removing his treasure from one place to another. And now he wants me to marry—a thing I never thought of," a look of dreamy helplessness in his eyes.

"Well, don't worry yourself about it, stupid!" cried Justine. "One would think you were going to cry!"

She bantered him noisily; but he stopped and gazed at her in surprise, that she should mock instead of console him. They entered the farmyard. The young man's gravity had touched Justine; she went to him with downcast eyes, vexed at having hurt his feelings. They went on to the house in painful silence. In the kitchen, the mother was setting the supper table: Bruno was sitting by it more than half asleep.

"Oh! there you are!" cried Olympe, putting down a glass and a yellow plate before her husband.

Bruno lifted his elbows, rubbed his heavy brow, admired his daughter; the two young people seated themselves somewhat uneasily in front of the father.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the mother, laughingly; "have you two been fighting?"

"No," murmured Michel.

"No," repeated Justine.

She sighed, and in turn recited in a breath, and forcing herself to smile, the quest of Michel and his father about the country in search of a wife for the young man.

The old people were taken aback, painfully disturbed, as if threatened with the deprivation of something. They looked at the young people. A heavy silence fell upon the hum of life which came from without. They were afraid to think, and the same idea, as by a miracle, entered and haunted their minds.

"I'm going," said Michel, abruptly. He

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rose from his seat. The silence still continued. Michel repeated: "I'm going."

"So soon?" And Justine involuntarily held him, with a longing to ease her heart and win his forgiveness.

"Stay!" commanded Bruno.

Michel resumed his seat beside Justine. They all looked at him. He blushed, dare not speak, bit his lips, and drummed on the table with his finger-nails.

"Do you want to get married, Michel?" asked Bruno.

The young man blushed redder still, shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably, and replied:—

"My father has ideas—stupid ideas that come into his head—and insisted on going about the villages——"

"But—what need was there to search so far away?"

lover, pressed closely against him, and encouraged him to trust and to will.

"Now I shall no longer dare to come to your house," she said.

"Nor I," added her father.

The anxious mother turned away, stirred the fire on the hearth, and made the soup ready.

"Already such big children," murmured Bruno.

This speech made them smile. Michel drew his hands from those of Justine, slowly, uneasily. She contemplated him as if she had found him again, after a long separation, grown, and handsomer and better.

He went away, filled with regrets, tormented by a remorse. All accompanied him to the threshold, Bruno in advance. Then, with a movement of courage and will, Michel said to the master of the farm:—



"WHAT NEED TO SEARCH SO FAR AWAY?"

And Olympe, with her large hands widespread, boldly indicated her daughter. It was Justine's turn to blush.

"Why not?" continued Bruno. "We are fond of you, Michel. But it was not for us to say anything: your father has money."

"Oh!"

This question of money shamed the young man.

"My father would have it so," he said, resolutely.

Justine raised her eyes to him, took his hands between hers and extended them on the table. It seemed like an oath taken, and a bright vision passed before all of them in silence. Justine moved nearer to her

"My father esteems you: he will only do what I wish."

And he departed. Justine saw him, through the shadows, mounting the hill path. He walked quickly, agitated by his new suffering. For the first time in his life, he thought things no longer appeared to him as they had hitherto appeared. A voice spoke to him confusedly, awaking dreams in his soul, a joy in his flesh. He also felt a fear. He tried to drive away the memory of Justine; but this memory clung to him, went before him, shining like a tender light. In his absorption he went by the gate of his father's inclosure.

On discovering what he had done he ran

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back, entered the cottage hurriedly, and, face to face with his father, felt as if he had suddenly been turned into a block of ice. Roch scolded.

"Where have you come from?—from Bruno's?—Oho!" And bursting into a loud laugh, he added: "By your hang-dog look one would imagine that you have been up to some mischief. What ails you?"

The old miser then tranquilly seated himself at table and helped the stew. While they were eating, Michel eyed his father furtively, watching for the moment to explain himself.

"Well—what's the matter with you?" repeated the old man.

"I daren't——"

"I know: you need not tell me. It is this marriage business that worries you, and you have some notion of your own."

Michel nodded.

"Justine pleases you, then?"

The young man looked at his father, and resolutely replied: "Yes."

"What about me?"

Michel was silent; his weakness and cowardice came back; he was afraid of offending the miser.

"Don't be uneasy," said the old man. "Justine is to your taste, but what dowry will she have? Her parents are not rich, I believe, while you will have money and rich lands, you know."

"Yes."

"Oh! I know that they are honest people, and that with them my vines have nothing to fear."

Filled as he was with anxiety, Michel knew not what to say: his heart was overflowing with love and entreaty.

"You are an odd fellow; but well, after all, why should I not accept Justine? I prefer people who have surmounted privation and poverty." And with a decided tone and gesture he added: "Well, we'll see about it—that will remind me of past happiness and of your poor mother."

He scratched his forehead, dried his eyes: big tears were running down his cheeks.

"I'll have it so—but on one condition. It's a fancy of mine."

Michel turned pale and his lips quivered, and he leaned back a little in his chair, as if terrified by these strange exuberances.

"What is this condition?"

"You will marry—that is settled; but I'll not give you the money till you have given me a grandson—an heir to my name." And he laughed boisterously, Michel observing him dubiously.

"So be it, father—I accept!"

They struck hands on the bargain made.

Three months afterwards Michel and Justine were married and living at Bruno's farm by the torrent. Michel still worked at his father's vines, but Justine never went beyond the inclosure. All were happy. The miser's fortune slept tranquilly underground, in some unknown nook.

But, near all this happiness and hopefulness, death was keeping watch.

One evening the miser, while doing something in the interior of his cottage, slipped, fell on his head and expired. When he was found—the next morning—his body was cold and rigid. Naturally, the old man's treasure occurred to the minds of all: had he been murdered by some robber? Everybody on the farm, including Olympe, set to searching the whole of Roch's land; but nothing was discovered. The cottage, with its barred door, would speedily have fallen into ruins under the beating of the rain; but they kept it intact, as a sacred altar.

The spring arrived, and Justine became a happy mother. With the spring, too, came a long and heavy downfall of rain. Michel, Bruno, and the women, who sometimes tremblingly entered the dead man's domain, went to see what effect the deluge had had upon the empty cottage. They opened the door: a breath as from the tomb exhaled from the deserted dwelling. They sounded the walls: the rain had eaten into them on every side—the shattered building of stones and reeds was ready to fall at any moment. Michel sadly and vaguely gazed on the ruin.

But the clouds had passed to the far end of the plain; the sky cleared, and suddenly a flood of sunlight spread over the lands of the departed miser.

Then from the highest part of the roof of the desolate cottage broken tiles began to fall, and a shapeless something was laid bare to the sun—a coarse canvas bag, which moved and burst: the miser's treasure! The peasants sprang back, and pieces of money, white and yellow, poured down in a torrent.

Ah!—old Roch might well have laughed to himself! Vainly the domain might have been searched till Doomsday! Doubtless he met his death in the act of forming that final hiding-place for his beloved treasure. And still the shower of gold continued—slowly now—now at intervals—now drop by drop.

Michel collected the whole—thousands upon thousands of gold and silver pieces. Silently he and Bruno heaped the treasure

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upon a hand-barrow, covered it with a blouse, and wheeled it to the farm through the livid half-light of the evening.

Nothing was said of the dead miser, but the thoughts of all turned to him—a little more lovingly. Their wealth was great enough for them to have enjoyed ten years of luxurious life in the great cities far away; but Michel and Justine, in spite of their opulence, determined to live in the farm, to change nothing in their way of life—in the peace of their hearts and the joy of their love, and in the delight of dreaming of amassing a great fortune for their children. Who shall say what constitutes the *summum bonum* of human happiness!



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The Handwriting of Thomas Carlyle.

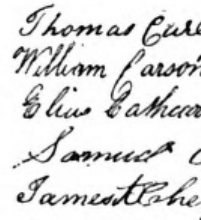
FROM 1809 TO 1875.

(Born 4th December, 1795; died 5th February, 1881.)

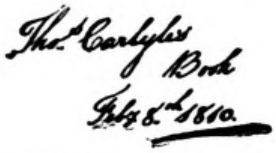
BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

THE earliest existing specimen of Thomas Carlyle's handwriting is shown in No. 1. It was written at age 13–14 in the "Matriculation Album" of Edinburgh University. Curiously enough, a boy named *Cheyne* signed on the fourth line below Carlyle—who in later life was so intimately associated with Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

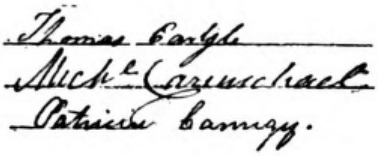
Handling Carlyle's school-books is somewhat of a novel sensation. I cannot pass the sensation on to readers of this paper, so I give in No. 2 the signature from



No. 1.—Written in 1809. Age 13-14. When a first-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

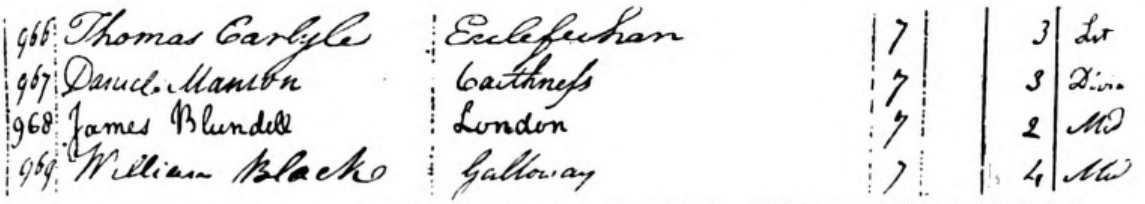


No. 2.—Written February 10, 1810. Age 14-15. From the fly-leaf of the boy's "Homer." (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 3.—Written in 1810. Age 14-15. When a second-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

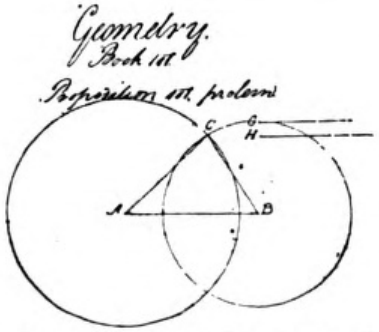
his "Homer," and, later, other facsimiles of these most interesting signatures. Nos. 3 and 4 both relate to Carlyle's life at Edinburgh University; and, as regards No. 4, the numerals at the left relate to the numerical order of the signatures in the "Matriculation



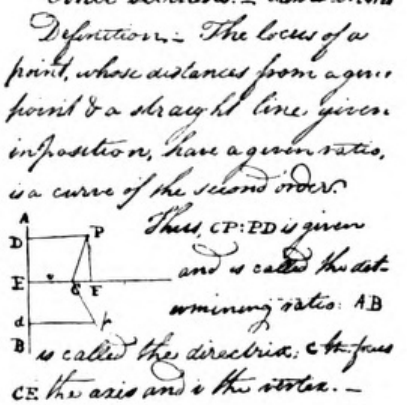
No. 4.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. When a third-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

Album"; the figure "7" is the fee paid, 7s. 0d.; the numbers at the right denote the year of studentship, and the abbreviated words show the class of the student—*Literature*, *Divinity*, *Medicine*, *Law*, *etc.* We see, thus early, *literature* written against the name of Thomas Carlyle.

The earliest specimen of Carlyle's mathematical *inability*—subsequently, he became an excellent mathematician—is shown in No. 5. This is the 1st Problem of the 1st Book of "Euclid": "To describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line"—which Carlyle did not succeed in doing, for inspection shows that the triangle A B C is not an equilateral triangle: the sides of it are of unequal length. No. 6 shows to us Carlyle's experiments with "Conic Sections" (December 24, 1811), and in No. 7 there is a facsimile of the label pasted by him on this "Old College Note-Book"



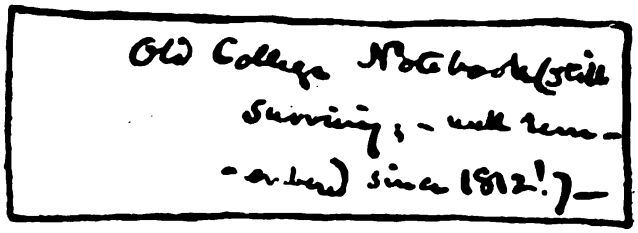
No. 5.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. From the first page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)



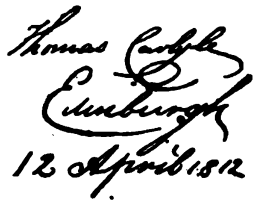
No. 6.—Written December 24, 1811. Age 16-17. From the second page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)

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in (about) the year 1860. No. 8 is from the boy's "Sallust," and in No. 9 is a pen-and-ink caricature on page 56 of the same book. Close examination showed that the moustache was added, probably on August



No. 7.—A label pasted by Carlyle on the cover of his "Old College Note-Book." This was written in or about 1860.



No. 8.—Written April 12, 1812. Age 16-17. From the fly-leaf of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 9.—A caricature of "Cataline" from page 56 of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)

24th, 1825, for the ink used for the moustache is the same as that used by Carlyle for appending, in 1825, both this date and the moustache. No. 10 shows a curiously written signature on the last page of this "Sallust."

No. 11 deserves special attention. First it is the only one of Carlyle's signatures that



No. 10.—From the last page of the "Sallust." Written at about age 16-18.



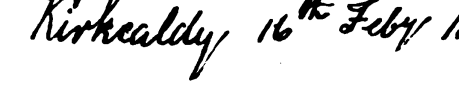
No. 11.—Written March 17, 1817. Age 21-22. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

I have seen which contains any sort of a flourish—a significant gesture conspicuously absent from his writing throughout his life. Second, it is from a very early letter written to his mother when Carlyle was a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy. He writes:—

> . . . It gives me pleasure to hear that the *bairns* are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge—and youth is the period for acquiring it. . . . My father spoke once of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him—they are quite ready at his service.

Thomas Carlyle respected his father, the sturdy, reliant stonemason, and he loved his mother—she loved Carlyle; and she learned to write, at a mature age, in order to be able to exchange letters with her son Thomas.

Want of space prevents the showing of many *unpublished* letters of extreme interest. Here, in No. 12, is the address of one written to Carlyle's friend, Mitchell. He poses his friend thus:—



No. 12.—Written February 16, 1818. Age 22-23. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

> After an arduous struggle with sundry historians of great and small renown, I sit down to answer the much-valued epistle of my friend. Doubtless you are disposed to grumble that I have been so long in doing so; but I have an argument in store for you. To state the proposition logically—this letter, I conceive, must either amuse you or not. If it amuse you, then certainly you cannot be so unreasonable as to cavil at a little harmless delay; and if it do not, you will rather rejoice that your punishment has not been sooner inflicted. Having thus briefly fixed you between the horns of my dilemma—from which, I flatter myself, no skill will suffice to extricate you—I proceed with a peaceful and fearless mind. . . .

There is a splendidly characteristic bit of Carlyle in the letter from which No. 13 has been taken:—

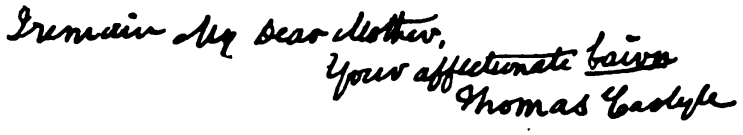


No. 13.—Written November 6, 1818. Age 22-23. When Carlyle had just resigned his position at Kirkcaldy Grammar School.

> Kirkcaldy. — My dear Mitchell,—About a week ago, I received a letter from the Magistrates of this burgh (which letter I even now use as a blot-sheet), accepting my "resignation of the Teacher of the Grammar School," as their phrase goes: and in a fortnight, I shall quit my present situation. . . . The desire, which, in common with all men, I feel for conversation and social intercourse, is, I find, enveloped in a dense repulsive atmosphere—not of a vulgar *mauvaise honte*, tho' such it is generally esteemed—but of

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deeper feelings, which are partly due to the undefined station I have hitherto occupied in Society. . . . *Therefore I must cease to be a paedagogue.* . . . I have thought of writing for Book-sellers. *Risum teneas;* for *at times* I am serious in this matter. . . . You see, my boy, that my prospects are not the brightest in Nature. Yet what shall we say? . . . Simply I wish to tell you, that in days of darkness—for there *are* days when my support (pride or whatever it is) has enough to do. . . . But have done.



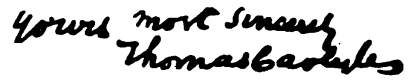
No. 14.—Written December 17, 1818. Age 23-24. To his mother, from Edinburgh, when Carlyle was struggling for existence.

Here's a gem! He tells his friend not to laugh, "for *at times* I am serious in this matter"—the matter of "writing for book-sellers"!

And No. 14 again, written when Carlyle was fighting for existence in Edinburgh. True, he was then drawing monthly rations of oatmeal and butter from the domestic store at Mainhill, near Ecclefechan, but he was bravely fighting for an opening in life. Listen to this :—

. . . Therefore I entreat you, my mother, not to be any way uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. They are mostly older than I by several years—and have as dim prospects generally as need be. Tell the boys to *read*, and not to let their hearts be troubled for me. Tell them, I am a stubborn dog—and evil fortune shall not break my heart—or bend it *either*, as I hope. . . .

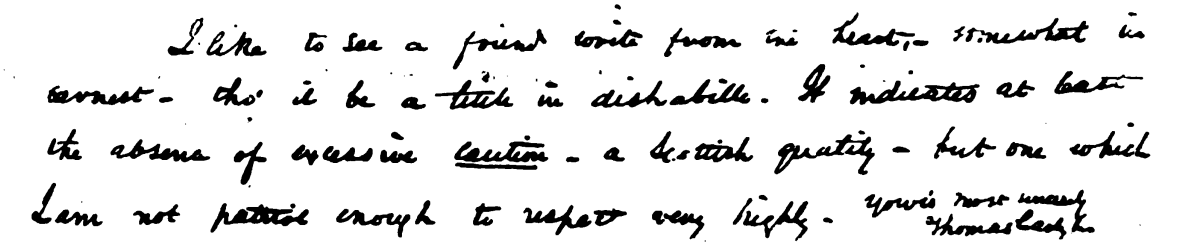
A "stubborn dog," indeed — a man of dogged grit and no show was Thomas Carlyle—and the small, strongly-compressed, and simple gestures of his handwriting remain to prove to us that he was such a man.



No. 15.—Written May 19, 1820. Age 24-25. At this date Carlyle was seeking a post as mathematical tutor.

Here, in No. 15, he writes—with fine scorn :—

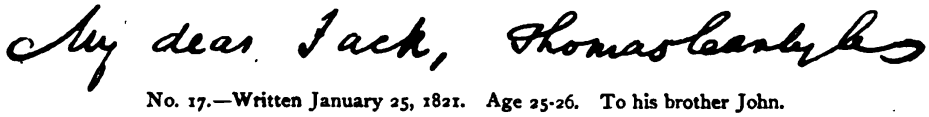
. . . Eighty pounds a year, if board and lodging are included, is a respectable salary for teaching a mathematical class three hours a day. . . . If, however, Mr. Vicars wants a creature of the *usher* species, to sit ten or a dozen hours per diem with his boarders, to superintend the washing of their faces, and see them all quietly put to bed each evening—I cannot be of any service. The very word usher vibrates detestably across the tympanum of one's ear. . . .



No. 16.—Written June 7, 1820. Age 24-25. In this letter Carlyle comments upon the indications of character that are shown by handwriting. (Reduced facsimile.)

In No. 16 we have one of Carlyle's deductions from handwriting. Mr. J. A. Froude wrote to me on June 27th, 1894 :—

More than 50 years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed : "No doubt there is a physiognomy in everything that we do."



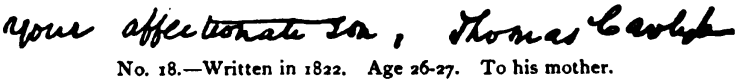
No. 17.—Written January 25, 1821. Age 25-26. To his brother John.

The letter of which No. 17 is part says :—

. . . After all, this literature is a grand and glorious thing. It is the life-blood of the mind; and mind is the Sovereign of Nature. Kings who have it not go down to dust and are forgotten; those who have it influence the world, and spread their own brief being over many generations of their fellow-men. Go on then to improve! . . . I shall be well I know by-and-by—and we shall then remember with joyful thoughts these days of trial. *Vale et me ama!*

Carlyle crippled his own means when he needed help to provide for the medical education of his brother John.

In No. 18 we have the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote :—

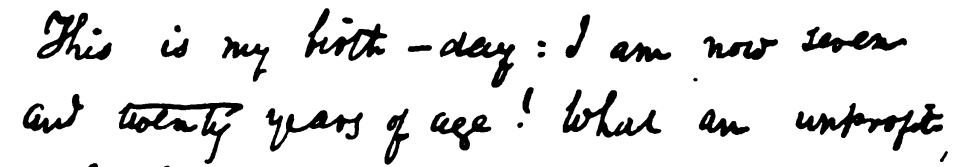


No. 18.—Written in 1822. Age 26-27. To his mother.

. . . For I begin to feel more and more the necessity of setting about *writing a book.* In general I am quite unhappy on this score; but I hope I shall at last fix on something, and then set to it like fire to tow. . . . Always, my dear mother. . . .

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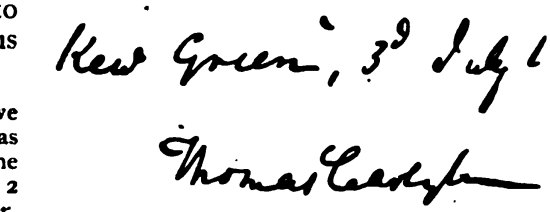
Carlyle began to publish his "Life of Schiller" in 1823, in the *London Magazine*. He wrote to his mother on his twenty-seventh birthday. See No. 19:—



No. 19.—Written December 4, 1822. Age 27. From a letter to Carlyle's mother on his twenty-seventh birthday; he had not then published any book.

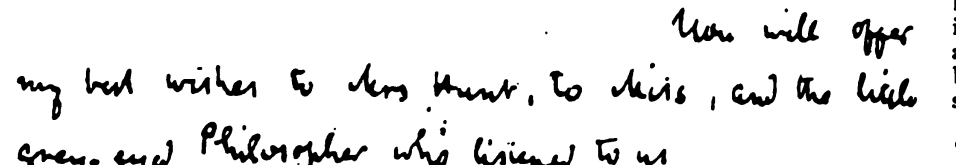
This is my birthday: I am now seven and twenty years of age! What an unprofitable lout I am! What have I done in this world to make good my place in it, or reward those that had the trouble of my upbringing? Great part of an ordinary life time is gone by: and here am I, poor trifler, still sojourning. . . .

He wrote No. 20 when he was in London for the first time; No. 21 was written to Leigh Hunt, and No. 22 refers to the complete failure of the famous "Sartor Resartus":—



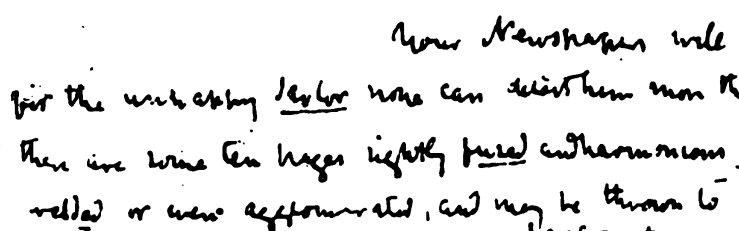
No. 20.—Written July 3, 1824. Age 28-29. During Carlyle's first visit to London. (Reduced facsimile.)

. . . I am writing *nothing;* reading, above all things, my old *Homer*. . . . Fancy me as reading till you see me, then must *another* scene open.—(The "Homer" is that from which No. 2 has been taken.) . . . as for the unhappy *Sartor*, none can detest him more than my present self. There are some ten pages rightly *fused* and harmonious; the rest is only *welded*, or even agglomerated, and may be thrown to the swine. . . .



No 21.—Written November 20, 1832. Age 36-37. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

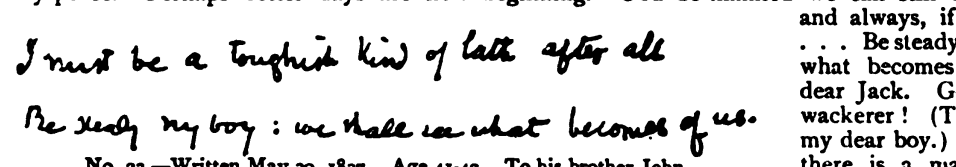
[Carlyle's work, "Sartor Resartus," appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, vols. viii.–x., 1833–34. It was a dead failure, and letters poured in to the publisher countermanding subscriptions until Carlyle should be removed from the pages of the magazine. Two persons, Ralph Waldo Emerson and another, wrote to praise the work, but it was for a while doomed to failure. Recently, Mr. Frederick Chapman informed me that 114,000 copies of one edition *only* of this work had been printed by his firm during 1871 – 1894.—J. H. S.]



No. 22.—Written April 18, 1834. Age 38-39. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

In No. 23 Carlyle wrote:

. . . I must be a toughish kind of lath after all, for my life here these three years has been sore and stern, almost frightful, nothing but Eternity beyond it in which seemed any peace. Perhaps better days are now beginning. God be thanked we can still do without such; still, and always, if it be so. Esperons! . . . Be steady, my boy: we shall see what becomes of us . . . Adieu, dear Jack. Gehab Dich wohl mein wackerer! (Take care of yourself, my dear boy.) I shall see (whether) there is a margin left. Auf ewig (Yours ever), T. C.



No. 23.—Written May 30, 1837. Age 41-42. To his brother John.

This letter was addressed "Dr. Carlyle, Countess of Clare's, Poste Restante, Rome." There *was* a "margin left," on which Carlyle wrote, in tiny letters, "Excuse this mean end of a letter. . . . I will do better next time. Adieu, Dear Brother, T. C." The four sides of a large sheet of paper are covered with writing, which is also neatly squeezed into the margins.

When Carlyle wrote No. 24, he also wrote:—

. . . The lectures terminated quite triumphantly, . . . there was applauding, complimenteering, &c., &c., and a money result of near £300 left in the hands of a man heartily glad to shrink back into his hole

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Jane says I am fated to be the nucleus for all the mad people of my generation.

Ever your true Brother, T. Carlyle

No. 24.—Written July 17, 1838. Age 42-43. When Carlyle was lecturing in London. (Reduced facsimile.)

again. . . . If dire famine drive me, I must even lecture; but not otherwise. . . . Freedom under the blue sky; ah me, with a bit of brown bread, and peace and pepticity to eat it with: *this* for my money before all the "glory" of Portman Square or the Solar System itself!

Press Mark.	Title of the Work, or Number of the MS. wanted.	Size.	Place.	Date.
3.0.h.	Melmoth's Letters of Pliny	8°	Lond.	1747

(Date) 27th April 1839 T. Carlyle (Signature).

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place, as soon as done with.

No. 25.—Written April 27, 1839. Age 43-44. A British Museum reading-room ticket. (Reduced facsimile.)

The "Jane" here mentioned was Thomas Carlyle's wife.

The reading-room ticket shown in No. 25 is interesting. Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, ascertained the year of this ticket, and recently showed me the small reading-room (now closed to the public) where Carlyle wrote it, and where he was "obliged to sit on the top of a ladder" when reading—owing to the then scanty accommodation.

No. 26 explains itself. In letter No. 27 Carlyle wrote:—

One thing struck me much in this Macaulay, his theory of *Liberal* Government. He considers Reform to mean a judicious combining of those that have any money to keep down those that have none. "Hunger" among the great man is *irremediable*, he says. That the pigs be taught, etc.

I must and will persist
More seems no use in living to me, if it be not
writing, or preparing to write T. Carlyle

No. 26.—Written August 2, 1839. Age 43-44. Carlyle's "French Revolution" was published in 1837, and a second edition in 1839.

No. 28 is from a splendid letter to his wife. No. 29 was written to brother John, the doctor:—

. . . If you do good to the poor patient, why should you not be content? It is to be *doing* good. Few people can certainly say of themselves so much. The most are but consuming victual; a *male*faction and theft if there be not work returned for it, in the shape of *improvement* to some man or thing!

That the pigs be taught to die with
-out squealing: then is the sole improvement pos-
-sible according to him. Did Whiggery ever express
itself in a more damnable manner. T. Carlyle

No. 27.—Written July 24, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter adversely criticising Lord Macaulay's political writings.

But space is very much too limited, and I can give only a scanty account of many of the selected passages, etc., from these unpublished letters. The originals of Nos. 30 and 31 are of great interest, and No. 32 is from a closely written three-page letter sent by Carlyle to his publishers on behalf of a poor lad who went to solicit his help; the letter ends: "So stands it in our Scotch Psalm Book; and, really, it is a

T. Carlyle

No. 28.—Written in August, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter to his wife: ". . . Have your earthquakes done; and the house all ready for me to begin work at my return."

My dear Jack

No. 29.—Written September 5, 1840. Age 44-45. To his brother John, the doctor.

Courage, Patience, Cheerfulness!

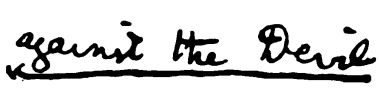
No. 30.—Written January 12, 1841. Age 45-46. A "syllable of salutation" to brother John.

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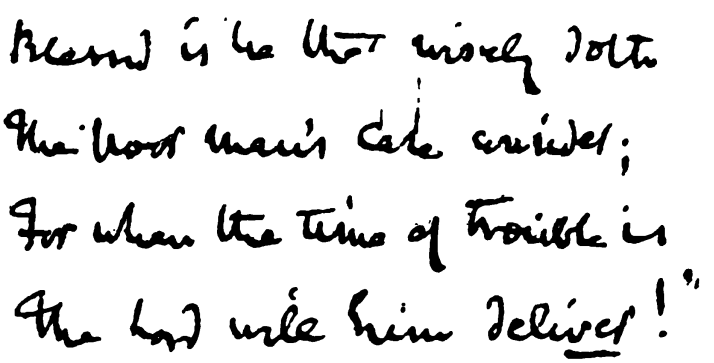
great truth." No. 33 is from a letter to Carlyle's mother, which narrates the advice he gave to "those red-hot Irish Repealers," who had just visited Carlyle at Chelsea: "They are all ready for 'insurrection,' for 'death,' etc., etc. I strongly advised them to make a general insurrection *against the Devil* first of all, and see what came of that! . . . " No. 34 is the signature from the receipt for £300 for the first edition of "Oliver Cromwell." On May 21, 1844, Carlyle wrote to a



No. 31.—Written May 17, 1842. Age 46-47. From an agreement with Messrs. Chapman and Hall about the publication of "Heroes and Hero Worship."



No. 33.—Written April 28, 1845. Age 49-50. (See text for description.)

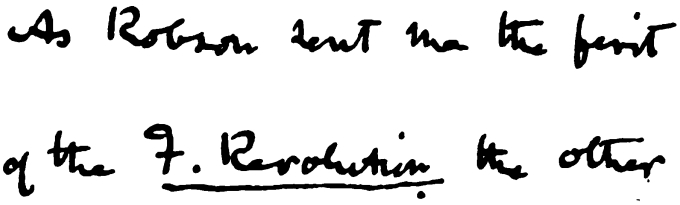


No. 32.—Written March 29, 1844. Age 48-49. From a letter written to aid "a raw, respectable-looking Scotch lad."



No. 34.—Written January 7, 1846. Age 50-51. From the receipt for £300 for the first edition of the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell."

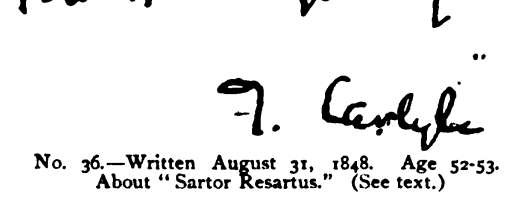
collector who possessed one of Cromwell's letters, asking for a copy of it: "If it be of any length, I will come to the Museum, or send; for at any rate I must have a copy. . . . The punctuation I should like to have exact. . . ." The great attention given by Carlyle to his own punctuation affords good evidence of his thoroughness and care. No. 35 must go



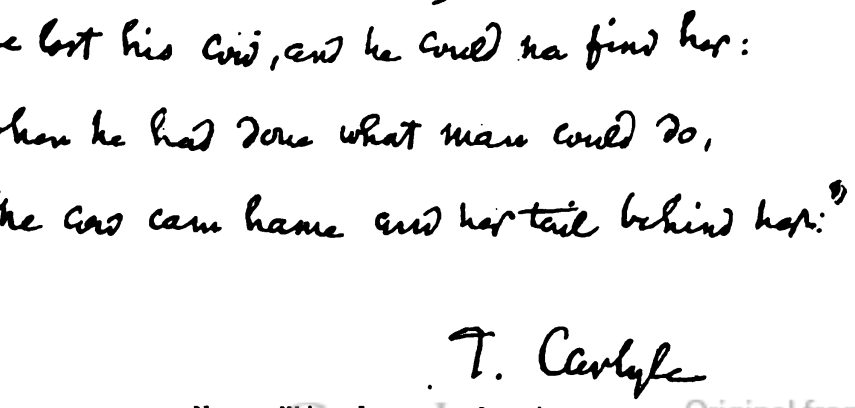
No. 35.—Written June 14, 1847. Age 51-52. From a letter which refers to Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."

without notice; No. 36 is the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote:—

Mr. Bosworth tells me that the Book *Sartor Resartus* has been quite out of print for a month past, and that



No. 36.—Written August 31, 1848. Age 52-53. About "Sartor Resartus." (See text.)



No. 37.—Written January 23, 1849. Age 53-54.

inquiries are occasionally made for it—of course in vain. . . . As many "editions" as you like of it, and of all the others.

In 1894, no fewer than 5,000 copies of "the Book *Sartor Resartus*" were printed—of one edition only.

No. 37 speaks for itself, and I pass by

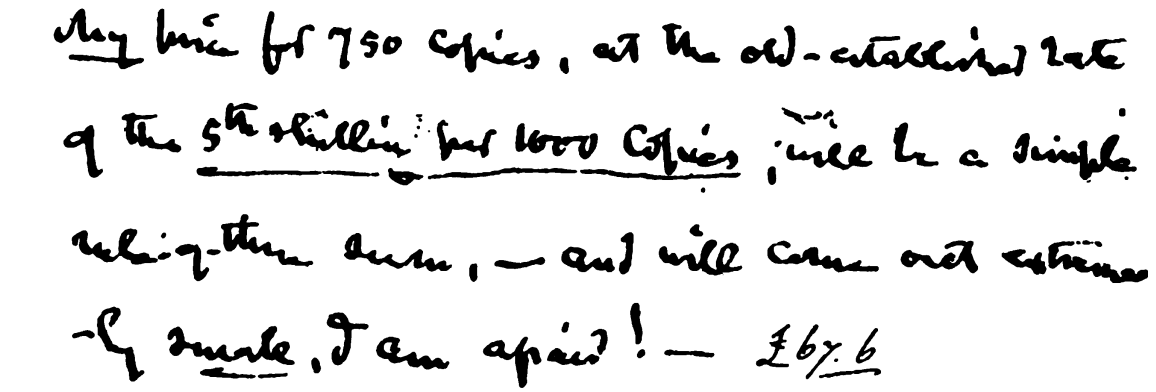
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No. 38.—Written November 15, 1851. Age 55-56. From the receipt for £100, *re* the first edition of the "Life of Sterling."

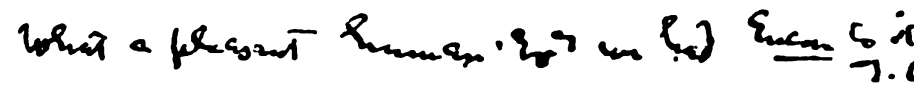
Nos. 38 and 39. The next one was written to John Ruskin: "What a pleasant human evening we had. *Encore* to it!—T. C."

Here, in No. 41, are Carlyle's original instructions about the title of his "Life of Frederick the Great": "Friedrich, always used in the Text, is his right name (just as 'Louis' instead of '*Lewis*' in a French name, but it occasions a jar on our common habits; —and with 'Frederic the Great' would perhaps be unintelligible. You might say Friedrich



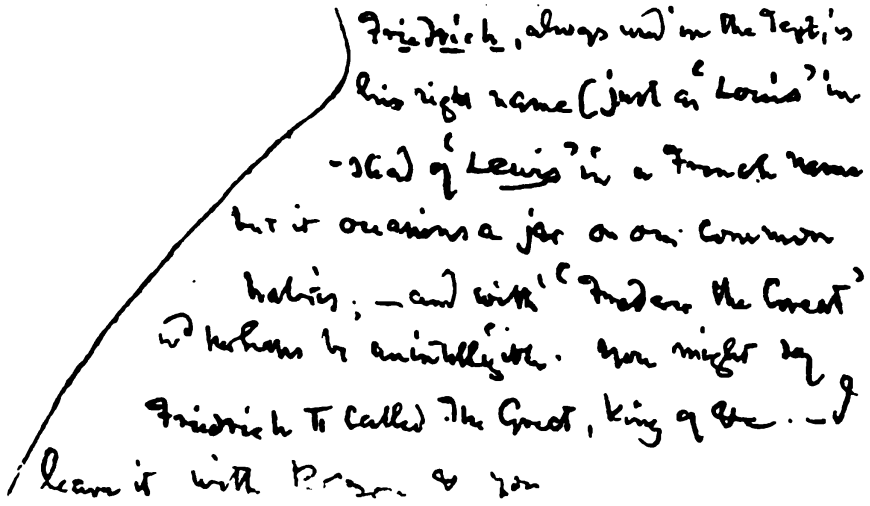
No. 39.—Written July 10, 185?. Age 56-57. This relates to a "cheap edition" of "Heroes."

II. called the Great, King of, &c.—I leave it with Robson and you." What an instance of Carlyle's minute care—which all his handwriting throughout his life shows so prominently. Thomas Carlyle, like many another famous man, knew the great value of "an infinite



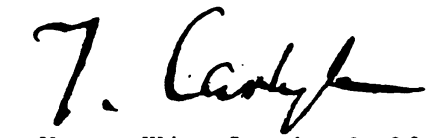
No. 40.—Written in about 1854. Age 58-59. From a letter to John Ruskin.

capacity for taking pains" with his work. Every figure in this pageant of a book "has his own proper visage, stamped indelibly with the expression it bore as he flitted across this earth." No. 42 is worth notice. At the end of No. 43 Carlyle wrote: "Let him



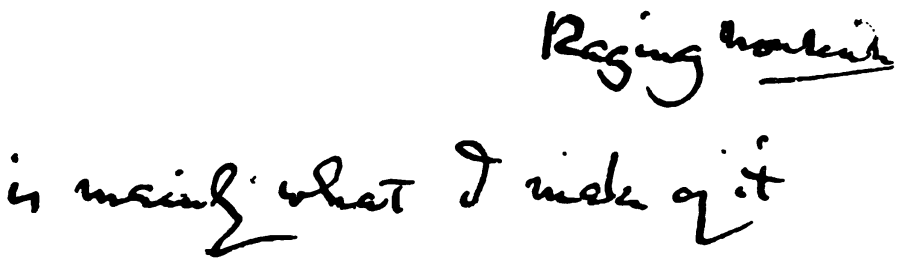
No. 41.—Written November 13, 1857. Age 61-62. A pencil "note" containing instructions about the title of Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great."

come down to me in person"—the *him* was the unfortunate man who had "made a botch" of some of Carlyle's work. It is interesting to notice in this bit of gesture how Carlyle's gust of temper gave an unwonted emphasis and extension to the final strokes of some of the words here shown (No. 43). Just as an angry man will often



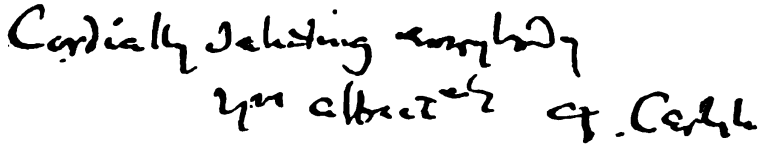
No. 42.—Written September 18, 1858. Age 62-63. From the receipt for £1,050 for the first edition of Vols. i. and ii. of "Frederick the Great."

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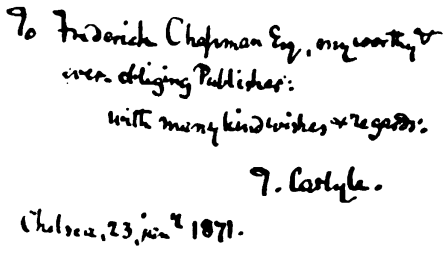
No. 43.—Written February 6, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter of complaint. "Raging *nonsense* is mainly what I make of it."

temporarily abate some of his restraint of speech, so does he show a like intemperance when he makes written gesture at the moment when passion is leading him. No. 44 shows the signs of breaking up of a *man*, whose hand afterwards became more tremulous. It



No. 44.—Written August 4, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter to his brother James.

is pleasant to read No. 45, and No. 46 shows increasing infirmity. No. 47 is taken from the fly-leaf of "The Early Kings of Norway: also an essay on the Portraits of John

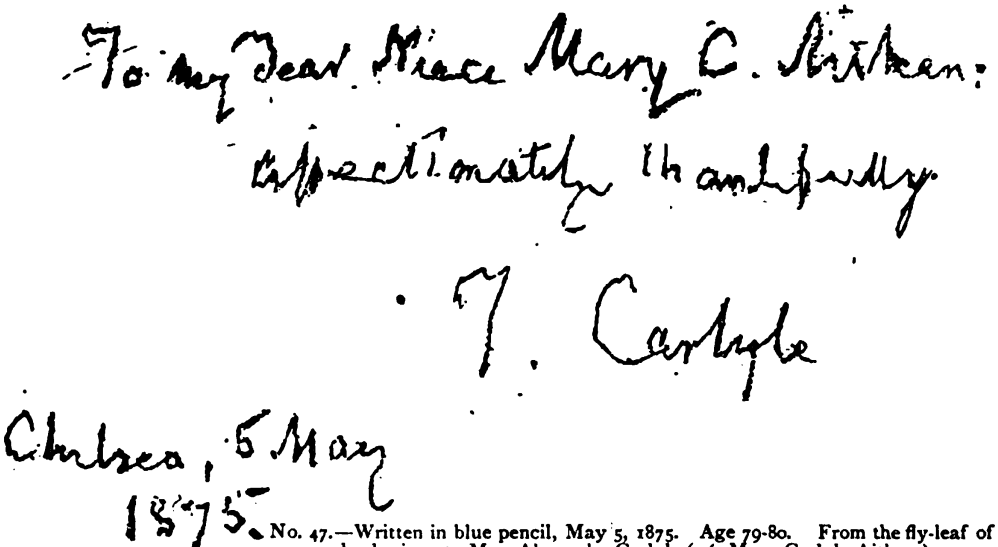


No. 45.—Written January 23, 1871. Age 75-76. From Vol. i. of a complete set of his works which Carlyle presented to Frederick Chapman, Esq. (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 46.—Written March 2, 1874. Age 78-79. Endorsement on a bill for £100.

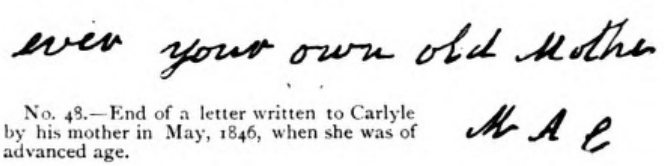
Knox," by Thomas Carlyle. At this date, and prior to 1875, Carlyle wrote with much difficulty, and usually with a blue pencil; the broken lines were then traced over with a pen by another hand. This specimen has not been touched.



No. 47.—Written in blue pencil, May 5, 1875. Age 79-80. From the fly-leaf of a book given to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary Carlyle Aitken.)

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I end this series of facsimiles with one from a letter written at an advanced age by Margaret Aitken Carlyle, the mother of Thomas. She never forgot him—nor did he ever forget his "own old mother." The Book-Plate shown in No. 49 is the Book-



No. 48.—End of a letter written to Carlyle by his mother in May, 1846, when she was of advanced age.



No. 49.—Thomas Carlyle's Book-Plate: from the "Homer" used by him when a boy. (See No. 2.)

Plate of a brave and honest man—who has left to us the evidence of his written gesture—who was never inflated by the success brought to him by his genius: who did kind and generous deeds in the dark, and who had—always ready—scornful words for the quack and the pretender, and kind acts for the needy: who was once absurdly accused of vaunting truth and honesty for the sake of the effect to be gained by the vaunt, but who was as sincere a lover of truth and honesty as ever lived; who fought against the depression caused by ill-health, and indelibly and for time stamped his mark—*Thomas Carlyle*—upon the thinking world; who curbed as best he could his fitful gusts of irritation and temper, and who was a true, simple, and kindly man in thought and act—this is the Book-Plate of Thomas Carlyle.

NOTE.—I thank, for the loan of most valuable letters, those owners or guardians of Carlyle letters, etc., who have enabled me to prepare this unique collection. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary C. Aitken), the niece, secretary, and faithful friend of Thomas Carlyle; Mr. Frederick Chapman—Carlyle's "worthy and ever obliging Publisher"; Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Francis B. Bickley, of the British Museum; Mr. Samuel Davey, the Editor of the *Archivist*, 47, Great Russell Street, W.C.; Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 50B, New Street, Birmingham; Professor Kirkpatrick, Secretary of Senatus, Edinburgh University; Mr. Hugh A. Webster, Librarian, and Mr. Thomas Gilbert, Clerk to the Senatus, Edinburgh University; Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., of Sutton Court, Bristol; Mr. William Brown, 26, Princes Street, Edinburgh, and Mr. R. C. Robertson, of that city; Mr. William Duncan, B.A., Rector of Annan Academy, who undertook inquiries for me at the Dumfriesshire town where Carlyle went to school; Mr. John Waller, autograph dealer, of 2, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, W.; and Professor J. A. Froude, who informed me of an interesting fact, which I quote from his letter, dated June 27th, 1894: ". . . More than fifty years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed: 'No doubt there is a physiognomy in everything that we do.' . . ." It is curious that all these men, Froude, Sterling, and Carlyle (see No. 16), should have noticed that handwriting contains signs of character—signs that are set out in *Handwriting and Expression* (Kegan Paul, 1892), and which the curious reader may investigate in the complete collection of Carlyle's handwriting that has now been given.—J. H. S.

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The Pigeons of London.

By Harry How.

"OF all the sights in London, give me the pigeons!" So remarked an old cabman whom I discovered in one of the open spaces in the vicinity of the Temple, who, while waiting for his fare, was generously giving a gratuitous meal out of his horse's nose-bag to a score of pigeons which had a few moments before gathered round him.

It is very probable that there are many more who would heartily shake hands with the cabby and exclaim, "And you're not a bad judge, my boy!"—but only those who know where to find these particular members of the feathered world. There are pigeons in the great Metropolis, thousands of them, which the public regard as their own—birds they keep and feed, watching their plumage grow finer and smoother. The children play with them, the hard-worked clerk in the City splits up his dinner-hour and gives part of this time to the birds; policemen, beadles, cathedral vergers, and many more have all a kindly thought for the pigeons of London.

I have recently been making a round of the principal places where the pigeons of the public most do congregate: The Temple, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, Custom House, British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster. It has been a delightful experience—the tour, for those who care to undertake it, is exceptionally cheap, and the amount of pleasure to be derived from it incalculably great.

My first visit was to the Temple, and here the birds have as pretty a rendezvous as the most fastidious pigeon could desire. They know the cosiest nooks, the most picturesque corners — they know where their kindest friends are to be found. Hence, if you walk in the direction of King's Bench Walk, you will always find scores of them gathered outside a certain house at the corner of the passage—No. 6. You cannot mistake the place—great boxes of scarlet geraniums and lobelia are over the door, and half-a-dozen sweet-voiced canaries are outside the portico. Here lives Mr. Horton, the beadle, who, previous to becoming the highly-respected beadle of this part of Lawyers' Land, was in the fire brigade for twenty-one years. He has fed the birds for nine years. Every pigeon in King's Bench Walk knows him. They know Tiddles, too. Tiddles? Tiddles is the Temple cat, and although the famous tabby has killed many a too venturesome sparrow, she has never been known to lay a single claw on a blue rock. Tiddles! Why, she will sit on a chair in the sunshine whilst her feathered neighbours play round the legs and perch on the back of the seat. Would that there were more Tiddles in the world!



THE TEMPLE PIGEONS.

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Could all the dead and gone King's Bench Walk pigeons of twenty-five years ago come back to their old haunt again, they would not find one of the most faithful of friends they ever possessed. Mr. Leggat has left the neighbourhood. Mr. Leggat kept a coffee-shop in Tudor Street—a thoroughfare not many yards away. He and his customers fed them for five-and-twenty years. For a quarter of



"TIDDLES."

a century the coffee-shop proprietor collected all the scraps which his patrons left over from their early breakfasts, and carried them to "his birds," who, in response to his whistle, would fly to him, fighting for the privilege of perching on his head, arms, and hands. A new generation of pigeons has arisen, however, and Mr. Horton has, so to speak, taken them under his wing.

Fountain Court is not a stone's throw from King's Bench Walk. It is a charming spot, so perfectly unlegal. At all times in the day you will find the birds clustered around the edge of the fountain, standing gracefully on the circle of stone-work and admiring themselves in Nature's mirror. The pigeons of Fountain Court are not without their own particular friend. If you just stand with your back to the fountain and look up at the building immediately in front of you, you will observe that the window-sills of the rooms on the top floor provide a resting-place for a series of long, green boxes filled with flowers. To see the sight you should not be later than nine o'clock in the morning. Suddenly, as though by magic, one of the windows opens. You hear a ting-ting-ting! The court is immediately filled with birds. They seem to come from everywhere—from the houses at the back of Essex Court, the Library, the Old Hall—and they all take wing to the window-sills where the flowers are blooming.

Then a figure appears. He has a plate in his hand evidently filled with food, and for a long time he feeds the birds to their hearts' content. It is a big battle for grub. One cannot help being struck by the antics of a large cock bird—his plumage is darker than the others, so he is easily singled out. He appears to be a terrible bully; doesn't seem as though he wants to eat much himself, but apparently takes a delight in interfering with those who do. A pigeon who is a bully is really a most objectionable bird. At last the pigeons have had their fill; away they go to the fountain below, and a few minutes afterwards, as if from nowhere, a little flock of starlings and sparrows make for the window with the floral boxes. These, too, are fed by



FOUNTAIN COURT—TEMPLE.

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the same kindly hand, and when the figure disappears a plate of food is thoughtfully left on the window-sill.

The stairs are steep which lead to the top floor of a certain set of chambers in Devereux Court.

I knock. The pigeons' friend appears. We go to the window together. He rings the bell, and a fine young couple of blue rocks are fed again. The bell is worth noticing. It is a white china sugar-basin with a gold rim, and the clapper is a spoon. This same bell has been rung for the last eleven years by the same ringer, and has never been cracked! The bellringer has much to tell you regarding the pigeons and starlings at Fountain Court.

"There are some two or three hundred pigeons about here," he says, "principally blue rocks of various strains. I fancy that most of them breed in the clock tower of the Law Courts, though quite a number use the Temple. This is the first year I have had flowers in the boxes outside. I generally empty the boxes and turn them round so that they can come and nest in them. I have known them build on the rain-water head of the house on the left, there. Come down, madam, come down!"

This latter remark was addressed to a fine Persian cat, who had just hopped on to a chair and was about to hide herself behind one of the green boxes.

"Madame Louise," he continued; "she hides amongst the flowers and is on the look-out for a bird. She has never caught one yet, I am glad to say. What do I feed my birds with? Oh! bread and soaked toast, and a little hemp-seed in winter. There is a colony of starlings here, too."

We were standing by the window.

"You see that extreme corner of cornice on the left overlooking the fountain? Starlings have built there for years, and lived there all the year round. This is very unusual, as they generally go away in flocks about August."

I pointed meaningly to the plate of food on the window-sill, and Mr. Birch acquiesced in my explanation.

Mr. Birch told me a capital little bird anecdote — by-the-bye, he has never seen a dead pigeon during the eleven years he has been here. It is great fun to throw a piece of white wadding out of the window, which is immediately pounced upon by a dozen sparrows and torn into as many pieces. It appears that two pairs of sparrows were building in the rain-water head of a house in the court. One day Mr. Birch threw out a piece of wadding, when a cock sparrow quickly flew down, seized it, and carried it to its nest. The wool was so big that the sparrow could not get it into the nest. This evidently annoyed the wife, and presumably she told him so. Some starlings had been on the watch, and, taking advantage of this domestic quarrel, popped across and stole the wool! They rammed it in a wedge where the sparrows could not get it! There it remained for weeks, much to the joy of the jealous starlings and much to the grief of the sorrowful sparrows. This true little anecdote tends to show that the starlings and sparrows at the Temple are not the best of friends.

It is generally admitted by students of the public pigeons that the tamest are to be found at the Guildhall, whilst the wildest are located at the Custom House Quay. In the court-yard of the former place as many as one hundred and thirty-eight have been counted, and very few of them will refuse to gather at



MR GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A., FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN FOUNTAIN COURT.

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CITY CLERK FEEDING PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

your feet—especially should you happen to have a handful of corn—although it may be a first introduction. I have seen many a young City clerk come here between twelve and two o'clock and feed the birds. Their wants, however, are not forgotten in a semi-official way. One of the officials at the Guildhall Police Court gives them numerous "handfuls," and the memory of old Rowe is still treasured as a friend of the birds. Old Rowe—who used to swear the witnesses in the justice-room—had small water-troughs placed in the yard, at his own expense, in order that his flock might drink. It was a kindly act, though the birds could drink to their fill at the fountain by the side of the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry.

The birds build in the old parts of Guildhall and on the outside of many of the City churches. In the breeding season the young pigeons flutter to the ground and are stolen before they obtain strength enough to fly back again. One gratifying fact came to my knowledge whilst watching the Guildhall pigeons. Although all these birds at this and other places are "strays," and practically belong to the people, who for the most part feed them and care for them, yet when some of these birds were maimed by catapult shooting and such-like, the Corporation stepped in, claimed the pigeons, and prosecuted the offenders for cruelly treating their property.

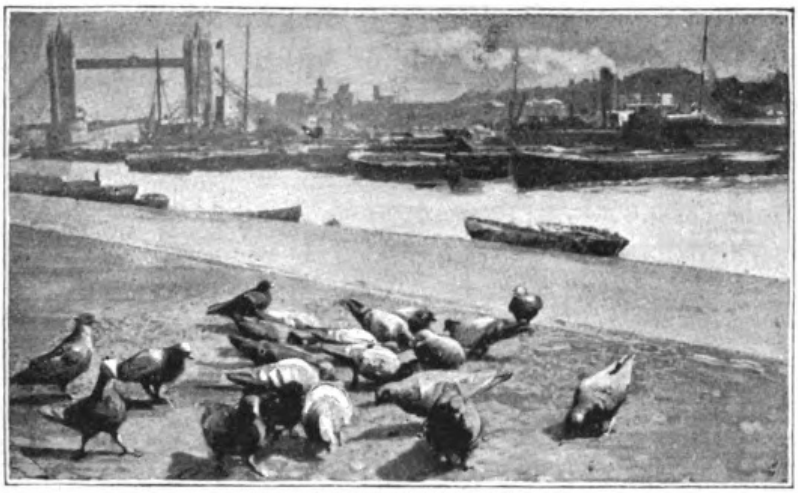
Whilst the pigeons are perfectly domesticated at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred and odd birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom House authorities—though it should be mentioned that Police-constable Edward Winder is kind to them—the public are liberal, the pigeons practical, for they are well aware of the fact that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will migrate during the day, returning to roost under the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.

Seafaring folk are generally credited with being able to out-do all comers in the spinning of a yarn; and it is to be hoped that a jolly-looking lighterman was telling the truth when he assured me, without moving a muscle, that he had frequently



DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

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THE CUSTOM HOUSE PIGEONS.

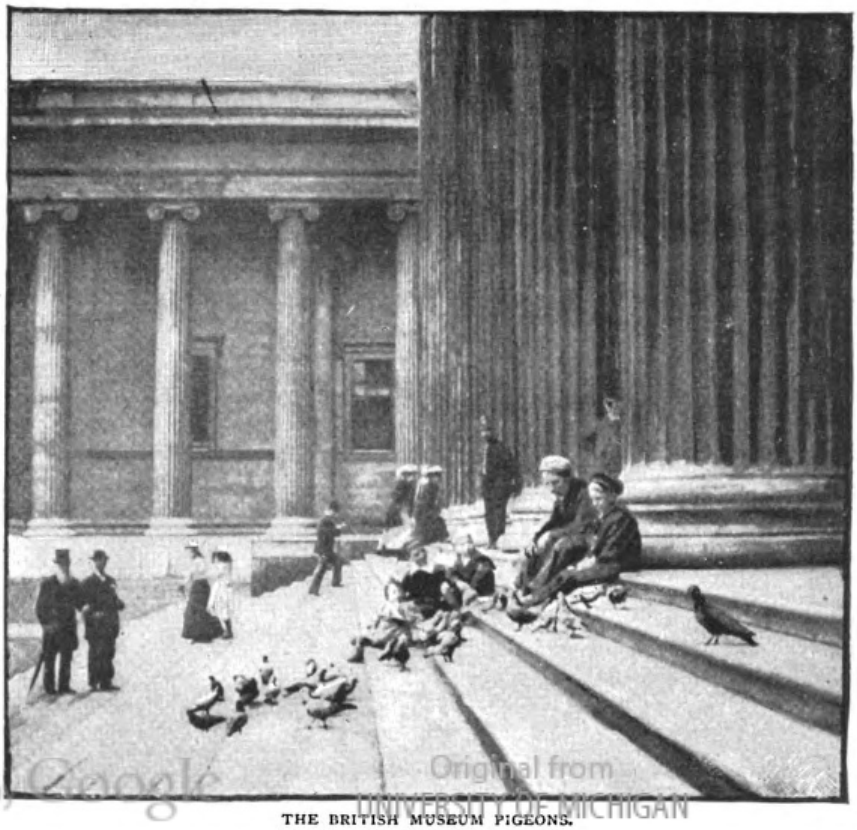
taken a dozen pigeons for a trip up the river whilst they picked up the stray corn from the bottom of his barge, quietly unconscious that they were being carried away from home. He put it down to the steadiness with which he handled the great oars.

In the words of Mr. John T. Taylor, the Assistant Secretary of the British Museum: "Everybody feeds the pigeons at the British Museum—the visitors and readers particularly." The resident servants also find a few spare crumbs from the table, but there is certainly no official feeding. It seems that pigeons have colonized the neighbourhood of the British Museum for a great number of years, possibly longer than at any other public building in the Metropolis. They have been increasing yearly till they now comprise some two hundred and fifty, and, unlike any other feathered colony, number amongst them many pure and thorough-bred wood-pigeons. The presence of wood-pigeons here is regarded as quite an unusual thing.

Mr. Taylor said that, although he had been at the Museum for thirty years, yet he never remembered the time when pigeons were not there, whilst an official of forty years' standing stated the same thing. Furthermore, it was stated by a man, who as a boy knew the Museum before the collections were housed in the present building, that very few, if any, pigeons frequented Montagu House, but that pigeons established themselves at the Museum very soon indeed after the erection of the present building—that is to say, shortly after 1844–5. It may interest pigeon-fanciers to know that the birds at the British Museum this year are considered somewhat rougher than those of previous years.

The favourite haunt of the pigeons at Bloomsbury is apparently the steps of the main entrance, and many a youngster is to be found there at all hours of the day provided with anything and everything in the way of food, from a Bath bun to a brandy-ball.

The great spot, however, to find the children is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. If you can find a seat—for they are generally fully occupied at mid-day—sit for an hour and watch the pigeons near the



THE BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.

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ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS.

fountain, or perched on the ledges of the sacred edifice, or clustered together in batches of fifty on the grass. Persuade one of their many friends to whistle, and you will see a hundred form themselves into a little cloud of wing and feather and fly down. They are the children's playthings: little mites of six and seven seat themselves on the asphalt pavement whilst the birds feed from their hands. As an instance of how great is the love of many of these children for their feathered friends, the story is told of a little girl, who had daily given them food, being very ill in the hospital. She was constantly turning to the nurse and asking:—

"When shall I be able to see the pigeons, nursey?"

She lay in her cot for some weeks, and when her mother took her home again, nothing would satisfy the child until they had taken her to the gardens. She screamed with delight—for when



ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS—ON THE SITE OF ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

she held out her hand with a biscuit, the pigeons came flocking round, and she cried out:—

"They know me again, mammy; they know me again!"

The pigeons of St. Paul's are altogether unlike any others. They number some four or five hundred. There are two or three distinct companies. There is a colony in the north-east



ST. PAUL'S—BEFORE THE NORTH DOOR.

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garden and a second at the west front. The "west-enders" never associate with the "north-easters," but keep themselves quite distinct and apart. Then Mr. Green, the Dean's verger — I believe Mr. Green has seen no fewer than four Deans out—has quite a little lot of his own, which he feeds on the south side of the Cathedral at about four o'clock every afternoon. When I was visiting the pigeons here,



ST. PAUL'S — "THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FEED THE PIGEONS ON THE GRASS." BUT THE PUBLIC DO.

not found wanting with a handful during the winter months, when few of the public are here; and the policemen join him in the task.

Perhaps, however, the best friend from a feeding point of view which the pigeons have is Mr. Pounceford, the housekeeper at the offices of the Religious Tract Society.



MR. POUNCEFORD.

Mr. Green was away on his holiday. But he had not forgotten his birds. He had commissioned Mr. Brown, another verger, to look after their wants whilst he was away.

The gardener here, although he is rather inclined not to say anything in favour of them, for they do much to spoil his admirable floral work, is nevertheless

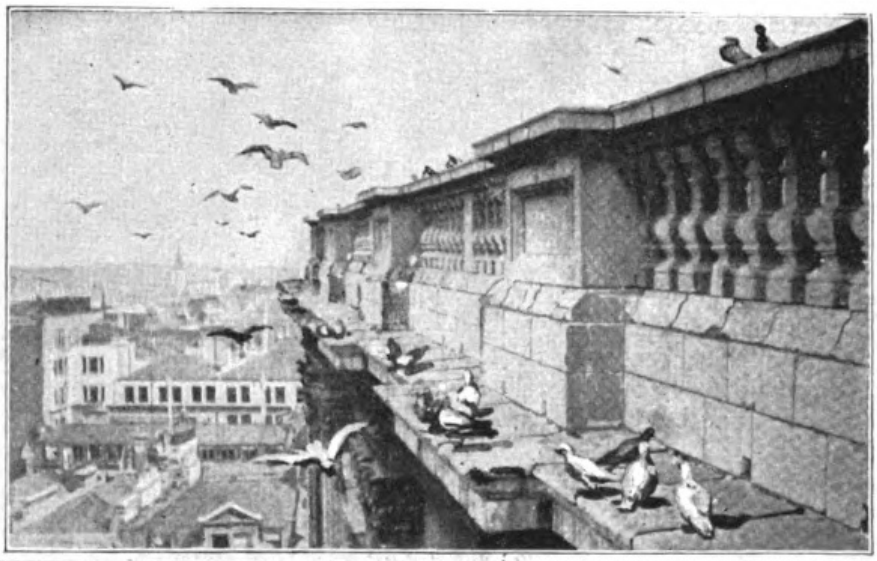


ST. PAUL'S—COURTYARD OF NORTH GATEWAY.

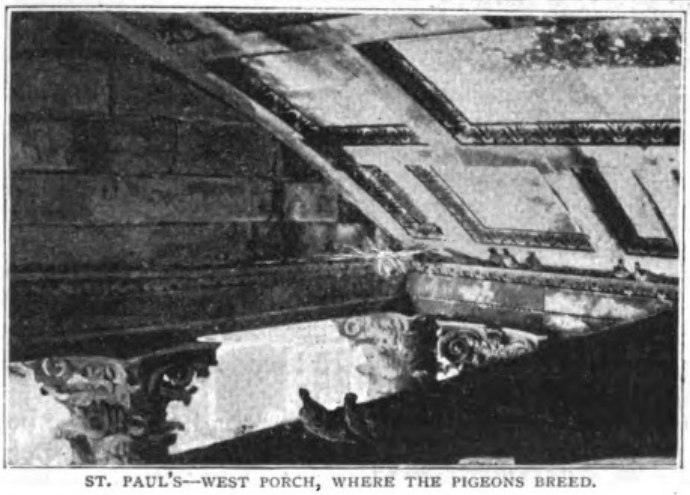
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His room, which is high up on the fourth or fifth floor, overlooks the courtyard of the north gateway, and he has but to whistle and wave his hand, when every feathered resident of this corner of the Cathedral flies down and partakes of the liberal fare strewn on the stones below.

As at other buildings, the pigeons rest on the great cornices, where they have ample room to take their forty winks—if they indulge in them—whilst a very popular breeding place is inside the west porch, a picture of which is shown here. At the time this photo was taken a well-made nest was in the corner, containing a couple of young birds.



ST. PAUL'S—ON THE CORNICE, NORTH-EAST SIDE.



ST. PAUL'S—WEST PORCH, WHERE THE PIGEONS BREED.

One of the pleasantest hours I passed with the pigeons and their friends was at Palace Yard, Westminster. No wonder the birds come to this spot—everybody takes an interest in them. The sparrows have an inkling of the kindly treatment to be found here, and join in the banquet which is set forth on the stones of Palace Yard. And who are the pigeons' friends? Every cabman that drives into the yard—always a handful out of the bag, and the horse never misses it; the attendant at the very spick and span cabman's shelter, who distributes the oddments left over, particularly the potatoes, of which the pigeons are particularly fond; the policemen—A301 has only to whistle, and down they come; Chief Inspector Horsley, who has kept a kindly eye on them for the last ten years; Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.; Lord Henry Bruce, who used to send down a sack of maize for winter use every year; and Sir Reginald Palgrave, the Clerk of the House of Commons. Sir Thomas Erskine May would send oats, too.

The birds principally breed and build at the Abbey and the Victoria Tower, though a few are to be found behind the statues of the kings and queens alongside the residential



THE PIGEONS OF PALACE YARD.

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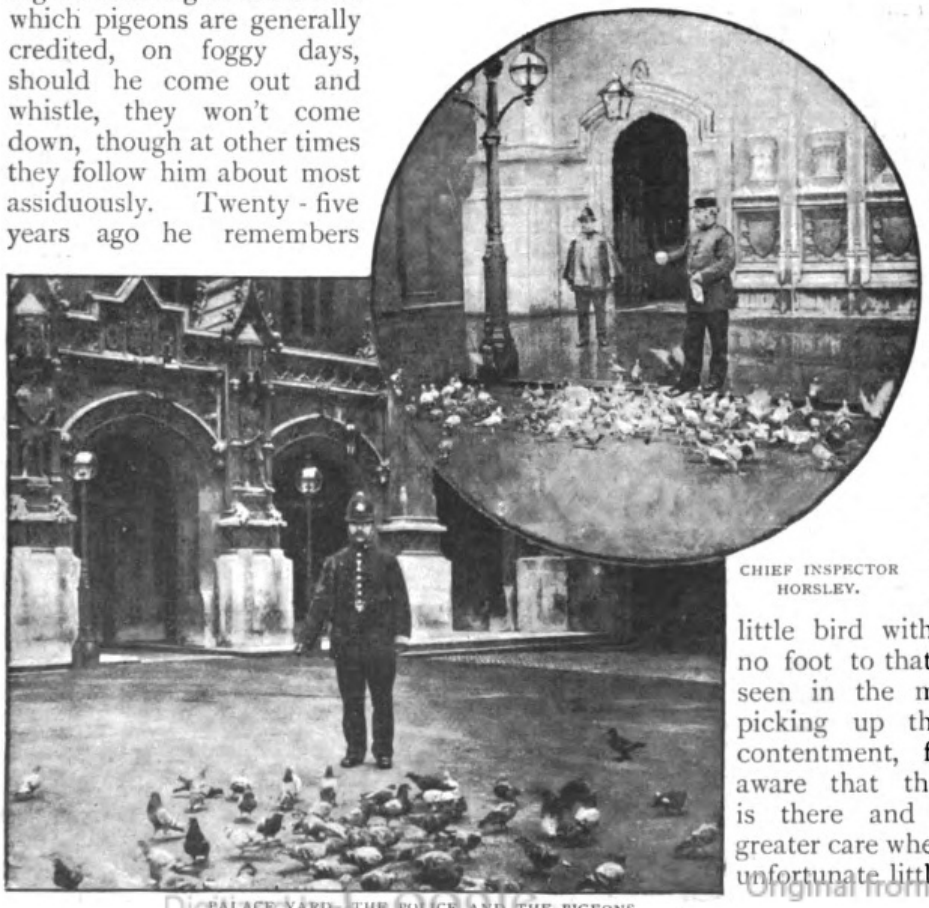
portion of the yard. I had just learnt from A301 that a couple of jackdaws had ere now stolen the pigeons' eggs—he had seen the jackdaws perched on the very summit of the Clock Tower—and peeped in at the Inner Court, where Sir Reginald Palgrave has placed a drinking-trough for the birds, thirty of which he regularly feeds every day at one o'clock, when in crossing the yard I met Sir Reginald, and we were joined by Chief Inspector Horsley.



PALACE YARD—FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

There was no misinterpreting Sir Reginald's happy expression at the mention of the word "pigeons." As the birds fluttered about the yard, giving unmistakable tokens of a knowledge of who was close at hand, we talked together. Sir Reginald remembers when first they came. It must be a score of years ago, for that is the length of time he has fed them. Sometimes they walk into his bedroom, and he mentions as a curious fact that, notwithstanding the clear-sightedness with which pigeons are generally credited, on foggy days, should he come out and whistle, they won't come down, though at other times they follow him about most assiduously. Twenty-five years ago he remembers swallows building here, whilst last year a couple of starlings settled in the vicinity of Palace Yard, but they went away in May.

The inspector talks most enthusiastically. He has known a pigeon remain at this spot for five years, and he, too, remembers a swallow here as recently as ten or eleven years ago. The bird made a nest in one of the square places leading up to the Committees' corridor. He has a very generous word to say for the cabbies. He seems to know every bird, for he points them out one after the other, and tells me the length of time they have been at Westminster. Amongst the crowd are three or four without any tails—possibly from shooting-matches. Yes, the pigeons know where to find their firmest friends—to many of them Palace Yard is a haven of refuge. If you doubt it, seek out from the congregation a poor little bird with only one leg and no foot to that. It may often be seen in the middle of the yard picking up the corn in perfect contentment, for it is very well aware that the cabmen know it is there and always drive with greater care when they approach the unfortunate little fellow.



CHIEF INSPECTOR HORSLEY.

PALACE YARD—THE POLICE AND THE PIGEONS.

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The Triumph of Love.

By L. A. Atherley-Jones, M.P.

YOU ask me to tell you what was the most curious and interesting case of insanity I can relate after nearly forty years' experience as a mad doctor. Well, oddly enough, my first case after I went into practice on my own account was not only the most remarkable in my experience, but, for strange and thrilling interest, I believe unsurpassed in the history or even the romance of insanity.

In the autumn of 18— I took home to my widowed mother's house my young wife, with the intention of continuing the practice of a village doctor which my father had carried on for many years, and to which, by his death, I had just succeeded. It was not an encouraging prospect for an ambitious youngster of four-and-twenty. There in that little village, clustered along the banks of a mountain stream, on the fringe of breezy moorlands, there was small chance of fame or fortune. Within a circle of ten miles from our house there were hardly—I think—five hundred souls, and those stalwart dalesmen with their buxom wives and sturdy children seldom needed a doctor at their door. Why, old age, with them, rarely brought pain or ache, and if it were not for child-birth or an accident among the sportsmen, or a fall or a kick from a horse, I might have done little the year in and the year out, but tended the few acres of land which I know not for how many generations had been ours. It was a hard struggle to leave London and all its golden hopes, but despite the entreaties and arguments of my friends, I yielded to the dying request of my father, and the wish, silent, but not the less eloquent, of my mother.

It was for no want of will on my part. No one could charge me with neglect; and, when the call came, through rain and snow, I would gaily saddle my nag and ride through the darkness of night many a mile across the moor to some lone farmhouse. Yet, after two or three years, with my family increased, I found it was impossible to make ends meet, and, to cut my story short, I sat down and wrote to my friend, Doctor A., asking him whether he could send me a patient to live with us. I had not long to wait. Within a few days I received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had strongly recommended me to a Mrs. Chisholm, who was desirous of placing her son under the care of a medical man; that the case was mental, but not acute, and my remuneration would be most liberal. He requested me to write to the lady at her home in Scotland, and arrange for a personal interview. I need hardly say these were glad tidings to me. I lost no time in writing as suggested, and in the course of a few days, mother and son arrived at my house.

I was sitting with my dear wife in our little drawing-room when they were announced. Mrs. Chisholm came forward with that frank and easy air which is almost invariably the attribute of a well-bred woman.

"Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I have heard much of you and your wife from my friend, Dr. A. My son and I are both charmed with this lovely country and your quaint, old village; let me introduce him to you."

I shook hands with the young man, and, with the instinctive habit of a doctor, took rapid note of his appearance. He was a tall, slender, yet well-made youth of some nineteen



"I SHOOK HANDS WITH THE YOUNG MAN."

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years of age, and of singularly handsome, and, to my mind—although my wife would never admit it—somewhat effeminate features. We talked freely together about indifferent things, and he entered with interest into my talk about the shooting and fishing of the district. There was nothing even to my prejudiced eye to indicate the slightest trace of insanity, although I observed that his face when in repose wore an aspect of sadness, in striking variance with its bright vivacity while he was engaged in conversation.

"Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Chisholm, after a time, "I should like to talk business with you, and perhaps your wife will allow my son to remain with her. I will not detain you long."

"No," said my wife, "please remain here. I will take Mr. Chisholm to see our piggeries, and initiate him into the mysteries of a poultry farm."

When they had passed out of the room Mrs. Chisholm in a few words unfolded to me the nature of the terrible malady to which her son was a victim. He was suffering from that peculiar form of mental disease known as "melancholia," or——I will not weary you with any dissertation on the character of this disorder. In its acute stage its victim is well described by a great English poet:—

> He makes his heart a prey to black despair;
> He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
> Of anything but thought; or if he talks,
> 'Tis to himself.

She said little, but she said enough to inspire me with the painful conviction that this curious emotional disease, known as melancholia, was in her son accompanied by that most terrible of all maladies, a propensity to acts of violence: in other words, that this gentle-looking and graceful youth was a victim to homicidal mania.

"Up till but a few months ago," proceeded this poor lady, "I had hoped and believed that he suffered from nothing more than nervous excitement, the result of overwork; but a few weeks ago he developed symptoms that rendered it imperative that he should receive that care and attention which I am unable to give."

"You will forgive me for asking you," I said, "but it is absolutely necessary for me to know, if I am to have the care of your son, what these symptoms were of which you speak."

"I will conceal nothing from you that you desire to know," she replied. "Last month we were staying together at a little village in Brittany. I took him there for rest, as I thought he was a little over-worked by his studies for matriculation at Oxford, where, had all been well, he would have gone next October. We were sitting in our room at the hotel, when suddenly he rose from his seat and, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, cried out, 'Mother, save yourself! I am going to kill you.' I rose from my seat, threw myself into his arms, and besought him to be calm. A moment after he burst into a flood of tears, implored my forgiveness, and told me some horrible and unaccountable impulse had overwhelmed him. The next morning he told me that he was in a nervous



"MOTHER, SAVE YOURSELF!"

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and depressed state, and himself begged me to place him under the care of a medical man."

"Is he conscious," I inquired, "of the nature of his malady?"

"Happily not—certainly not," she quickly responded; "he believes that he is suffering from a mere nervous disorder, which will readily yield to proper treatment."

At this point her pent-up emotions gave way, and, weeping piteously, she exclaimed: "Doctor, he is my only, my dearly loved child; say, is there any hope? Oh, pray, say there is hope that my dear one may be spared."

"Madam," I said, "your son's case is serious, but I by no means think it hopeless. In cases of this kind recoveries are not infrequent; but stay, they are returning"—for at that moment I heard the merry voice of my wife laughingly bidding her young companion carry the egg-basket more carefully. "You must not see your son like this," and so saying I sprang through the open casement on to the lawn just in time to catch them before they entered, and whispering a word to my wife, I asked Mr. Chisholm to accompany me to the stables.

"The stables are large," I said, "for the house, like the family that inhabit it, has seen better days, but their only occupant is my nag and my wife's old pony of all work."

"I like this place immensely," he replied; "and if you will allow me to stay with you for a month or two, I shall, with your permission, bring down one or two stable companions for your horses."

I told him I hoped we might have that pleasure; and thus, rambling about the garden and by the side of the little trout stream that babbled along under our windows, we conversed on numerous topics. During the whole of the conversation, although I narrowly observed all that he said, I could trace no indication of impaired intellectual power. On the contrary, I was satisfied even by this short interview that he possessed no mean capacity, and that his general information was, for his years, large and varied. I came then to the conclusion, which subsequent events confirmed, that he suffered from what to specialists is known as emotional insanity, in contradistinction to those forms of insanity which arise from a disordered intellect.

Although my experience of mental disease had been comparatively small, yet I had taken great interest in cases of homicidal mania, and I had at Dr. R.'s several patients suffering from this form of insanity under my care, and had been fortunate enough to have enjoyed a large measure of success in their treatment. But I must not be led away into a tedious digression, and will resume my narrative.

On rejoining the ladies, I found my wife had completely won the heart of Mrs. Chisholm, whom she had persuaded to stay with us all night, instead of at the little inn. We spent a long and pleasant evening. Mr. Chisholm sang and played with my wife, and no one looking at him, next to my wife, the gayest of our circle, would have dreamt that so dark a cloud hung over his bright young life.

After our guests had retired I explained to my wife the situation, and expressed my doubts whether, with our three little children, it would be prudent to receive into our house anyone afflicted with this dangerous disorder.

Mildred replied, wife-like: "Ralph, whatever you do will be for the best." Then woman-like, "You may not have such another chance again. Mrs. Chisholm is immensely rich, and will grudge us nothing we like to ask."

"Well," I replied, "we mad doctors have to risk a deal; and if you have no fear, I have none, so let it be."

The next morning after breakfast I took Mrs. Chisholm into my study and told her that I was prepared to receive her son, but inasmuch as it would not be possible for me to be in constant attendance upon him, it was necessary that a male servant should be employed who might unobtrusively observe his movements. She told me she fully appreciated the necessity of providing her son with a general attendant, and for that purpose she proposed placing at my disposal an old and trusted servant, who had been valet to her husband, and to whom she had felt compelled to confide the sad state of her son.

I fully acquiesced, and we then made all final arrangements; as to my remuneration, it was on a scale of liberality far beyond my expectation. I suggested that, in her as well as his interest, Mr. Chisholm's residence with me should commence forthwith, and that I should at once ascertain his views thereon.

She assented, and the result of a short interview with Mr. Chisholm was that he cheerfully agreed to commence that evening his stay at Burnhope Grange.

Mrs. Chisholm left early that afternoon, and as I saw her into her carriage, with the sole companionship of her maid, I was profoundly moved at that splendid fortitude

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which enabled her to present a cheerful countenance when her heart must have been torn by the anguish that a widowed mother alone can feel when bidding what might well be a final farewell to her only child. Once only did her courage fail her, and that was when my wife, dear soul, said to her that, young as she was, she would try to be a mother to her boy until his return. She took my wife's hand in hers and gently kissed her on the forehead, and when we were alone that night, my wife told me that as she gave that kiss she let fall a tear-drop on her hand, the sorrowful tribute of a mother's love.

I need not trouble you by telling all the arrangements I made for Mr. Chisholm's safety: they cost me no little trouble and anxiety, for while on the one hand I had to secure the most complete supervision of his movements, on the other I had most carefully to avoid giving him the smallest ground for suspicion that he was subject to surveillance. Fortunately I found in his servant, Roderick McGregor, an invaluable coadjutor.



"SHE GENTLY KISSED HER."

Roderick, although he had been soldier-servant to Mr. Chisholm's father when the latter was a young subaltern in a cavalry regiment, was still in the prime of life, and as alert and vigorous as a typical Highlander should be. He was devotedly attached to his young master, and I was delighted to find his affection was reciprocated by the young man, and so it turned out quite natural that, whether he went out alone, or with me, on our almost daily riding, or fishing, or shooting excursion, this faithful servitor should be in attendance.

Two months had passed by since he came among us. One quiet evening, towards the close of September, Mr. Chisholm and I were sitting together at my study window, looking out westward over the moors, now flooded with the splendour of an autumnal sunset. The purple glory of the heather had faded into a sombre brown, but now beneath that rich afterglow it seemed transformed into a sea of ruddy gold. Save for the ripple of the little burn and the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell, all was still. A kestrel hawk, poised to swoop down upon its prey, stood forth in clear relief against the sky. I raised my eyes from the book I was toying with rather than reading, and looked upon my companion. I had observed with distress that during the past two or three days there had been a marked change in his demeanour. Up till that time I had every reason to be satisfied. The melancholy and fitful changes of temper, which constituted the marked and characteristic condition of his malady, had unmistakably yielded to my firm but gentle discipline and the wholesome quietude of country life. But there had undoubtedly been a relapse, though I was quite unable to trace the cause. He had become gloomy and morose, and occasionally gave way to little bursts of irritability without any apparent cause. And now as I gazed upon his face I saw that, though his eyes appeared to rest upon the weird beauty of that vast wilderness before us, his mind was far away, traversing some troubled sea of thought.

"Gerald," I said, anxious to rouse him from his reverie; "see yon hawk about to strike its prey."

"I was thinking," he said, responding to my thoughts rather than my speech, "how much these wild fells and hills remind me of dear old Scotland," and then, abruptly:

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"You have heard, Dr. Armstrong, of our Highland superstition of second sight?"

"Yes," I replied, "and Roderick has favoured me with many an uncanny legend touching your own ancestral hall; but why do you ask me?"

He paused, but after a moment's hesitation went on:—

"Of course I don't believe in the thing, but two nights in succession this week I dreamed that I had tried to take the life of one for whom I would gladly lay down my own." He stopped, and leaning over the ledge of the window, covered his face with his hands.

I was deeply agitated, more, perhaps, than as a doctor I should have been, but to me he had become, even in that short time, less a patient than a younger brother. There flashed across my mind the story of that night when his mother stood in peril of her life. It was of her I thought he spoke. Ah, little deemed I that it might be one more dear and more near even than a mother. Across the sky the hawk was bearing in its cruel talons a tender dove, and often in after times, when I have recalled this scene, it has seemed to me that those two birds were for a portent of what might be.

"Gerald," I said, "when thoughts such as these come over you, turn for strength to Him who alone can afford it"; and then, thinking I was unwise to be thus serious, I added: "You are not yourself, my boy; you have been reading too much and riding too little."

At this moment the servant entered and announced that Colonel and Miss Aylmer were in the drawing-room.

"Come, Gerald," I cried, "there is someone downstairs who will dispel all these gloomy fancies."

He hesitated; he was in no mood for society, but his mental strength triumphed over his moral weakness, and it was on this strong intellectual force of his character that I based my hopes of his ultimate recovery. We entered the drawing-room.

"How are you, Armstrong?" cried the hearty voice of the Colonel. "We are late callers, but we have been at 'The Warrenne,' and it is so long since we met that we thought we'd look in on our way home."

"I am glad to see you," I replied, "and Ella too. I only heard yesterday of your return from abroad. Let me introduce to you both Mr. Chisholm, of——"

I turned as I spoke and was surprised to observe on Gerald's face a look of embarrassment and confusion, on hers of amusement and girlish fun.

"It is not the first time we have met," she said, laughing, "although I did not before know Mr. Chisholm's name. I was riding on the fell, and Mr. Chisholm gallantly recovered my hat which was sailing away to Blea Tarn."

"Mr. Chisholm," said the Colonel, "I am glad to make your acquaintance. I think I can claim some distant kinship on the maternal side with your ancient family."

And so we chatted away pleasantly enough, and when this visit ended, short as it was, my wife and Ella had made no end of engagements for fishing and riding and picnics, in all of which, I overheard, Gerald was to play a part.

Colonel Aylmer, who lived at "The Chase," was a large landowner in our district and a near neighbour. Our families had been on friendly terms for many generations past, and though our acres had dwindled and we had sunk from the position of squires to that of little better than yeomen, the old friendship had never been severed, and there were few warmer friends than John Aylmer and I.

Ella was his only child, and though I was seven years her senior, there was rarely a day when I was home from my school that we were not together; and when I married our vicar's daughter, little Ella was our bridesmaid, and I well remember on that day whispering to her that when she married, my little girl should be her maid.

Well, the next few weeks passed very happily. The Colonel and Gerald became fast friends, and as for Ella, seldom a day passed but what we saw her. I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress of my patient; his fits of depression were rarer, and not so profound or so protracted; in fact, I indulged in such strong hopes of his speedy recovery, that towards the end of October I ventured to suggest to him that it might be practicable for him to commence his residence at Oxford in the following January. I was pleased, for I took it as a mark of affection for us and our home, that he showed no anxiety to acquiesce in my proposal; on the contrary, he suggested that he would prefer to stay with us until the commencement of the summer term.

One bright, sunny day at the end of October, Ella had been lunching with us, and Gerald was to see her home across the fell. My wife and I stood at the door watching them ride forth, and indeed it would be

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"ACROSS THE FELL."

difficult to imagine two happier young creatures. Her joyous laugh was fresh and free as the moorland breeze that bore it to our ears. She, on her chestnut palfrey, the ideal of grace and beauty; he, on a great black horse, with lithe and manly figure, away over that great stretch of browny-grey heather and golden bracken, the dim distance of the hills before them; surely it was a pretty picture that may well live in an old man's memory.

My wife laid her hand upon my arm. "Ralph," she said, "how they love one another!"

I turned quickly round. "Mildred," I cried, "you are talking wildly. What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," said my wife, "and no more. They are lovers, and they both know each other's mind."

"It is impossible, Mildred," I said, and I spoke almost angrily to my dearie. "You have done wrong in allowing this to go on."

"Ralph," she replied, "their love went forth to each other the day he chased her hat over the heather."

"There remains," I said, "but one course for me to follow: in his condition, marriage is impossible. I must acquaint Colonel Aylmer with the truth, and let him do what he thinks best."

"If you do that," cried my wife, "you will break her heart and destroy him. Now, listen to me, my husband: Colonel Aylmer, if you tell him, can do but one thing: he will forbid any intercourse between them; Gerald —or, for the matter of that, Ella—will never submit. Gerald must then be told the terrible truth, and then all hope of his recovery will be for ever gone. Is it not so? You have often told me his ignorance of his malady was one of the greatest assurances of his recovery."

"Wife," I said, and I spoke sternly, "would you have us stand by and let Ella Aylmer marry a madman?"

"No, no, not for a thousand worlds," she cried; "but you have told me again and again that he would get well."

"I have honestly thought so, but a love attachment is a disturbing influence which has not entered into my calculations. As a matter of fact," I continued, "during the past few days I have noticed symptoms of excitement which——"

"Oh, most learned pundit," laughingly interrupted my wife, "was your calm philosophy undisturbed when your Millie deigned to accept your hand?"

I will not trouble you with the rest of our conversation. My wife argued with all the force of a woman who pleads the cause of two young lovers, and, indeed, I was bound to admit that there was much to be said in favour of her contention. I fully appreciated the disastrous consequences to Gerald were the engagement—for such, no doubt, it was —broken off and the terrible truth revealed; and to break it off, save at his own instance, would, if I rightly judged Ella's character, be impossible. On the other hand, I felt it equally impossible to allow Ella to remain in ignorance of the true position of affairs, and, as it were, to stake her future happiness on the hazard of Gerald's recovery. My wife reluctantly and tearfully assented to the

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necessity of confiding the dread secret to Miss Aylmer; and, although I entertained grave doubts whether, not merely as a friend of the Aylmer family, but as a man of honour, it was not my duty to disclose the truth to her father, I finally decided, for the present, at least, to confine my communication to his daughter.

The more I weighed the matter the stronger did I feel my justification; for if I caused the engagement to be broken off, disasters would be the inevitable result, while my belief in his ultimate recovery had become firmer with every succeeding month, and I felt satisfied that the concentration of his affections in the passion of reciprocated love, although possibly in the first instance prejudicial, would tend eventually to the subordination and, ultimately, the elimination of those morbid emotions, which hitherto had found their only counteracting force in his intellectual strength.

With reverent hands I draw the veil over my interview with Ella Aylmer. Our ancient friendship rendered my task, in a measure, easier. She frankly confessed her love for Gerald, and—ah me! although I knew it could not be otherwise with her—my heart was not too old to thrill with mingled joy and sorrow when, standing erect within the framework of the window, very pale and sad, she said:—

"Mr. Armstrong, I shall never take back the promise I gave to Gerald."

One condition alone I exacted from her, and that was that under no circumstances, without my consent, was her marriage to take place before the lapse of three years.

It was early in April; some five months had passed since my interview with Ella. We had seen comparatively little of the folks at "The Chase," for it had been a hard winter and bad travelling across the moor, and even as late as this, great wreaths of snow lay on the roads. And now I was anxious about Gerald. His old fits of depression had returned, and more than once my watchful scrutiny detected, in the sudden flushing of the cheek and the fitful gleam in his eyes, the darkly boding signs of mischief; yet I observed with satisfaction how manfully his fine intellect battled against the thraldom of this malign influence, but still the situation was sufficiently alarming for me to take every precaution. As for himself, I had no fear, for I was fully satisfied that there was no suicidal tendency, but I arranged that during the daytime he should be under the constant and close observation of either Roderick or myself.

It was the 6th of April, the snow was still on the moor, and Ella had driven over in her sleigh to lunch and spend the afternoon with us. Gerald, during luncheon, was cheerful, almost mirthful. His merriment, however, received a sudden check when Ella said: "This will be my last visit for some time to the Grange; next week we are going to London. Papa wishes me to be 'presented,' and I suppose we shall not be back at 'The Chase' before July."

"Well, that is news," he exclaimed; "I thought you were going to stay here all the summer. When you are among all the fine folk in London you will forget all about us poor simple joskins."

Ella threw a reproachful glance from her soft brown eyes upon the speaker, and I guessed by a little movement of the tablecloth that some gentle and silent pledge of faith was given.

"I tell you what," cried my impulsive little wife, "I mean to attend your Drawing Room tea, and if Ralph won't give me a holiday in town, Mr. Chisholm will, won't you, Gerald, honey? I mean to see all the pretty frocks. Why, the fact is, I have not, save you, Ella, dear, seen a decently dressed woman since we came here four mortal years ago."

I promised my wife I would take her to London for a holiday, and Gerald agreed to go with us, and so we all chatted away about the fine doings we would have in London.

After a time my wife went up to the nursery, and I withdrew into the library which opened out of the drawing-room, into which Miss Aylmer and Gerald had gone. I sat down to write my letters, among them my weekly one to his mother, and through the half-open door there came the gentle murmur of their conversation. Presently I heard the soft voice of Ella, to the accompaniment of her zither, singing a little French ditty—I call to mind the words:—

Tu t'en repentiras, Colin, tu t'en repentiras,
Si tu prends une femme, Colin, tu t'en repentiras.

What it was that caused the feeling I cannot tell or understand, but somehow the thought of the kestrel and the dove flashed into my mind, and an uneasy sensation came over me that something evil was about to happen. I laid down my pen and gazed forth on the moor; the sun was slowly westering and tinging the wide expanse of snow with its crimson light. The voice of the singer had ceased and all was still. I rose from my seat, and, led by what impulse I know not, moved towards the half-opened door.

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Suddenly there came a cry that thrilled every nerve in my body. For one moment I was powerless; the next, I dashed through the door into the drawing-room. I there beheld a scene which will never fade from my memory, and even now, after these long years, causes me ever and anon at night to wake with a start and a cry.

There, knife in hand upraised to strike, his countenance deformed by the hideous grin of a maniac, stood Gerald, while Ella, white as marble, flung her fair arms around his neck, and with those lovely eyes upturned to his, cried: "Gerald, you will not hurt your Ella!"

It was not my fierce shout; nay, it was her pure love and devotion; but the knife fell from his hand, the baleful light faded from his eyes, and springing back with a look of horror as he realized the dreadful truth, he fell senseless on the ground.

I need not tell the rest. My wife and



"HE FELL SENSELESS TO THE GROUND."

Roderick, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the room, and while Roderick and I carried Gerald to his bed, she ministered to the fainting girl. In the morning Gerald was in a high fever and delirious; for weeks he hovered between life and death. I sent for his mother to be at hand in case of the worst, but would not let her see her son. How anxiously did I await the return to consciousness from that long delirium; my hopes were that the fever might end in complete restoration to reason; my fears, in permanent, irrecoverable insanity.

Ella, dear girl, had bravely borne up. She stayed much with us, and when she was at her father's, rarely a day passed but she or the squire would drive over to ask for news of our patient.

The gloom of winter had passed, the fells were decked with the golden whin, and the ling was sending forth its tender green shoots; the fields were glad with the bleating of lambs, and the woods joyous with the song of birds. Once again Gerald and I sat at the study window, he propped up by pillows, thin and wan; but all the fever had gone, and his mind was calm and restful. Of the events of that terrible evening he had said nothing. Since his return to consciousness he often asked after Ella, but never expressed a desire to see her, and from this fact I judged, and, as the event proved, rightly, that his memory revealed to him something of the mournful truth.

"Gerald," I said, "do you feel strong enough to receive a visitor to-day. Miss Aylmer is coming over this afternoon, and I told her that perhaps she might see you."

His face flushed with a sudden joy, which quickly faded away, nd for a time he sat silent.

At length he answered, speaking slowly and gently.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, "Ella Aylmer and I can never meet again. I know now what I feared when ——" he paused a moment, as if dreading to recall a half-forgotten scene, and continued: "when I first came to your house. I am suffering from a malady which forbids all thought of what otherwise might have been."

"Gerald," I replied, "say no more. You have anticipated what I was going to talk over with you, but you are wrong in taking so gloomy a view; listen, and I will explain all." And then I told him in as few words as I could the nature of his ailment, that it was often curable, and how I hoped and believed that he would, and probably had, overcome it; and it was not, in my judgment

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nor in that of the best scientists, associated with any hereditary taint. When I had finished, he burst into tears, but they were tears of joy and hope.

"As soon as you are strong enough," I continued, "we will leave England and spend some months in foreign travel; meantime let things remain as they are, and when we return you will both take that course which may be the best."

At that moment Miss Aylmer's carriage drove to the door, and with a few kind and reassuring words I went forth to receive Ella, and prepare her for meeting her lover.

My story is reaching its end. In the following spring Gerald and I were again at Burnhope, and what a "coming home" it was. It was May Day. "The maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year." All the folk of the village were out to meet us, and I felt half jealous of Gerald, for they all seemed as glad to see him as me. But when I had done kissing my wife and our bonnie bairns I turned to Ella, who stood by her father's side, and gave her a look that told her as eloquently as any words that all was well.

The next day I rode over to Colonel Aylmer's and told him the whole story. To tell the truth I felt some fear of his anger at my failing to tell him at the outset. He was deeply troubled at my recital, but when I told him I was sure that Gerald's recovery was complete, he assented to the engagement being continued, but insisted that a period of two years should intervene before marriage, and that meantime I should take the opinions of the most eminent specialists as to Gerald's present and prospective mental condition.

My little daughter Maud fulfilled her father's promise, and was maid to Ella Aylmer. When Gerald drove away from "The Chase," amid the shouts of the village lads and lassies and the skirl of the pipes—for Roderick had insisted that pipers should come from the Highland home of the Chisholms to do honour to their chief—then Mrs. Chisholm drew my wife aside and said, "Will you let me make my home with you?"

And the two women wept while I with dimmed eyes gazed after the chaise speeding through the purple heather and the golden whin.



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Snap-Shots on a Yacht.

THERE is probably no place in the world that gives such opportunities to an amateur photographer as a sailing yacht; and if our photographer is a bit of a climber, he can get, with an instantaneous camera, some interesting and curious pictures. Nearly all who go to sea in sailing yachts want to get pictures of their vessel under all sorts of conditions. Here are some pictures which illustrate what can be done, with the assistance of a Kodak, by those whose knowledge of photography is absolutely *nil*.

Everyone, I suppose, who has ever been aloft to lace or unlace a gaff topsail has been struck with the view looking downwards, and many, no doubt, have wished to reproduce in a picture what they see when looking from a height of some 50ft. Well, the masthead of a cutter-rigged vessel is not much of a berth for an easel and sketching materials, but we can get what we want with a camera. This was tried one bright, fine day; the skipper himself went aloft, and ingeniously balancing himself with one foot in the rigging and one on the topmast hoop of the mainsail, managed to get some shots at the deck beneath him—here are the results



NO. 2.—BELOW THERE!



NO. 1.—SEEN FROM ALOFT.

(Nos. 1, 2, and 3). On the whole they were very successful; the foam rushing by alongside, the line of the ship's wake, the odds and ends lying about on deck, the binnacle, hatchways, etc., come out capitally, but the difficulty is to get a view clear of rigging, for any rope near the lens of the camera is exaggerated till it looks the size of a mast—and blocks up half the picture. You see at once that the vessel is not fitted like an ordinary yacht, and that she was not built as a pleasure craft; so a word or two as to her origin will not be misplaced. She is the old *Diligent*, a name familiar to many an old lighthouse-keeper and lightship skipper, for she began life some fifty years ago as a

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NO. 3.—ANOTHER SHOT FROM ALOFT.

Trinity House tender, and for many years was employed in attending on the lightships on the south coast; then she became one of the training vessels of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers—a corps which the authorities recently abolished.

Why they did so will always be a painful puzzle to the many hundreds of us who worked in and for the corps, and who asked for nothing better than to be allowed to continue serving our country in the way for which we were best fitted. We are told, among other things, that we were unable to acquire "the habits of a seafaring population." We were not told very clearly what those "habits" are; but if the ancient "hand, reef, and steer" are included among them, surely we were not altogether unacquainted with these things. In gunboats, training brigs, schooners, cutters, single-handed sailing boats—even on board barges—we had sailed the mouth of the Thames and the south coast of England from the North Foreland to Penzance time without number. Our men have even navigated and worked their own vessels across the Bay to "Gib," and across the North Sea to Norway.

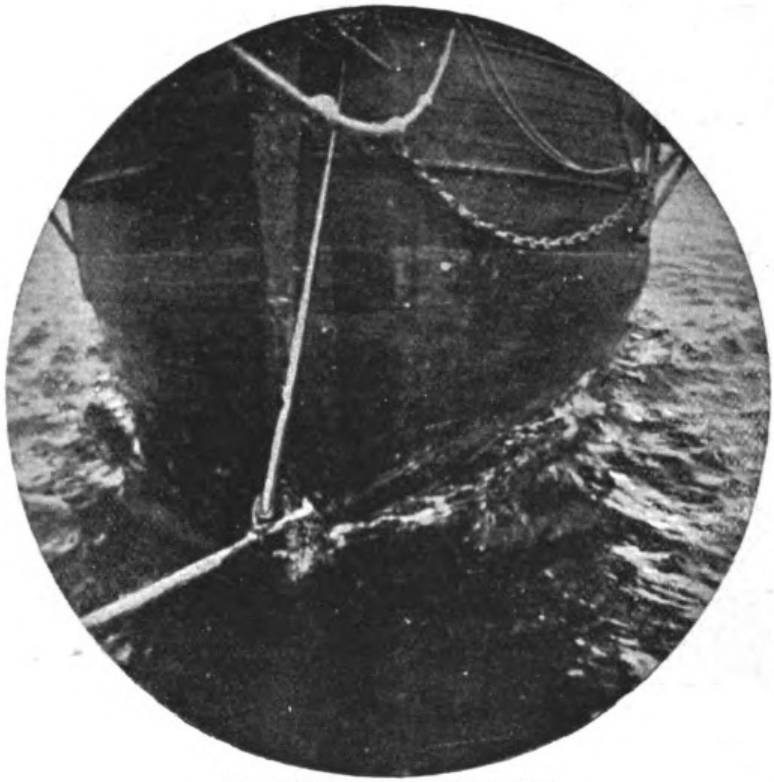
Anyhow, though the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers are abolished (soon, we trust, to come to life again, so badly does volunteering need encouragement), the old *Diligent*, which trained not a few of us, is still sound and hearty, and now she is owned and commanded by Mr. Sydney Hoare, who commanded her in old days as an officer in the R.N.A.V., and is manned (with the exception of one retired man-of-war's-man and two boys) entirely by a club of amateur sailors, principally hailing from the Temple, with a good sprinkling of solicitors, men coaching for the Army, and undergraduates. Such was the vessel whose deck you see from aloft.

For the photographer, however, there are many points of vantage besides the masthead: the bowsprit, for instance, is a capital place to shoot the ship from. In smooth water it is easy enough to stand upright on



NO. 4.—LOOKING AFT.

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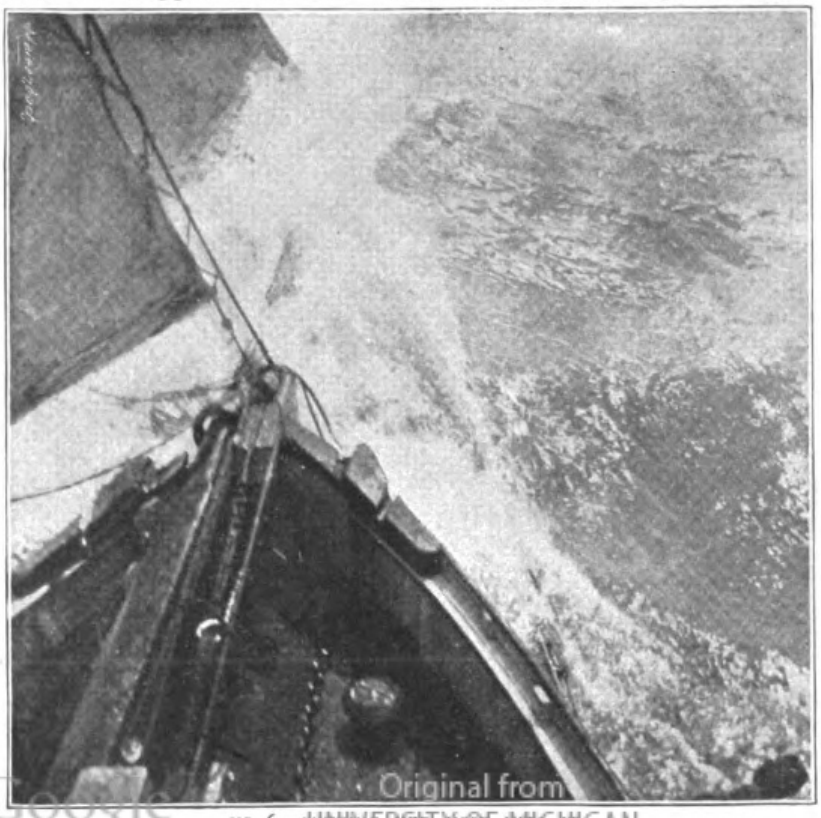


NO. 5.—FROM THE BOWSPRIT END.

the end, and from thence you get as beautiful and as striking a view of your ship as you can get from any point. The vessel is rushing towards you, hurling aside the white water under her bows, the copper under her fore-foot gleaming in the sunlight, and giving you a picture of beauty and power which the photograph very feebly reproduces. It wants a painter to do justice to it; but then everyone would say: "How unnatural! Who ever saw a ship coming like that?" The camera gives it a stamp of genuineness, at any rate.

Nos. 4 and 5 were both done from the bowsprit end; No. 4, which was taken by a man standing upright at the extreme end of the spar, gives a good view along the deck; and, by the way, the second cutter—the boat you see hoisted up at the davits on the port side of the ship—met with an untimely fate last season, for while on a passage from Berwick-on-Tweed to Christiansand, in a strong breeze of wind (which those who were up in Scotland on the 20th and 21st of August last year may perhaps remember), a heavy sea struck her, snapping the foremost davit as though it had been a carrot, dashing the hapless cutter against the lee channels. We saw the last of her drifting astern, bottom upwards, stove in, and barely showing above the water.

The other view you get from the bowsprit end was done by leaning over, and bending down so as to get a shot at the water-line. It really hardly does justice to the broadness of the old ship's bows (cameras are so bad at perspective), for she has a breadth and a bluffness of bow you never see in a modern vessel. This is not good for speed, of course, but when a strong breeze is blowing, and our narrow, sharp-bowed friends are congratulating themselves that they are safe in port, the "broad-faced old tub" is reeling out her eight or nine

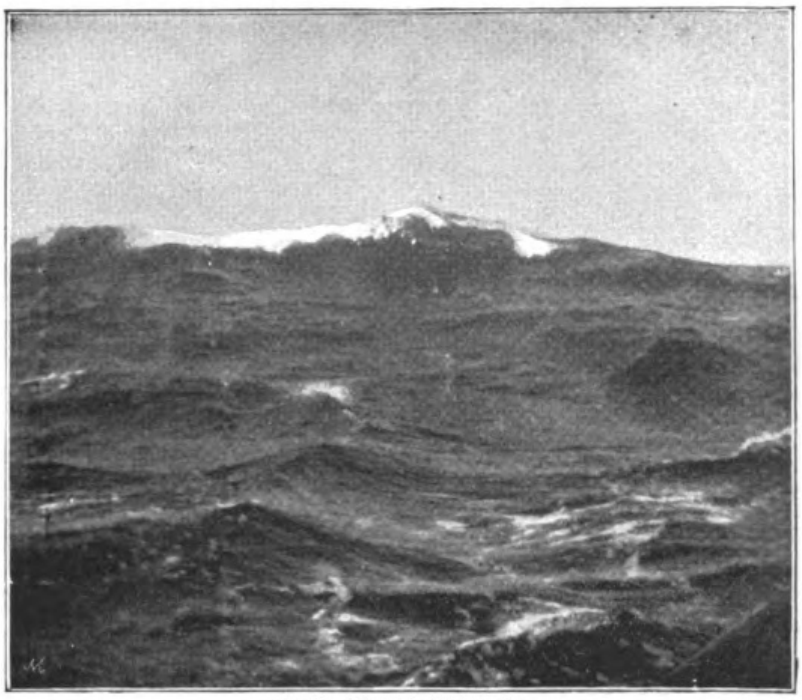


NO. 6.—LOOKING RIGHT ASTERN.

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knots with comfort and safety.

Sometimes the bowsprit end will afford a berth not unlike the old ducking-stool—if one could only stick on—for, close-hauled in a strong breeze and rough sea, up goes the end high into the air, then with a swoop she'll dive into a sea, which breaks half-way up the jib and leaves only the inboard end of the spar, which is between the bitts, visible. We got one very successful shot in one of these plunges. Looking at it (No. 6), it is hard to realize that when the ship is in smooth water the bowsprit end is some 7ft. or 8ft. above the surface. Strong breezes and heavy seas are the times when accidents happen, and though spars ought not to be carried away, they sometimes are, even in vessels manned by real sailors; so we mere amateurs cannot expect to be exempt from small misfortunes. One day in a sharp squall the gaff carried away, just between the inner and outer slings of the peak halliards. The watchful Kodak was on the spot, and though the light was not very favourable, a very fairly good picture of the disaster was obtained—except that as the view is taken from the quarter-deck, the foreshortening makes the sail look rather out of shape (No. 7).



NO. 8.—IN THE NORTH SEA.

The next photograph (No. 8) of a single wave is, I must say, rather disappointing. We had sailed from Berwick-on-Tweed one evening, bound across the North Sea, with a slashing breeze from the southward—and a look in the sky which showed there'd be "more before there was less" in the way of wind and weather. Up to midnight it was magnificent going; but then the skipper took advantage of the change of watch, and it was "all hands shorten sail," and we continued our course under reefed canvas. During the morning watch a boat and davits were washed away, and by two bells in the forenoon watch the wind had freshened to what the meteorological people call a moderate gale, so it was about time to heave to, and for the next twenty-seven hours we were slowly mounting the great seas with our reefed foresail hauled a-weather. Presently



NO. 7.—GAFF CARRIED AWAY.

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the sun came out, and now we thought comes the chance for the Kodak—we'll show our friends ashore what a big sea looks like, when one is hove to in a strong breeze. So, as soon as it was bright enough, we got out the camera and set to work; most of our attempts were failures, but one came out. The sea, which looked a great, big, tall fellow from the deck of our little ship, was caught just as the crest curled over and broke into foam—but the photograph makes it look like a comparatively small wave a great distance off, and entirely fails to give that appearance of height and grandeur that a big sea has when viewed from the deck of a small vessel down in the hollow. In bad weather at sea, as a rule, no photographs can be taken—the light is too bad—and the most exciting scrambles, reefing down, shifting jibs, running in the bowsprit, etc., which would be capital subjects for the camera, take place either when there is no light for the photographer, or when all hands are so busy that there is no opportunity of playing about with the camera. When once reefed down and hove to, there's plenty of chance, if the sun comes out, as it often does in a summer's gale, before the wind begins to moderate or the sea to go down, and any number of shots may be taken.

The camera, too, is a great detector of "sugaring," or shirking. Take a shot at a number of men at work on deck, and the photograph shows quickly enough who were working and who were not. Still, I must do our men justice to say that shirking is not one of their sins. No. 9 is one of the hands obeying an order: "Just jump up on the boom and clear that reef pennant." The deck has just been washed down: we are running before a fine breeze, the main-sheet eased well out, but the spar is tolerably steady, so our amateur Jack scrambles out to the end of the boom, and, while clearing the reef pennant, he offers a tempting shot to the Kodak, and in a trice he is caught with a snap-shot. The end of the boom is a capital place from which to take the quarter-deck when the ship is running free: you are just the proper distance from the helmsman; but to use the camera from this point we must have a good, steady breeze, and not too much sea—for if the spar jerked about at all, both camera and photographer would be sent headlong into the water.

These are the cream of our photographs; at least, of those which may, I think, be fairly described as a little out of the common run, though, of course, the photographer's chances are not confined to his own ship. Every vessel that passes near gives him his opportunity, and a lovely collection of vessels under canvas—from the billy-boy to the huge four-masted ship—may be made. Yachting, of course, is not always smooth-water and fine-weather work—at least, if you go to sea at all; and a week's thrashing across the North Sea, against dirty and squally weather from the south-west and west during the autumn equinox, may well be described as roughing it, but this the camera will not reproduce. When the reefed trysail is set the light is too bad; the camera discreetly only preserves pictures taken under bright skies, and serves to remind us of the pleasantest incidents in a season's yachting.

That others who take that instrument to sea may bring back equally pleasant recollections is the sincere wish of one who would like to sign himself "The Mate of the *Diligent*," but is better known to the irreverent inhabitants of the lower deck as "THE KNIGHT OF THE SCRUBBING BRUSH."



NO. 9.—DICK CLEARS THE REEF PENNANT.

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From a] AGE 10. *[Photograph.*



AGE 20
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

MISS JANOTHA.

MISS NATALIE JANOTHA was born in Warsaw, and from an early age displayed great musical talents, devoting herself especially to the study of pianoforte playing. She studied for some time under Schumann, and also in Berlin under Dr. Joachim, having later on obtained the highest diploma of the Royal St. Cecilia Academy in Rome. Miss Janotha was for many years Court pianiste to the First German Emperor, and has often been commanded to play before the Queen, whose first present of a jewelled cross can be seen as worn by Miss Janotha in our third photo. The late Lord Tennyson spoke of her as "the Queen of Melody," and Her Majesty the Queen conferred upon her the honour of the Victoria Badge.



From an] AGE 17. *[Engraving*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

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From a Miniature] AGE 10. *[Painted by Stewart.*

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

BORN 1818.

JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS, Duke of Rutland, LL.D., D.C.L., G.C.B., second son of the late John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1839. In



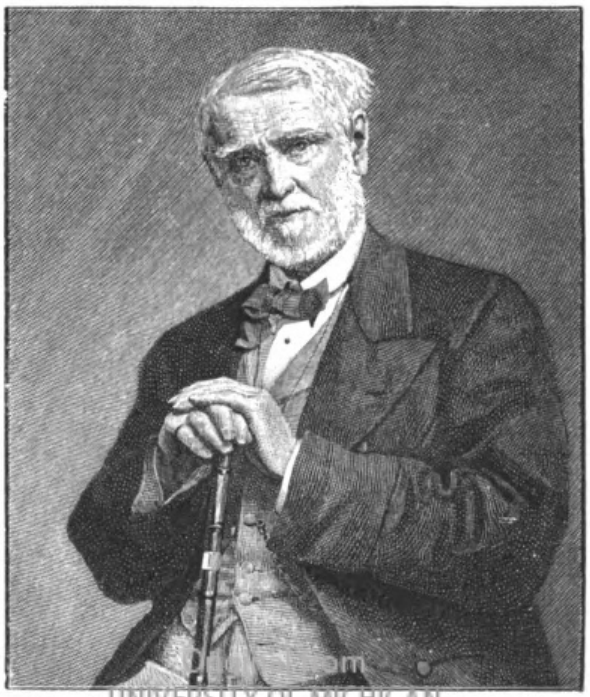
From a Painting] AGE 17. *[by Mrs. Carpenter.*

June, 1841, he was returned member in the Conservative interest for the Borough of Newark. He was appointed First Commissioner for the Office of Works, with a seat in the Cabinet, and sworn a Privy Councillor in Lord Derby's first Administration in



From a Painting by] AGE 33. *[Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.*

1852, and held the same appointment in the latter's second and third Administrations. In 1874 he was appointed Postmaster-General. His Grace has written many excellent books, which are, however, too numerous to mention here.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliot & Fry.*

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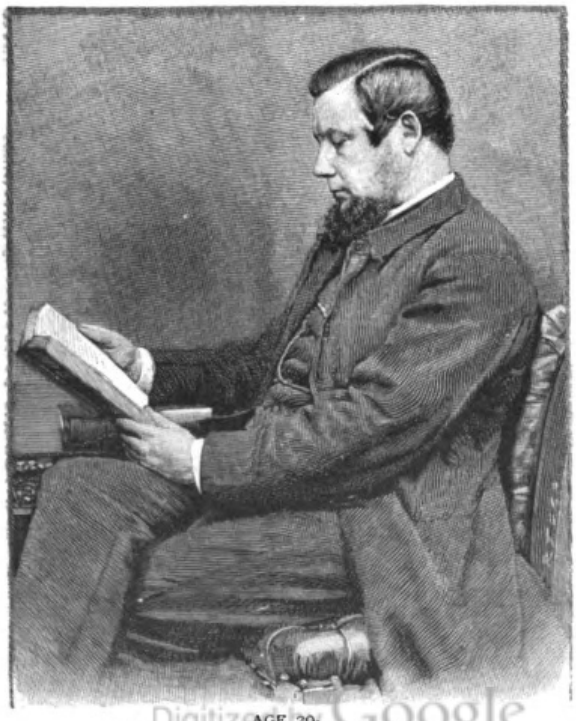
undergraduate] AGE 21. [at Oxford.
From a Daguerreotype.



AGE 44.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

THE REV. ROBERT CLAUDIUS BILLING, D.D., Bishop of Bedford, graduated at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1857, and was ordained in 1858. Dr. Billing, who was vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth, from 1863 to 1873, and of Holy Trinity, Islington, from 1873 to 1878, was in the latter year appointed to the Rectory of Spitalfields. In 1888 he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan (for Diocese of London) of Bedford.



AGE 29.
From a Photo. by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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FREDERIC VILLIERS.

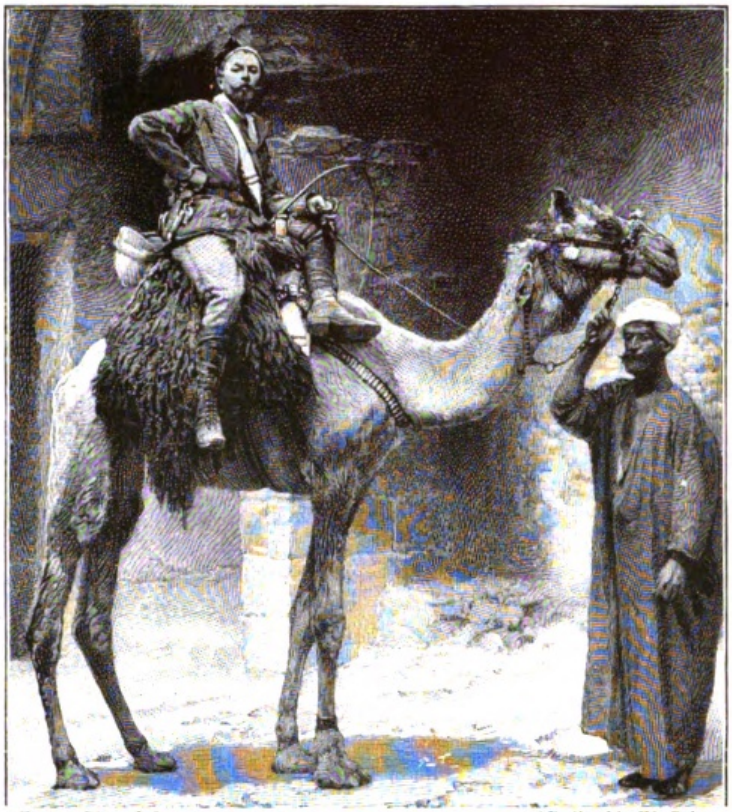
BORN 1852.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, one of our ablest artist-correspondents, was born in London, and became a student of the Royal



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Academy in 1870; in 1876, as special artist and correspondent



From a Photo. by] AGE 34. *[B. Facchinelli, Cairo.*

for the *Graphic*, he went through the Servian Campaign and afterwards the Russo-Turkish War with Mr. Archibald Forbes; they were the only two English correspondents at the crossing of the Danube. Mr. Villiers has ever since



AGE 24.
From a Photo. by Professor Koller, Budapest.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Dickinsons, New Bond Street.

acted as special war correspondent for many of our illustrated papers, undergoing many hardships with the troops, and has lately left England to report on the war between China and Japan.

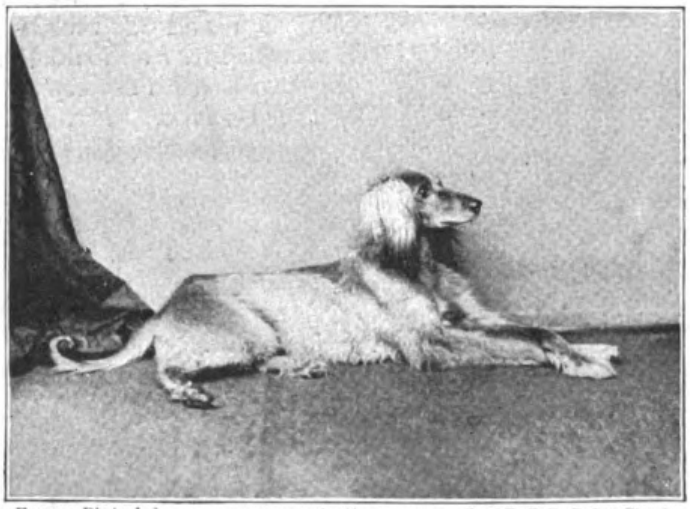
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The Dogs of Celebrities.

PORTRAITS of dogs have been made from the earliest times; but just now dog portraiture is passing into a craze. To display in the drawing-room an elegant oil painting, crayon drawing, or photograph, in many instances life size, of the favourite canine pet of the family, is a proceeding so entirely in vogue as to be almost commonplace. There are several ladies and gentlemen of talent who have turned their attention to this speciality in portraiture—one or two have even exquisitely appointed studios in fashionable localities—and the only sitters who cross their portals are dogs, accompanied by their indulgent masters and mistresses.

Of the photographers of dogs, Mr. Thomas Fall is perhaps the most successful, although Mr. Lawrence Lowe, of St. John's Wood, has had even a longer experience, not entirely devoid of very excellent results.

"It is no slight degree of art," said Mr. Fall, "to obtain a satisfactory portrait of a dog. To many people, all dogs of a particular breed look alike. Anybody—the veriest amateur—may secure the anatomical proportions of a dog; but that individuality without which the likeness of one fox-terrier is like that of any other fox-terrier, is only obtainable after long and patient canine study. Every dog has a strong facial characteristic well known to his master, but apt to be overlooked by strangers, and it is this detail of his identity which must be transmitted to the portrait, or its value is lost."



From a Photo. by] THE SHAH'S "MUSTAPHA." *[T. Fall, Baker Street.*

Not all dogs, happily, so exact the art and patience of the photographer. There are some whose identity is so pronounced that it can be seen at a glance. Such a dog is "Mustapha," who enjoys the distinction of having sat for his portrait nearly a hundred times. Few of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE could fail to be interested in "Mustapha," for besides his almost human intelligence and his remarkable appearance, in his veins flows bluer blood than in any other dog in the whole world. His pedigree runs back centuries before the Christian era. Portraits of his direct ancestors appear engraved upon cuneiform tablets and pillars—rudely, indeed, as may be seen from numerous *facsimile* examples at the British Museum — so that it is not wonderful that "Mustapha" should inherit a taste and facility for undergoing the operation. This singular dog was, until lately, the property of the Shah of Persia, as his sire is at this moment, and in the sumptuous palace of Nasr-ed-Din at Teheran hangs a life-size portrait of "Mustapha's" great-great-grandsire, painted by a French artist, M. Delormel, who remained nearly a year at the Persian capital about the middle of the present century. In the accompanying portrait, it is the eye which will enchain attention. Rarely has a dog been known to possess a more strikingly human expression. It seems to embody all the wisdom of the thousands of "Mustapha's" ancestors, and even to denote the possession of as many thousand State secrets which his ear alone was privileged to overhear. And a very singular ear it is, too. It is like that of no other dog—resembling rather a shock of long grey hair on either side of his face.

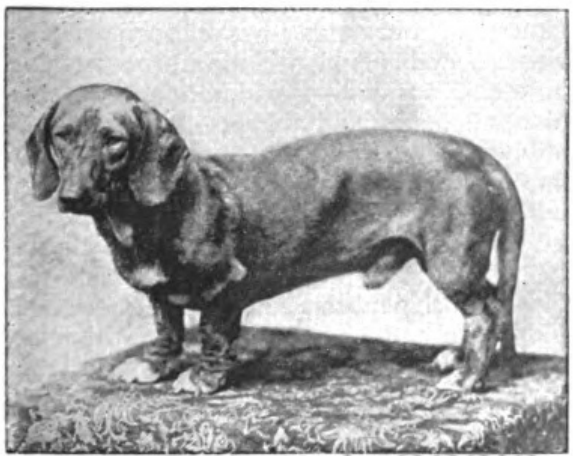
We have given "Mustapha" precedence, but there is another dog—a dog, indeed, of a totally different kind—whose portrait deserves to be quite as eagerly scanned by our readers, even though his blood is not a fraction so blue, even though his immediate ancestors were in humble circumstances in the region of the Black Forest. The name of this dog

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THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S "CAVILL."
From a Photograph.

is "Cavill," and his Royal mistress is the Duchess of York; but "Cavill" has already sworn even greater allegiance to a Royal master, too—the tiny Prince whose birth not long ago was heralded with acclaim throughout the length and breadth of these dominions. "Cavill" is not absolute ruler of the White Lodge kennels, but he reigns very firmly indeed in the affections of the Princess, who has several times been photographed with him as well as taken him out herself to the photographers. "Cavill" is well known in Richmond as a favourite dog of Royalty. On the occasion of the recent visit of Her Majesty to White Lodge the pet dachshund dashed straight up to the Queen the moment she descended from her carriage before any of the servants could interfere. He is only three years old, and as he doubtless has a long career before him, will become as faithful a companion to the little future monarch as he was to the latter's Royal mamma.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SERVIA'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

Another dachshund, and a relative of "Cavill," has for mistress the Crown Princess of Servia, who was an English Princess until quite recently. This favoured animal enjoys the honour of being personally introduced to more reigning potentates and scions of Royal and Imperial houses than perhaps any other dog in Europe. He has been patted on the head by every member of the group at the recent Hessian festivities, and although he evinced a decided disinclination to be photographed, thinking less, perchance, of the opinions of mankind upon his æsthetic proportions than might be expected, he was at last induced by his mistress to remain quiet while the lens was being adjusted.

"Cæsar," the favourite retriever of H.R.H.



THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG'S "CÆSAR."
From a Photograph.

the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, is her Grace's inseparable companion. The Duchess has always been passionately attached to dogs, as was her Imperial father, the late lamented Czar, at one time owning six, but showing an especial preference for a certain Skye terrier—which, alas, died long before dog-photography came into fashion. "Cæsar" is a fine animal, unequalled in intelligence and vivacity, and has often been photographed by the ladies-in-waiting at Clarence House or their daughters, to one of whom is due the accompanying likeness.

Prince Alexander of Teck owns a fine wire-haired terrier named "Boxer," which experiences no novelty in having his portrait taken.

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PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK'S "BOXER."
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart.

In the present instance "Boxer" has been photographed by the side of his master, to whom he is gratefully attached and accompanies everywhere he can, without violating Court ceremony. All of the family are fond of "Boxer," particularly His Highness the Duke of Teck.

The collie of the Princess Louise and the sleuth-hound of the Duchess of Newcastle make excellent sitters, and always endeavour to aid the artist by maintaining as sagacious an expression as well as the most graceful attitude during the operation.



PRINCESS LOUISE'S COLLIE.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S SLEUTH-HOUND.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Some years ago, when the famous diva, Adelina Patti, was travelling in Mexico, she was made the recipient of a gift from the President of the Republic, which she still counts not only among her most valued possessions, but among her closest personal friends as well. And "Araboe" is something more than a friend—she is an admirer of her mistress's genius and a lover of music. Perhaps by this time she has forgotten the mystic dances and measures of her native land, or the boleros and cachucas which the Spanish brought over to the Mexico of the Incas, and has learnt to distinguish the simple fragrance which pervades such English melodies as the diva warbles in her Welsh castle as no living singer can warble; or, perhaps, "Araboe" still continues to have a warm spot in her heart for the cadences of her childhood. At all events, it is certain that this yellow-coated, bright-eyed animal never sings, whatever she

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might do if she chose, or if her vocal chords were capable of greater relaxation. It was only the other day that an eccentric French surgeon succeeded in enabling a cat to bark like a terrier, and promises to do the same for pigs and other fauna. If this sort of progress continues, and is sufficiently advanced in our subject's life-time, there seems some ground for hope that "Araboe's" vast musical ad-



MADAME PATTI'S "ARABOE."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

vantages will not be wholly thrown away. She has a sister, now in possession of Madame Nordica, another world-celebrated cantatrice.

Among the Eastern potentates—or, rather, should we not speak of them as our Imperial fellow-countrymen?—Prince Dhuleep Singh holds a high place. The same is likewise true of "Froggy," his Highness's poodle, without whom his master rarely moved abroad, unless, indeed, it was to attend some levée or reception, when "Froggy" was really disconsolate. "Froggy" had, not long since, to spend some weeks in hospital, where at the expiration of his illness he was photographed in several different attitudes, copies of which were distributed by his Royal master.

As is well known, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is extremely fond of animals, but to none does she evince a more decided par-



PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH'S "FROGGY."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

tiality than to "Pet," the terrier whose likeness is presented in the appended picture.

"Pet" is a familiar figure to the inhabitants of Highgate, as, seated in the carriage by her ladyship's side, they both take the air of an afternoon.

It is a great pity that none of the great



BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S "PET."
From a Photograph.

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dramas which have been staged at the popular Lyceum Theatre have called for the introduction and public appearance of a fox-terrier. Should such a contingency ever arrive, our readers would then have a more favourable opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the merits of "Fussy," who is already almost as celebrated in stage circles as his celebrated owner, and who attends all the rehearsals in Wellington Street with a punctuality and assiduity which could easily serve as a model to the dramatic profession at large. "Fussy," it need scarcely be remarked, is profoundly attached to his master, but can, on the authority of the latter, scarcely conceal his sorrow that his master should have bequeathed his entire services to mimetic art, when the pursuit of the minor rodents offers so many attractions and so many opportunities for enviable distinction. Upon all other points "Fussy" and his friend and associate, rather than master, Mr. Henry Irving, agree; and the painful theme is rarely discussed between



MR. IRVING'S "FUSSY."
From a Photo. by Miss Ellen Terry.

them. But "Fussy" evidently feels that the line must be drawn somewhere. In spite of his evident contempt for so paltry a thing as the drama, he yet tolerates it, and to some extent has been known to indulgently participate in it. But "Fussy" has no thirst for fame which extends beyond the borders of his native land, and when his master informed him of his projected American visit a couple of years ago, he argued strongly against the step. Being overwhelmed, he determined to perish rather than accompany the expedition; and so made his escape just as the steamer was on the point of departure at Southampton Pier, travelling back on foot all the way to London, which he fortunately reached the next day, hungry, dirty, and footsore.

"Colley Cibber," the accomplished collie of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, the dramatist,



MR. PINERO'S "COLLEY CIBBER."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

is an animal remarkable for gentleness and beauty. Mr. Pinero relates many anecdotes of its sagacity—especially when it accompanies him on his journeys throughout England, and even on the Continent. "Colley Cibber" has not yet had a part written for him in any of his master's plays, but when the part comes to be written it is sure to be a sympathetic one. It is only a couple of seasons ago that Mr. Jones introduced "Bully Boy" into his successful Haymarket drama, "The Dancing Girl," as he had



MR. PENLEY'S "CHOW-CHOW."
From a Photo. by Mitchell, Strand.

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previously made "Spider" one of the *dramatis personæ* in "The Silver King." "Colley Cibber" might have had a splendid chance in "The Amazons."

Another dog owned by a celebrated actor is "Chow-Chow," of "Charley's Aunt" fame. As will be seen from his portrait, Mr. Penley's pet is of a breed quite out of the common, being imported from China, some years ago, by a friend of the comedian. His shaggy coat is of a peculiar reddish-black colour, and he is said to be the only dog living who has succeeded in cultivating a laugh. To see "Chow-Chow" laugh at one of his master's jests, and to see the latter's affected look of reproach, is an experience of itself.

"Ben," a collie, and "Jack," a terrier,



LORD DUCIE'S "LEOPOLD" AND "VARENNES."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.



"BEN." "JACK."
From a Photograph.

artists in oil and black-and-white preferring to work from studies rather than from the life.

Two very valuable pets, "Leopold" and "Varennes," belong to Lord Ducie, who is so proud of them that he has had their portraits painted quaintly in oils and hung in the family collection.

Lord Braybrooke's setter, "Jamie," is an excellent sitter to amateur photographers, and so is the retriever which is the companion of Sir John Gladstone, and which came very

enjoy a distinction not accorded to most dogs. They earn a place in this article of photographed dogs by reason of their having been photographed oftener than any other dogs, as well as because they belong to perhaps the most celebrated dog-photographer in the world. Both are themselves amateur photographers, as well as ideal sitters, and "Jack" is quite capable of holding the bulb in his mouth and pressing it at the critical moment, as his bosom friend "Ben" can testify. Many photographic groups and art-studies of dogs familiar to readers of this Magazine owe their picturesque origin to one or the other of these intelligent animals, many



LORD BRAYBROOKE'S "JAMIE."
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

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SIR JOHN GLADSTONE'S RETRIEVER.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

near being accorded a place in the picture of the baronet which hangs this year on the walls of Burlington House.

Then there is the Dandie Dinmont which is the favourite of the Countess Cowper, as well as the bulldog which is owned by Lord Colchester.



COUNTESS COWPER'S DANDIE DINMONT.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

But before we proceed further it would be idle to neglect the dog whose legal wisdom is supposed to surpass that of many a junior barrister—"Jack," the inseparable associate, both at home and on the Bench, of Mr. Justice Hawkins. The anecdotes—many of them no



LORD COLCHESTER'S BULLDOG.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

doubt apocryphal—which are related in legal chambers and Temple common-rooms of "Jack," whose portrait conjointly with that of his learned master is here given—would fill a whole issue of this Magazine. "Jack" ac-



MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS'S "JACK."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

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companies his master everywhere—except to church. Evidently his taste does not extend in that direction.

Mr. Justice Hawkins in a letter to the writer says: "I can say that a more intelligent, faithful, and affectionate creature never had existence, and to him I have been indebted for very many of the happiest hours of my life."

A fox-terrier almost equal in vivacity and good fellowship has for mistress Miss Minnie Terry, whose likeness, together with that of her dog, adjoins.



MISS MINNIE TERRY'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Patients visiting Sir William Broadbent will, doubtless, not be wholly unfamiliar with "Major," the spaniel who occasionally, before she became the mother recently of another little spaniel, "Minor," very much like herself, condescended to hold confabulation with her master's distinguished clients.



SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT'S "MINOR" AND "MAJOR
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

The return of Mr. Willard from America, recently, gave "Quilt's" friends and admirers an opportunity to renew their acquaintanceship with no ordinary collie. His trans-



MR. WILLARD'S "QUILT."
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

atlantic sojourn has not, seemingly, made much difference to "Quilt," who barks the same deep, full, English bark as heretofore, and has a proper contempt, fostered by age—for "Quilt" is, indeed, no puppy—for all small dogs.

A prettier animal than Lady Henry Somerset's favourite pet would be hard to find. One who knows "Veto" and his mistress well writes:—

"While some dogs are taught to spend money on tobacco and intoxicants, this dog, true to the example before it, is a thorough teetotaler, and exemplifies its teaching and training by taking a genuine interest in all temperance movements. It will beat accurate time with its white foot to all temperance tunes when they are being sung, showing partiality for certain stirring and popular hymns, as 'Sailing, sailing,' etc. It is of a



LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S "VETO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

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THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

small Pomeranian breed, and you will see by its name it wishes to be identified with the great cause of temperance."



"THE GENERAL."
From a Photo. by Spink, Brighton.

Other dogs which we give are those of the Marquis of Ormond, a lively fox-terrier; and



SIR WILLIAM McCORMICK'S "BRUNO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

the black Spitz, "General," owned by Mr. Justice Vaughan's daughter, and which is a great favourite of the Prince of Wales, whom "General" counts among his warm personal friends.

"Bruno," the collie of Sir William McCormick, the well-known physician of Harley Street, is also included in this collection of



MR. STUART WORTLEY'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

dogs, together with the intelligent dachshund owned by Mr. Stuart Wortley, M.P.

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Treasure Beach.

By R. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot.

I.—A Strange Vocation.

A FEW winters ago we spent several weeks in a very pleasant yachting cruise among the West Indian Islands. When coasting along the southern shore of San Domingo, a continuance of bad weather caused us to seek shelter in a little land-locked bay. The attempt was somewhat difficult, the entrance being rather narrow, and flanked on either side by high cliffs. Once in, however, the anchorage was perfect; sheltered from every wind and with depth of water sufficient for ships of any size. This bay is semi-circular in shape, and a tiny stream, which has its source in the swamps a few miles inland, falls into the western corner.

Along the banks of this stream are scattered from two to three dozen squalid negro cabins, each with its own slovenly cultivated patch of garden ground adjoining. A few roughly constructed flat-bottomed boats are drawn up on the beach. These the owners use for fishing in the bay, which swarms with various sorts of edible fish. The latter are split up and dried in the sun, and constitute, along with the few fruits and vegetables raised, the sole means of subsistence of this little settlement.

The surrounding country is of the wildest description. Forest and jungle intermixed with noisome swamps extend for many miles around. There are no other settlements at all near, and at first it seems strange that this out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible spot should have been chosen for a place of permanent residence.

The explanation, however, is by no means an exceptional one. The reason or object which has led to this self-imposed banishment is the same which impels men of all nations to endure isolation and hardship—the desire for wealth; easily and rapidly acquired riches. The conception of what constitutes a fortune varies, of course, according to the wants and tastes of different people, and to many the total amount of wealth ever acquired, or likely to be acquired at this remote spot, would appear comparatively insignificant. But to the ideas of this little band of negroes and half-breeds, with their few and simple wants, the lucky "finds" here met with are more than sufficient. Every one of them lives in hope of some day becoming the happy owner of a sum large enough to enable him to return to his native town or village, and pass the remainder of his days in what to his mind constitutes the height of bliss—utter idleness!

The beach is composed of sand mixed with small pebbles and shells of various kinds. A considerable stretch is laid bare at low water, except at the eastern side, where the cliffs rise abruptly and almost perpendicularly from the sea. At exceptionally low tides, however, a narrow strip of sand along the base of the cliffs is left bare for a few hours at a time. Usually the settlers pass their time idly lounging about the doors of their huts, sometimes doing a little gardening, or fishing in the bay. When these low tides occur all is changed. Every man, woman, and child able to render the slightest assistance at the work then hastens to this small stretch of sand, and the great business of their lives is hurriedly proceeded with. Some handle spades and shovels of iron or wood, others manipulate rudely made riddles; all are engaged in the work of sifting the sand and shingle into sacks and baskets. The sand is thrown away, and all that will not pass through the meshes of the riddles is carried away to be carefully examined at the possessor's leisure. It is amongst this mixture of shells and shingle the "treasure-hunters" look for the realization of their dreams of wealth.

This curious occupation has been engaged in for many years. When and by whom the work was first begun, no one can tell. But so it is, and year after year the labour goes on, though the "bonanza finds" are every year becoming fewer in number and smaller in value.

This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the treasure is by no means inexhaustible, and owes its existence to the hand of man and not of Nature. The gold and silver are mostly ready coined, and the precious stones set in ornaments of various descriptions. Doubloons, moidores, pieces-of-eight, and dollars are the coins usually met with, but, if tales are true, the early explorers of the hoard were rewarded by obtaining valuable

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TREASURE BEACH.

pieces of plate, bars of silver, and even ingots of gold.

The local designation of the settlement may be given in English as "Treasure Beach," and by what strange and fateful means this miscellaneous collection of valuables came to be deposited at this lonely spot we will now proceed to relate.

II.—Captain Flood and His Partner.

Most people, we presume, have heard of that remarkable association, the Buccaneers, for many years the implacable enemy of Spain, and which came nigh to inflicting total ruin on the Spanish colonies in the New World. This maritime commonwealth, instituted originally for purposes of mutual defence against the encroachments of the Spanish authorities on their trade and liberty, ultimately grew to such immense dimensions as to become a power of considerable importance. Several of the European nations who resisted the claims of the Court of Madrid to entire supremacy in the New World were glad to ally themselves with this confederacy of freebooters. The most daring and lawless spirits of Europe flocked to join its ranks; one great inducement being the free and exciting life of the buccaneer, with its opportunities of amassing riches and renown at one and the same time.

Through course of time, however, the society degenerated from its first object of existence. The Spanish cities and galleons grew more wary and difficult to plunder, and the buccaneers did not scruple to turn their attention to the ships of other and hitherto friendly nations.

After the treaty of Utrecht, early in the eighteenth century, the confederacy was declared illegal and the vocation of the buccaneer was at an end. It was not to be expected such a congregation of desperadoes would at once quietly disperse and betake themselves to paths of peace and usefulness. Many of them declared their independence of, and contempt for, European treaties, and continued to scour the waters of the Spanish Main, plundering indiscriminately all they could attack with reasonable hopes of success.

In fact, they became common pirates, and for many years the ocean was infested by a murderous set of scoundrels, to whom robbery was a pleasure and bloodshed a pastime. Though still retaining in some cases the undaunted bravery of the original buccaneers, they had nothing of their wild chivalry left to atone for the violent and needless excesses with which their names are invariably associated and their characters indelibly stained.

Amongst the numerous pirate chiefs whose names have been handed down to us, one of the most notorious was a certain Englishman of the name of Flood. Along with a few other lawless spirits, Flood seized a small schooner lying in the harbour of Kingston, in Jamaica, and put out to sea. After cruising about for some months, during which time his company was recruited by the addition of numerous characters as reckless as himself,

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Flood found himself at the head of a sufficient force to attempt more important enterprises. Hitherto he had been content with plundering the smaller vessels he met with, but the number of his crew now warranted him in attacking the larger and more valuable ships. For this purpose, however, he required another fast-sailing craft, his small schooner—the *Mosquito*—being inconveniently overcrowded and almost destitute of heavy guns. He was not long in coming across the article he was in quest of.

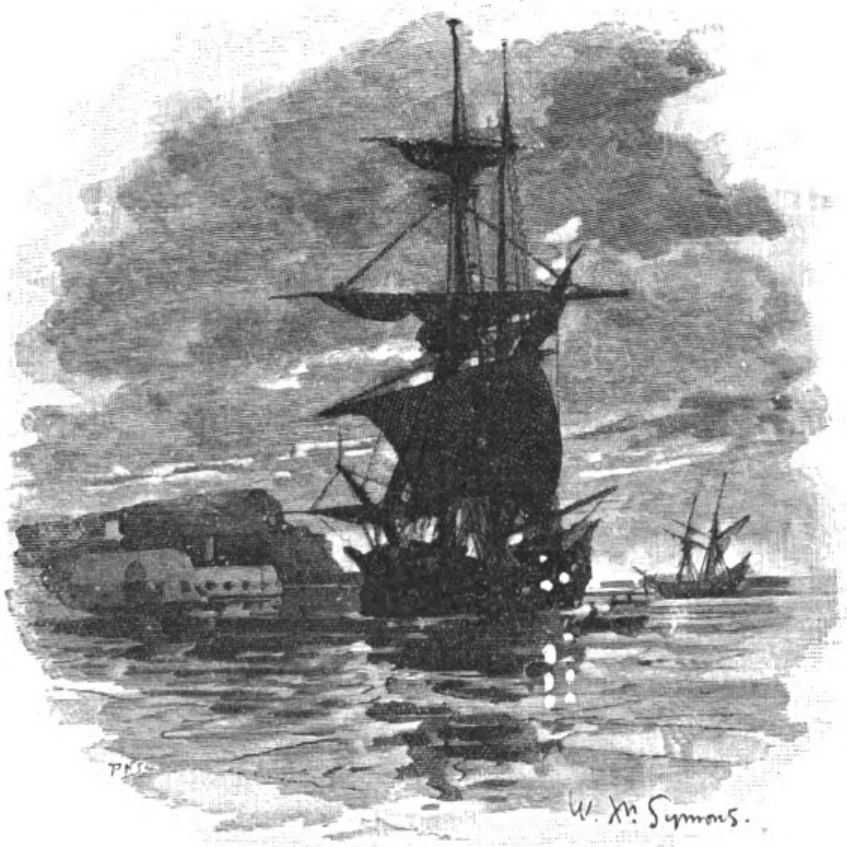
The governor of one of the French West Indian Islands had lately arrived in a smart new brigantine; a clever sea-boat, thoroughly equipped with all necessary stores, and carrying several long-range carronades. She was, in truth, specially intended for the purpose of looking after such gentry as Captain Flood, who were getting rather numerous and audacious in their villainous work among the islands. Hearing this vessel was in port, Flood conceived the bold project of cutting her out from under the guns of the fort. His men being quite agreeable to risk their lives in the enterprise, no time was lost in attempting its execution.

Being in harbour and protected by the fort, Flood conjectured few men would remain on board and an indifferent watch would be kept in the brigantine. Accordingly, one evening the *Mosquito* was cautiously steered inshore, and just out of sight in the deepening twilight. When the schooner arrived off the entrance to the harbour, it was quite dark, and about midnight two boats were launched over the ship's side.

Some thirty of the most daring of the pirates got aboard, and with muffled oars rowed off in the darkness on their desperate mission. The expedition was under the command of the lieutenant, a Jersey man of the name of Cæsar, Flood himself remaining on board the schooner to await results.

In a short time the boats reached the brigantine, found, as they anticipated, a careless look-out kept, and before the drowsy sentry had time to fire his musket or give an alarm, the pirates had swarmed on board and disarmed and gagged him. The hatches were at once fastened down over the sleeping men below and the brigantine captured.

The cable was slipped, the foresail silently hoisted, and by aid of a strong ebb-tide and a favourable breeze, the prize was speedily outside the port and not a soul on shore a bit the wiser.



THE BRIGANTINE.

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It turned out a much simpler affair than the pirates had any hope to expect, and they had abundant reason to congratulate themselves on their bloodless victory. Flood now found himself in possession of a vessel in every respect suited to the requirements of his nefarious profession. Several of the captured Frenchmen were not averse to joining the ranks of the pirates, and the others were bundled into the smallest boat and permitted to make their way back to port as best they could.

The brigantine was re-named the *Shark* and Flood assumed command, Cæsar being put in charge of the *Mosquito;* the men being apportioned between the two ships.

The details of the adventures of Flood and his partner for the next two years we will pass over. During that period the two vessels remained in close company, carrying on with impunity their career of robbery and bloodshed. Many a richly-laden merchantman had fallen a prey to their combined attack, and both were well filled with valuable, if unlawful, spoil. The cruisers of several nations were on the outlook for them, but, thanks to their fast-sailing qualities, the piratical craft had always managed to elude their pursuers.

When not at sea, the little bay we have described on the southern coast of San Domingo was a favourite rendezvous of Flood and his comrades. Here they were in the habit of frequently repairing for rest and the refitting of their vessels. One important change, however, had taken place in the relations of Captain Flood and his lieutenant. The latter, in the desperate enterprises they engaged in, had shown an amount of reckless daring and audacity which had made him intensely popular with the crews of both ships. Indeed, he had become a much more popular leader than Flood himself.

Rightly or wrongly, the men had acquired the notion that the latter had a wholesome regard for his own skin, and although they could not accuse him of open cowardice, still he did not display the dash they looked for in their chief in action. Cæsar's boldness was in direct contrast to Flood's pusillanimity, and the former's position grew stronger every day. Flood was not slow to perceive this, and much as he resented his rival's growing popularity, he had the acuteness to come to an understanding and amicable arrangement with him. He accordingly proposed that Cæsar should be placed on an equal footing with himself. To this the men assented, and the lieutenant was promoted to the rank of captain. Flood retained command of the brigantine, but Cæsar had an equal say in all deliberations, and was awarded the full share of a captain in the division of booty.

III.—The Fate of the "Shark."

Up to this time the operations of Flood and his partner had been confined to the West Indies, but now, emboldened by success and perhaps through a more vigilant search being made for them, they determined to extend the sphere of their depredations. It was agreed they should leave their customary cruising ground for a time and run across the Atlantic to the neighbourhood of the Canaries.

Here they expected to be able to plunder some of the large ships trading with the East Indies. These ships were much larger and also better manned and armed than any they had hitherto ventured to attack. At the same time, if there was increased risk there was also the certainty of richer spoils. The first sail sighted proved to be a Dutch barque from the Cape, which, surrendering quietly, was allowed to proceed after being overhauled and all valuables carried off.

A few days afterwards another ship hove in sight. As soon as they came within range the pirates unfurled their black flags and opened fire. The stranger immediately displayed English colours and sailed steadily on. She was a large East Indiaman, fully manned, and carried several heavy guns. As quickly as her guns could be brought to bear she returned the pirates' fire, and was evidently prepared to make a fight of it. The pirate craft, sailing much faster and more easily handled, dodged round about, pouring in their shot and waiting a favourable opportunity of boarding. For this purpose the *Shark* forged ahead, and then, putting her helm down, attempted to lay herself alongside the merchantman.

The *Mosquito* meantime peppered away at her stern, ready to come alongside and join in the attack simultaneously with her consort. Their little plan, however, did not come off as anticipated. Perceiving the object of the *Shark's* manœuvring, the Indiaman suddenly altered her course a few points, and, bringing her starboard guns to bear, discharged a rattling broadside slap into the pirate. A well-directed shot hit the *Shark's* foremast and it went by the board. Deprived of her head-sails and hampered by the wreck of the foremast, she refused to answer her helm, and lay a helpless log. As she

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passed, the merchantman raked her fore and aft, sweeping her decks and doing further damage to the hull and rigging. Then with a hearty cheer she lumbered past on her course, leaving the discomfited pirates to vent their wrath and disappointment in impotent threats and curses. The *Mosquito*, too weak to carry on the fight alone, gave up the chase and remained with her disabled consort.

Matters were now in a somewhat serious position. On examination the *Shark* was found to have been badly hit under the water-line and leaking terribly. By constant pumping she might have been kept afloat, but that sort of work was not congenial to the pirates. Fighting they never complained of getting too much of, but hard work was a thing they had no stomach for. Besides, there was no friendly port at hand where they could re-fit, and to attempt to re-cross the Atlantic with foremast gone and a leaky ship was not to be thought of.

After a hasty consultation between the two captains, immediate steps were taken to transfer the more valuable portion of the *Shark's* lading on board the *Mosquito*. Everyone was now intent on saving his own belongings, and, consequently, the pumps were abandoned. By the time the most precious part of the cargo had been transhipped, the leak had made great progress, and it was evident the brigantine would not float much longer.

Captain Flood was now on board the *Mosquito*, and the boats were busy bringing the brigantine's crew on board also. No time could be lost, as she was rapidly settling down. The men were clustered round the bulwarks impatiently waiting their turn to be taken off. About half the crew had been transferred, and the rest were crowding into the two boats alongside, when suddenly, to their consternation, the *Mosquito's* boats were hoisted on board, her sails shaken out, and the vessel herself steered to windward!

A desperate yell of execration arose from the pirates' throats. Could it be possible they were abandoned? Left to drown like rats in a trap? The shriek of empty menace and wild despair was heard on board the fast receding schooner, but remained unheeded. It was now a case of *sauve qui peut*. A wild rush was made for the boats. It was impossible all could get in with safety, and a desperate struggle began for places. Those first in tried to cut the boats adrift before they got overcrowded. The others strove to get in at all hazards. Pistols and knives were drawn and freely used in the *mêlée*, and



"A WILD RUSH WAS MADE FOR THE BOATS."

the inevitable result occurred. The boats were swamped, and the fighting pirates left to struggle in the waves.

Even then the conflict did not cease. Those who could swim were seized hold of by those who could not, and many who retained hold of their knives struck out wildly at their comrades. Some succeeded

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in climbing on board the sinking ship, only to delay their fate a few minutes. Most drifted to leeward and quickly sank.

Steadily and surely the *Shark* settled down. Several of the pirates hastened to throw a few planks together to form a raft. Too late! With a sudden lurch the brigantine heeled over—the water rushed in amidships—her stem rose high in the air—one last despairing shriek rang over the surface of the sea, and stern first she plunged to her last resting-place beneath the waves.

A few weeks afterwards the *Mosquito* lay at her old anchorage in the little bay. Luckily for the pirates, their voyage across the Atlantic had been a rapid one. The unexpected addition to her complement of men taxed the commissariat of the schooner to the utmost. The *Mosquito's* stock of food and water had been already much reduced by their long cruise, and had they taken all Flood's crew on board there would have been danger of their starving.

Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and when the two captains recognised their difficulty they did not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of a considerable number of their men to save the remainder. The pirates on board the *Mosquito*—hardened villains though they were—at first seemed inclined to resent the abandonment of their comrades. But when their captains' reasons for so acting were explained to them, they acquiesced. Probably the fact of their falling heirs to their unlucky shipmates' valuables went a long way to ease their consciences and quieten their resentment of the treacherous deed.

IV.—More Treachery.

The two captains being once more in the same vessel it was mutually agreed that, until another suitable ship was come across, they should resume their old relations. Cæsar accordingly resumed his position of lieutenant, with one reservation. This was, that he should continue to share equally with Flood in all plunder.

The amount of treasure accumulated by the pair was now considerable. Always dreading treachery, not only from their men, but also from each other, it was deemed desirable some more secure place than the ship should be found for their ill-gotten gains. A hiding-place on shore was, therefore, sought out, and a favourable opportunity awaited for the removal on shore of the most valuable and portable portion of their hoards.

One moonlight night, when the crew were all below, busily occupied in their customary work of gaming and drinking, the scheme was carried out. As usual when at anchor, no watch was kept, and Flood had taken the precaution of serving out an extra quantity of rum that night. About midnight all the crew were either dead drunk or so far gone as to be totally incapacitated from any active interference with the project.

Cæsar crept forward and viewed the scene below, through the open hatchway, with satisfaction. All of the men were fast asleep, except a half-dozen or so, who still sat round the table in a maudlin condition with half-closed eyes. There was no fear of any interruption from them, and he at once returned aft and joined Flood in the cabin.

"Well," queried the latter, "is all safe?"

"Perfectly," answered Cæsar; "the brutes are nearly all dead drunk, and not one of them could crawl on deck to save his life."

"Then, the sooner we get our little job done, the better," said Flood, rising. "You go on deck and get the skiff alongside; I'll see about getting the 'swag' up."

The powder magazine opened off the cabin, and Flood unlocked the door and went in with a lantern in his hand. Flasks and kegs of gunpowder were ranged around. Picking his way through these, he opened a trap-door in the floor at the far end and disclosed a low chamber underneath.

Cæsar meantime went on deck, and after drawing the small boat up close under the stern, he rejoined Flood below. A couple of strong wooden chests, clamped with iron at the corners, lay in the apartment beneath the magazine. One of these was quickly hauled up and carried on deck. With as little noise as possible it was then lowered on board the skiff, and the two men took their places beside it. The painter was then unloosed, and Cæsar taking the sculls pulled rapidly for the shore.

Here the box was put ashore and the boat hauled up a few yards on the sand.

The spot selected for the reception of the treasure was at the cliffs on the east side of the bay. Taking the chest between them, the two pirates made for this spot without delay. There was no path, and the ground was rough and in some places overgrown with scrub, but in a short time the summit of the rock was reached.

As we have already described, the cliff at this point rises abruptly from the sea. About thirty feet from the top a ledge of rock runs along the face, on which a few bushes find a

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precarious root-hold and existence. When the pirates had recovered their wind they carried the chest to the edge of the precipice and then, fastening a rope to it, carefully lowered it till it rested on this ledge. The other end of the rope was then hitched to a tree which grew near, and both men slid down to where the box was.

The rope was then unfastened and the box dragged to a part of the ledge where the bushes grew thickly. Parting these aside, a small opening was discovered in the face of the rock. Into this the chest was thrust, and although the opening was only a few feet in depth, there was ample room.

A few pieces of rock were piled in front, and when the bushes sprang back into their natural position, the hiding-place was completely veiled. There was no way of reaching the ledge except by the means described, and nothing was there to show that human beings had ever been near the place.

Their work completed, the two men prepared to re-ascend. Flood was first, and had hold of the rope to draw himself up. Suddenly he turned to Cæsar, who stood close behind him, and exclaimed :—

"Halloa! what's up with the schooner? Look at her—quick!"

Cæsar turned to look at the *Mosquito*, which was peacefully resting on the moonlit waters of the bay. As he did so, Flood, quick as lightning, swung himself up the rope ; then, with one foot stayed against the cliff, he threw out the other, caught Cæsar fairly between the shoulders, and hurled him over the precipice.

It was the work of a moment; but whether the result of a preconceived plan, or the impulse of a sudden avaricious and murderous thought, can never be known. Flood paused till he heard the splash of his victim in the water below, and then hurriedly ascended the cliff. On the top he lay down and looked over the edge for some time. The bottom of the precipice was in deep shadow, and, seeing or hearing nothing, he concluded his murderous work had been successful. Hurrying down to the beach he launched the skiff, and at once rowed off to the schooner. Fastening the boat alongside, Flood cautiously slipped down the cabin stair, tossed off a bumper of brandy, and sat down to think.

After a little he got up and repaired to Cæsar's sleeping berth, where he found a cap belonging to his late comrade and partner. With this in his hand he went on deck. Listening at the fore-hatch he found all quiet, and going to the side he pitched the cap overboard. He saw it slowly drift astern, and then, running forward, he shouted down the hatchway to the sleeping crew :—

"Man overboard! Wake up there, you drunken swabs, and lend a hand here!"

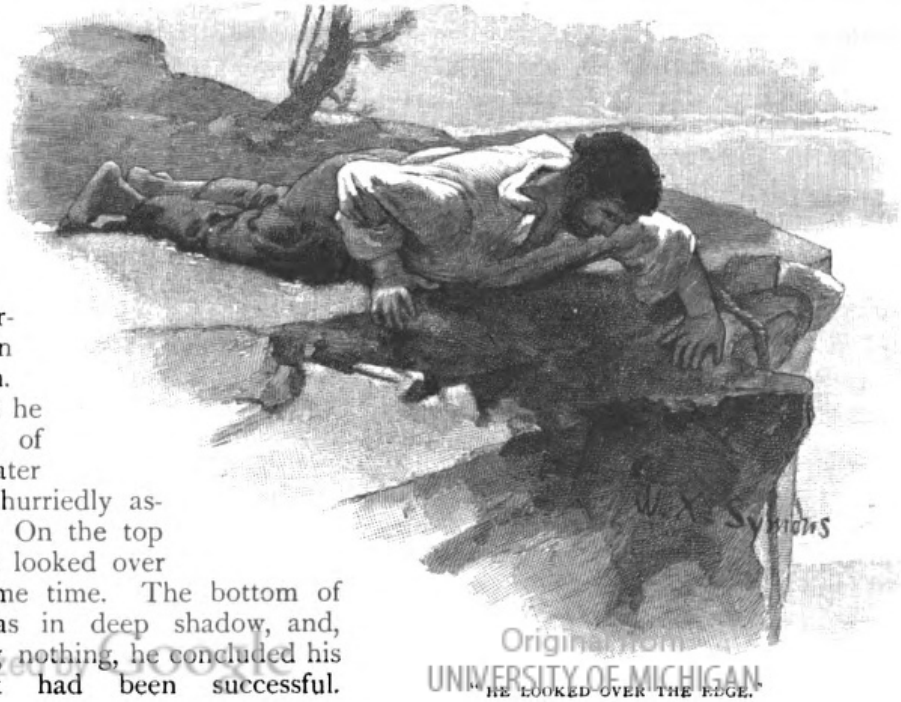
Three or four of the men had recovered sufficiently from the effects of their orgie to respond to his call, and staggered on deck in a half-dazed condition.

"Look sharp," Flood cried; "Cæsar's got drunk and fallen overboard! Haul up the boat and get in, some of you."

Three sailors jumped into the skiff and pushed off, Flood standing on the taffrail to direct their movements.

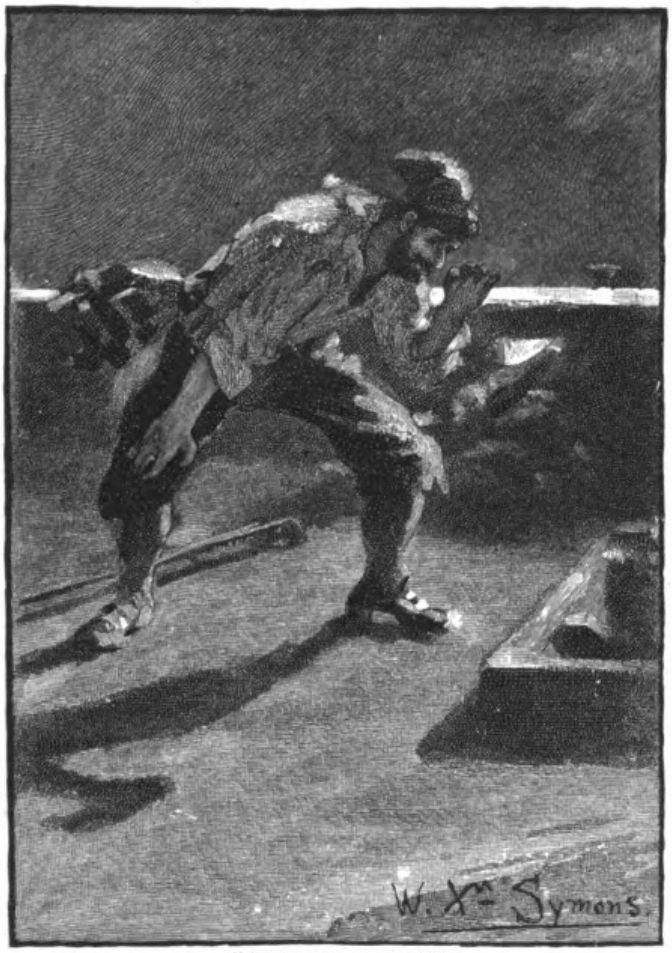
"There he is," he called to them, pointing astern; "there he is, just sinking for the third time! Pull, you brutes, or you'll lose him!"

The men rowed as best they could in their still muddled state in the direction indicated, but, of course, saw no sign of their lieutenant. The cap was picked up and identified as Cæsar's, and it was thereupon concluded



"HE LOOKED OVER THE EDGE."

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"'MAN OVERBOARD!'"

that that worthy had gone to the bottom. Thus did Flood satisfactorily account to the crew for his lieutenant's disappearance.

Next forenoon the *Mosquito* was gone, and the little bay once more deserted.

V.—FLOOD TRAPPED—"CÆSAR'S GHOST."

Two months have sped past, and we again find the pirate schooner snugly moored in her favourite place of retreat. During this period she had been cruising about the islands with indifferent success. Some small coasting craft had been overhauled and a plentiful supply of rum and other liquors procured, but no large or valuable prize had been come across. Plunder having become scarce, the pirates gave vent to deep growls of discontent. They attributed the failure of the cruise to Flood's lack of enterprise, and the want of Cæsar's guiding hand and counsel.

The captain's position was getting most precarious and uncertain. He managed to keep the men quiet by liberal allowances of rum, but there was no knowing when they might break out in open mutiny. Discipline was a thing of the past, orders openly disregarded, and even at sea a haphazard state of affairs had latterly prevailed. Pirates are not different from others; so long as they obeyed orders and had an efficient commander in whom they thoroughly believed, things rubbed along pretty smoothly. This check once removed, however, and license became rampant, making it only a question of time for the inevitable collapse and reckoning.

Flood determined this should be his last visit to the bay in the *Mosquito*. His energies were now centred on securing his ill-gotten wealth, and then leaving his ship and its crew to their fate. His own share of the plunder was safely ashore, but Cæsar's — the most valuable portion of which he had unceremoniously appropriated—was still aboard the schooner. It was now his care to have it also securely ensconced in the recess of the cliff. That once accomplished, it was his intention to again put to sea, and either run the *Mosquito* ashore near a settlement or seize some other favourable chance of quitting his nefarious occupation.

The third night after the *Mosquito's* return Flood proceeded to get the treasure ashore. Once more after darkness had set in he rowed ashore in the little skiff. This time he had to content himself with taking the most valuable coins and jewels, the box being too weighty for one person to carry any distance alone. A small bag was all he could take with safety, and with this he quickly scaled the height and lowered himself on to the shelf of rock. Here he found the chest and its contents untouched, and hastily adding his precious burthen to the heap, he again retired.

A few steps brought him to the spot at which he had left the rope dangling from the summit. He at once prepared to ascend, but, to his consternation, *the rope had disappeared!* Casting a hurried glance up the cliff, he saw a man leaning over the edge, pulling it up hand over hand. A loud imprecation escaped Flood's lips, a laugh of triumph and derision came in reply, the few remaining feet of rope were drawn up, and the man vanished.

Flood at once concluded he had been followed from the ship by one of his crew.

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He was in a terrible fix. From his men he knew he would receive no mercy. Both his treasure and his life would be sacrificed to their feelings of greed and revenge. Again, the horrible thought struck him that it might be the intention of his follower to say nothing to the rest of the crew, but simply leave him to die a lingering death on the ledge. Either alternative was dreadful to contemplate, and throwing himself down on the widest part of the shelf of rock, he cursed his folly for not taking better precautions to prevent his movements being known.

Here we leave him, meantime, and return on board the *Mosquito*, where another strange scene was being enacted.

When Flood left the schooner he believed the men were all asleep or in such an intoxicated condition as to be incapable of leaving the fore-cabin. On this particular night, however, when midnight arrived, instead of being all drunk as usual, some twenty of the pirates found themselves still comparatively sober and the liquor all gone. This was a state of affairs they were not accustomed to, and calls at once arose for more drink. The captain, they believed, would have retired to rest by that time, but nevertheless they resolved to rouse him up. More liquor was wanted, and more they would have.

After some talk, three of the crew were selected to proceed to the cabin and procure more rum and brandy. The three chosen were Davis, the boatswain, a burly Welshman; Harley, the carpenter, a lanky Scotchman; and Schneider, a Dutch seaman. Crawling up the hatchway the three worthies staggered aft to the cabin-stairs. Here they were surprised to see a light still burning, but boldly descending the companion they pushed open the door and entered the cabin. A lighted lantern swung from the ceiling, but Flood was nowhere to be seen. They searched everywhere, but, of course, the captain could not be found. In their muddled state, it took them some time to realize the truth; but when they did so they at once raised the alarm. All the other pirates who retained their senses and the use of their legs immediately flocked to the after-cabin.

At first it was conjectured Flood must have fallen overboard and met the same fate as Cæsar. Soon, however, the boat was missed, and a cry arose that they had been abandoned. Everyone now rushed into Flood's cabin. Chests and lockers were broken open and ransacked. A plentiful supply of strong drink was obtained, and the pirates, to the number of some twenty or thirty, made free with all they fancied. Some gathered round the table beneath the lantern, some sprawled on the lockers, others on the floor.

Schneider, the Dutchman, being the soberest man in the company, acted as "master of the ceremonies." He sat at the end of the table facing the cabin-door. Before him was a water-bucket, into which a dozen or two bottles of rum and brandy had been indiscriminately emptied. This mixture he measured out freely in glasses, bowls, and pannikins to all who applied for it. Needless to say, he was kept well employed, and more than once more bottles were added to the contents.

One by one the pirates dropped on the floor dead drunk. Some, half drunk, fought and cursed. Knives were drawn and pistols fired amidst blasphemous shouts and yells of fiendish laughter. Soon only about half-a-dozen of the wretches retained sufficient sense to be able to sit round the table. Schneider roared and yelled like a very demon, and was ably seconded in his efforts by Harley, Davis, and one or two others. Some, in a maudlin condition, shouted snatches of buccaneering ditties of the grossest description.

"Fill up again, boys," cried Schneider, struggling to his feet, "fill up to de brim. I vill give you a toast, and I vill shoot de man who does not drink it!" So saying, he pulled out a pistol and laid it on the table in front of him.

The pirates round the table at once eagerly passed in their glasses, all except one. This exception was Pedro, the black cook, who lay with his head on the table fast asleep.

"Come, wake up, Pedro!" roared the Dutchman. "Wake up! No skulking here, I tell you!" and he seized the negro by his shock of woolly hair and raised his head. The black's eyes turned up with a ghastly glare, but on Schneider relaxing his grip his head at once sank down again.

"Vat!" screamed the Dutchman, "you vill not take your liquor, you black tevil? By gar, but I vill make you take it! If you vill not take it *inside*, den you shall have it *out!*"

With these words the drunken villain plunged his pannikin into the bucket of liquor, filled it to the brim, and emptied the contents over the negro's head. The liquor saturated his curly hair, and ran in streams down his neck and face. The Dutchman's

joke was received with shrieks of laughter and wild applause. Pedro, however, was too far gone, and lay perfectly still in his drunken stupor.

"Now," said Schneider, refilling his mug, "ve vill have our toast, boys. Here's to the *Mosquito* and her new captain, whoever he may be, and speedy death to Flood, the traitor! Up, boys, up! and all together. Hip, hip, hur——" the cheer died away on his lips, his face blanched, and with staring eyes riveted on the doorway, he stammered out in a hoarse whisper:—

"See! See! my Gott, *Cæsar's ghost!*"



"NO SKULKING HERE!"

The pirates instinctively turned, and there, sure enough, haggard and wan, but gazing sternly upon the horrible scene, was the figure of their late lieutenant.

Davis, the Welsh boatswain, sat next to Schneider, and was the first to regain his composure.

"Ghost or demon!" he cried, "I'll try him with a bullet!" and seizing hold of the Dutchman's pistol, which still lay on the table, he levelled it at the figure in the doorway. As he did so the figure held up his hand as if about to speak, and at the same time Schneider threw up the boatswain's arm. Crack went the pistol, but the aim was spoiled. The bullet crashed through the lantern which hung above the table. The cord was cut and down it rattled. When it struck the boards it burst open, and out flew the blazing wick. In an instant a lurid light illuminated the cabin; a yell, as if from the throats of a hundred demons, rang through the room, and Pedro, the negro, sprang to his feet, his brandy-saturated head in one terrific blaze!

Now took place a scene which baffles description. From end to end of the cabin the black careered, overturning tables, seats, and the drunken pirates in his desperation. At last he stumbled over a fallen bench, plunged head-foremost against the magazine door, and the next moment rolled with his blazing head right in amongst the flasks and kegs of powder!

Cæsar (for it was the lieutenant still in the flesh) sprang up the cabin stairs and rushed to the side. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed overboard, and as he did so a terrific report rang in his ears; the deck of the schooner burst asunder; an immense volume of flame shot up to the sky, and the sea around was in an instant churned into foam by a shower of burning timber, shattered masts, and broken planks, mingled with which were the charred and battered fragments of the *Mosquito's* lawless crew Cæsar caught hold of a plank and gazed around him, the only living soul on the face of the sea. At length he reached the shore and crawled up the beach as the first streaks of dawn gilded the eastern sky.

VI.—The Secret of "Treasure Beach."

We will now return to Captain Flood. The pirate impatiently awaited the break of day in the vain hope that he might then find some way out of his awful dilemma. As he sat on the rocky ledge he was witness to the blowing up of the *Mosquito*, but, of course, entirely at a loss to account for the catastrophe. What his fate was to be he could not tell. The destruction of the schooner made things worse. For even though he managed to find a way either up or down the cliff in safety, his retreat from the bay was cut off. Shortly after sunrise he was aroused by a hoarse chuckle from above. Springing to his feet he eagerly gazed upwards, and saw a man's

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"CÆSAR'S GHOST!"

head and shoulders leaning over the precipice.

"Who's there?" he demanded, as the face being partly shaded he did not at first recognise it.

"Ho, ho!" came from above, "do you not know me, *partner?*"

As the man spoke he turned, and Flood, to his consternation, recognised his intended victim—Cæsar!

"Cæsar!" he exclaimed; "is it you? Alive!"

"Aye, still alive, murderer," answered the lieutenant, grimly; "still alive, Flood, and ready for vengeance. You thought you had sent me to Davy Jones, but your murderous work failed, and here I am to square our reckoning."

Flood considered a moment.

"Cæsar," he said, "I look for no mercy from you, and I ask none. But as you're a brave man give me a chance. Let me up and we'll fight it out fair and square."

A peal of derisive laughter was the reply.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Fair and square,' that sounds well from you, Flood. But never fear; it'll be all 'fair and square' immediately!"

Flood tried argument and entreaty in vain. Cæsar merely laughed at him.

"Well, then," asked Flood, in desperation, "what do you mean to do with me? Will you leave me to starve here?"

"Perhaps I may," replied the lieutenant, "but when you're tired of your quarters, you know what to do. If you can't get *up*, the road *down* is easy. It's only one step to the bottom! But meantime I've a little job for you. Haul out the box."

This Flood with some difficulty did, but could not with safety drag it along the ledge alone. Seeing this, Cæsar detached the rope from the tree and carried it along immediately above where the chest lay. There was no tree there to which to fasten it, so, to save any chance of it slipping over, he gave it a turn round his arm and threw the other end down to Flood. The latter then was told to fasten it to the chest, and Cæsar began to haul it up. It was slow work, for he was terribly weakened by his hardships. As he strained at the rope he drew farther

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back from the edge, and when the box was on a level with Flood's head, he became lost to the view of the latter.

Flood at once saw his chance, and springing up, he caught the rope with both hands and swarmed up the face of the rock. The jerk and extra weight pulled Cæsar to his knees, and in his weak condition it was all he could do to save himself from being dragged over. He could not even let the rope go, as it was firmly twisted round his arm. When within reach of the summit, Flood, who was unaware of the rope's being merely thus fastened, drew a knife from his belt and, quickly striking upwards, plunged it into the lieutenant's throat. This one blow sealed both their fates. It was almost instantaneously fatal to Cæsar: his grasp relaxed, and the next moment he rolled over the edge. Down went the two pirates together. The chest of treasure rested on the shelf, but the two men merely grazed the edge and plunged into the abyss below.

In his despair, Flood clung like grim death to the dead body of Cæsar. When they had fallen the length of the rope they were brought up with a jerk, which nearly shook Flood off. The chest remained firm, however, and its weight kept them dangling in mid-air. Then commenced a terrible fight for life. Flood made a desperate effort to ascend the rope and regain the ledge. Hand over hand he struggled upwards, the body of his late comrade swinging by the one arm beneath. But the more Flood desperately mounted the rope the more he hastened his certain fate. Every pull at the rope drew the box nearer and nearer to the verge. A few feet separated the pirate from the ledge, when, to his horror, the chest appeared. One desperate spring Flood made for life, and, as he wildly clutched at the beetling cliff, the chest toppled over!

Half-way down a point of rock protruded.



"ONE BLOW SEALED BOTH THEIR FATES."

Head-foremost on to this the pirate fell, scattering his brains around. Crash came the chest an instant after; the lid flew open and, as the dead pirates sank in the watery depths beneath, they were accompanied to their last resting-place by a shower of treasure!

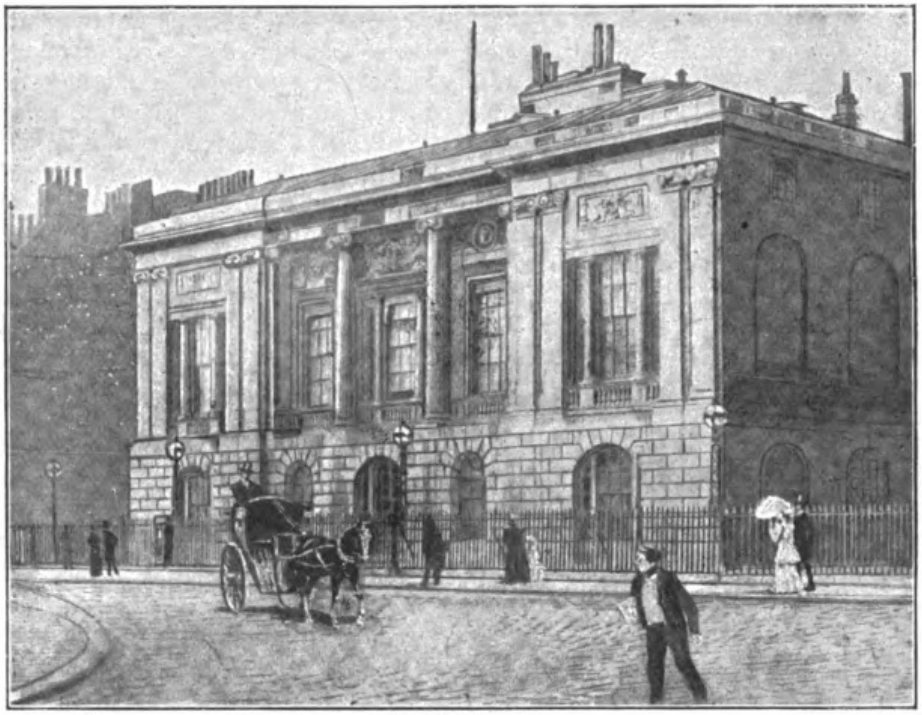
Such is the origin of "Treasure Beach."

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Pilots.

By Alfred T. Story.

I.



From a] TRINITY HOUSE. *[Photograph.*

ONCE, when on board a large steamship coming from the south, we were boarded in the reach below Gravesend by a pilot and the captain's wife. She was only newly married, this being the husband's first voyage since their union. Both, therefore, were anxious to meet the first possible moment, and so the captain had written to her from the last port at which he had touched, giving her the address of the pilot, and informing her that that worthy was instructed to bring her off with him to the ship. We were much amused with the lively little lady's account of her journey to Gravesend, of her meeting with the pilot, and of their coming on board the big P. and O. steamship. The most interesting part of the narrative, however, was her description of the surprise into which she was thrown by the sight of the pilot and his home.

Her cabman drove her up to a substantial-looking house, having a garden in front, and with every appearance of comfort and respectability. "I thought," she went on, "the cabman had taken me to the wrong house, and I told him so; but he said 'No, this is the house of Mr. So-and-so, the pilot.' I had expected to be driven to a fisherman's cottage, in a low quarter, or in some narrow thoroughfare, and was immensely astonished to find myself where I did. My surprise was still more increased when a neat domestic opened the door, and I was ushered into a cosy sitting-room, with a piano, pictures, books, and other evidences of culture about. When the pilot himself, a gentlemanly-looking man, came in, I said I was afraid I had made some mistake, telling him who I was and what I wanted. He replied that I was quite right: he was the pilot, and that I must make myself at home, as we had plenty of time, the boat not being due yet." The good lady was presently introduced to the pilot's wife, tea was set before her in dainty china, and then, something like an hour having elapsed, the pilot said it was time to be going, and after a short run in a small steam launch, they were on board.

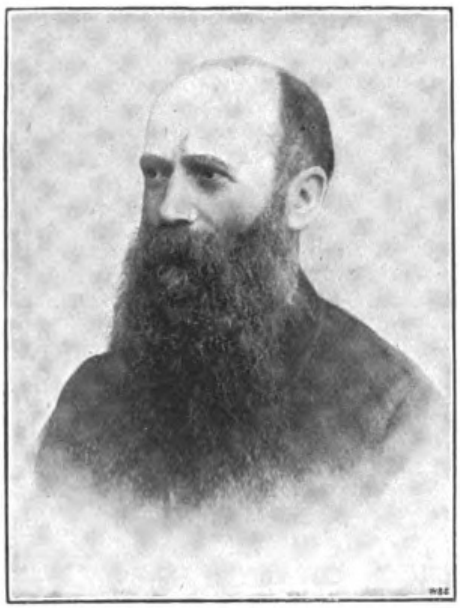
This is no fancy picture, but a reality; and the idea it conveys as to what a Thames pilot's social position is will come as a surprise to many, no less than to the worthy captain's wife. It must not be imagined, however, that all pilots are like this one. There are, as one may say, pilots of high and of low degree—pilots who take charge of the

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humbler craft that ply along the coasts, and pilots of the more leviathan structures that do their business in the great waters, going to and from the ends of the earth, carrying hundreds of passengers and thousands of pounds' worth of freight and specie.

It may not be generally known that the pilot is in reality a State official, owing his position to Government appointment, superintended by Government authorities, and all his acts and doings watched with scrupulous and almost jealous care. His wages are regulated, too, to some extent by Government, and when he has earned them they cannot all be said to be his. In short, the pilot works under special and very rigid Acts of Parliament, and though his masters are not the same all over the country, he is controlled by the same rules.

As to those "masters," they are, in what we may call the London district, which is the most important one in the three kingdoms, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. This is a society incorporated in 1514 by Henry VIII. for the promotion of commerce and navigation, by licensing and regulating pilots, and erecting and ordering lighthouses, beacons, buoys, etc.; and consists of a Master, Deputy Master, a certain number of acting Elder Brethren, and an unlimited number of Younger Brethren; the Master and honorary Elder Brethren being chosen on account of eminent social position, and the other members from officers of the Navy or the merchant service.



MR. DAVID KEIGWIN
(Principal Clerk of the Pilotage Department, Trinity House.)
From a Photo. by Boning & Small, Baker Street.

But while the Trinity House has a general supervision over the corporations which have charge of the lighthouses and buoys of Scotland and Ireland, it has the appointment of pilots on certain parts of the English coasts only, other parts and districts having their own local Trinity Houses or corporations for the control of pilotage. As, however, London is the chief maritime centre in the world, and the estuary of the Thames, and the waters leading thereto, are among the most difficult and dangerous known to seamen, this article will be in the main devoted to those pilots who come directly under the province of the Trinity House of London.

As it is at the old house of the Brethren on Tower Hill that the pilots undergo their examinations and obtain their licenses, it is fitting that our description should begin with a brief survey of the service from the headquarters point of view. The chief official at the Trinity House (under the Elder Brethren), for the pilotage department, and whose name is as a household word to all the pilots in the service, is Mr. David Keigwin, who has been intimately connected with the department for the last fifty years. If there is anyone, therefore, who may be said to have at his fingers' ends all the ins and outs of matters relating to pilotry — and it is a most intricate subject — that man is Mr. Keigwin. He is suffused, so to speak, with pilotry, and he has only to be plied with a few judicious questions in order to extract from him most, if not all, he knows on the subject — not excluding even the gist and tenor of numberless Acts of Parliament.

With these latter, however, we shall have little to do in this article, except in so far as it is necessary to quote them in order to make clear the duties of the pilot, although this in the main will be done from the mouths of the men themselves. But in the first place it should be stated what constitutes a pilot, and how he is constituted such. These were the first two questions put to Mr. Keigwin, and as his reply to the second question answers both, it will suffice to give that.

In brief, then, a man must have served as mate for three years on board of, or have been one year in actual command of, a square-rigged vessel of not less than eighty tons register for the North Channel upwards, or not less than 150 tons register for the North Channel downwards, or for any of the South Channels; must have been employed in the pilotage or buoyage service of the Trinity House for seven years, and have served in addition two years in a square-

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rigged vessel, or have served an apprenticeship of five years to some licensed pilot vessel, and also two years in a square-rigged vessel, before he can become a pilot for the London district.

What is known as the London pilotage district extends from Orfordness on the north to the Isle of Wight on the south. But there are also under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House a number of so-called outport districts, extending from Rye round the south coast as far as Milford, besides Carlisle, Barrow, Holyhead, and other places on the west coast. The qualifications necessary for these outport duties are much the same as for the London district, except that for the London district no man can be appointed who has passed the age of thirty-five, whereas in the outport districts pilots may be licensed after that age in certain circumstances.

Any man having these several qualifications, or intending so to qualify himself, may become a candidate for the pilot service. But this is not all that is required of him. These represent only the general qualifications; the special ones required of him are that he shall be thoroughly conversant with the channels for which he desires to act as pilot; which for the London district means that he must have a thorough knowledge of the various channels of the estuary of the Thames, and of the waters leading thereto; or, if he wishes to be a river pilot only, of the Thames from Gravesend to London Bridge.

But here it is necessary to discriminate between the different classes of pilots. For the London district, then, there are:—

(1.) River pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to London Bridge, or *vice-versâ*.

(2.) Outward pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to sea; and

(3.) Inward pilots, who are licensed to bring vessels from the sea to Gravesend.

But there are again differences and distinctions in these three classes. For instance, among the pilots who ply their trade between Gravesend and London, there are three separate categories: compulsory pilots, pilots for exempt ships, and home-trade steam passenger pilots—of which I shall have more to say anon. Then among the outward and inward pilots there are differences in degree and in extent of license. Thus, when a man first goes up for examination in order to be passed as a pilot, he has to choose either the North or the South Channel of the Thames. If he chooses the South Channel, and he passes, he is licensed to take charge of any ship drawing not more than fourteen feet of water in that channel or in any of the channels leading thereto or therefrom; but at the expiration of three years he may go up for re-examination, after which he is able to take charge of vessels of any draught in those channels. After a man has served as pilot two years in the South Channel, he may go up and pass his examination for the North Channel, when he is licensed for vessels of fourteen feet draught and under for that channel. Thus it takes him five years to obtain full qualifications for an outward and inward pilot. Some, however, go a step farther than this, and pass an examination for the Isle of Wight, whereupon they are able to pilot a vessel as far as that island. There are some, however, who never pass for more than one channel—it may be either north or south.

"Formerly," said Mr. Keigwin, "a man might act both as outward and as inward pilot, taking a vessel out and then waiting on the station for an inward-bound ship and pilot her to Gravesend, or *vice-versâ*; but that system was found to be so unfavourable, especially to the cruising pilots, that in 1886 it was done away with; and now a pilot taking a vessel out, either by the North or the South Channel, is not allowed to bring one back."

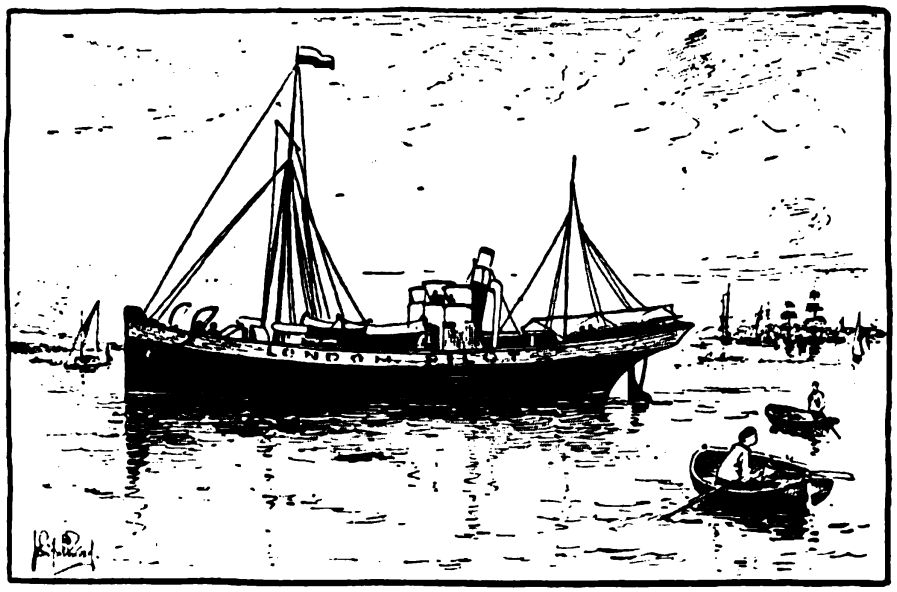
"How does he get back, then?"

"He returns by train."

It should be explained here, perhaps, how the system works. The outward sea pilots are stationed at Gravesend, which is probably the largest pilot station in the world, the staff of river and sea pilots permanently stationed there numbering upwards of 300. The river pilots bring the vessels down from London to Gravesend, where they hand them over to the sea pilots. These, if the vessel is bound north—that is, to the Baltic or North Sea ports—carry her by the North Channel as far as the Sunk Light, or Orfordness, on the Suffolk coast, and there leave her, being put on shore by one of the pilot cutters that are always cruising on that station, in order to intercept ships coming from the north.

If the vessel be southward bound, she is taken away from the Thames by the South Channel, the pilot quitting her at the Downs, at Dover, or at the Isle of Wight, whence he returns home by train. Formerly, there were four cutters constantly cruising between Dungeness and South Foreland, to meet the needs of the inward service, as at Orfordness; but two or three years ago

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From a Sketch by] STEAM CUTTER PILOT. *[John Fullwood.*

they were replaced by two steamers. When a vessel comes up wanting a pilot she is supplied with one from the steamer on duty, which is kept fed with pilots by one of the old cutters, each pilot going off in rotation. Like the outward pilot, the inward pilot returns home by train.

Asked why the system by which the outward pilot could also take a vessel inward was done away with, Mr. Keigwin said:—

"Well, as a matter of fact, because certain men took all the cream of the work. But I can best explain the thing by letting you into another peculiarity of the pilot system. There are among sea, as well as among river pilots, what are called 'choice' men, that is, men who are chosen by companies having a large number of vessels, such as the P. and O., the Orient, and other lines, to do all their pilot work. These men have the pick of the service; they have their own regular boats, and whatever other work they can get in between in addition. Thus, one might take one of his own boats down to the Isle of Wight, Plymouth, etc., and then ship on board a vessel coming up, and so deprive one of the 'turn' men, as they are called, of a turn. Hence, in fairness to the 'turn' men, the system was done away with."

"According to this, then, the pilots are not paid by salary, but for work done?"

"For work done, certainly."

"And how are they paid?"

"There is a regular fixed scale of charges, reckoned by draught of water and by distance, and any deviation from this scale is punishable by fine or suspension."

"And what will be the average income of a pilot?"

"That is hard to say — they vary so considerably. As I have already said, the 'choice' men take the pick of the work, and some of them enjoy a very handsome income. Look at this: it will show you what the men's incomes are better than I can tell you."

The document produced was the report of a committee of inquiry into the system above referred to, and now abolished. According to it, in the year 1886 two men employed by the P. and O. Company earned respectively £1,656 and £1,635. One of the two British India Company's pilots earned £1,579, and three others ('choice' men) earned respectively £1,332, £1,159, and £1,032, less expenses. Out of the whole number of London pilots, fifty-seven earned over £300, whilst of the Cinque Ports pilots (those plying off Dungeness) only one earned £400, the majority earning between £200 and £300. The following scale shows the earnings of the London pilots in a still better light:—

6	Men earned over		£1,000		
9	Men earned between		£700	and	£1,000
6	,, ,, ,, ...		£600	,,	£700
11	,, ,, ,, ...		£500	,,	£600
11	,, ,, ,, ...		£400	,,	£500
14	,, ,, ,, ...		£300	,,	£400
18	,, ,, ,, ...		£200	,,	£300
13	,, ,, ,, ...		£100	,,	£200
6	Men earned under		£100		

In the same year outward pilotage earnings, between Gravesend and the sea, in both North and South Channels, and inward pilotage through the South Channels, amounted to about £70,217, being an average of £337 per man. Of this sum rather more than one-eighth, or £8,393, was earned by six men alone out of two hundred and sixteen.

Asked if all vessels coming into the Thames were obliged to take pilots, Mr. Keigwin answered that they were not. "This," he continued, "is one of the difficulties of the pilotage system. Shipowners, not liking to pay the pilot charges, have

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obtained exemptions from time to time by putting on board captains or mates who have passed the necessary examinations and obtained pilotage certificates. These exemptions, however, relate principally to the North Channel, and chiefly concern home-trade and coasting vessels and colliers. All vessels from ports south of Brest approaching by the South Channels are obliged to take pilots on board; and in any case, if even an exempt vessel employs a pilot, he must be a duly licensed man. There are heavy penalties for employing an unlicensed man. In spite of all the precautions and the great cost taken to prevent irregularity, however, a good deal of evasion of the law takes place in this respect. There are always a lot of men—men who, for the most part, have failed to pass as authorized pilots, and, in other respects, men without character—who are always about, ready to take ships in or out for a lower price than the licensed pilots, and who are, therefore, ever welcome to a certain class of masters of vessels. These men are well known, and, though they are constantly being prosecuted for illicit piloting, they still continue their practices."

Some amusing stories are told of these men and their shifts One instance is worth relating. The worthy in question has been times and again before the magistrates, but all to no purpose. Though he has repeatedly gone on to his knees to them and implored forgiveness, promising not to offend again, yet he has immediately returned to his old practices. Not so long ago he went to the pilots in charge of a cutter, and said if they would put him on board a vessel just steaming out, he would point out to them an unlicensed man who was on board. Pilots are always pleased to have a chance of convicting those who are poaching on their preserves, and so they accepted his offer. But as soon as they came alongside the steamer the tricky fellow skipped on board, at the same time giving the cutter a shove with his foot that sent it yards away, and before the crew could recover command the vessel was too far off for them to do anything. Having thus, by a ruse, got on board free when he had not the means to hire a boat, he carried the vessel out to the Sunk Light; and then by another trick, that is, by giving the name of a licensed pilot, he secured a free run to shore in one of the pilot cutters. Of course, the men owning the cutter could have sued him for their fee, but they knew it was no good, as he had nothing wherewith to pay.

"And as to the relations of the pilots to the Trinity House. What is their position in regard to it, Mr. Keigwin?"

"It is their governing body. All irregularities have to be reported here, and for any violation of the rules of the service a man's license can be suspended. Then a pilot has to report, through the head of his district, all his earnings. This is in part to show that he is working according to scale, but also for the reason that he—that is, the compulsory sea and river pilot—has to pay a percentage of his earnings towards the fund for management and pensions."

"What is the pension?"

"It is at the rate of a pound a year for every year that he has been in the pilot service. The 'exempt' pilots, that is, pilots for exempt ships, neither pay to nor receive any benefit from the fund.

"I have a letter here," continued Mr. Keigwin, "that may be of interest to you. It is from Sir John Franklin—possibly the last he ever wrote—asking for pilots to take out the ships of his ill-fated expedition."

The letter in question is so interesting, never having been published, that we reproduce it in *facsimile* on the next page.

Having giving all these particulars of the pilotage system in general, it is now time to go into the subject more in detail, and to present the *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, *in propriâ personâ;* in other words, to introduce a few of the pilots themselves. And to do this we cannot do better than take a run down to Gravesend, the headquarters of the London district. As already stated, there are some hundreds of pilots stationed here, where they have for headquarters the Royal Terrace Pier, which is their own property, purchased, repaired, refurbished, and, I may add, reopened (with civic honours, too) at their own expense within a few months past. Here, any day and at any time of the day or night, may be seen scores of pilots, full-blown and in the making, by anyone who wishes to examine samples of the craft. But if he wishes to "sample" them according to their rank and status, he must obtain permission to see them and speak with them in their several quarters or offices. For each kind of pilot has its separate "house," just like the Lords and Commons, and the member of one body has no place or lot in the house of the other.

The "house" of the compulsory river pilot is at the end of the pier, and on the side looking towards the sea. Here the men next on the roster for duty are in attendance; and there are generally two or three scanning

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the horizon for incoming ships. To one of these I said: "I suppose you know the ship you have to take up when you see her?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"And in the night?"

"We know her by her lights, and by her whistle."

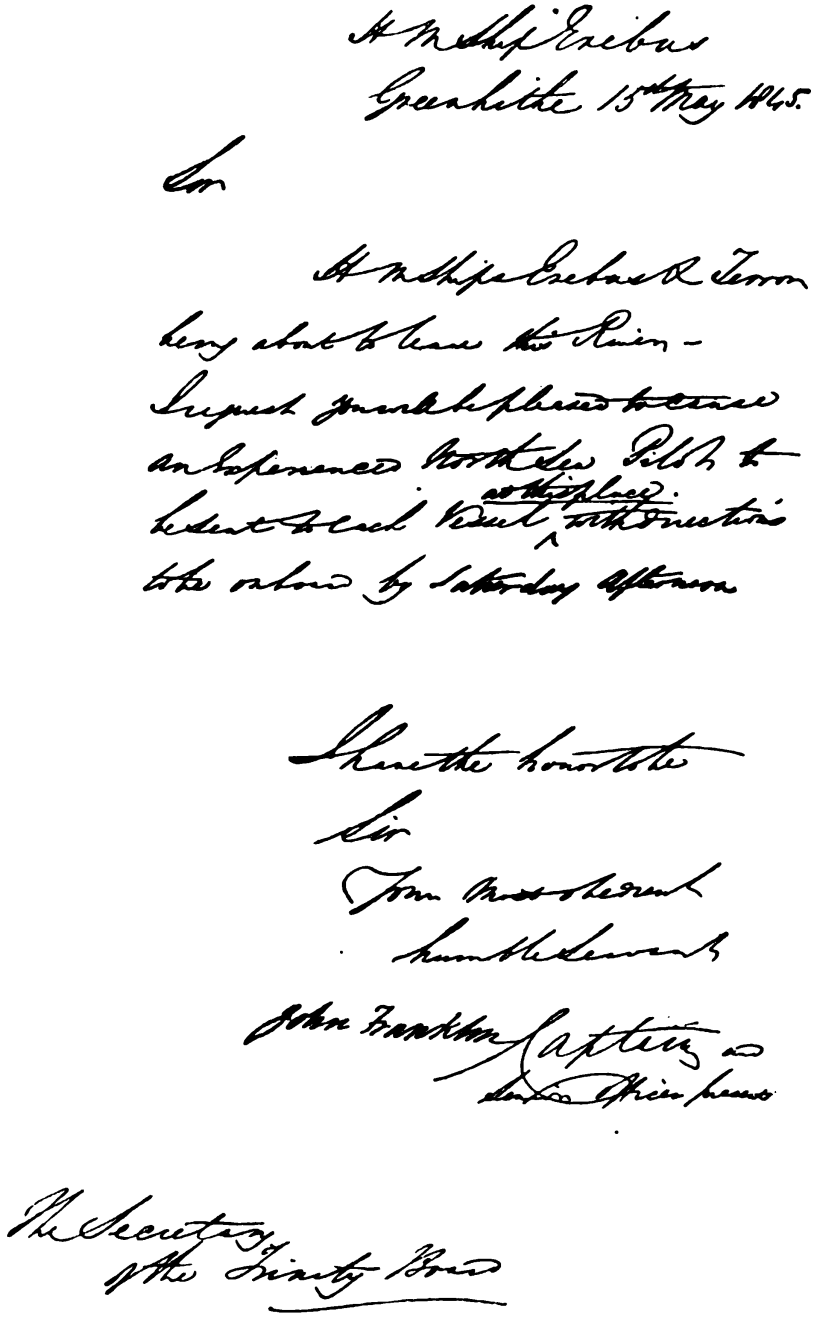
"Oh, she whistles for you, does she?"

"Yes."

"And each one has a distinctive whistle?"

"Yes, mine gives a crow and two yaps."

The office of the sea pilots is on the opposite side of the pier to the compulsory river pilots, and, of course, looks up the river, whence, naturally, come the vessels that they have to take out to sea. Other offices are allocated severally to the exempt river pilots (that is, pilots who take up vessels that are not compelled to employ pilots), and to home-trade steam passenger pilots. This is another class composed of men who are freemen of the Watermen's Company, and are licensed to pilot home-trade steam passenger ships up and down the Thames between London Bridge and Gravesend.



FACSIMILE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S LETTER.

Here, too, the "Ruler" of the pilots has his headquarters. It is through him that all business has to be transacted with Trinity House, and through him come all communications therefrom to the men. The present Ruler, Captain Ronaldson, has held the office for nineteen years. He is one of the Younger Brethren of the Trinity House, and has of course spent years in the mercantile marine. What he does not know, therefore, in connection with the pilot service is not much worth knowing. After kindly piloting me about the pier and showing me the steam launches of the sea and river pilots, the Ruler patiently laid himself out to be questioned and otherwise "pumped" for information.

"You know," he said, "that between here and London Bridge we have three classes of pilots—the compulsory river pilot, the pilots for exempt ships not carrying passengers, and the pilots for home-trade passenger steamers. The compulsory men, sea and river, cannot enter after thirty-five, and they have to pay 5 per cent. of their earnings to the Trinity House—2½ towards management and 2½ for superannuation. This entitles them to a pension of £1 a year for each year's service; that is, after forty years'

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ROYAL TERRACE PIER, GRAVESEND. HEADQUARTERS OF THE SEA AND RIVER PILOTS.

service, they will get £40 a year. The compulsory pilots have an office, a launch, etc., found for them; the exempt men have to find and pay for these things for themselves. Then, compulsory pilots are liable to be mulcted in damages to the extent of £100 if injury is occasioned by their carelessness."

"Are they ever called upon to pay it?"

"Yes, every now and again such a case occurs."

"How many pilots have you here?"

"About sixty compulsory river pilots, about one hundred 'exempt' pilots, twenty-five home-trade passenger pilots, and between eighty and one hundred sea-going pilots. The latter are divided into North and South Channel pilots, and some are licensed to the Isle of Wight. Thus there are the 'choice' and 'turn' men—both river and sea. The 'choice' men are always looking after 'choice' work. They are selected by the companies to attend to their ships; large companies always do in that way. Some of the 'choice' men would look down upon 'turn' work. Their names are on the roster, but they cannot take a turn: they are so far ahead on the list that if they were discharged by the companies, some of them would have to wait for years for a turn."

"That is because they get so many more vessels than the 'turn' men?"

"Yes."

"And what is your special duty, Captain Ronaldson?"

"My business is to settle any grievances that crop up. I have to see that everything is carried out properly. Any complaint a pilot has to make is made to me. If they do not like what I decide, I have to send the complaint up to the Trinity House. All the big seaports have a ruler; the smaller ones have a special commissioner, who is generally connected with the Custom House."

"How many vessels requiring pilots pass here in a month?"

"Of vessels going to sea there must be on an average four or five hundred. Things, however, are so bad just now that a large number of steamers are laid up."

"When a pilot has taken a ship to Dungeness or to the Sunk Light, how does he get on shore?"

"My men have virtually to find their own landing. They are entitled to charge £1 for landing. They usually leave southward-going vessels at the Downs or Dover. There are generally boats looking out for them. Out of vessels going north, the pilots are, for the most part, taken by the cutters cruising off the Sunk Lightship, and run into Harwich. From Dover and Harwich they have, of course, to return by train."



CAPTAIN RONALDSON.
From a Photo. by F. C. Gould & Son, Gravesend.

"How many pilots will leave here in a day?"

"The number varies. If there is a glut of shipping going out, it takes pretty well all the men we have at command. I have known as many as ninety vessels wanting pilots to go up the river at once."

My next talk was with Mr. Thomas Rhodes, who resides in a pleasant outskirt of Gravesend, and presents nothing of the "rough, weather-beaten fisherman" type of pilot.

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He was going on board an outward-bound P. and O. boat in the course of an hour, but willingly chatted for half that time in his pleasant parlour over things relating to pilots and their trade.

"You know," he said, "our life is arduous, responsible, and hazardous. People on shore, I am sorry to say, very seldom recognise this. Not seeing us piloting ships through the streets of London, they think all we have to do is to get our orders, and come on shore and cash them. It has been my lot, however, to pilot out large steamers, on board which were personages of rank and importance, even members of the Cabinet; and when they have seen us at work, while they have acknowledged that some of us are fairly well paid, they have said they would not undertake the life for twice as much. It is sometimes my duty to take to sea one or other of those beautiful ships that are like floating palaces; and never do I do so but I think of the awful responsibility resting upon me, seeing the number of precious lives we carry, to say nothing of the specie, sometimes amounting in value to half a million. Often this has to be done in hazy weather, when the slightest error in judgment or want of forethought would lead to great sacrifice of life and loss of property. I know of nothing that requires more coolness and nerve than to take one of these leviathans through the crowded English Channel, especially in dirty weather."



MR. THOMAS RHODES.
From a Photo. by J. Willes, Gravesend.

"Do all the large companies adopt this method of having special or 'choice' men to do their piloting?"

"I should say all. Certainly all the large ocean-going companies employ these expert men to conduct their ships in safety to the broader waters of the Channel leading to the ocean. Their feeling of the importance and the necessity of having expert pilots on board is shown by the ships actually calling in some port in the Channel to take up their pilot."

"What is the worst condition of weather you have to do with?"

"Fog, undoubtedly. It is then that all the nerve you possess is required. You are compelled to run some risk, and no one but the pilot knows how much risk you do run."

"I was told the other day—not by a pilot, however—of a narrow risk run by one of those palace steamships to which you have referred, and should like to ask you if you have known anything like it."

"What was it?"

"She was going down the Channel, and was somewhere off Southend, when for some reason she touched ground. It was night, and the tide was running out: there was no hope of getting her clear until the return of high water. She began to list a little; and the fear was lest, when the tide was right out, the water should not be sufficient to prevent the list from becoming greater. In short, the ship was in such a critical position that she was in the gravest danger of heeling quite over. Had this happened, the loss of life must have been terrific, as there were something like two hundred first-class passengers on board. The pilot kept his head, however, and ordered the anchor to be lowered; and the captain, none the less cool and collected, went below and suggested music and a dance. In this he had two objects in view: first, to keep the passengers from inquiring into the reason of the ship's being at anchor, and so to obviate a panic; and secondly, to prevent as many as possible from going to bed, since, in case of disaster, the loss of life would be greater if the people were surprised whilst asleep."

"Both the captain and the pilot evidently knew what they were about; but they must have had an anxious night of it."

"Yes; the captain said he never spent

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such a night in his life, although he had had some rough experiences during his twenty years at sea. He was up and down between the deck and the saloon all the time, watching the tide on one hand, and encouraging the dancers on the other. As soon as the tide was fairly on the turn, his anxiety lessened, and he told the dancers they had better go to bed. Towards morning the ship floated and proceeded on her way; but from that day to this the passengers never knew of the imminent peril they ran during the hours of their merrymaking."

"It is a likely enough thing to happen, and I have heard of something very similar. In the case I refer to the ship met another steamer, and in complying with the rule of the road, she was placed in such a position that she was obliged to run one of two risks —that of going ashore or of being sunk. The pilot acted upon his matured judgment, and chose the lesser of the two evils. The anchor was ordered to be let go, in order to deceive the passengers with the idea that they were simply waiting for the tide. We have frequently to run the risk of the ships grounding in order to avoid a collision."

In reply to a question as to how long he would be with the ship he was just going to take out, Mr. Rhodes said: "I shall pilot her to the Isle of Wight, which is usually a run of about twenty-four hours, though sometimes it may extend to thirty-six. Piloting is very different now to what it was formerly, when we had to do chiefly with sailing vessels. Even now, when taking out a sailer, you may be on board two or three weeks; it all depends on the weather; but, shorter or longer, you get no more for the job. I remember the time when the skipper used to keep the last porker or the last fowl for the pilot; and when he came on board the first question was, 'What's the news?' But everything is changed now, and though things are done with more speed, the risk is greater and the anxiety is greater. Personally we have to run so much risk, especially in leaving ships, that, although some of us may be well paid, yet on the whole piloting can hardly be said to pay for the danger incurred. In my time many pilots have lost their lives in following their calling. I have piloted ships on which there have been old and experienced sailors, and after taking careful notice of the work required of us, they have said, again and again, that whatever some may get, generally pilots do not receive enough."

Incidentally, Mr. Rhodes remarked that he thought it was a pity the authorities could not see their way to give them a clear channel of 130ft. from the docks to the sea. It was, he said, quite feasible; and in the crowded state of the river, it would not only be the means of saving much time, but of doing away with much risk.

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A Horrible Fright.

By L. T. Meade.

I DON'T think I am at all nervous, and, therefore, when I say that I am about to describe two hours of absolute agony, I hope my readers will believe that the circumstances were at the best exceptional, and will still give me credit for being at least as brave as most girls of my age.

I have always despised so-called nerves. When a child I quite loved to sleep in the dark. At school I was the prime mover of ghost stories, and I remember now that some of my practical jokes verged strangely upon the unkind and even dangerous. I have been educated quite up to modern ideas. It is only a year since I left Girton, and I am now comfortably established at home with my father and mother. I am the only daughter, and am between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age. We live in a large place about an hour's ride by rail from London. I have my own special horse, and a little pony carriage besides for my exclusive use. I also have my study or boudoir, and can order what books I please for my own benefit, not only from Mudie, but from the local booksellers. I am passionately fond of music, and can play two or three instruments. I think I can say, without any false pride, that my performances on the violin are rather better than those of most amateurs. I am also great at all kinds of out-door sports and games. I am the champion player of the tennis club to which I belong, and I am at the present time successfully getting up a lady's golf club. In short, I think I may truly say of myself that I represent the average, up-to-date, well-educated, rather strong-minded, nineteenth-century girl.

Now, I must tell about my fright. You can imagine that it must have been something special to put me into such a state of terror that I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

I received an invitation late last autumn to go to see my grandfather, who lives in Dublin. My mother did not particularly wish me to go. I really think mothers must have premonitions, for there was no apparent reason for my not taking such a simple and easily-accomplished journey. I had been abroad a good deal, and had had adventures more than one; therefore, when my mother fretted herself about my going from London to Dublin, *viâ* Holyhead, I could not help laughing at her.

"If you must go alone, Virginia," she said, "had you not better travel by day?"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense," I said. "I *hate* travelling by day, particularly by a route which I already know. Besides, it is such a waste of time. At night, one can sleep and travel together. Oh, say no more about it dear, good mother. I'll take the night mail from Euston, this evening, and have breakfast with grandfather in the morning."

My mother made no further remonstrances, but I heard her sighing in the most aggravating style, and I knew she was murmuring to herself about my headstrongness and how I never would listen to reason.

Nothing makes me so obstinate as those muttered remonstrances of my relatives. Are they afraid of me, that they don't speak out? I am always amenable to reason, but when people mutter over me, then I become simply mulish. I adore my dear mother, but even for her I cannot be expected to give up my own way when I hear her muttering that it is "Just like Virginia."

My things were packed, and I started off in good time to catch the night mail at Euston.

"You had better go in one of the ladies' carriages," said my father.

I quite gasped in horror when he made this audacious proposal.

"Now, *do* you suppose I am likely to do anything quite so old-maidish?" I replied. "No, I have fixed on the exact corner where I shall snooze away from Euston to Holyhead." I led my father, as I spoke, to a carriage where two old gentlemen had already comfortably established themselves. They had spread out their rugs, and taken complete possession of the corners which were out of the draught. I was oblivious to draughts, and chose my corner opposite the old gentleman who was nearest to the entrance door. My father supplied me with three or four evening papers. I had an uncut novel in my bag, and

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a little reading-lamp, which I could fasten to the window ledge. Two or three moments later I had said farewell to my father, and the great express—the Wild Irish Girl—had steamed in grand style out of the station.

I like the feeling of being whirled through space in an express train going at the top of its speed. I looked at the evening papers. Their contents did not specially interest me. I then gazed at my opposite neighbour. He was very stout and very red. He tucked his travelling rug tightly about him, and before we had passed Willesden was fast asleep. He made a distressing noise with his loud snores, and I thought him decidedly irritating.

The express went on its way without let or hindrance. Now and then it swayed from side to side, as if its own great speed were making it giddy; then again it steadied itself, and rushed on and on with a rhythmic sort of motion, which was infinitely soothing, and caused me to forget my two uninteresting companions, and to sink gradually into the land of dreams.

I was awakened presently from quite a sound nap by the slowing of the train. It was coming into a great station, which I found was Chester. We must have passed Crewe while I was asleep. My two companions were now all alive and brisk. They were fastening



"MY TWO COMPANIONS WERE ALL ALIVE AND BRISK."

For a moment or two I almost regretted that I had not gone in an empty ladies' carriage. The other old gentleman was scarcely a more agreeable travelling companion. He had a noisy cough, and a bad cold. He blew his nose, and he coughed about every two minutes, and then he looked around him to see if there were any possible draughts. He not only shut his own window but the ventilator above as well, and then he glared at the ventilator which belonged to the snoring old gentleman and me. I made up my mind that *that* ventilator should only be shut over my fallen body.

up their rugs and folding their papers, and I saw that they intended to leave the train.

"If you are going on to Holyhead," said the snoring one to me, "you have ten minutes to wait here—quite time to get a cup of tea, if you want one."

I thanked him, and thought that I would carry his suggestion into effect. A cup of tea would be perfect, and would set me up for the remainder of my journey. I accordingly stepped on to the platform, and went over the bridge to the great waiting-rooms, which presented at this time a gay scene of eager, hungry, fussy men and women sitting at

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tables, and standing at counters, each and all of them eating and drinking for bare life.

I ordered my tea, drank it standing at the counter, paid for it, and also for a bun, which I carried away with me in a paper bag, and returned to my carriage. I saw a heap of rugs and a large black bag deposited in the corner away from mine, and wondered with a faint passing curiosity who my new travelling companion was likely to be. The guard came up at this moment to see if I were comfortable. He said that we would not stop again until we reached Holyhead, and asked me if I wanted for anything.

I said "No."

"Perhaps you'd like me to lock the carriage door, miss?" he said. "The train is not too full to-night, and I can manage it."

I laughed and pointed to the rugs and bag in the opposite corner.

"Someone has already taken possession," I said.

"But if you wish, miss, I'll put those things in another carriage," said the guard.

"No, no," I replied, "I don't mind company in the least."

Just then my fellow-traveller put in an appearance. He was a big man, wrapped up in a great ulster and with a muffler round his throat and mouth. The guard looked at him, I thought, a little suspiciously. This made me angry. I have no patience with those squeamish girls who think every man who sees them must offer them either admiration or insult. I looked very cheerful, made way for the traveller to take his seat, and smiled and thanked the guard. A moment later the train started on its way.

We had just got well outside the station when the gentleman in the ulster and muffler carefully unwound the latter appendage from his mouth and throat. He folded it up neatly, and put it into his black bag. Afterwards he took off his ulster. I now saw that he was a fairly good-looking man of about eight and twenty. He wore a full moustache of raven hue, and a short beard. He had very black and piercing eyes. When I looked at him, I discovered that he also looked at me.

"Now, are you getting nervous, Virginia, or are you not?" I murmured to myself. "Why may not a man look at a girl if he pleases? There is an old proverb that a cat may look at a king. Let me suppose, therefore, that the man opposite is a well-grown and presentable cat, and that I am his Majesty the king. The cat may stare as long as he pleases. The king will not disturb himself."

Accordingly, I prepared to light my reading-lamp, as I knew that I could not possibly fall asleep under the gaze of those watchful, dark eyes.

I had just settled myself comfortably, and had taken my uncut novel out of my bag, when the stranger spoke to me.

"Do you object to my opening the window?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied. I gave him a distant little bow, which was meant to say that the cat must keep its distance, and lowered my eyes over the fascinating pages of my novel.

The train was now going at a rattling pace, and I found that the draught from the open window was rather more than I cared to be subjected to. I had just raised my head, and was about to ask my travelling companion if he would be kind enough to close it, when I met a sight which gave me the first premonition of that horror which this story is meant to describe. The man in the opposite corner had opened his black bag, and taken from it a pair of large, sharp-looking scissors, and also a razor. When I glanced at him he had opened the razor, and was gently and dextrously sharpening it on a leather strop which he had fastened to one of the buttons of the window. He met my eye as I met his, and smiled grimly.

I felt that a situation of some sort was imminent, and, closing my book, sat perfectly still with my hands tightly locked together and my heart beating loudly. The light from the reading-lamp fell full upon me, and I turned abruptly and put it out.

"I will thank you to light that lamp again," said the stranger. "Do so at once—there is no time to lose."

"I don't understand you," I said.

I tried to make my voice imperious and haughty, but I was terribly conscious that it came out of my throat in little gasps and jerks.

"Now, look here," said the man. "I know you are frightened, and I am not in the least surprised. I should be frightened if I were in your position. You are alone in a railway carriage with a man who could strangle you and throw your dead body on the line if he felt the least inclined to do so. No no—you don't get to the alarm bell. I am keeping guard over that. Now, I may as well tell you frankly that I have come into this railway carriage on purpose to have the pleasure of your society. I saw you get into the carriage

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"HE HAD OPENED THE RAZOR."

at Euston, and I knew that you would be alone when you got to Chester. From Chester to Holyhead is a long run. The train is now comfortably on its way, and will not stop for nearly two hours. You see, therefore, that you are completely at my mercy. Your only chance of safety is in doing *exactly* what I tell you. Now, have the goodness to light that reading-lamp immediately."

The stranger's voice was imperious—he had now changed his seat to one opposite mine. His restless, brilliant eyes were fixed full on my face.

"Light the lamp," he said.

I obeyed him without a moment's hesitation.

When I had lit it he took it from my shaking fingers and fastened it to the cushion of the seat in the centre of the carriage.

"That is better," he said, "that is more cheerful. Now, see, I am going to kneel down. Look at my face. Can you see it well?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I have a good deal of hair, haven't I?'

"You have," I replied.

"Do you see this pair of scissors?"

"Yes."

"And this razor?"

"Yes."

"They're deadly weapons, are they not?"

"They could do mischief," I answered, in a faltering voice.

"Aye, aye, they could—and they will, too, unless a certain young lady does *exactly* what she is told. Now, come—the moment for action has arrived—take your gloves off."

I hesitated.

"Take them off," thundered the man.

They were off in a twinkling.

"Come up close, and begin."

"Begin what?"

"Don't be a fool. You have plenty of intelligence if you choose to exercise it. Cut off my moustache."

I drew back.

"I don't know how," I faltered.

"I'll soon teach you."

"How, pray?" I asked.

"By sharpening that razor a little more. Now, are you going to try? Take the scissors in your hand."

He knelt so that the light of the lamp should fall full on him, and gave me the scissors. I took it at once and began my task.

"Hold my chin," he said. "You can't do your work properly in that shaky way. Cut, I say—cut."

I did cut — God alone knows how I managed it, but I got the man's thick and sweeping moustache off. As I worked he gave me imperious directions.

"Cut clean," he said, "cut close and clean. You will have to shave me presently."

"That will be very dangerous for you," I ventured to retort.

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"CUT, I SAY—CUT."

"Fudge," he replied. "You will be cool enough by that time. Now, is the moustache all gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Cut the whiskers off."

"No," I answered.

"*Yes*," he replied.

He fixed his eyes on me, and I obeyed him. The whiskers were followed by the beard—the beard, by the hair on the man's head.

How my fingers ached! how my heart thumped! how those basilisk eyes seemed to pierce through me, and fill me with sick loathing and abject horror!

When I had finished the cutting process, he took from the depths of his bag some shaving apparatus, poured water into a little flask, made the soap lather, and desired me to shave him. I was now completely meek and subdued, and obeyed his least direction without a word. Fortunately for the man's life, I had on one or two occasions performed this operation on my brother, who taught me how to manage the razor, and complimented me on my skill. It came to my aid now. Notwithstanding the shaking train, and the agitated state of my nerves, I performed my task well. I even became, in the queerest way, proud of my successful shaving. The man's cheeks and upper lip looked as innocent of hair as a baby's before I had done with him.

At last my task was done, and a shaven, uncouth object took the place of the handsome stranger who had come into the train an hour ago.

When my work was over he stooped, collected every scrap of hair, and flung it out of the window. Then he shut the window and told me to put out the reading-lamp.

I obeyed, and crouched back in my corner, trembling in every limb.

"You have only one more thing to do for me," he said.

"Oh, *is* there any more?" I panted. "I don't think my strength will hold out."

"Yes, it will," he replied. "This part of your task is easy. Turn your head and look out of the window. Don't look back again under any circumstances, until I give you leave. If you do, you are a dead woman."

I turned my head.

I looked out into the black night. My eyes were swimming—my throat was dry, my heart continued to thump horribly. I felt that I had already lived through a lifetime. I had a kind of sensation that I should never have courage and buoyancy of heart again. The train went on its way, thumping and bounding. I heard the rustle of my companion's movements. Was he a madman? Yes, of course he must be mad. Was he stealing stealthily up now to murder me with that sharp and shining razor? Would the train ever reach its destination? Would the dreadful night ever go?

At last — at last, thank Heaven, I felt the motion of the great express perceptibly slackening. At the same instant my fellow-traveller spoke to me.

"You can look round now," he said. "Your task is over. All you have to do is to give me five minutes' grace, and you are safe."

I looked round eagerly. What I saw

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forced a loud exclamation from my lips. The metamorphosis in my companion was now fully accomplished. An elderly clergyman, in complete and most correct clerical costume, was seated at the other end of the carriage. The hair which was seen below his hat was silvery white. He had white eyebrows. The rest of his face was clean shaven.

The train drew into the station.

The moment it did so, the clergyman flung open the door of the carriage. He took off his hat to me with a gracious movement.

"Bénédicité," he said, in a full and reverent voice.



"AN ELDERLY CLERGYMAN."

I saw him no more.

A moment later two detectives came up to the door. They asked eagerly if I were travelling alone, or if I had had a companion with a black moustache and beard.

I was positively too much stunned to reply to them. I don't think, to this day, my elderly clergyman was ever discovered.

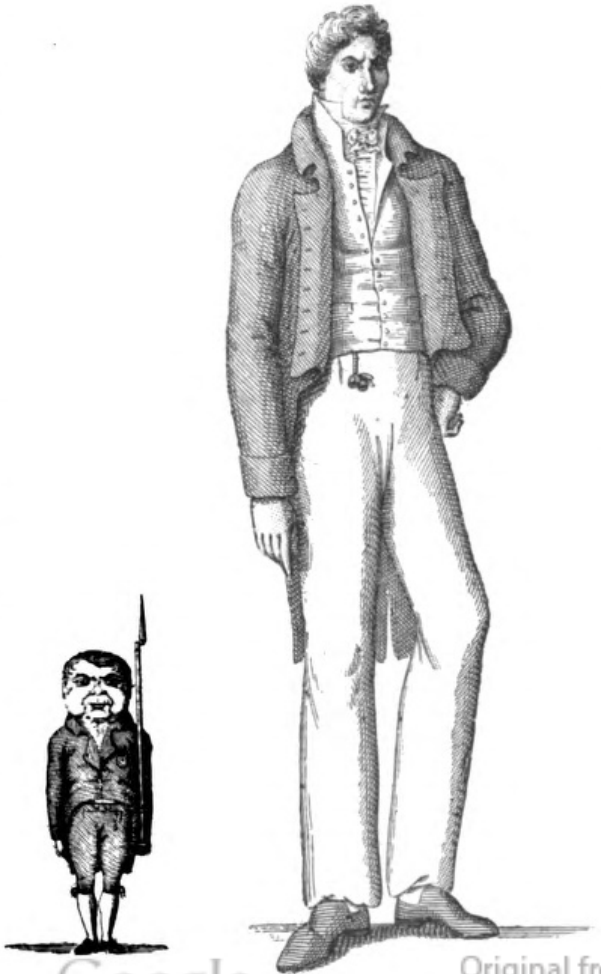
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Giants and Dwarfs.

II.

IN a contemporary print, James Toller, a native of St. Neots, 8ft. high when seventeen years of age, is placed by the side of Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf 28in. in height, the effect being very graphic, although, as a matter of fact, the giant should, to be in correct proportion, be represented rather taller than he actually has been drawn. Toller was born on August 28th, 1795, and died in February, 1819, being at that time 8ft. 6in. high, 6in. more than when the portrait was engraved. At ten years of age his height was over 5ft.; at seventeen, 8ft. At eighteen he measured from his foot to his knee 26in., and his foot was 15in. long. He had two gigantic sisters, one of whom was 5ft. 8½in. at thirteen years of age, and the other nearly 5ft. when only seven. Their parents were of common size, as likewise was one brother. Toller's appetite was not much larger than that of most other people. In 1816 he was exhibited at 34, Piccadilly. Many old residents of St. Neots will remember the stories long current of young Toller, and his appearance in the streets of the old town.

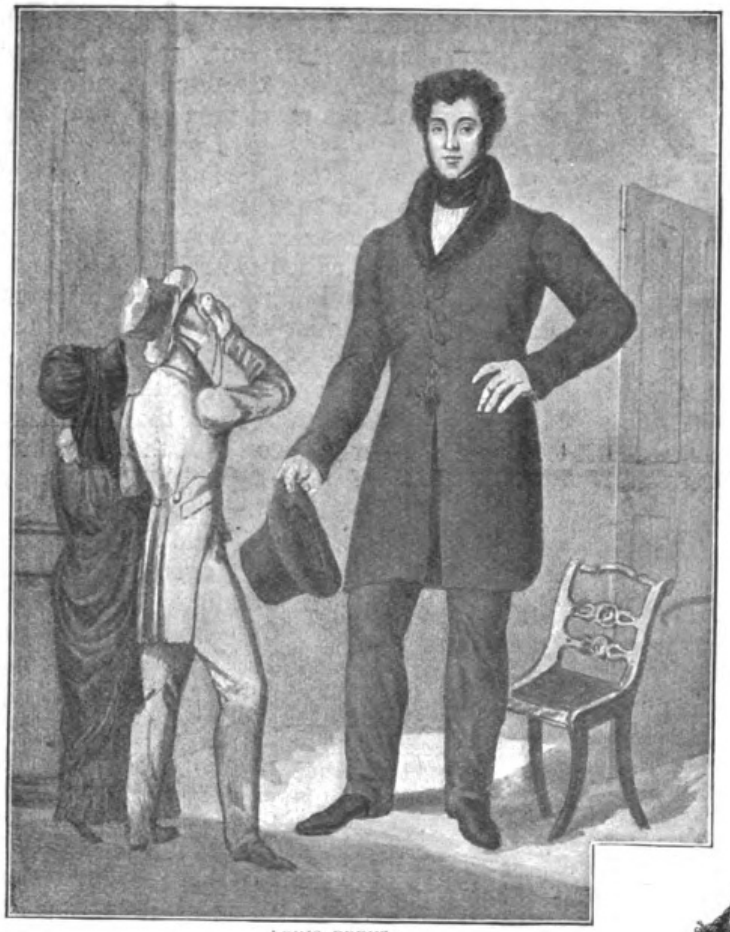
Little Simon Paap, on the other hand, ceased to grow at three years of age, having previously been rather a fine child. He was born in 1789, and at twenty-six years of age, being, as previously mentioned, 28in. in height, he weighed only 27lb. His limbs and body were of good proportion, but his head was large for his small size. He ate about the quantity proper to a child of four. He was fond of his pipe and a pinch of snuff, as well as an occasional glass of wine, and spoke Dutch, French, and English very freely. Paap was presented to the Queen, the Prince Regent, and all the rest of the Royal Family at Carlton House. At Covent Garden Theatre the little man went through military exercises with a little gun, wearing at the time, on his left breast, a miniature portrait of the Prince of Orange, set in gold, a Royal present. He took his airings in the streets of the West-end dressed as a small boy, with a little whip in his hand, and attended by a nursemaid, to avert public attention. Paap died at Dendermonde on December 2nd, 1828.



SIMON PAAP. JAMES TOLLER.

Louis Frenz, who gained London notoriety as the "French Giant," was born in 1800. In 1822, when twenty-two years of age, he was first exhibited at 22, New Bond Street. He adopted the show-name of Monsieur Louis, and naïvely confessed to his visitors that he had come to London to make a fortune in order that he might take it back to France to spend. His height was from 7ft. 4in. to 7ft. 6in., and he always alleged that he had two sisters

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LOUIS FRENZ.

nearly as tall as himself and a brother taller. The accompanying portrait, wherein an ill-mannered visitor, neglecting to remove a hat much too large for him, is prudently employing an eye-glass the better to scan the giant's loftily distant features, was published in 1826, having been drawn upon lithographic stone, from life, by M. Ganei.

Robert Hales, the "Norfolk Giant," attracted much attention about the middle of this century. He was born in May, 1820, at Somerton, near Yarmouth. His father, a farmer, was 6ft. 6in. in height, and his mother full 6ft. A certain ancestor of his mother's, in the time of Henry VIII., was said to have been as tall as 8ft. 4in. This large couple had a family of five daughters and four sons, the average height of the sons being 6ft. 5in., and of the daughters 6ft. 3½in. Robert, the biggest, was rather over 7ft. 6in., and the tallest of the sisters, who died at twenty years of age, was 7ft. 2in. Robert Hales was not a slender weakling as so many very tall men have been, but quite stout in proportion to his great height, weighing, when at his best, 33st., and measuring at that time 62in. round the chest, 64in. round the waist, 36in. across the shoulders, 36in. round the thigh, and 21in. round the calf. In early life he was a wherryman, but his height led him to show at fairs. Barnum heard of him and, in 1848, took him over to America, where he created a great sensation, 28,000 people visiting the show in ten days. He returned to England in 1851 and set up in the Craven Head Tavern, Drury Lane. He was presented to the Queen, who gave him



ROBERT HALES.

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a gold watch and chain, of which he was afterwards extremely proud, wearing them always till the day of his death. At the Craven Head he seems to have given mesmeric entertainments, to judge from a window-bill now before the writer, which announces that "A variety of pleasing and instructive experiments will be exhibited at the Assembly Room, Craven Head Tavern, 98, Drury Lane, by Mr. Hale, Professor of Galvanism, every Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evening." Business at the Craven Head, however, was a failure, and Hales travelled with shows again, continuing this life, with short intervals, till 1862, when he was attacked by illness. He recovered from this attack, but died in the following year from consumption, contracted, it was said, from travelling in confined vans. He was a very cheerful and intelligent man, as his portrait, drawn in his licensed victualling days, would seem to indicate; although it is not the portrait of a man who would appear likely to die of consumption.



TOM THUMB, LAVINIA WARREN, COMMODORE NUTT, MINNIE WARREN.
From a Photo. by Anthony, New York.

Probably the most famous dwarf of this century, thanks to the talented advertising of Barnum, was Charles S. Stratton—known to most as "General Tom Thumb." Born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, January 11th, 1832, Tom Thumb weighed at his birth 9lb. 2oz. — rather more than a fairly heavy baby usually weighs at this early period. At five months old he was still a big child, weighing 15lb. and measuring 25in. in height—or, perhaps, length would seem the better word for so young a person. At this he stopped, and when first exhibited in England, in 1844, he was still only 25in. high and only 2oz. more in weight than he had been at five months. After this, however, he grew, his height at the time of his death in 1883 being 31in., and his weight having increased considerably. At first he dressed and acted in the characters of *Frederick the Great* and *Napoleon I.*, but in 1846 he appeared at the Lyceum Theatre as *Hop o' my Thumb* with great success, his natural sense of humour having something to do with the fact, as well as his small figure. Barnum brought him to England, having first exhibited him at his New York Museum. One of the first incidents of the visit to England was his appearance before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, an appearance by Her Majesty's desire afterwards twice repeated. In 1845 he went to Paris, and there received presents from King Louis Philippe, and to Brussels, where he was similarly handsomely treated by the King of the Belgians. After this he returned to London to show at the Egyptian Hall. It was at this time that the unfortunate painter Haydon had the ill-luck to open a show of pictures, with the idea of retrieving his lately fallen fortunes, at the same time that Tom Thumb began his séances—and in another part of the same building. Everybody went to see the dwarf, entirely neglecting the painter, who shortly afterwards committed suicide. It was in 1844 that a London coach-maker built Tom Thumb's famous carriage. The body of this was twenty inches in height, painted blue and picked out in white. Shetland ponies drew this chariot, and the coachman and footmen were boys. In 1847 it was authoritatively stated that the receipts of the European tour of Tom Thumb, up to that time, had been £150,000.

In 1863, Tom Thumb married Miss Lavinia Warren, a dwarf an inch taller than himself, and in the following year the pair came to England, in company with Commodore Nutt, another dwarf, who had acted as best man at the wedding, and the bride's sister, Minnie Warren. This company of four dwarfs made a great success — the incomes of Tom Thumb and his wife being assessed in the succeeding few years, for purposes of taxation, at from ten to twenty thousand pounds a year. In 1866, Mrs. Stratton presented her husband with a baby, which, however, died early, of inflammation of the brain. After a few more years of exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton retired, with a very comfortable fortune indeed, to

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live at Tom Thumb's native place—Bridgeport. Here Tom Thumb died, in July, 1883. A portrait of the dwarf in his later years, which we give, is introduced in the same plate as that containing the portraits of a pair of smaller dwarfs, to be mentioned later.

Chang, the "Chinese Giant," first came to England in 1864, being at that time nineteen years old and 7ft. 9in. high. He was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, at their Royal Highnesses' request, wrote his name (Chang Wow Gow) in Chinese characters on the wall of the room at a height of ten feet from the ground. It was said that he had, at this time, a sister 8ft. 4in. in height. Chang remained in this country a year or two on exhibition, growing slightly during that time—not merely on the showman's bills, but in actual fact. As well as at other places, he was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, in company with half-a-dozen other Celestials of ordinary stature, who had all brought their coffins with them. Chang returned to his native Pekin until 1878, when he went to Paris for the Exhibition. By this time he had grown both taller and stouter, and his height was a trifle over 8ft., while he weighed 26st. After Paris he visited Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other European cities, turning up again in London in 1880, and being shown, in company with Henrik Berstad, a Norwegian giant, a little shorter than himself, and 2st. lighter, at the Westminster Aquarium. After his retirement into private life Chang resided at Bournemouth, where he died only last November at the age of forty-eight. He was an extremely intelligent giant, and spoke English, French, German, Spanish, and Japanese, in addition of course to his own language. He was much more regular and prepossessing of feature than is usual in the case of the heathen Chinee, and his memory for faces was wonderful. In 1880, at the Aquarium, he recognised several of the visitors who had made his acquaintance at his previous visit, sixteen years before.



CHANG.
From a Photo. by Day & Son, Bournemouth.

In 1869, Miss Anna H. Swan, the "Nova Scotia Giantess," came to England, and in 1870 she came again, as also did Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, the "Kentucky Giant." Captain Bates was a little short of 8ft. in height, and Miss Swan was an inch or two less. Bates was born in Kentucky in 1847, and his family had been for generations remarkable for great stature. Indeed, Kentucky is said to be a great place for tall people, and is considered to be the native state of the famous American gentleman who had to go up a ladder to shave himself. But the height of the Bateses was a matter of fact, Martin's father being 6ft. 7in. in height, and his mother 6ft. Martin's shortest brother (he had three) was as tall as his father. Martin himself was 6ft. high on his eleventh birthday, and weighed more than 16st.—an awkward sort of boy in a small school. When only fourteen years of age Martin became a private in the 3rd Kentucky Infantry of the Confederate army, and was promoted to a captaincy at sixteen. The various exploits of Captain Bates in the Civil War were set forth in pamphlets sold when he was shown in England, and illustrated by alarming wood-cuts of the primitive or red-hot poker style of execution, representing the giant with an enormous sword, the centre of a miscellaneous whirl of loose arms, legs, heads, odd joints, and enemies, doing tremendous execution. As a matter of fact, however, he did distinguish himself considerably, and was badly wounded more than once. At the time of his English tour

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From a Photo. by] CAPTAIN BATES AND MRS. BATES. *[Germon.*

he weighed over 26st. A year or two later he married Miss Swan.

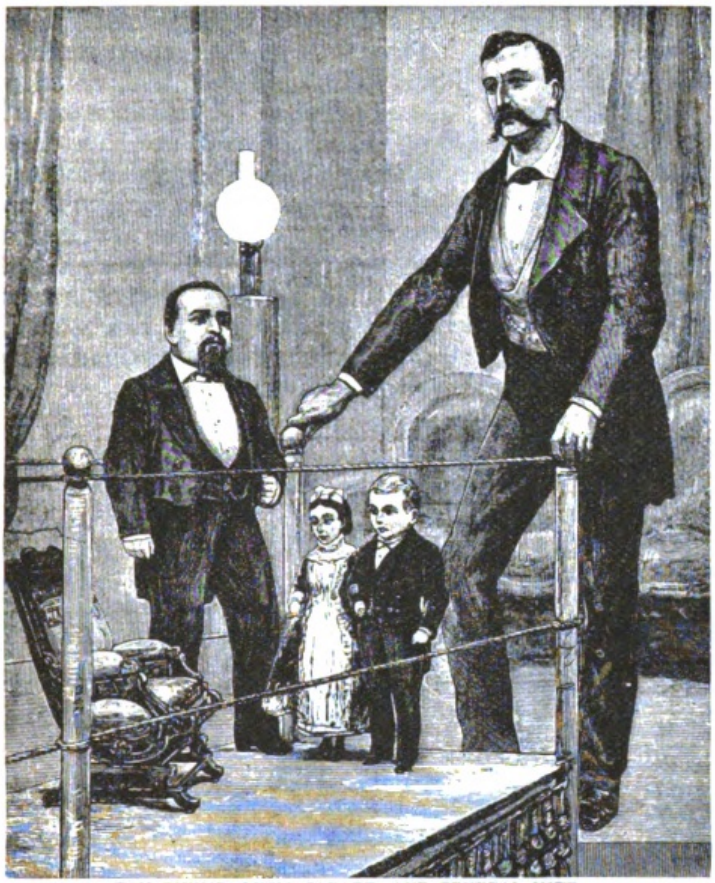
Miss Swan, unlike her future husband, came of parents of very ordinary size, her father, a Scotch emigrant, measuring only 5ft. 6in. and weighing 10st., and the height of her mother being actually no more than a bare 5ft. Miss Swan was 6ft. high at eleven years of age, and at fifteen much taller. She was exhibited at New York by Barnum. After the fire at Barnum's in 1865 (from which she had a difficult escape down a burning staircase) she took a short turn at acting, appearing as *Lady Macbeth* at the Winter Garden Theatre of New York. Soon, however, she returned to Barnum, and enjoyed another narrow escape from his next fire, in February, 1868. After this, giving up New York and fire-escapes, she made an American tour, followed the next year by one in this country. The portraits of Captain and Mrs. Bates are from a photograph, wherein two more ordinary persons are introduced by way of contrast.

In 1878 William Campbell, a great curiosity in giants, was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. He was twenty-three years of age at the time, and although his height, 6ft. 4in., was not remarkable for a giant, his other measurements were, as also was his weight, 52st. He measured 8ft. round the shoulders, 7ft. round the waist, 3ft. round the calf, and almost 4ft. round the thigh. He was a man of considerable intelligence and humour, and used to tell a story of a Newcastle tailor who announced a speciality in a cheap fifty-shilling suit, but who took down the notice when Campbell came in with an order. Medical men stated that very little of this giant's enormous bulk was fat. Campbell afterwards took the "Duke of Wellington" public-house, in Newcastle, and there died. The funeral was an



From a Sketch by] WILLIAM CAMPBELL. *[Alfred Bryan.*
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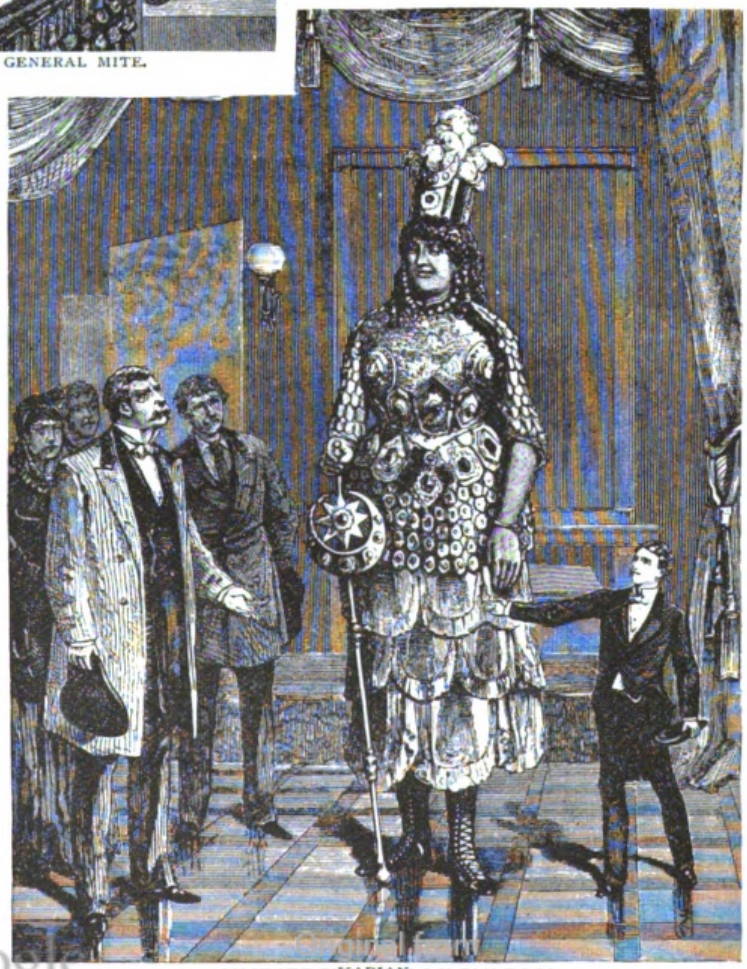


TOM THUMB, LUCIA ZARATE, AND GENERAL MITE.

extraordinary sight. The coffin, of elm, lined with lead, was hoisted with difficulty to an upper window, the sash whereof was taken out and a large quantity of wall on either side knocked away to admit it. Then, with the body in it (the whole weighing a ton), the coffin was removed in the same way. It took an hour to lower into the grave at Jesmond Cemetery. Our illustration is from a humorous drawing by Mr. Alfred Bryan, and although, to some extent, a caricature, it is extremely like the original.

Probably the smallest pair of dwarfs ever exhibited were the "Midgets," General Mite and Lucia Zarate, exhibited in England in 1880. Lucia Zarate, at this time seventeen years old, was only twenty inches high, and weighed but 4¾lb., while General Mite, sixteen, was an inch higher, and weighed 9lb. Their extremely small size is well shown in the illustration we reproduce, where they are placed near Tom Thumb, who has been drawn, however, much too large. Lucia Zarate was a Mexican, her parents and their other children being of ordinary size. Lucia, however, weighed but 2½lb. at birth, and had attained her full growth at the age of twelve months. General Mite weighed but ¾lb. at birth, and was only 9in. long. He grew till eight years of age. These extremely tiny dwarfs made a great sensation in England, as may easily be remembered, and they were married at St. Martin's Church. Lucia died at the age of nearly twenty-seven, from cold and exposure in a snow-bound train in America.

A very marvellous giantess, who will be well remembered, was Marian, so much advertised in 1882 as 8ft. 2in. high, "and still

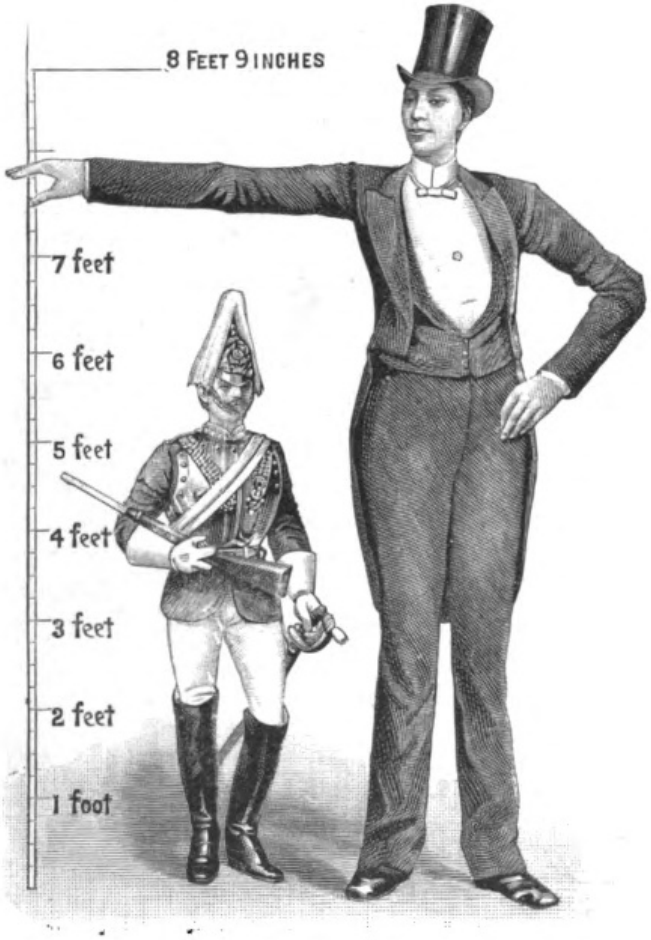


MARIAN.

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growing"; at this time she was only sixteen years of age. She appeared as the Amazon Princess in the spectacle of "Babil and Bijou" at the Alhambra Theatre. She was born at Benkendorf, a village near the Thuringian Mountains. She was a handsome and well-formed young woman, of very amiable disposition, but she died at Berlin almost at the end of her eighteenth year.

The last giant of notable proportions to come among us was one of the tallest. This was Herr Winkelmeier, an Austrian, who was twenty-one years of age when he arrived in London in 1886, and measured 8ft. 7in. in height. He was, as may be remembered, of thin, stalky build, and he died, as many giants do, very young. Particulars of his early growth do not seem to have been recorded, although this is always an interesting matter—as may be recalled from the story of the old lady in New York who, meeting a gigantic man in the street, asked, in amazement, "Mister, were you as large as that when you were little?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the giant, "I was considerable big when I was small."



HERR WINKELMEIER.

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FATMA

A Story for Children.

From the German of Wilhelm Hauf.

I.

MUSTAPHA and his sister, Fatma, were about the same age—the brother being at most two years older than her. A sincere affection existed between the two, and they both united in the effort to brighten the declining years of their invalid father.

On Fatma's seventeenth birthday, her brother held a feast and invited all her girl-companions; the meal was spread in the garden, and in the evening Mustapha proposed they should accompany him in a yacht, which he had hired and decorated for the purpose. Fatma and her friends joyously consented, for the evening was fine, and the town, especially at that time of day, afforded a charming sight when beheld from the sea. The young ladies were so delighted, that they begged Mustapha still further to put out to sea. This, however, he did unwillingly, as a corsair had been seen in those waters only a few days before. Not far from the town rises a promontory in the sea, and here the ladies wished to go to watch the sunset. As they approached the spot, they perceived at a short distance from them a vessel manned by armed men. Suspecting nothing good from this, Mustapha ordered his men to turn round and row to the land. Immediately his anxiety was increased, as he saw the strange vessel bear swiftly towards him and station itself between him and the land. The girls, on seeing their danger, were in the utmost alarm, and all crowded to the farther side of the yacht with cries of terror. Mustapha had no control over the affrighted maidens, and, ere he could prevent it, this rush had capsized the yacht.

Meanwhile, they had been observed from the shore, and the manœuvres of the strange vessel having excited suspicion, several boats had put out to the assistance of the pleasure-seekers. Two of these were on the

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spot just in time to pick up the drowning ladies, and, in the confusion of the moment, the corsair escaped; but, upon the two boats which had come so opportunely, it was uncertain whether all of the unfortunate party had been picked up. They, therefore, approached one another, and, alas! it was found that Fatma and one of her companions were missing. At the same time they found in one of the boats a dark-looking man whom none knew. Upon the threats of Mustapha, this stranger confessed that he belonged to the corsair, which now lay anchored about a league out to sea. In their flight his companions had left him behind while he was helping to pick up the drowning ladies—two of whom he had helped up into his ship.

The grief of the aged father was boundless, but not less was Mustapha overwhelmed, for not only had he lost his sister and was himself the cause of the misfortune, but, in the companion who was to share Fatma's lot, he lost his affianced bride. He had already obtained the consent of her parents to the union, but had not yet dared to inform his father of his choice, as she was poor and not of noble descent. After the first shock of grief was over, the father, who was a stern and passionate man, ordered Mustapha to come before him, and said:—

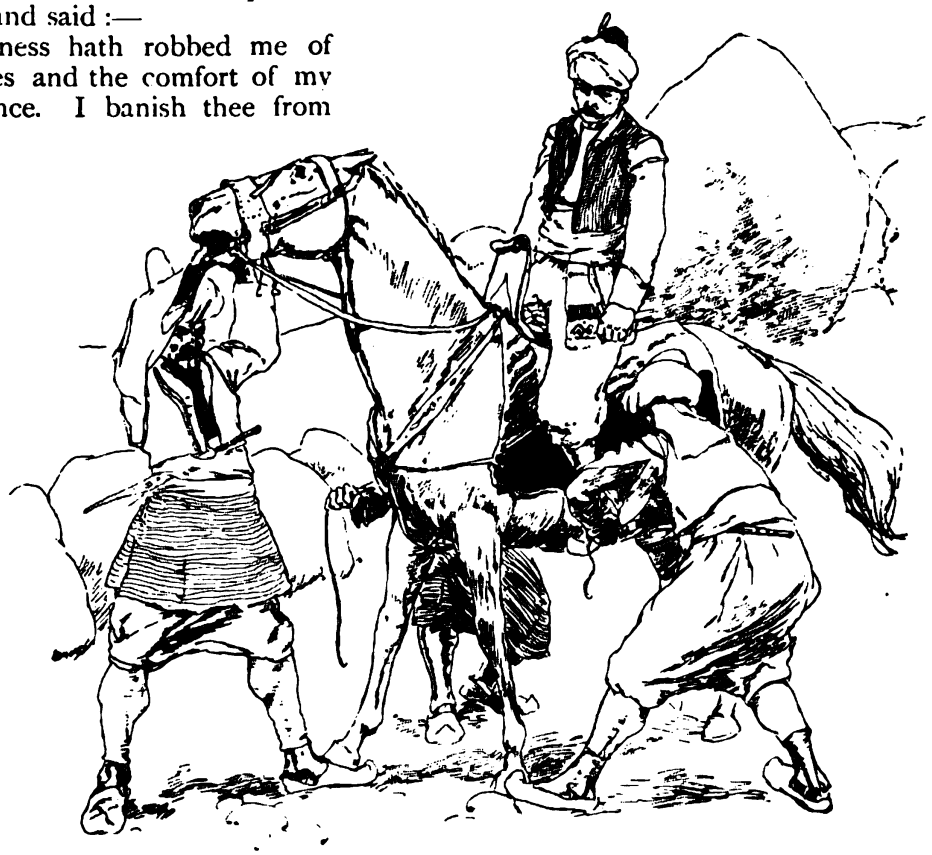
"Thy foolhardiness hath robbed me of the joy of my eyes and the comfort of my old age. Go hence. I banish thee from my sight for ever, and only when thou bringest back my Fatma shalt thou be free from an old father's curse."

Mustapha did not expect this severity. He had already resolved to find and bring back his sister and her companion, and was on the point of seeking his father's blessing on the quest, when he was sent away with a curse! He was almost overcome by grief and despair, but now this unexpected blow served to rouse his strength of will and urge him to action.

He betook himself to the captive sea-robber, and learned that the corsair was bound for Balsora, where a notorious slave-market was held, and there, no doubt, the two captured maidens would be disposed of. On returning again to the house, the father's anger seemed to have been appeased so far that he had left a purse of money to assist his son on his expedition.

Mustapha took a sorrowful farewell of the parents of Zoraida, for that was his bride's name, and then set out for Balsora.

He had to make the journey by land, since no vessels sailed direct from the town to Balsora, and thus he must travel as rapidly as possible in order to arrive there not too long after the sea-robbers. Still, he had a good horse and no luggage, and he might do the distance in seven days. At the end of the fourth day's journey he was suddenly accosted by three men, all well armed and mounted. Seeing that they sought after his money and his horse rather than to take his life, he at once offered to surrender these. They took his gold, and then, dismounting, they bound his feet to his horse's body, and



"THEY BOUND HIS FEET TO HIS HORSE'S BODY."

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then, without uttering a word, they took to the saddle and led him off between them at a sharp trot.

Mustapha gave way to despair: his father's curse seemed already to be in fulfilment. How could he hope to save his sister and her companion, robbed, as he now was, of all his means? The silent party had hurried on for about an hour, when they turned aside into a narrow valley, which was shut in by high trees. A small, rapid brook ran through the valley, and the rich, soft turf seemed to invite rest. Fifteen or twenty tents were erected, around which were grazing a number of camels and fine-looking steeds, whilst from one of the tents came forth the sounds of a zither and the voices of two men. It seemed to Mustapha that the occupants of this jovial camping-place could not intend any bodily harm to their captive, and he, therefore, felt no fear when his conductor loosed his bands and motioned him to follow. He was led into one of the tents, which was larger than the rest, and richly furnished. Splendid cushions, embroidered with gold, soft carpets and golden braziers would elsewhere have denoted wealth, but here they only showed the result of successful robberies. On one of the cushions reclined a short, old man, with an ugly face and dark, shiny skin. A look of defiance and cunning about eyes and mouth gave him a most hateful expression. Although this man affected to be of some importance, Mustapha soon saw that he was not master of the luxuriousness around him, and the words of his captors confirmed this opinion.

"Where is the chief?" they inquired of the short, shiny man.

"He is out for a hunt," replied he, "and has left me to represent him in his absence."

"Then he has not done wisely," answered one of the robbers, "for we must know at once whether this dog must die or pay, and you cannot decide that."

The little man arose and stretched himself out with the obvious intention of revenging this attack on his dignity by a blow, which, however, he was not tall enough to carry into effect, and instead, broke out into a rage of imprecations, in which the others joined until the tent shook with the tumult. At that moment a curtain was drawn aside and there appeared a tall, noble-looking figure, young and handsome as some Persian prince. Besides a jewelled dagger and a richly ornamented sabre, his arms and clothing were plain and simple, but his firm glance and stately bearing commanded respect without inspiring fear.

"Who dares to raise strife under my tent?" he demanded.

The occupants were taken by surprise, and, for a moment, all were silent. At last the robber who had led in Mustapha told how the strife began. The chief's face flushed with anger as he asked:—

"When did I ever require you, Hassan, to represent my place?"

The little man thus addressed seemed to shrink still smaller from fear, and slunk behind the tent door. The three men then led Mustapha before their chief, who laid himself upon the cushions in the tent, and said:—

"We bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

The chief looked carefully on the prisoner, and then said to him: "Bassa von Suleika, your own conscience will tell you why you stand before Orbasan."

On hearing these words Mustapha threw himself down before the chief, and replied: "Oh, Orbasan, you are doubtless in error, for I am a poor stranger and not the Bassa whom you appear to want."

At this, a look of surprise was seen on all who heard it, but the chief added: "It can be of no good to you to attempt a disguise, for I have here persons who know you well." And he commanded Zuleima to be fetched before him.

An old woman appeared, and was asked if she knew who the man was.

"That do I," said she, "and by the beard of our Prophet I swear it is the Bassa, and no one else."

"Do you see, craven," began the chief, in anger, "how your cunning comes to nought? You are too vile for me to stain my sword in your base blood: you shall be tied to my horse's tail, and shall hang thus while we hunt in the woods from morning till mid-day!"

Mustapha was helpless. "This is the curse of my father pursuing me to a horrible death," he cried in tears, "and you also, my sister, are lost, and you, Zoraida!"

"Your feigning is to no purpose," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind him and leading him to the door. Orbasan bit his lips in scorn and his hand itched to grasp his dagger. "If you would still live one night longer, come, and at once."

Just as the robbers were leading Mustapha out of the tent they were met by three others of their party leading with them a prisoner. They entered Orbasan's tent and said: "We



"'YOUR FEIGNING IS TO NO PURPOSE,' SAID ONE OF THE ROBBERS."

bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

As Mustapha passed out, he was struck by the great likeness of the captive to himself, only his moustache was blacker and his face of darker colour.

The chief was astonished at the appearance of the second prisoner, and demanded: "Who, then, is the right one?"

"If you mean who is Bassa von Suleika," answered the prisoner, in a proud, haughty tone, "I am the right one."

The chief gazed on him with his keenest look, and then in silence motioned his men to lead him away. He then went himself up to Mustapha, and taking his dagger he loosed his bands, and, conducting him up to his own seat, said: "Stranger, I am right sorry to have mistaken you for that monster; but you have to thank Heaven that you have fallen into our hands just at the time which brings yonder traitor to his doom."

Mustapha then begged for the single favour that he might continue his journey at once, as every hour's delay was of serious consequence to him. Orbasan inquired the business which demanded such haste, and on hearing his story, he begged Mustapha to remain the night with him as his guest, and, in the morning, he would show him a path which would take him in thirty hours to Balsora. As both Mustapha and his horse were in need of rest, he willingly consented, and was served with a costly repast, and then lay down to rest in the chief robber's tent.

The next morning he awoke and found himself alone in the tent. But on the other side of the door curtain he heard several voices speaking all together, and, among them, those of the chief and the little man were recognisable. The latter was demanding that Mustapha should at once be put to death, for, should he once more become free, their own safety would be endangered. Mustapha was greatly disturbed by what he heard, and it was plain to him that he was an object of special hatred to the little man, no doubt because he had been the unwilling instrument of his discomfiture on the previous day. Orbasan, the robber chief, considered for a few moments and then replied, firmly: "No, he is my guest, and my promised hospitality shall not be violated; and, besides, he does not look like one who would betray us." With these words he drew aside the curtain and entered the tent.

"Peace be with you, Mustapha. Let us drink a parting cup together, and then you shall prepare for your journey." Handing him a cup of sherbet, they drank it off, and Orbasan, himself, prepared to accompany him.

Mustapha mounted his horse with a lighter heart than when he came there the previous day. They soon left the tents behind them, and struck a broad path leading through the woods. Orbasan told his companion that the Bassa whom they had just captured was a neighbouring chieftain who had given his word of honour that he and his men might pass unmolested in and out of his territory; but, notwithstanding this, he had captured

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one of his bravest men and put him to a most cruel death. For some weeks they had been waiting an opportunity to avenge this treachery, and yesterday he had fallen into their hands, to forfeit his life in return for his broken promise.

At the end of the woods Orbasan drew bridle, and, after indicating the rest of the way which Mustapha was to take, he offered him his hand and said: "Mustapha, you have been, in a strange manner, the guest of the robber Orbasan. I will not ask your promise not to betray what you have seen and heard. You have suffered some inconvenience here, and I am in your debt. Take this dagger, and if you are, at any time, in want of aid, send me this signal and I will hasten to your assistance; this purse, too, you will needs want to continue your journey."

Mustapha thanked his guide and took the dagger; the purse, however, he declined to



"MUSTAPHA THANKED HIS GUIDE AND TOOK THE DAGGER."

receive. Orbasan pressed his hand in farewell, and then, throwing the purse upon the ground, set spurs to his steed, and was lost to sight in the woods. Seeing that he would not return to take the purse, Mustapha dismounted to pick it up. He was astonished at the liberality of his host, for the purse was filled with gold pieces. He then thanked Allah for his deliverance, and commending to him the large-hearted robber from whom he had just parted, he once more rode on his way to Balsora.

II.

At noon on the seventh day from starting, Mustapha entered the gates of Balsora. He hastened to the first caravansery, and, dismounting, he made inquiries when the slave-market, which was held in that town every year, would take place; but, what was his dismay to learn that he was already two days too late: the market was over! The caravansery-keeper informed him that he had indeed missed an unusual sight. Among the slaves had been two women of extraordinary beauty, who attracted the admiration of the whole market. And, indeed, the buyers had almost fought over this rare purchase. But they had been sold for such an enormous price, that only their present owner could afford such a sum. Mustapha showed a great interest in this story, and from what he heard, was convinced that the slaves in question were none other than his sister, Fatma, and her companion, Zoraida. Their purchaser, he learned, was Thiuli-Kos, a rich merchant, who had retired to pass the rest of his life in quiet and rest. His palace was some two days' journey from Balsora.

Mustapha was about to spring again into his saddle and hasten after the objects of his search, but he bethought himself that he was alone and only armed with a dagger, and he would have no chance of success in case of resistance. He, therefore, thought of another plan to attain his purpose. Remembering his near likeness to the Bassa von Suleika,

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which had so nearly cost him his life, he determined to personate this man, and thus attempt the rescue of his sister. He, thereupon, hired one or two servants, and with Orbasan's purse of gold, he was enabled to buy horses for them; and then, arraying himself in a jewelled cape, he made towards Thiuli's palace. This was situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, and the palace itself was surrounded by a high wall. On arriving there, Mustapha, to complete his disguise, dyed his moustache black and stained his face with the juice of a plant to give the darker shade of Bassa's skin, and dismounting, he sent one of his servants to request, under the name of Bassa von Suleika, that he might pass the night within the palace.

The servant soon returned, and, with him, four richly clad slaves, who took Mustapha's horse to the courtyard and led him into the palace, up a vast marble stair into the presence of Thiuli-Kos. The latter was an elderly man with a most friendly, affable mien. He set before his guest the best of repasts which his slaves could procure, and, after Mustapha had eaten, he entered easily into conversation with him. They soon brought the talk to the latest news of the slave-market, and Thiuli was high in praise of his two new slaves, who, however, he said, were very dejected in spirit, and seemed to be pining away; this he hoped would not last long. Mustapha was greatly pleased with his reception, and, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, was full of hopes as to his ultimate success.

He had not slept more than an hour when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp, which fell brightly on his eyes. He sprang up as in a dream, and found before him the little, shiny-skinned man whom he had seen in Orbasan's tent. He held a lamp in his hand, and a malicious smile distorted his mouth. Mustapha at first believed he was still dreaming, but, finding that the grinning object was a reality:—

"What can you want in disturbing my rest?" he demanded.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," replied the figure before him; "I can well guess why you have come here, and I have not forgotten your honoured features, although had I not helped with my own hands to hang the real Bassa von Suleika, I might have been deceived by your clever disguise. But what I want here is to ask you one favour."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," asked Mustapha, angered at being found out.

"Simply told," replied the other. "I and Orbasan could no longer agree, so I came here. But you will remember that you were the cause of our little difference, and now I come to ask you to allow your sister to become my wife. If you say 'yes,' I will aid you in rescuing her and her companion; if you refuse, I go and enlighten my master about the new Bassa von Suleika."

Mustapha was beside himself with rage and disappointment. Just when he seemed so near the accomplishment of his plans, this wretch steps in to frustrate all. Only one thing remained for him to do: this little, grinning object must die. With a single bound he leapt from his couch; but the dwarf, anticipating the action, sprang aside, throwing down the lamp, and escaped to raise the alarm of treachery.

Mustapha now gave up all thought of saving his sister, and looked around for means of saving his own life. The window of his room was a considerable height from the ground, but, as he heard voices approaching his door, he was forced to leap out, taking with him his dagger and clothes. The fall was a hard one, but no limbs were broken; he got up and made for the wall which surrounded the palace. To the surprise of his pursuers, he climbed over this and was thus out of danger. He hurried off until he entered a wood some distance away, and there he flung himself down, exhausted. What was he to do next? His horse and his servants were left behind, but he still had his gold, which he carried in his girdle.

His inventive imagination soon discovered another plan. Going on through the wood he came to a little village, where he bought a horse for a low price, and then rode on to the nearest town. Arrived there, he inquired after a physician, and was directed to an old man, credited with great learning and experience. This man he dazzled with his gold pieces, and obtained from him a medicine which would produce a death-like sleep; which, however, could be at any moment counteracted upon administering a second draught. In possession of these drugs, he provided himself with a long gown, a white beard and wig, and numerous medicine cases and boxes. Loading the medicines upon an ass, he disguised himself as a travelling physician and returned to the palace of Thiuli-Kos.

He came slowly up to the palace entrance and announced himself as the Physician Chakamankabudibaba. As he expected, the gullible Thiuli was dazzled by the name, and

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"THE DWARF SPRANG ASIDE."

at once invited the physician to his own table. Chakamankabudibaba appeared before his host, who was as affable as he had been the day previous, and he ended by offering to subject all his slaves to the treatment of this learned physician. The latter was scarcely able to disguise his joy at the thought of actually seeing his sister and his loved one, and he followed with beating heart, whilst Thiuli led the way to his seraglio. They entered a lofty chamber, beautifully draped and furnished, but no one was to be seen in it.

"Worthy Chambaba, or whatever your honoured name may be, behold yonder hole in the wall: each of my slaves shall put her arm through there, and you shall feel the pulse, if she is ailing or healthy."

He then drew out a long ivory tablet, on which were written the names of all his slaves, and he called them one by one to put their arms out for the learned physician to treat. The first six were declared to be quite healthy, but the seventh came, and Thiuli read out the name "Fatma." Mustapha's fingers trembled as he laid them upon his sister's hand, and, shaking his head seriously, he pronounced her to be dangerously ill. Thiuli was greatly concerned, and ordered him to prepare a medicine for her at once. Mustapha went out to make the draught, and, at the same time, he wrote upon a slip of parchment: "Fatma, I can see you if you will take a strong sleeping dose which will make you sleep for two days. I have the means of awakening you again. If you consent to drink it, say that the medicine I now give you has no effect." He then returned with a harmless mixture, felt the patient's pulse once more, and, in doing so, put the note into her hand together with the medicine.

Thiuli seemed to be much moved by the condition of Fatma, and put off the treatment of the other slaves till another day.

On leaving the chamber together, he asked: "Chadibaba, what is the matter with Fatma? She is one of my most costly slaves."

Chakamankabudibaba answered, sighing deeply: "May the Prophet comfort you, she has a falling fever, which may very soon prove fatal."

At this Thiuli fell into a rage.

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"Cursed dog," said he, "you say that; and shall she who cost me 2,000 gold pieces die like a cow? If you do not save her life you shall lose your head!"

Mustapha saw his mistake, and now reassured his host that she might yet be cured. At that moment a black slave entered to say that the medicine had had no effect.

"Do all that your art can do, Chakambaba, and I will pay you whatever you ask," shrieked out Thiuli, enraged at the thought of losing so much money.

"I will give her a juice which will not fail to cure her," said the physician.

"Yes, yes, give her a juice," sobbed the old man.

Delighted at his success, Mustapha hastened to fetch the sleeping draught, and, handing it to the black slave, gave instructions that it should be taken all at one dose. He then said he must go down to the sea-shore to get some herbs, and slowly left the palace. At the water's edge he stripped off his false clothing and concealed himself among the thick bushes until night came on, when he took his way to the burying-place of the palace.



"A STRANGE FACE."

An hour or more after Mustapha had left the palace a servant appeared before Thiuli with the news that Fatma was dying. He sent at once down to the sea-shore to bring back Chakamankabudi-baba in all haste; but the messenger soon returned and stated that the poor physician had fallen into the water and was drowned, and he had seen his long gown floating about in the waves. Seeing that there was now no help for his favourite slave, Thiuli was quite beside himself: he raged and cursed himself and everybody around him.

Meanwhile, word was brought to him that Fatma lay lifeless in the arms of her attendants. On hearing this he gave orders to make a coffin without an hour's delay—for the superstitious old man could not bear to have a dead body in his house for a single night—and carry the corpse away to the burying-place outside the palace.

The bearers of the coffin accordingly brought their burden ere it was quite dark, and proceeded to lay it in its last resting-place, when, hearing low groans and sighs come from amidst the other tombs, they hastily laid it down and fled in terror.

Mustapha, who was the cause of their flight, now came out of his hiding-place and, lighting a lamp which he had brought for the purpose, he drew out the awakening draught and then began to open the lid of the coffin. What, however, was his astonishment and dismay to find by the light of his lamp a strange face lying there, and neither his sister, Fatma, nor yet Zoraida! It was some time before he could recover himself from this fresh disappointment of his hopes, but at last his compassion for the creature lying helpless there aroused him, and he poured the potion through her lips. She opened her eyes, breathed deeply, and then seemed to consider where she was. At length, remembering what had taken place, she got up and threw herself at the feet of her deliverer.

"How can I thank you," said she, "for rescuing me from that frightful captivity?"

Mustapha, interrupting her words, asked how it was that she and not his sister, Fatma, had escaped.

For a moment she looked at him in

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surprise, then exclaimed: "Now I begin to see through it; now it is quite clear to me how I have been saved. They call me Fatma in the palace, and it was to me that you gave the bit of parchment and the medicine."

Mustapha then inquired after his sister, and learned that both she and Zoraida were within the palace, but in accordance with Thiuli's custom, they bore other names, and were called Mirza and Nurmahal.

Mustapha was greatly disheartened, and, as this showed itself in his face, Fatma tried to encourage him and informed him that she knew of a plan by which his sister and her friend might yet be saved. He was inspired with fresh hope on hearing this, and begged her to tell him of her plan. She then began :—

"I have been five months in yonder prison, but all the time I had been looking round for means of escape; but, for a solitary girl, the task was too hard. You will no doubt have noticed a fountain in the inner court-yard of the palace, the water flowing from ten jets. This fountain attracted my attention. I remembered we had one also in my father's castle which was supplied with water through broad pipes. In order to learn if this fountain was made in the same way, I admired its splendour one day in Thiuli's presence. He replied: 'That is all my own design, and what you see is but the least part of it. The water comes from a lake half a mile distant from here, and is brought here through a vaulted passage as high as yourself, and all of it is my own design.' Often since then have I wished for a man's arms to lift up a marble block from the fountain side, then I might have been free! I can show you the passage and the fountain, but you will require at least two men with you if you attempt to get into the palace, as two armed slaves always guard the entrance of the seraglio."

This was, then, Fatma's plan. Mustapha, although twice defeated, was filled again with hopes, and believed that, with the Prophet's blessing, he might yet succeed in accomplishing the new device. He promised to conduct Fatma to her own home if she would first assist him in showing the way into the palace, but here he was at a loss where to find two trusty men to help him. He then remembered the dagger which Orbasan had given him, and he at once resolved to find out the robber chief and claim his promised aid. Leading his companion to the nearest town, he left her in charge of a poor woman until he should return, and with the last of his gold he bought him a horse and rode off at once by the road he had come—towards Orbasan's camp.

In two days he found the tents still there, and went boldly forward into Orbasan's presence. He related his futile attempts to rescue his sister, and when he told him of his disguise as Chakamankabudibaba, the robber could not repress a smile; but on hearing of the treachery of his late deserted dwarf he was greatly incensed, and swore to hang the traitor up on the spot where he would find him. He promised to come with Mustapha as soon as his horses were rested after their long ride, and once more Mustapha passed a night within the robber's tent. Early next morning they started, Orbasan and three of his bravest men, and made for the town where Fatma was to await them. After two days' riding they arrived there, and, taking Fatma with them, they proceeded to a wood within sight of the palace, there to await the darkness.

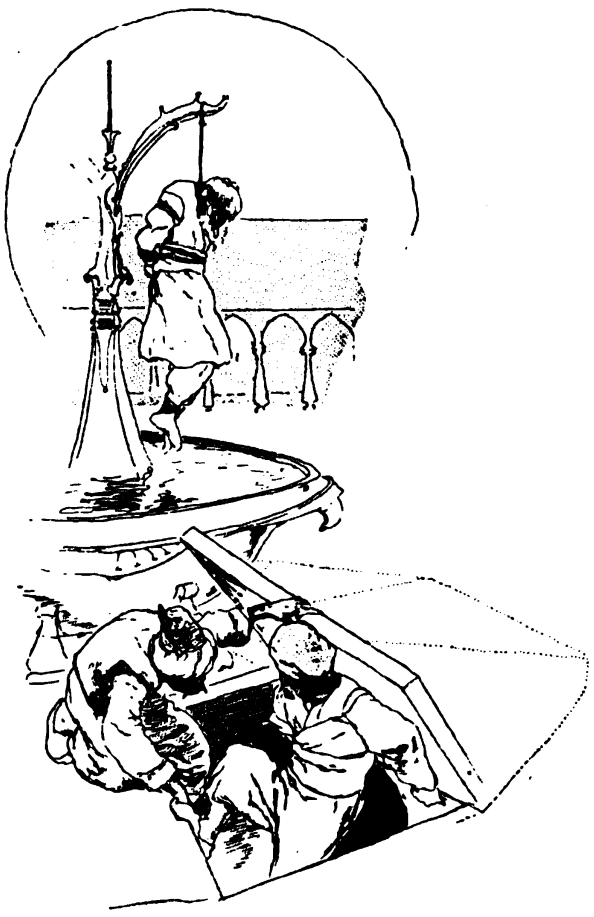
Soon after dark they went, led by Fatma, to the lake, and soon found the vaulted passage. One man remained with Fatma and the horses at the opening, while the others proceeded to enter. Once more, before leaving her, Fatma described minutely the plan of the palace court: they were to remove the marble slab at the fountain side, and would then find themselves in the inner court. On each side were two corridors with entrances to apartments occupied by the female slaves. Fatma and Zoraida were in the chamber through the sixth door on the right, guarded by two black slaves. Orbasan and his men then entered the vaulted passage, and, wading waist deep in water, they made their way to the fountain. Armed with irons, they soon loosened the slab and opened a way into the court. Orbasan scrambled through first, and helped the others up after him. They found the corridors and apartments as had been described to them, but as one door on the right had been bricked up, they were uncertain whether to count this one or not. They did not hesitate long, but Orbasan, marching up to the sixth door, gently opened it, and found within a large porch where six slaves lay sleeping upon the ground. Perceiving this was the wrong door, they were about to withdraw, when a dark figure raised itself in one corner, and the well-known voice of the shiny-skinned dwarf began calling for help. In a second Orbasan had seized him by the throat and stopped his cries. Tearing off his girdle, he bound his arms behind his back, and, before

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the other slaves had well awakened, they were served in like manner. With Orbasan's sword pointing to his neck, the dwarf informed them where Mirza and Nurmahal were kept. Mustapha hastened into their room, where they had been awakened by the noise, told them to gather up their things and follow him, and they would be free! Orbasan's men then begged to be allowed to plunder some of these luxurious apartments, but this he refused.

"It shall not be said," replied he, "that Orbasan breaks into houses by night to steal."

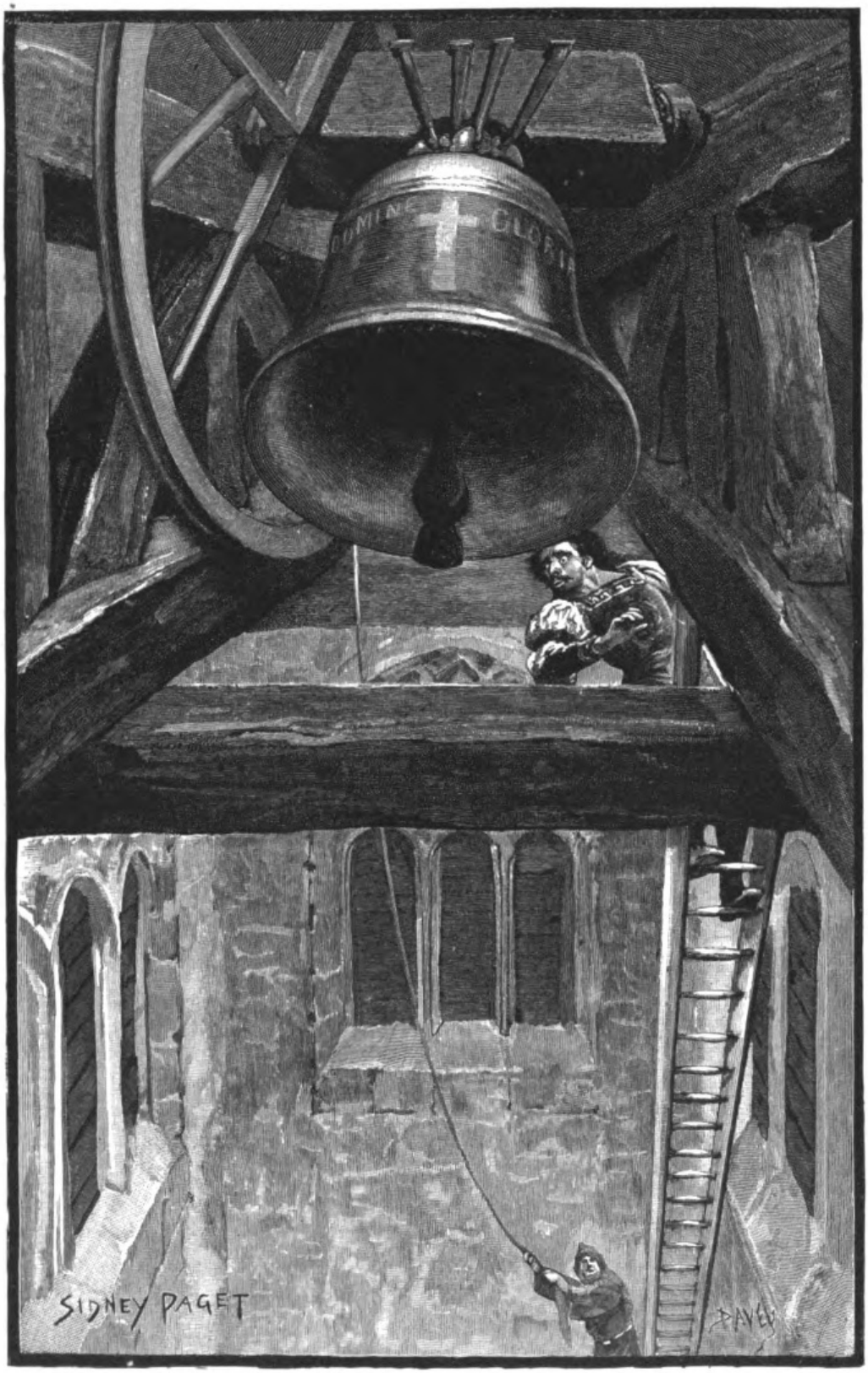
Mustapha and one of the others then descended into the vault, bearing with them the two captives, whilst Orbasan and the other man remained behind. Taking a cord which they had with them, they then passed it round the dwarf's neck, and left him hanging on the highest spout of the fountain. After thus repaying the traitor for his conduct, they also entered the vault and followed the others through it.



Mustapha and his sister were boundless in their gratitude to Orbasan for his noble assistance, but he advised them to continue, without a moment's delay, their flight, as it was almost certain that Thiuli-Kos would send pursuers in all directions. They then separated with much emotion from their deliverer. Fatma, the other freed slave, went disguised to Balsora, where she could get shipped to her own home, while Mustapha and his companions returned to their father's house. The old man was overcome with joy at again seeing his daughter, and rewarded Mustapha by giving his willing consent to his marriage with Zoraida.

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"THE BRONZE MONSTER STRUCK HIM DEAD."

(See page 454.*)*

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The Rosemonde.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULIAN SERMET.

AS if he had been a veritable king, the Lord of Pomerolles possessed in his feudal castle all the necessary dependencies—servants innumerable, men-at-arms, and retainers of noble birth. The battlements of his high square towers were visible afar over the plain, telling of steel and fire, and causing terror alike to timid peasant and warlike foe.

In front of the lordly dwelling extended the mall, bordered with lime trees, century-old; then the falconry at the entrance of the acacia wood, and the smithy and foundry where the steel for making cuirasses was hammered, and where gun-metal was melted for the founding of the bombards, which for fifty years had replaced the old-time catapults.

The Lord of Pomerolles was preparing for war, but he hoped for the protection of Heaven, and, to gain it, had taken pious counsel of the venerable Abbé whose famous monastery stood upon the summit of a neighbouring hill. The Abbé had promised to put up prayers for the Lord of Pomerolles, who had vowed, on the cruciform pommel of his sword, to give to the church a bell as large as the bourdon of the cathedral of St. Hilaire. And, as a little daughter had just been born to him, and had been named "Rosemonde," it was agreed that the work of the bell-founder should bear the name of the infant.

Then the Lord of Pomerolles returned to his castle, and gave rigorous orders that the work of fabricating arms should be suspended, and nothing thought of but the casting of the promised bell.

But for the due accomplishment of such an undertaking the ordinary workmen of the castle were not sufficiently skilled. An artisan was needed who was experienced in all the difficulties of this particular kind of work, capable of combining the proportions of copper and tin best calculated to produce the greatest volume of sound, and to put in practice the thousand details furnished by experience and transmitted by the corporations from generation to generation.

So the Lord of Pomerolles sent to the great city for two famous workmen.

Jehan and Mathias went to the castle of Pomerolles. Both were young and strong, accustomed to the fabrication of fine swords; bare chested, in front of flaming forge-fires, to strike in cadence the glowing blades; keeping faithfully the secrets of the old master-founders, and knowing well how to guide the flowing of the terrible liquid metal from the caldrons to the casting-pit.

By order of the castellan, Jehan was made master of the foundry, with Mathias for his first assistant, and the old workmen under his command.

The preparatory work was begun, but an incident occurred to disturb the harmonious relations of the two chiefs, which had been perfectly maintained down to that time.

A woman came between them.

It was Annette, the daughter of the head butler, a maiden pure and calm, who, in the porch of her parents' home, plied her spinning-wheel, while singing an old refrain:—

Alas, alas! a-don-don-dell!
Why may not a maiden tell
A-don-don-dell, a don-don-dell?
Why may not a maiden tell
When soft sighs her bosom swell?
Alas, alas, a-don-don dell!

Jehan and Mathias both had learned this song, listening to it in the intervals in the clash of hammers beating the sparkling iron upon the anvil tops.

Jehan, tall and muscular, opened his big, black sombre eyes, surmounted by heavy and almost meeting eyebrows. He looked at Mathias weighing ingots of copper in the scales—looked at him hatefully, without daring to show his hatred.

He hated him because he had seen him speak to Annette, who had laughed while listening to him, and shown her range of ivory teeth. Would he win her love—this comrade with the blue eyes and blonde beard falling upon his chest like a sheaf of ripened oats?

He, Jehan, had spoken to Annette, and she had greeted him with a pleasant smile. But perhaps she had only turned on him a simple glance of scrutiny, as a stranger from that distant city about which she had heard vaguely, as one of the wonders of the world, filled with gigantic palaces and churches with spires piercing the sky.

And as he worked, Jehan asked himself whether he could bear to live far from this

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woman who had suddenly appeared upon his road of life, and he thought that he loved her even unto death.

One day, while he and Mathias were in the casting-pit, kneading the loam and road dust which was to serve for the paste with which the mould for the bell was to be made, he suddenly raised his head and said:—

"Mathias!"

"What is it, master?"

"You love Annette, do you not?"

Mathias blushed at first, astonished at the question; then, looking Jehan full in the face, he said, unhesitatingly:—

"What you say is quite true. How did you come to know it?"

"I suspected it."

"Master, I love her more than my life! I love her as if she were a saint descended upon earth——"

Jehan turned frightfully pale, and Mathias, breaking off, gazed at him, painfully.

They said no more for awhile. Alone in the pit, into which, later on, the molten bronze was to flow: alone in this hole, seemingly roofed in by a strip of blue sky, they glared at one another like two wild beasts.

Mathias had realized their rivalry.

"You, too, love her, then?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jehan, "there are two of us."

Again they fell into silence.

Then, in the blue space above them, sounded the well-known rhythm:—

Alas, alas, a-don-don-dell!
Why may not a maiden tell
A-don-don-dell, a-don-don-dell?
Why may not a maiden tell
When soft sighs her bosom swell?
Alas, alas, a-don-don-dell!



"ANNETTE."

But, this time, the voice of the enchantress made them shudder dolorously.

"To work!" cried Jehan, roughly.

And both gave themselves up anew to their labours, finishing their task without again opening their lips to each other during the day.

The time fixed by the Lord of Pomerolles and the Abbé for the casting of the "Rosemonde" was come; at dawn the molten metal was to be transformed.

All the preceding night the red furnaces were kept aglow, sending up their black clouds skywards.

Alone before the gulf, Jehan and Mathias watched the smoking metal.

The moment approached when the withering stream would fill the moulded pit prepared to receive it.

At daybreak the trumpets would sound in the castle court, and before the Lord of Pomerolles and his vassals, all in festal attire, before the monks singing canticles, and the Abbé putting up prayers to Heaven, the flood of incandescent lava would be sent upon its way, and the "Rosemonde" would be made.

Twenty thousand pounds' weight of metal seethed in the caldron; and over this volcano Mathias stooped, silently watching the colour of the copper and tin under the action of the constantly renewed fire of peat, turf, and charcoal.

Near him stood Jehan, who in turn stooped to examine the liquid metal.

At that moment Mathias whistled an air.

Jehan turned upon him, his eyes flashing furiously.

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It was the air of Annette's refrain :—

Alas, alas ! a-don-don-dell !

All consciousness of reality left Jehan at that instant, a veil passed before his eyes, and hideous jealousy gnawed at his heart so fiercely that, seizing his companion with both hands by the waist, he hurled him into the crater at his feet.

Mathias had no time to defend himself, nor even to comprehend the attack that had suddenly been made upon him. He could only cry : " Help ! Jehan ! "

And he disappeared in the liquid metal, and only a blue flame, shooting up from the heart of that terrible volcano, showed where his body had, at that moment, been dissolved.

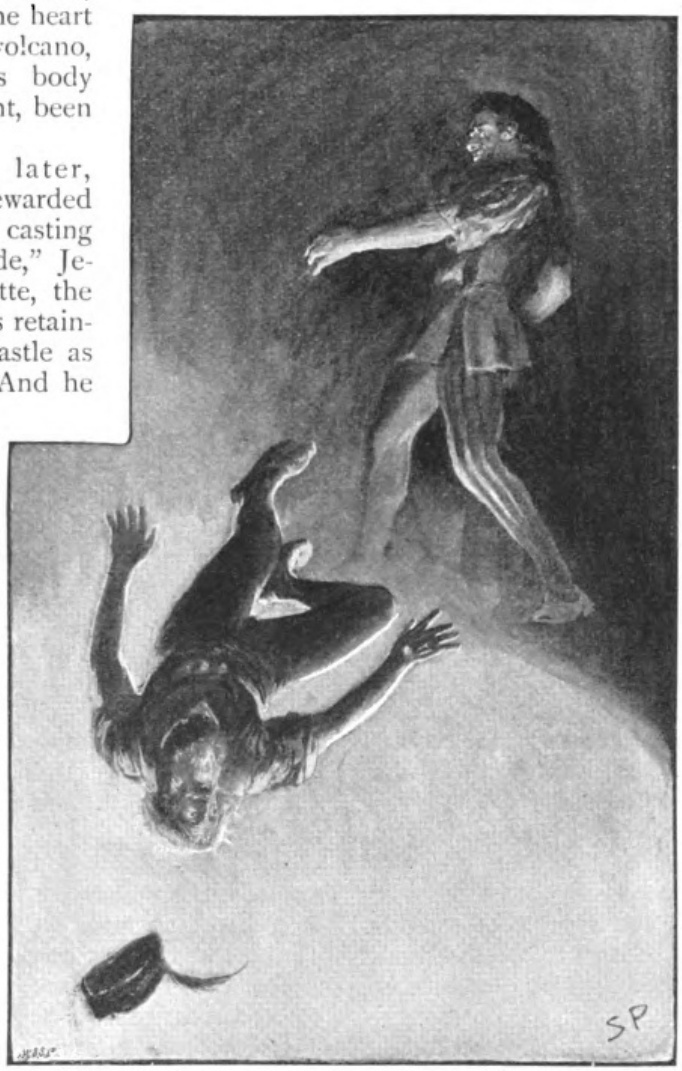
Some months later, honoured and rewarded for his successful casting of the " Rosemonde," Jehan married Annette, the Lord of Pomerolles retaining him at the castle as his forge-master. And he was happy in his marriage, no sense of remorse assailing his heart, filled wholly and exclusively by his love.

Nobody had suspected the fate of Mathias. His disappearance had remained inexplicable. Time passed, and he was forgotten.

After some months had passed, with great pomp and religious ceremony, in the presence of the Lord of Pomerolles and the Abbé, the " Rosemonde " was hung in the belfry of the Abbey.

Jehan, amongst the ceremonial assistants, regarded his work. The enormous bell shone with its Latin inscriptions and its Redeemer on the cross. He now thought of Mathias.

All that had been his companion slept there, imprisoned for eternity in this cuirass of bronze !



" HURLED HIM INTO THE CRATER."

But he shut his eyes, trying to forget, and pressed his arms closely about the form of Annette, who tenderly returned his embrace ; for she had learned to know all the love this man had for her, and was beginning to love him as greatly, in spite of his rough manners and awkward movements.

Lost in the crowd of peasants assembled about the Abbey, Annette and Jehan made their way down the hill and into the shade of a little wood near the castle, seating themselves by the side of a lake, on which floated a large number of white swans, the property of the Lord of Pomerolles.

And, on that bright afternoon, when the sun cast on the soft sward the shadows of the scarcely trembling leaves on a ground of gold, Jehan, his head resting on Annette's knees, went to sleep, the while she amused herself with plucking the wild flowers within her reach, and humming her favourite old song.

But suddenly, penetrating the lowest depths of the valley, came the strangest, the most musical sound that had ever stirred the air of that country-side : the monastery sent forth the first summons of its bell. Piously Annette made the sign of the cross ; but Jehan started up with bewildered eyes, open mouth, and, in his face, a look of inexpressible horror.

Carried on the sonorous air he heard the voice of Mathias mingled with that of the metal : " Help ! Jehan ! "

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"JEHAN STARTED UP."

Throughout the day, in sign of joy, sounded the bell, and all day long the ears of Jehan rang with the supreme cry of his companion: "Help! Jehan!" It seemed to him, now, that Mathias was there, yonder, calling to him.

Each day that followed was a day of martyrdom for Jehan. The ringing appeal of Mathias made him spring from his bed. He stopped his ears at the hour of the elevation, for ever the last cry of his friend came back to him, lugubrious, implacable: "Help! Jehan!"

In vain he sought forgetfulness by casting culverins for the Lord of Pomerolles, or in beating the glowing iron upon the sounding anvil: never could he drown the resistless voice of the "Rosemonde."

Oh, it became impossible to live on in this way! He must exile himself, abandon this part of the country, return to the great city, fly from the sinister voice of death!

And yet it was but a hallucination! It could have no real existence! Mathias could not speak!

Jehan was courageous. He had always been audacious. He would brave this bell which harassed him.

One evening the Lord of Pomerolles had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, and mourning fell upon all his vassals and dependents.

Slowly sounded the sepulchral knell.

"Help! Jehan!" sobbed the bell.

Bareheaded, with faltering steps, as if drawn by an invisible force, Jehan mounted the hill. He reached the monastery, and requested the father bellringer to allow him to go up into the belfry. Above, the bell swung slowly to and fro.

"What do you want with me? Where are you?" cried Jehan.

Stupefied, the father bellringer watched him, white as a spectre, mounting the tall ladder.

"You are hiding yourself. Where are you?" Jehan cried, amid the tempest of sound. "I am not afraid; show yourself! If you dare, show yourself!"

Higher, higher he mounted, the bell over his head ceaselessly tolling, its black clapper seeming to sway to and fro like an immense tear!

Jehan had reached the bell, and bending towards it, grimaced at it, and threatened it with his clenched fist—all unconscious of what he was doing, mad!

Suddenly the monk saw his danger: he could not arrest the colossal "Rosemonde" in its sweeping swing.

"Take care!" he shouted.

It was too late.

In his madness, wishing to ascertain whether or not it was really the voice of Mathias that reached his ears, he had put forward his head to listen, and the bronze monster had struck him dead.

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Pilots.

By Alfred T. Story.

II.

MR. J. T. POSGATE, another "choice" pilot, employed by the Orient Company, when asked if he had any information to give about piloting, at once remarked: "Well, I can tell you of two or three incidents that may be interesting to you. One is this: After the Franco-German War, when it was a question of bringing their prisoners from Germany, the French Government applied to Trinity House through the Foreign Office for a supply of London pilots to conduct the vessels containing them from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen to French ports. The state of affairs in France was such that they did not know whom they could trust. The Trinity House replied that their pilots were for the English coast only; but the answer to that was that they knew the English pilots, and could trust them. They asked for twelve, and six were granted them; and these men ran the vessels, loaded with prisoners, to Havre, Boulogne, and Cherbourg. We are, of course, supposed to know the line of the French coast as well as our own.*

"Here is another little incident that may be of interest to you. While the war was in progress, as you may remember, M. Thiers came to England to try to get our Government to use its good offices with Germany in behalf of peace. He came in one of the Imperial men-of-war, and anchored off Gravesend, going up to London by train. One of our pilots was especially engaged to conduct her in and out. When M. Thiers's mission was concluded, the pilot was ordered to take her to the Downs; there she was met by another French vessel, which sent despatches on board. Then the pilot was approached and requested to take the ship over to Cherbourg, and great was the captain's surprise when he declined. The fact is, when war was declared we all received from the Trinity House a printed notice, informing us that we were not to conduct ships of either of the belligerents beyond the three miles limit. This the pilot produced to show the reason for his refusal. Neither the captain nor his officers appeared to be able to make it out. Then M. Thiers was brought on to the bridge and shown the document. He perused it very carefully, and then said: "Ah, yes; he is right; he is not allowed to come." The vessel then proceeded without him.

"You know, of course, that a Trinity House pilot can, in case of war, be drafted on board Her Majesty's ships to pilot them wherever required. In 1854 a large body of London pilots were drafted on board men-of-war bound for the Baltic."

"But what good would a Thames pilot be in the Baltic?"

"Well, in the first place, a man who is experienced in the navigation of narrow channels, estuaries, and the like, is a safe man to have on board in similar navigation, because he knows the methods; and, in the second, most of the London pilots, during their years of active service at sea, have gained considerable knowledge of the North Sea and Baltic ports, and of their navigation generally."



MR. J. T. POSGATE.
From a Photo. by A. Caccia, Le Havre.

"And as to your personal experience, Mr. Posgate?"

"I have been very fortunate. I did once run over a Danish vessel. She had no lights on. We put her owners in the Admiralty Court and got £900 damages. There is not now anything like the hardship that there used to be in the time of sailing vessels; steamers have relieved us of much of that; but the anxiety of the pilot has been greatly increased because of the immense size of the vessels and the narrow waters we have to navigate them through. Then the traffic is so enormous—and it is growing continually—that it makes the navigation very dangerous, especially with the big ships."

"And you have no 'yarns,' Mr. Posgate?"

"No; that is, if you mean by that a specially sensational incident. For an event

*By 43 George III., the Lord Warden is required to make regulations for pilots taking charge of His Majesty's ships on the coasts of France, Flanders, Holland, and in the Baltic.

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of that kind you must go to my brother; he can give you the most stirring adventure of that sort that I have ever heard. The most striking thing that I have experienced in that way was on board one of the New Zealand boats a few years ago, when we were struck by a blizzard. I shall never forget that blizzard. Blowing great guns was nothing to it. We were in no special danger that I know of, and yet some of the passengers who were on board went on shore at Plymouth, and would have no more of it. One lady was going out to her husband at Gibraltar, but she refused to proceed, deciding to go overland. I represented to her that the storm was now over, and that she would be with her husband much sooner by travelling with the ship than by going by train through France and Spain. But nothing would induce her to go on board again. 'No,' said she; she had had enough of it, and preferred to forfeit her passage-money.

"There is another little incident that may be interesting to you. You know from time to time there has been a good deal of talk about abolishing compulsory pilotage; the ship-masters grumble at the charges, and think they could reduce them if compulsory pilotages were abolished. And so no doubt they could—in fine weather. But there is where the moral of my story comes in. Some years ago, when the question was being warmly agitated, I was on board a vessel making for Liverpool. It was a nasty night, and we were beating up off Point Lynas, at the corner of Holyhead, on the look-out for a pilot. There was such a storm blowing that we hardly expected to meet with one—and little would they have been to blame if they had kept at home on such a night! But presently we saw two cutters beating up towards us, and after a good deal of difficulty we got a pilot on board. He was a fine, handsome, intelligent fellow, and I remember in the morning, when the storm had abated and we were chatting together, the question of the abolition of compulsory pilotage was touched upon, whereupon the pilot said, with a smile: 'Let them abolish it! For a night like last night we should have wanted £200 to come aboard your ship.' And now you had better get my brother's yarn."



MR. RICHARD POSGATE.
From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell.

Mr. Richard Posgate was found at home, in a comfortable house overlooking the river with its multitudinous shipping. He did not plead, like the "needy knife-grinder," that he had no story, but when the name of the ship *Pareora* was mentioned, began at once to narrate his adventure.

"Yes," he cried, "I know the *Pareora*; she was a large passenger ship belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company; and I remember the circumstance to which my brother refers. It occurred in November, 1881, as we were going down the Channel. Practically, I had done with the ship, as we had reached the Downs; but the captain asked me to stop by him for protection, as a gale came on in the afternoon, and it threatened to be a dirty night. And well it was that I did remain with him, otherwise he would never have weathered that night. I had brought the *Pareora* up in the Downs with a single anchor; but on the gale increasing, I gave orders for the second anchor to be let go, and veered out nearly all our cable. Long before midnight it was blowing a terrific gale, and was as black as pitch. Suddenly I saw two vessels close upon us: one was the *British Navy*, a large merchant ship, which foundered during the night and drowned twenty of her crew; the other was the *Larnaca*, of Liverpool, both large sailing ships. Presently I saw the *Larnaca's* second anchor had parted, and that she was driving upon us. She came athwart our hawse and parted our cables. When I saw what was going to happen I was on the fo'c's'le. I saw there was no time to lose when she was on our cables, and I gave orders to slip our cable chains. This was done, and we parted. If we had not been prepared to do this we should undoubtedly have collided, and probably have gone down.

"The carpenter said to me the next day, 'I couldn't make it out, sir, why you wanted to arrange so as to slip the cables so easily; but I see now.'

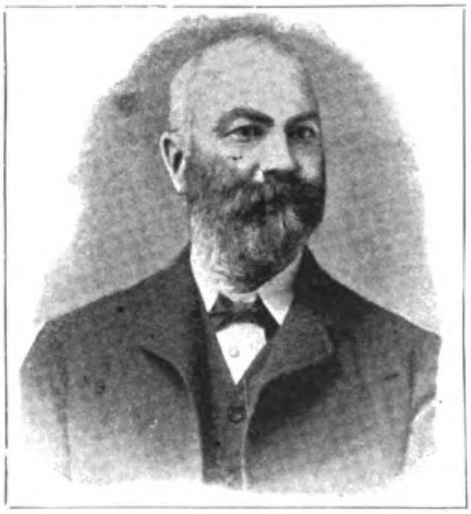
"It was well for us that we were prepared. We had then a lot of ships to contend with.

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We had our foresail, foretopsail, and a jib blown out, and were going broadside on to the sand. I called out for some of the men to go up and cut away the foretopsail, which was blowing loose; but all refused to go aloft. They asked: 'Have we time to get down again before she goes on the sand?' Said I, 'It doesn't matter where you are when she strikes, for not a man of you will outlive it.' They finally went up and cut away the sails; that saved us, and we cleared the sand, just touching the spit of it. There was an awful sea on, which struck our rudder and carried our wheel clean away. But we got clear into the North Sea, where we drove before the wind four or five days. When the storm moderated, we worked our way down again to the mouth of the Thames, and the same tug that took us out of the river met us again near the Kentish Knock, and brought us back to Gravesend to refit, as we had neither anchors nor chains. Phillimore—in the Admiralty Court—awarded the tug £2,000 for the service rendered to the ship. That was the most ticklish bit of business I have experienced."

"That is certainly a good yarn."

"I daresay some of the pilots have told you of Mr. Letten's exploit in 1891. It was a splendid bit of work, and one of the insurance companies presented him with a gold watch for it. He was on the *Ariadne*, and was sheltering in the Downs, the tide running N.E., and hard squalls of wind blowing from the W.S.W. The ship had just let go her port anchor off Deal Castle, and about sixty fathoms of cable had been put out into the water, when suddenly the windlass pawl-wheel broke in two, disabling the windlass, and causing the chain cable to run out its full length and part. The *Ariadne* was then driving athwart another vessel, and the starboard anchor was let go, but the chain parted at the end lashing. The ship's head, however, was checked round, and by manœuvring the yards, and hoisting the foretopmast staysail, she was kept clear of the shipping, but continued to drive towards the Breaksand. Signal was then made for a steam tug, and the *Burma*, of London, came and took hold of her, towing her into the Gull Stream, and proceeding with her towards the North Foreland. The captain of the *Ariadne* said it was a marvel how Letten managed to keep her clear of all the shipping."



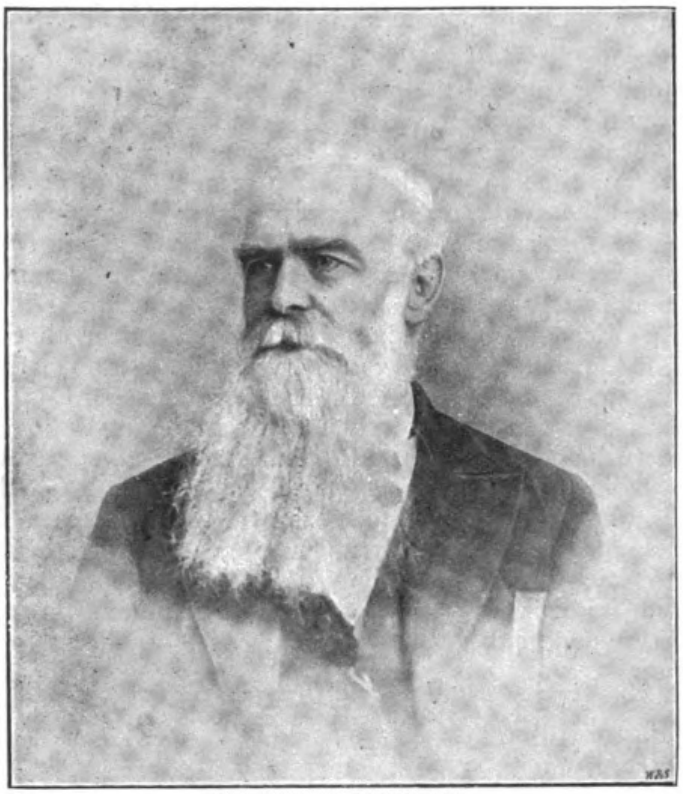
MR. A. J. COUVES.
From a Photo. by F. C. Gould & Son, Gravesend.

The next man to whom I was introduced was Mr. A. J. Couves, a sea-going pilot; he said he was nine years captain of a merchant vessel before he became a pilot, and he had been sixteen years in that service. He considered, so far as the pilot himself was concerned, that no danger that he ran was equal to the peril of the landing. The danger attending that was sometimes terrible. The worst landing was at the Isle of Wight. "There," said he, "we have to go from the ship to the cutter in a little cockleshell of a punt no longer than this table" (an office table not more than 5ft. in length), "and that often in the teeth of a gale. I daresay you know that a pilot and two boatmen were drowned in May last when landing from a vessel."

Asked as to the character of the navigation of the Thames, Mr. Couves said he had seen most of the principal ports of the world, and he considered that of the Thames was the most difficult of any. "From London Bridge to Dungeness," he said, "is 110 miles, and the whole of that navigation is intricate and difficult in the extreme. In some parts the width of the channel is not the length of the ship you are piloting. There is no port in the world that has got a quarter the length of intricate navigation. You are constantly on the stretch. You cannot even go below to get your dinner. We never think of leaving the deck between here and the Isle of Wight. That is about eighteen hours on your legs, and twenty-four or twenty-five before you get home. I have been very fortunate. I have twice touched ground, but never had an accident. I saw the collision between the *Borderer* and a collier in this reach. The collier went down end on. When she touched bottom her bowsprit stood bolt upright, but the instant she touched it fell forward and disappeared. Several lives were lost. The tug that was towing my ship, the *Grecian*, of the Allen line, saved about twenty men. One man died on board the tug.

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"Formerly," continued Mr. Couves, "the same pilot took ships from London Bridge to the Downs and to the Isle of Wight; but since 1854 no more licenses of that kind have been granted, and there is only one man left who still holds one: that is Mr. Thomas Martin, who is a town councillor and a J.P." Mr. Couves himself, it should be added, is a town councillor and churchwarden.



MR. THOMAS MARTIN, J.P.
From a Photo. by J. Willis, Gravesend.

Mr. Frederick Pattison, the oldest of the compulsory river pilots, and, like Mr. Couves, holding office in the town, said the danger of the river pilot was the fog, and the smoke from the cement works in Northfleet Reach, which was often as bad as fog. Sometimes they would have a fog that would last for twenty-four hours. Then they were placed between two perils—that of colliding with some other vessel if they went on, and that of grounding if they stopped.

Questioned as to the rule in case of fog, Mr. Pattison said: "The rule is that you must not go on if there is fog; and yet it is very hard to obey the rule at times, because you know if you stop you will go aground."

"How is that?"

"Because the river is so narrow, and, in places, so shallow. Moreover, the traffic is so enormous. It is no uncommon thing to pass five or six hundred vessels on your way up to London Bridge, to say nothing of the dumb barges."

"What are dumb barges?"

"The barges that have no sails we call dumb barges, or dummies. They go up and down with the tide, large sweeps being the only propelling power they have. Sometimes we have to thread our way through three or four hundred of them. There is another thing you may mention as greatly adding to the difficulties of the navigation, and that is the dredging. The dredging of the Thames is simply a disgrace to the community. In fact, there is no dredging, properly speaking."

On this point all the river pilots were unanimous: there was not a dissentient voice; although many betrayed great hesitancy as to allowing statements to go forth in their names. The general complaint was that the dredging was partial, and was done rather for the purpose of getting gravel to sell for building purposes than to clear obstructions from the river. Then, the machinery was condemned as insufficient.

"There is one dredger," said Mr. Pattison, "that is at least ninety years old. I have known it on the river for fifty years myself, and when I first knew it 'twas said to be about forty years old."



MR. FREDERICK PATTISON.
From a Photo. by J. Willis, Gravesend.

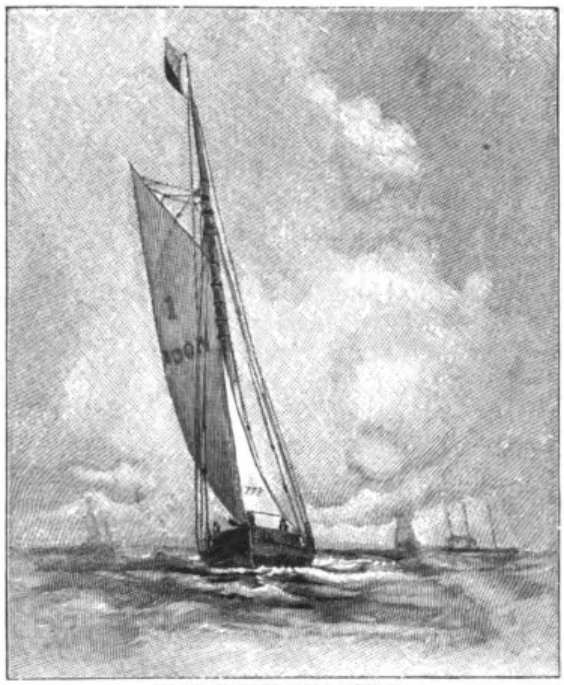
"It is simply pounds, shillings, and pence with the Thames Conservators," said another pilot. "The navigation of the river and the safety of hundreds of ships are sacrificed to

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a question of ballast. They won't go where the shallow water is, and they leave the mud at once for gravel. In the next reach, where we have five or six fathoms of water, you will often see five or six dredgers at a time, and there they stick."

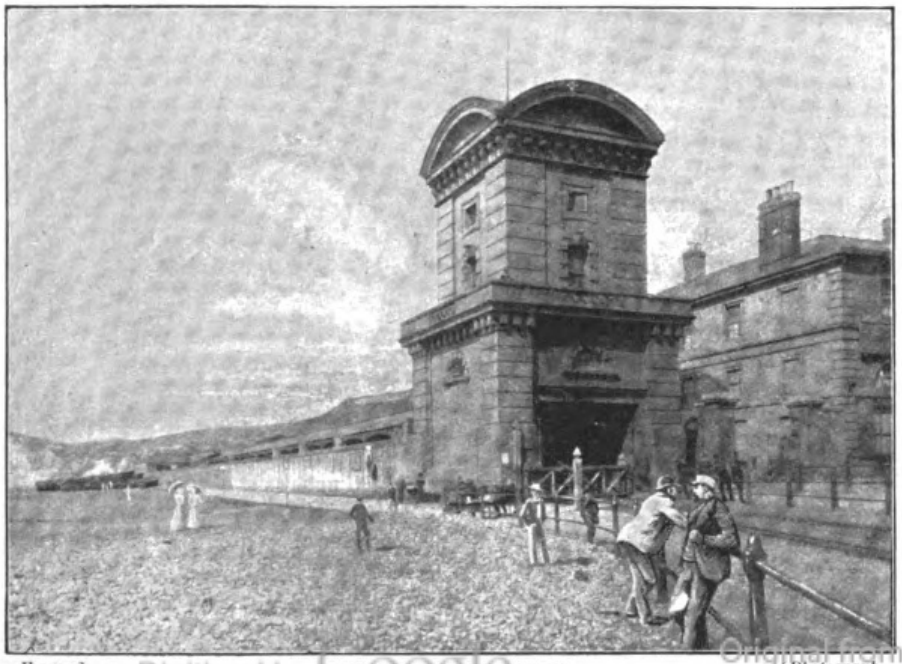
Mr. Pattison expressed the opinion that there ought to and might be twenty feet of water at low tide, all the way from Gravesend to the Tower. "Dredging," said he, "should be done to make the river navigable, and not for individual advantage. It should also be done in the summer, and not in the winter. Pilots have constantly to complain of the way in which dredgers are laid up the river in foggy weather."

Much has been said about the Cinque Ports pilots; but it will be necessary to give a little more detail, and that from the lips of members of the corps, in order to make their position clear. Although known as the Cinque Ports pilots, they are in reality Thames pilots. Each of the Cinque Ports, as well as all other small ports, has its local pilots. But the Trinity House Cinque Ports pilots are a body by themselves, just like the sea-going pilots of Gravesend. They have their headquarters at the Pilot House, just off the end of the pier at Dover. Here a number are always on duty, night and day. They have their bunks, in which two or three of them may sleep if necessary, and they have their look-out room, which allows them to sweep the sea with their glasses in every direction. The majority of the Cinque Ports pilots are stationed at Dover, but there are also a number at Deal (where they have also a look-out station), and several at Ramsgate.



PILOT CUTTER—OLD STYLE.
From a Sketch by Pilot Charrosin.

They are divided into "choice" pilots and cruising pilots. The "choice" pilots are, of course, those who are engaged by companies to take charge of their ships; but it is a rule that no man shall be employed by more than one company. These men are not called upon to take their turn on the steam cruiser, and so have much easier times of it than the turn men. Of the latter, from sixteen to twenty are always on board the steamer, which is kept replenished from shore as the men go off in rotation. She cruises off Dungeness in all weathers, where also French, Dutch, and Belgian pilot cutters may be seen cruising about, making that part of the Channel a scene of busy and picturesque life. The old style of pilot cutter will be seen from the above sketch by Pilot Charrosin.



From a Photograph.
THE PILOT HOUSE—DOVER.

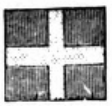
"Yes," said Mr. Wm. Ransom, one of the pilots stationed at Dover, "it is a

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very busy part just off Dungeness. You see, all vessels coming up the Channel, whether going to London or to the Dutch ports, make for Dungeness; outward ships, too, make for the same point. Every sailing master's own knowledge is sufficient to bring him to Dungeness; but from there he needs a pilot, or in most cases he does."



MR. WILLIAM RANSOM AND HIS FLAG.
From a Photo. by Alexander Crossman, Dover.



Asked as to the system pursued at Dover, Mr. Ransom said: "We keep eighteen men on the steamer, and the next four men on the list are on duty here to catch those ships that pass Dungeness without getting a pilot."

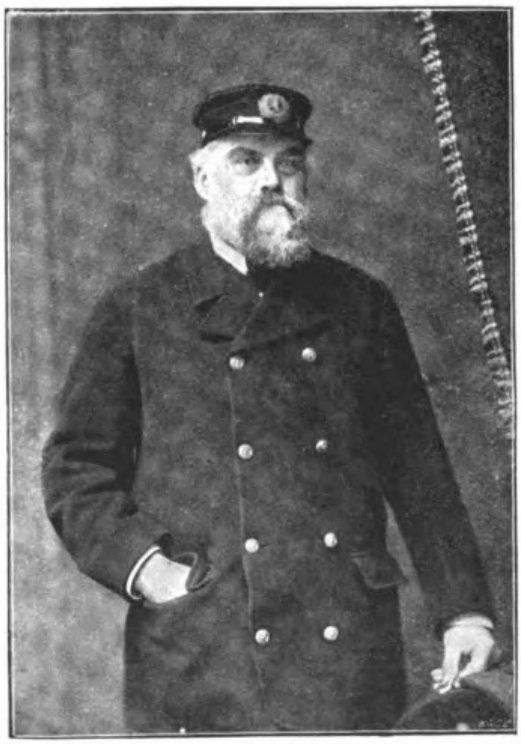
"How do you know when a vessel wants a pilot?"

"A jack on the foremast is the signal for a pilot in the day-time, and a blue flare is the signal by night. We know when a ship has a pilot on board, because we see the pilot flag flying. Every pilot has to carry the red and white flag with him, and hoist it as soon as he gets on board. In addition to that, each Cinque Ports pilot has a private flag, which he hoists under the pilot flag. My private flag is a yellow cross on a red ground; and when I pass here, they know from my flag that I am on board. By this means they can keep count how many have left the steamer, because we all go in regular rotation. But you should see Mr. Henry Foster, he would be able to give you more information than I can. He is the selected pilot for Her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*."

Mr. Foster was found at his residence, and though he was expecting a call to go out, he willingly gave half an hour to a talk about piloting. He had had, he said, seventeen years at sea before he became a pilot, and had visited most parts of the world. During all those years he kept a journal, and to that journal, in no small degree, the boys of England are indebted for many a stirring scene and incident in the late Mr. Kingston's sea-stories. The two were friends, and Mr. Foster's journal was lent to Mr. Kingston to draw from as he liked.

After a few minutes' talk on general matters, I said, "You are the pilot of Her Majesty's yacht, I believe, Mr. Foster?"

"Yes, I am the selected pilot for the *Victoria and Albert*. I was appointed in the Jubilee month, 1887, and I have held the appointment ever since. Whenever the Queen goes on board I am sent for. Only just recently I took the yacht to Flushing. I can tell you a little incident that is very interesting to me. I fell from the fore-yard on to the deck the night the Queen was married. The curious part of it was, that though I fell about forty feet I was hardly in the least hurt, my fall being broken by a spar. But it was a narrow escape, and it made me very careful ever afterwards. That was my first voyage, and a long one it was, beginning in January, 1840, and finishing May, 1844. The vessel was the *Sussex*, South Sea whaler. I resigned my position as captain of an Indian and China trader in 1856, to become a pilot. Piloting then was much more difficult than it is now. It has been greatly lightened by the introduction of steam, although the responsibility has increased. It was a science to work a sailing ship up the Channel, as we had to take them up by the lead. The substitution of a steamer, too, for





MR. HENRY FOSTER AND HIS FLAG.
(The Queen's Pilot.)
From a Photo. by Austin & Co., Hackney.

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the four cutters that used to cruise off Dungeness is a great improvement. The cruising is done much easier, and we all like it, though we have to pay for our own food on board, which we did not do formerly."

Asked if he had ever had an accident, Mr. Foster said: "I have lost anchors, chains, and masts, and have been on shore, but I have never lost a ship, though I have piloted 1,200. Nor have I ever been called into question in regard to competency and seamanship.

"Formerly I used to take a good deal of interest in regard to public questions touching pilotry, but now younger men have stepped into my place. When the question of the abolition of compulsory pilotage was before Parliament, I gave much attention to the subject, and spent some days going over Lloyd's Register. I found from it that out of about 60,000 vessels that had come into the Thames in the twenty years previous to 1870, only two had been lost that had Trinity House pilots on board. That is something to say for our pilot service.

"A great many casualties are due to nothing but carelessness. There hardly ever need be a collision if people would be careful. It is only a matter of observing the rule of the road—keeping to the port side. But some of the colliers and some of the companies' ships are reckless in navigation; they do not seem to care whom they run into."



MR. WILLIAM COLLINS HARRISON AND HIS FLAG.
From a Photo. by A. & G. Taylor.

William Collins Harrison, Deal pilot, was found on the water teaching his boys to row, they being destined, like their father, to the salt water. He left them to their divagations in order to come on shore and talk about the Cinque Ports pilots, a member of which body he became in 1866, being originally stationed at Ramsgate. "We begin at Ramsgate," said he, "then, as vacancies occur, we are moved up to Deal and to Dover. There used to be eight pilots at Ramsgate, now there are only three. There is not much call for their services, but it is necessary for some to be there, in case there be a call for them to go on board vessels that have passed the Downs without getting a pilot. This may occur in foggy or stormy weather, though it does not often happen. In the same way, it is necessary to have a number of men at Deal, in order to serve the vessels that get into the Downs. There are twenty-seven stationed here; but we all have to take our turn on the steamer. In all, the Cinque Ports pilots number eighty-seven. There have been no appointments for some time, because we were too many. It is proposed to reduce the number to eighty, and keep it at that figure.

"Formerly," continued Mr. Harrison, "the Cinque Ports pilots were under the authority of the Lord Warden; but on the death of the Duke of Wellington they came under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House. While he lived the Duke would have no change.

"All the navigating officers on board Her Majesty's ships are piloting officers to the Downs, and whenever they require a pilot they ask for one from here. The ships of the Channel Squadron are not allowed to have pilots at all, although foreign men-of-war are. All Her Majesty's ships can go in, if they like, without taking a pilot; but if they take one, they pay the regular pilotage dues. A pilot may take a man-of-war in and bring her out, which he cannot do with other ships. The same rule holds good in regard to Her Majesty's yachts."

"In cruising, I suppose you have to take what comes, in turns?"

"Yes, we have to take what comes, from a line-of-battle ship to a billy-boy. There is no choice in that matter, although I dare say you have heard of our 'choice' system. But it is worked very differently here to what it is at Gravesend. Here we 'pool' all the money, turn or choice, and the system works very well."

"How does the system work?"

"Well, say a man has a turn which comes to £10, and my turn next to him comes to £15, I have to put £5 into a common fund. Then, if the next man's turn does not come to £10, at the end of the month he takes from

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the pool enough to make up that sum. At the end of the quarter, any surplus that remains is shared according to turns; so that if a man has had ten turns in the quarter he gets ten shares; if he has had twelve turns, he gets twelve shares."



From a] PILOT HOUSE—DEAL. *[Photograph.*

Speaking of the dangers of the calling, Mr. Harrison said: "I do not want to magnify the difficulties of piloting, but we go many times on board with our lives in our hands. We have to cruise at Dungeness in all weathers—storm or shine. The steamer is not allowed to anchor under any circumstances, except in dense fog. Occasionally, of course, storms arise when nothing can hold up against them, then you are obliged to run; but so long as it is humanly possible to put a boat off we keep at sea. During the whole of my twenty-eight years' experience I have never known a cutter to anchor except in times of absolute necessity. The service has been greatly improved by the steam cruisers. It used to take us all our time to keep the cutters on the station in bad weather with a lee wind and tide, because we had not enough power to beat up. We had to continue beating up to windward in order to keep the station, as often under water as on the top of it. A greater danger than the cruising, however, was the boating from the cutters to the ship you were going on board in bad weather. I remember once, about 1872, being put from cutter No. 2 on board one of the British India boats in a gale of wind off Dungeness. The weather was so bad that when I came on board the captain said, 'I did not expect to get a pilot; I did not think any boat could live in such a sea. I would rather you had the job than me. I would not have gone into the boat for the ship and all her cargo.' If it had been his duty, however, he would have done it just as I did.

"But it is often ticklish work. The least hitch and over goes the boat. I have seen cutters jump right on to a boat. She has gone under the lee-bow and come out on the weather-quarter — smashed to pieces, naturally. We have just managed to pull the crew out of the boat before she went under. I have seen some narrow shaves. I remember the *Edinburgh* cutter being run down off Dungeness, in 1879, and ten pilots drowned. The cruising work is the worst part of our life. When once I get on board a ship, if it is a good one, I feel that my difficulties are largely over."

"And now, as to the pilot charges?"

"That varies according to the size of the ship, and it is charged by stations—from Dover to the Downs, from the Downs to North Foreland, and so on. The charge from Dungeness to Dover is eight shillings, no matter how big the ship. It seems rather absurd, twenty-eight miles for eight shillings! In addition to the pilotage tariff, there is a charge of £2 5s. for boarding: that goes to Trinity House for keeping up the cutter. At Harwich the boarding money is £3 3s.

"The average time for taking a ship in is about twelve hours, but I have been detained four, five, and six days. In the old times, when there were more sailing vessels, this was a common thing."

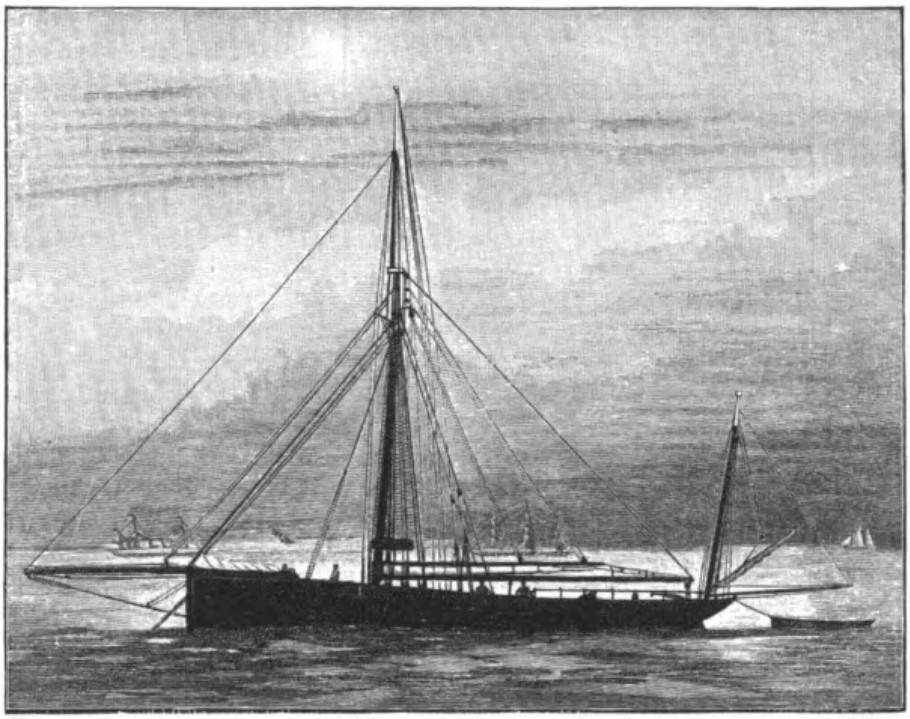
"I suppose piloting has changed very much since then?"

"Very much. I could tell you some amusing stories of those times. I remember on the Australian ships—often full of gold—the arrival on board of the pilot was a great event, and was looked forward to with much curiosity. When you got on board you saw the little children peeping at you, half afraid, between their fathers' legs, as though they expected to see a monster of some sort."

"Perhaps they had heard of pirates as well as pilots, and did not know the difference."

"Perhaps so. Then the passengers used to

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From a] NORTH SEA PILOT CUTTER. *[Drawing.*

bet on the pilot—sometimes for a week or two before they reached the Channel. They would lay wagers on his personal appearance, whether he was young or old, dark or fair, short or long, or whether he had a boss-eye or a crooked nose. Or it might be that the bet would be on the manner he came on board. I recollect once, as I was going on board, a lady rushed up to the rail and exclaimed: 'Oh, pilot, please put your left leg over the rail first!' She had a bet on, of course. I said, 'You are not fair, madam,' and put both legs over at once, and so caused that bet to be off."

The North Channel pilots are a somewhat different class of men to those at Gravesend and at the Cinque Ports. They seem, if possible, more bronzed and weather-beaten, and they certainly have a rougher time of it; their receipts also, on the whole, are less. There are in all forty-eight Trinity House pilots for the North Channel, and their cruising stations extend from Smith's Knowl on the north to Orfordness or the Sunk Lightship on the south. This is, of course, to catch all the vessels making for the Thames. The "Sunk," however, is the chief station, and here two of the eight cutters owned by the North Channel pilots are constantly cruising. But I had better let Mr. S. T. Whitnall, whom I found at Harwich, having just come in with a large steamship, tell the story of the pilots of this coast. After premising that he had spent twelve years rising from ship-boy to captain, and then had spent another eight years as skipper before he got his license as pilot, he said: "Since I became a pilot I have navigated all classes of vessels, including P. and O. and Castle Line steamers."

"Your system is different to that existing at Dover, I believe, Mr. Whitnall?"

"Yes, we run our own cutters, and we retain the boarding-money to keep them up instead of paying it to the Trinity House. We have to add to it also from our earnings. This, together with our keep on board the cutters, our railway fare from Gravesend to Harwich, when we have gone up with a vessel, and our expenses at both places, makes a considerable inroad upon our incomes."

"How do you manage about your food?"

"We carry a quantity of meat on board when we start, and keep as much of it fresh as we can; the rest we pickle. We have a cooking stove in the forecastle, with which we prepare our food. Then we have a good supply of soft bread and biscuit, and such other things as we require. Sometimes we do not come on shore for several days, and I have been out as long as ten days.

"You know, of course, we have no choice—we must take what comes. As the saying is, 'Pilots are made for ships, not ships for pilots.' If a ship comes from an infected port, like Hamburg—infected with cholera or small-pox—as soon as she arrives in our waters we must go on board; we dare not say nay. However great the risk, we have to board the ship, and there we must remain until the sanitary officer thinks fit to allow us to depart. If we leave the vessel without his permission we are liable to a heavy fine, or to dismissal. Three years ago one of our pilots had to remain on board the *Janna*, with cholera raging on board, for three days. If a pilot wantonly takes his vessel beyond the clearing station without permission, he is liable to a fine of £100.

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"You know, probably, that the system of 'choice' pilots does not exist among us—at least, only to a very small extent."

"And you have no pooling, as at Dover?"

"No, we each keep what we earn—and little enough it is when all deductions are made, including the three guineas a year for our licenses."

"Are none of your men stationed at Harwich?"

"We have a second-rank man here, that is, a man licensed only for ships of fourteen feet draught and under. The reason for that is because, if a first-class pilot were here, and he saw a second-class man bringing in a vessel of over fourteen feet, which sometimes happens if there is not a first-rank man at hand, he could go on board and order him off the ship."

"But how would he know?"

"He could tell by the man's flag; a second-rank man's flag having the red and white stripes running perpendicularly instead of horizontally."

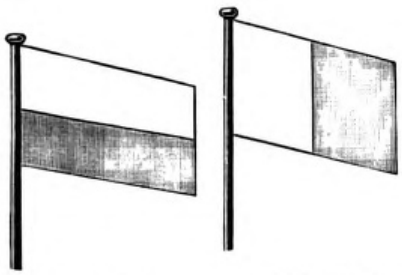
"That is the rule, is it?"

"Yes, a second-class man has no business on board a vessel above his draught, although he can pilot a ship of any draught if there is not another pilot at hand. Well, if he is obliged to take such a ship, and even then be liable to be turned off her at Harwich, and lose his fee, it would be pretty hard. So we have only a second-class man here. You get very funny feeding on some of these foreign ships. On a vessel from Finland, however, I had the strangest fare of all. For breakfast it was black rye bread and coffee. For dinner we had a strong soup made of very solid beef, with rice in it, and black bread and coffee. Supper, between six and seven, consisted of black bread and coffee again—hardly anything all day but black bread and coffee. When I got to Gravesend I was so ravenous that I thought I should never have done eating.



MR. S. T. WHITNALL.
From a Photo. by Alfred Price, Great Yarmouth.

"But the oddest of all my experiences was on board a Dutch ship, the *Antelope*, Captain Hutt. Soon after I got on board I was introduced by the captain, who could not speak any English, to his wife and daughter, and was invited to go down into the cabin. There I found a bottle of Hollands on the table, with glasses for six, and a bottle of bitters. The skipper filled the glasses with the gin and bitters and invited me to drink. It is not a thing I care for, but for politeness sake I managed to dispose of one glass. Then he poured out another and insisted on my taking that also. I took a little of it, and then excused myself and went on deck. This was early in the morning. Before dinner I was invited to go down again, and the same performance was gone through, all—the captain, his wife and daughter, and the two mates—taking their two big glasses of the gin and bitters, except myself. I sipped a little, then again excused myself, and went on deck. But I had not been there many minutes before the skipper's daughter came up and invited me to return to the cabin. The young lady was supposed to know English, and came with her father and mother to act as interpreter, and this is the form her invitation took: 'Captain speak me speak you come cabin mit captain gin mit de bitters drink um?' This ceremony of drinking 'gin mit de bitters' was gone through four times a day—before breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and on each occasion two big glasses were drunk."



FIRST-CLASS PILOT FLAG.

SECOND-CLASS PILOT FLAG.

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The Biggest Tobacco-Box in the World.

By Harry How.



THE BOX AND ITS SIX CASES.

And from his pocket next he takes
His shining horn tobacco-box,
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.
Wordsworth.

"WAAL, sir," remarked an enthusiastic gentleman from Nebraska to Mr. J. E. Smith, the vestry clerk of Westminster, "we can show you the biggest thing in waterfalls, rivers, and mountains, and I guess we can beat you in fires and railway smash-ups; but we'll give in over tobacco-boxes. This is the biggest, and I'll stake the entire States on that." Our friend from America was certainly not far out in his calculations. The famous receptacle for the fragrant weed which is faithfully guarded by the overseers of the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, is not only the biggest in the world, but unquestionably an historical curiosity into the bargain.

Some idea of its size may be formed from the fact that the combination of boxes weighs very little short of a hundredweight; and, when these are regarded from an historical point of view, they become absolutely unique, for they practically chronicle the story of the doings of this nation—or, at any rate, the principal events—for the last 181 years.

Old Henry Monck was fond of his pipe, and when his work as overseer was done in the daytime, he would adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, and, with his fellow-parochial officers, sit and talk over the business of the parish, as they idly enjoyed the luxury of their respective real, unadulterated "churchwardens." He lived in Boreman's Court, on the south side of Gardner's Lane, and was in many ways a fortunate individual, for he was exempt from being rated; a common custom, by-the bye, in those days, when all gentlemen serving as parish officers—from the churchwarden to the "Amen" parish clerk—were never worried by the irrepressible rate-collector; for their services to the parish were considered of such importance, that "rates" was a thing which never appeared in their personal account-books. Old Henry Monck, therefore, decided to perpetuate his memory in a peculiar way.

Tradition hath it that he purchased the horn tobacco-box at Horn Fair, Plumstead, for the small sum of fourpence, and presented

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the box to a society formed of the past and present overseers of the parish. The original box is only 4½in. long by 3¾in. wide; 1¼in. outside, by ¾in. inside depth; and it weighs 10½oz. The members were so delighted with the old fellow's gift that they ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was religiously committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, who handed it to his successor with some additional silver ornament. So, year after year, the box has grown bigger and bigger. The gentlemen who followed old Monck in the office of overseer thought fit, at the end of their term of service, to chronicle on the box events of importance which had occurred during their period of office. A similar act has been carried on year after year, and the original fourpenny tobacco-box now rests within no fewer than six massive cases; the last case and pedestal being octagonal in shape, and constructed out of an oak beam taken from Westminster Abbey. It is surmounted by a beautifully chased silver statuette of the Queen, which cost £50, and was added as a memento of Her Majesty's year of Jubilee.



THE ORIGINAL BOX.

The ceremony of annually passing over the box from the out-going overseer to the incoming one is very elaborate, and has a distinctly pleasant savour of "the good old times." It takes place after the customary dinner at the annual general meeting.

The usual toasts have been proposed and drunk with enthusiasm, when, amidst silence, the senior churchwarden rises, and solemnly demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. Then the secretary examines it, and has to declare whether it is in as good a condition as when delivered; what is the nature of the last ornament added, and, what is more important than all, if the original box contains a proper quantity of tobacco. Should the secretary's report be a satisfactory one, the box is placed in front of the chairman, who immediately proposes a toast: "The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box, and the additional ornament."

"Are you willing to accept the box and cases upon the usual conditions?" is the question asked of the senior overseer. Of course, he says "Yes." Then is the box and its cases handed over to him, with the following charge: "This box and the several cases are the property of the Past Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, upon condition that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also upon further condition that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, in as good a state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas." This charge having been given, the chairman proposes "The new overseers, wishing them health to go through their office," and the ceremony attending another transfer of the famous box is over.

A reference to the minute-books of the Past Overseers' Society shows that on several occasions the chairman has been fined the aforementioned six bottles of wine. Here are a few extracts: "January 13th, 1831. The tobacco-box, having been called for by the chairman, was not produced at a quarter before ten o'clock. It was then moved and seconded, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Overseer Page be fined six bottles of port." "August 9th, 1832. Mr. Overseer Lucas produced the tobacco-box, containing what was not considered by a majority of the society 'tobacco.'" Mr. Overseer Lucas was accordingly fined six bottles of wine, but allowed to mention the occurrence in arrest of judgment at the next meeting. Mr. Lucas was acquitted. It seems, however, that Mr. Overseer Downey was the most unfortunate individual in the way of having to pay the fine, for on no fewer than three occasions—on May 13th, 1847; September 10th, 1847; and Novem-

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ber 11th, 1847—he failed to produce the tobacco-box, and was fined six bottles of port for each offence. Mr. Overseer Downey, notwithstanding the fact that the society carried the fine unanimously, did not pay up till April 3rd, 1848.

The box has passed through quite a number of vicissitudes. Until recently it was the custom for its possessor for the time being to keep the treasure at his own house. In 1785, when the box was not worth a tithe of its value to-day, some enterprising burglars made arrangements to annex it. Mr. Gilbert, overseer at the time, however, had it securely put away in some corner of his house, where the burglars failed to find it. In 1793, when in the custody of Mr. Overseer James Read, the vestry refused to pass his accounts. He therefore threatened that he would not deliver up the tobacco-box, and an application was made in the High Court of Chancery against him. The Court ordered that the box be delivered into the charge of Master Leeds, pending the result of the suit. For three years it remained in his possession, until on the 5th of March, 1796, the case came before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This event in the history of the Westminster Tobacco-Box involved a bill of £376 13s. 11d. for costs, £300 of which was paid by the defendant and the balance by the society. So delighted were the society at once more obtaining the possession of their much-loved treasure, that they caused a special plate to be added to the box, on which appeared the inscription: "Justice Triumphant! Fraud Defeated!! The Box Restored!!!"

In the year when Her Majesty ascended the Throne, the box came very near being destroyed by fire. Mr. Milns, the then custodian of the box, kept a draper's shop in Bridge Street. The place caught fire, and his wife, knowing how much old Henry Monck's legacy was valued, rescued the box from its perilous position before anything else, and conveyed it to a place of safety. In 1887, fifty years after this event, the old lady made a special visit to the Town Hall, at Westminster, to see the box. She was then ninety years of age.

The box has frequently been exhibited, and has been examined by many eminent people. In 1860, the overseers had the honour of submitting it to Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and the Royal children for their inspection, and a letter was received from Buckingham Palace stating that "Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort were very much interested in the examination of this very curious and interesting box, and I received the commands of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness to thank the members of the society, in their name, for affording them an opportunity of seeing it."

On the 18th of January, 1877, the overseers exhibited the box before the assembled members of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. In describing it, the printed "Proceedings" remarks:—

"The humble horn tobacco-box had now become of great value and bulk. It was ornamented within and without to repletion, and there was no longer room for any additions. But each senior overseer (with one or two exceptions) showed a desire to emulate the example of his predecessors, and so it became necessary to manufacture a new outer case for it. This was then ornamented, and, when there was no longer room for additions, a new case was added, which was in turn ornamented, until, at the present day, the original trumpery horn tobacco-box reposes in six massive and embellished cases, each case fitting one in the other; so that the whole is of greater bulk and worth than any other tobacco-



FIG. 1.

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FIG. 2.

box in the United Kingdom—probably in the world."

The amount of history which is chronicled on the original box and the six cases will be readily understood when it is mentioned that it has no fewer than 133 silver plates, and to carefully examine and note every one would occupy from four to five hours. As one takes up the original tobacco-box, and goes on from case to case and plate to plate, they not only show how the art of engraving has developed, but reveal what may be termed the pardonable conceits of the gentlemen who had the box in their possession from time to time, together with the diversity of their notions as to what should be considered events of national importance. Portraits predominate, though stirring events are by no means lacking. It would be impossible within the limits of this paper to make mention of all the chronicles. The most curiously interesting and important will suffice.

The top of the original tobacco-box (Fig. 1) bears the arms of the City of Westminster and surrounding ornaments. Inside the lid is an engraving by Hogarth of a bust of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, with a prefix commemorative of the Battle of Culloden. On the bottom of the box is a figure of Charity (Fig. 2). In 1749 the big event of the year, in the opinion of the then overseers of Westminster, was the fireworks exhibited in the St. James's Park on the occasion of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1779 parochial ideas seemed to have advanced to the battle stage, for we have depicted the engagement between the English and French fleets off Ushant on the 12th July, 1778—the wooden walls of Old England being very cleverly engraved, and the whole scene very effective, with unlimited smoke as befits a tobacco-box—and the picture of a court-martial held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser, the Rear-Admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The



FIG. 3.

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gallant admiral is shown receiving back his sword, and his right foot firmly crushing down a six-headed dragon (Fig. 3).

A portrait of the notorious John Wilkes is inside the bottom of the second case. The seventh plate added tells that the box and its case had been repaired by the overseers —a statement which is subsequently frequently repeated—together with a picture of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room, administering relief. We are told, as per Plate IX. (*i.e.*, the ninth plate added), that His Majesty King George III.'s health was restored on March 10th, 1789, the same being celebrated by a general illumination. The plate for 1790 bears a by no means unworthy reproduction of the altar-piece of St. Margaret's Church, representing the Supper at Emmaus, in basso-relievo, by Adkin, from a painting by Titian.

Another plate not only bears the aforementioned fact that Justice was triumphant and the box restored, but the statement that it was in this year—1800—that the naval glory of this country was again in the ascendant, with portraits of Howe, Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. In 1807 the plate bears a facsimile of the Old Sessions House at Westminster, and Plate XIV. shows the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall in the act of pronouncing in favour of the restoration of the box and cases to the Past Overseers' Society (Fig. 4).



THE FOURTH BOX.

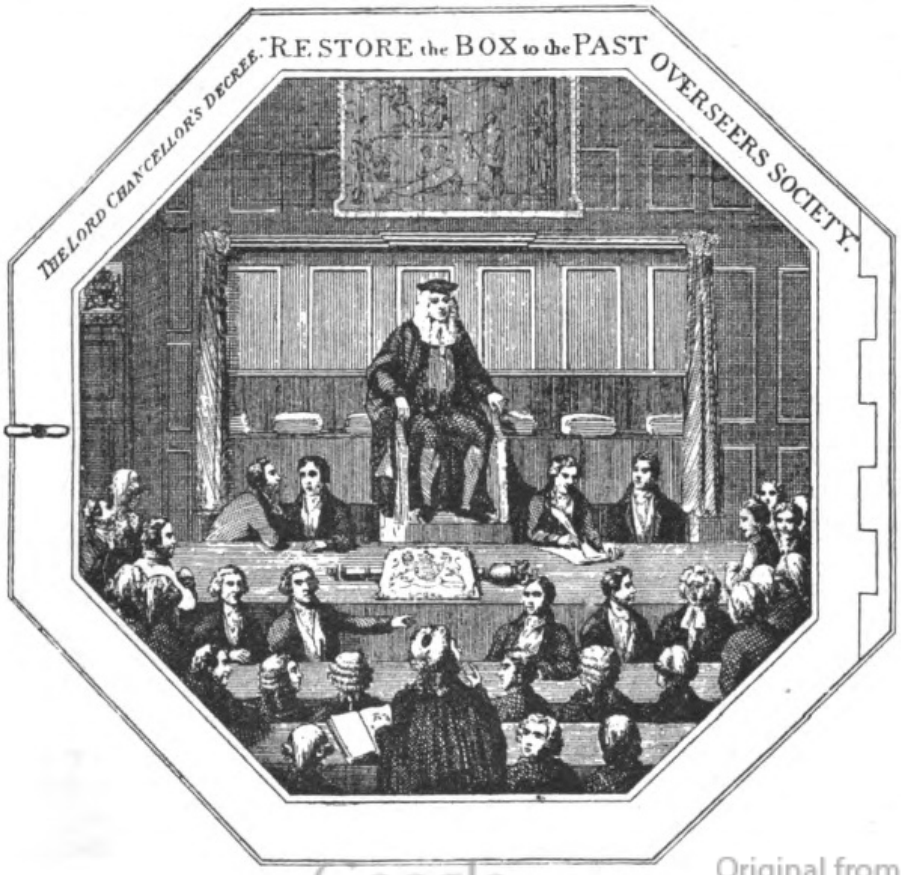


FIG. 4.

This latter plate is a very characteristic piece of workmanship of the day, and equally well executed are the pair of plates—which form the sides of one of the early cases — of Charing Cross at the time of the Proclamation of Peace in 1802 (Fig. 5) and the interior of Westminster Hall, showing the St. Margaret and St. John's Volunteers attending Divine service on the 19th October,

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1803, the day appointed for a general fast, the service being performed at the drum-head by the Rev. W. W. Dakins, Minor Canon of St. Peter's, Westminster (Fig. 6).

"The wooden walls of Old England" seem to have been in high favour with the overseers, for we have on successive plates a report of the naval engagement between His Majesty's ship *St. Fiorenzo*, of thirty-six guns, and the French frigate, *La Piedmontaise*, of fifty guns; the Battle of the Nile; the Battle of Trafalgar, with a good portrait of Nelson,

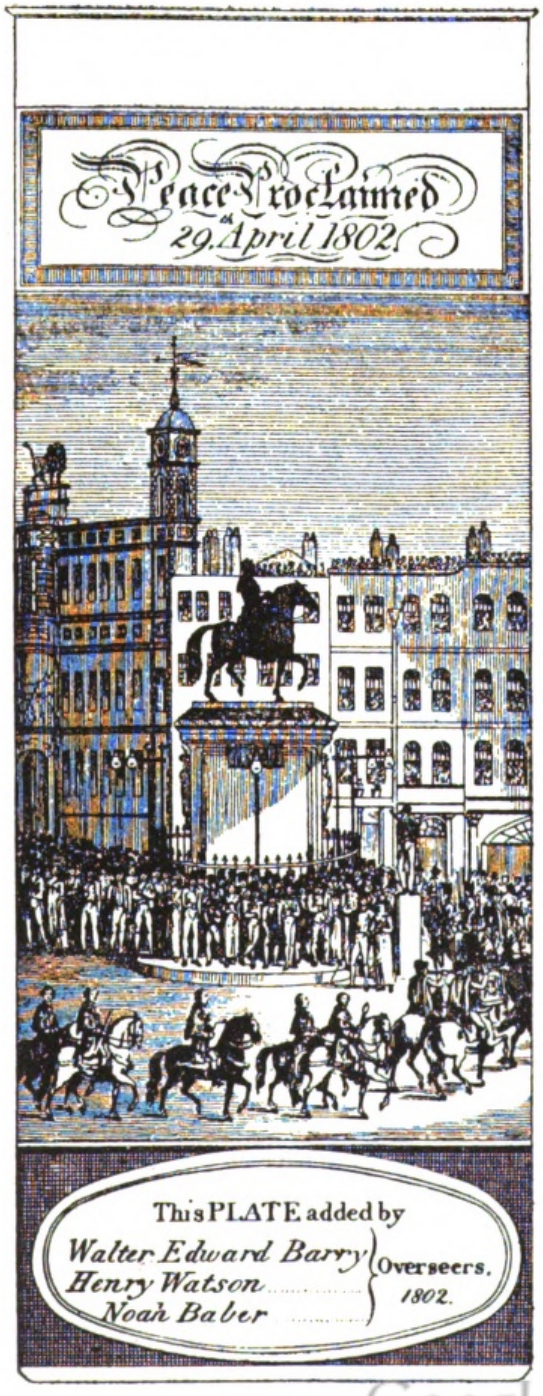


FIG. 5.

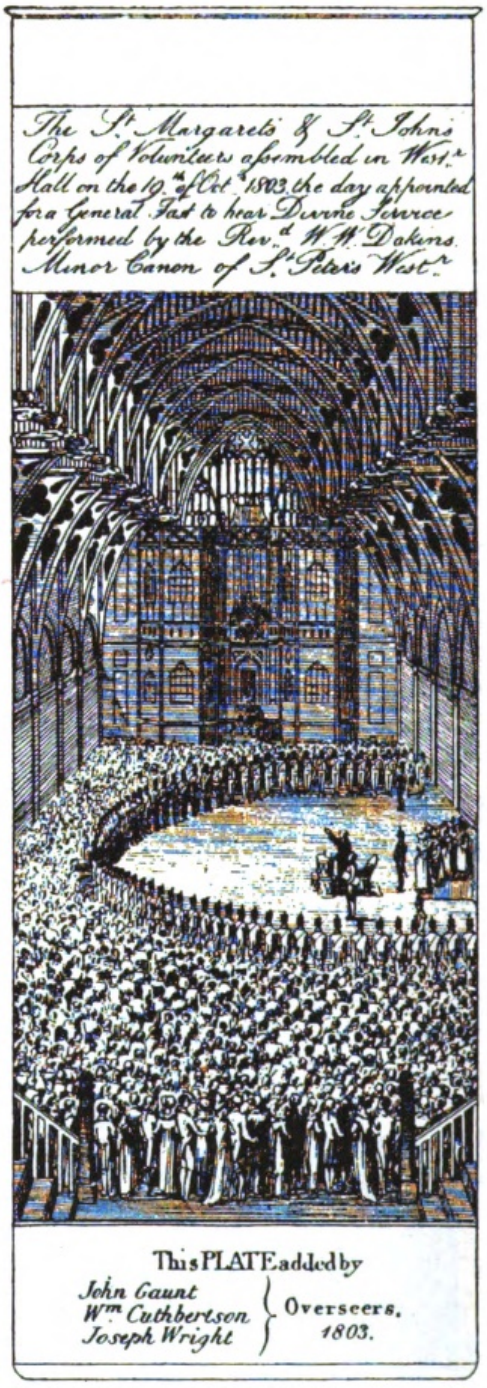


FIG. 6.

surrounded by his words: "England expects that every man will do his duty" (Fig. 7); and the China Fleet repulsing the French Squadron, commanded by Admiral Linois.

Our heroes on land, however, are not forgotten, for they form the subject of the Conquest of Egypt: a somewhat curious plate, by-the-bye, the leader of the British troops being presented in the act of riding desperately on horseback, the horse and commander being almost as big as the two pyramids in the foreground.

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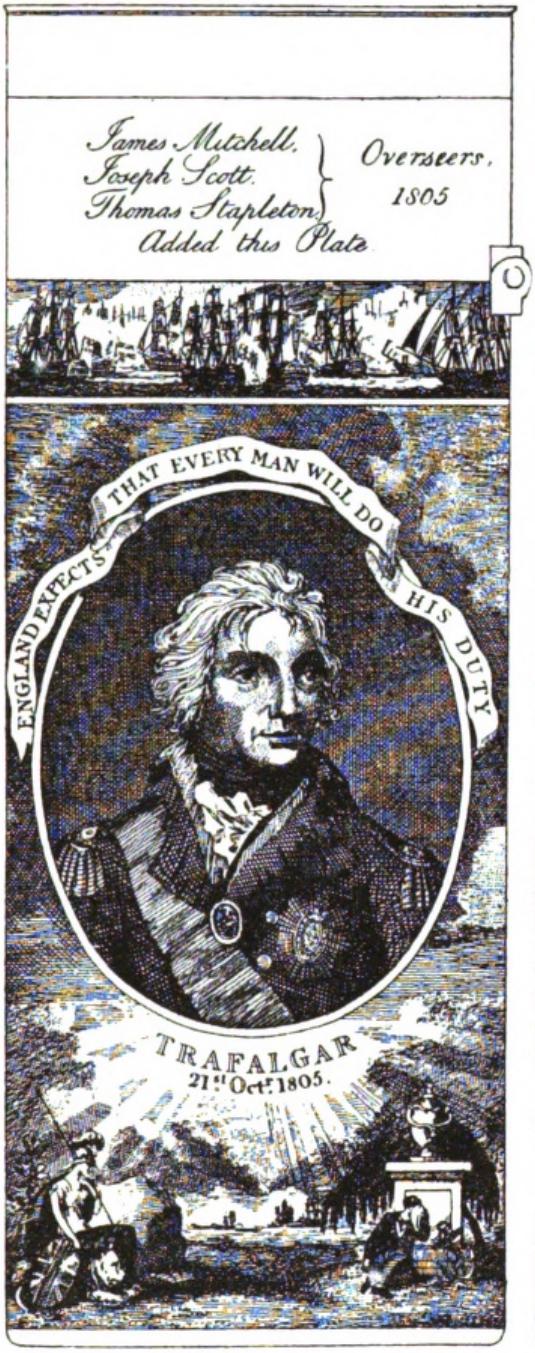


FIG. 7.

There are portraits of Pitt and Fox; whilst one plate gives a capital view of Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church, and the announcement of the Jubilee of His Majesty King George the Third, "entering the 50th Year of his Reign in, as well as over, the hearts of his people." The following plate bears emblematical figures, in testimony of the departed worth of His Majesty and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

A representation of the Battle of Waterloo (Fig. 8) is, perhaps, the most elaborate piece of engraving which had been placed on the box up to that time. Wellington is in the centre of the picture pointing his instructions with the bâton. The dead and dying are in the foreground, and there is heavy

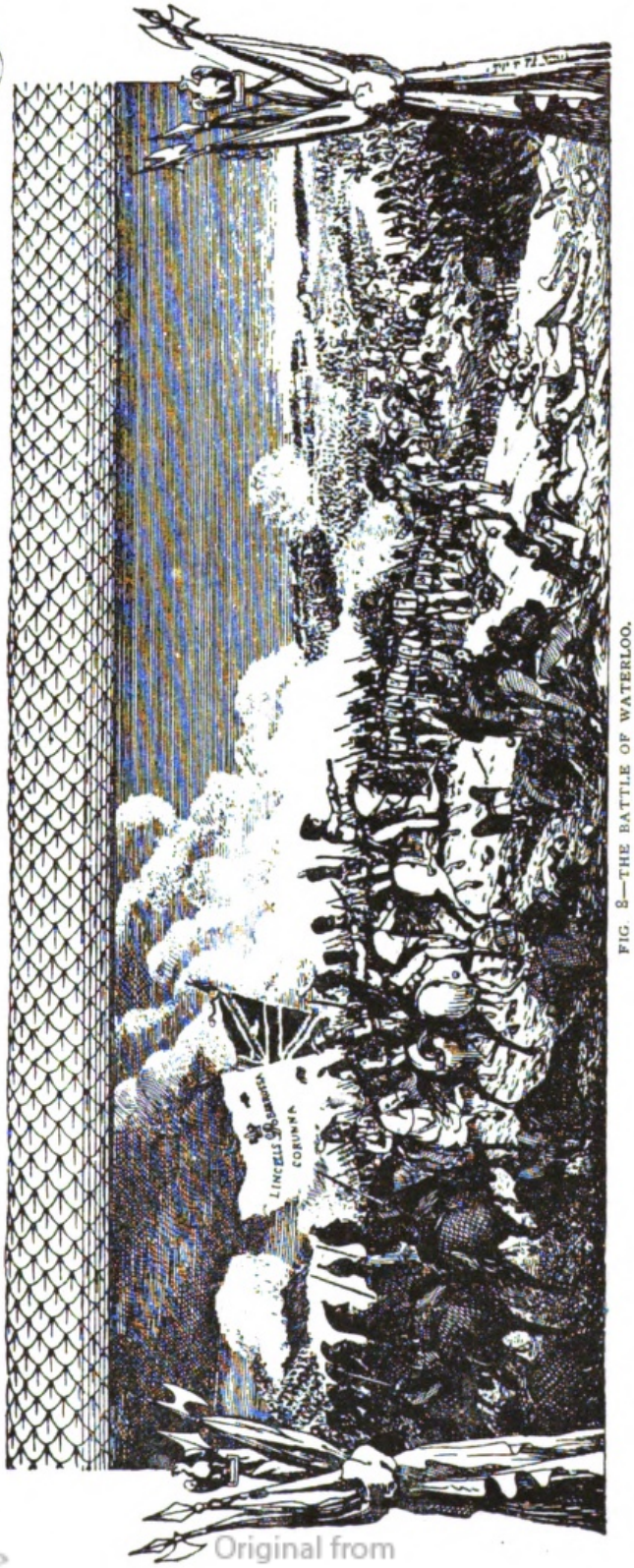


FIG. 8—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

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fighting away in the distance. The inscription which accompanies this plate is somewhat striking, and distinctly expressive. It reads: "This plate commemorates the Glorious Victory achieved on the 18th of June, 1815, near the Village of Waterloo, by the British Army, under the Command of Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, with the united aid of Prussia and Holland, completed the downfall of the odious tyrant Bonaparte, and the destruction of that military system of terror and devastation, which had under him been the scourge of Europe, the disgrace of France, and the abhorrence of mankind, thereby securing, under Providence, the



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

blessings of Peace and Civilized Order to a long-suffering world, and reflecting immortal Honour on the Wisdom and Valour of the British Nation." This plate was added by "John Pepper and John Simpson, Overseers of the Poor of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, 1815 and 1816." A number of Royal pictures here follow, notably those of Princess Charlotte of Wales and one in memory of the death of Queen Charlotte of Great Britain, consort of George III. The quotation from Shakespeare which accompanies this latter picture is a very beautiful one:—

> I saw a blessed troop o' Spirits
> Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun,
> And promised me eternal happiness.

George III.'s visit to Scotland is appropriately commemorated (Fig. 9), and the interior of the House of Lords during the trial of Her Majesty Queen Caroline is given considerable prominence in a large and well-engraved picture. The passing of the Reform Bill; the opening of Westminster Hospital; the destruction of both Houses of Parliament on the evening of the 16th October, 1834; and the fact that John Johnson, Esquire, Senior Churchwarden of St. John's, was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, are duly set forth; whilst the plate for 1837–38 is a most important one, for it bears record of the following memorable events: The death of His Majesty King William IV.; the Acces-

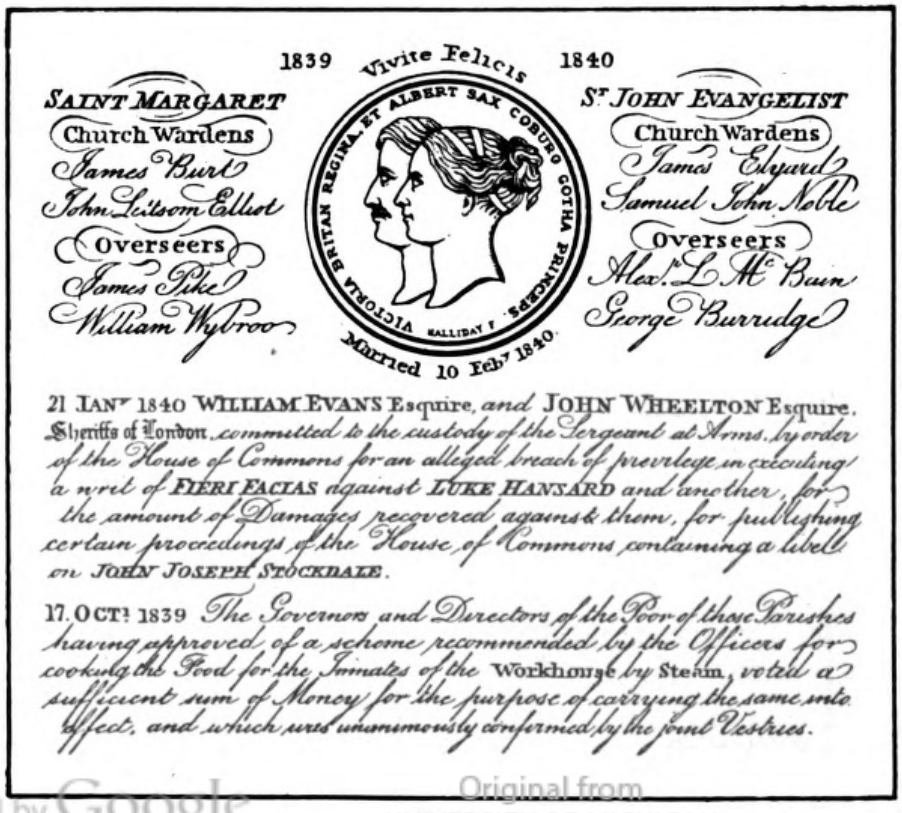
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THE FIFTH BOX.

sion of Queen Victoria (who was born at Kensington Palace, in the Parish of St. Margaret); the consecration of St. Mary's Chapel, Vincent Square; the embankment of the River Thames preparatory to the erection of the new Houses of Parliament; and the total destruction by fire of the Royal Exchange.

The crowning of Queen Victoria is on the same plate which commemorates that: "The Governors and Directors of the Poor of these Parishes placed at the disposal of the officers a sufficient sum of money to effect extensive alterations and improvements in the workhouse" (Fig. 10); whilst the marriage of Her Majesty is announced with the statement that, on the 17th October, 1839, "the Governors and Directors of the Poor of these Parishes, having approved of a scheme recommended by the officers for cooking the food for the inmates of the Workhouse by steam, voted a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of carrying the same into effect" (Fig. 11). The births of the Princess Royal (Dowager-Empress of Germany) and the Prince of Wales are loyally set forth (Fig. 12), and, whilst learning that the Queen and Prince Consort paid a visit to the King and Queen of the French in 1843, we are reminded that "Simon Stevenson, Esquire, the Vestry Clerk of St. Margaret's, died suddenly in the vestry-room whilst discharg-



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FIG. 12.

ing his duties, and having held the appointment for upwards of 46 years."

A good word is given for the special constables, 3,752 of whom were sworn in these parishes, for their services during the Chartist Riots. St. Stephen's Church, consecrated, built, and endowed at the sole cost of Miss Burdett-Coutts; the death of Sir Robert Peel, the result of a fall from his horse (Fig. 13);



FIG. 13.

and the huge success of the great Exhibition in 1851 is substantiated by the statement that "it was visited by 6,063,986 persons (110,000 being admitted on one day), and the total receipts were £505,107 5s. 7d." (Fig. 14).

The Battle of Balaclava; the Battle of Inkermann; the death of Joseph Hume, M.P., father of the House of Commons; the arrival of "Big Ben" in the Palace of Westminster, October 21st, 1856, in the twentieth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and first sounded on the same day; the cracking of the same big bell on October 24th, 1857; the Indian Mutiny, May 18th, 1857; the marriage of



FIG. 14.

the Princess Royal, and the birth of Prince Frederick William of Prussia (Fig. 15); the deaths of Lord Macaulay, Robert Stevenson, and Brunel, and that of the Duchess of Kent, are chronicled on various plates. The plate in memory of the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort is a plain but beautiful one, and bears an admirable likeness of the late Consort of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, "who terminated a life of exemplary virtue and usefulness on the 14th of December, 1861, eliciting national sorrow for his loss and universal sympathy for our beloved Queen" (Fig. 16).

The marriage of the Prince of Wales (Fig. 17); the birth of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor; the death of Viscount Palmerston, and of George Peabody, the great philanthropist; the illness of the Prince of

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FIG. 15.

Edinburgh ; the loss of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, 24th March, 1878 ; the erection of Cleopatra's Needle ; war between England and Afghanistan ; the blowing down of the Tay Bridge ; assassination of Alexander II., Czar of Russia, in 1881 ; and the deaths of Beaconsfield, Lord Hatherley, and Dean Stanley, are all extensively noted.

A portrait of General Gordon, and the announcement of his death, January, 1885, at Khartoum, is recorded (Fig. 18). In 1885 the revised Bible is published and sixpenny telegrams come into force ; 1887 is the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and "the jubilant voice of a loyal

Wales, his recovery, and the thanksgiving at St. Paul's, February 27th, 1872 ; the Tichborne trial ; the marriage of the Duke of

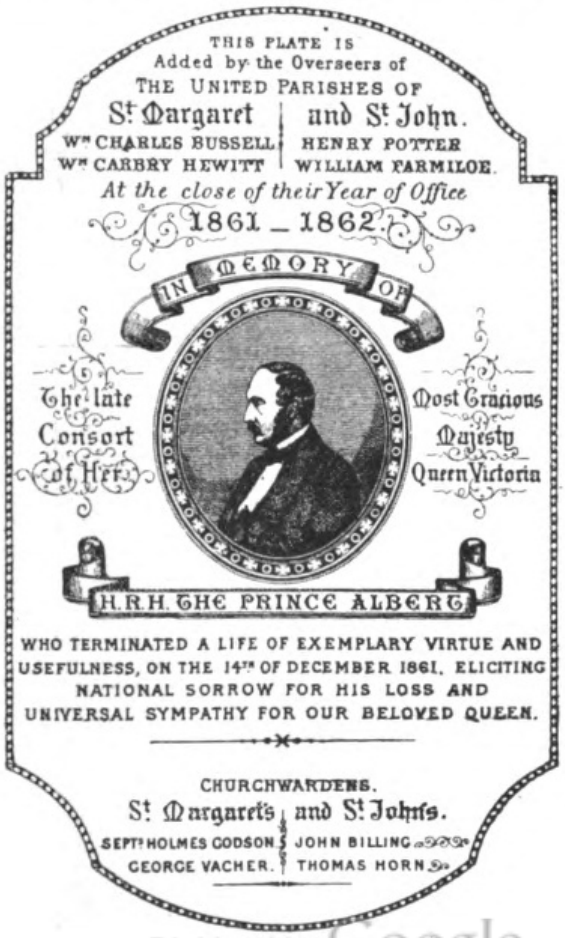


FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.

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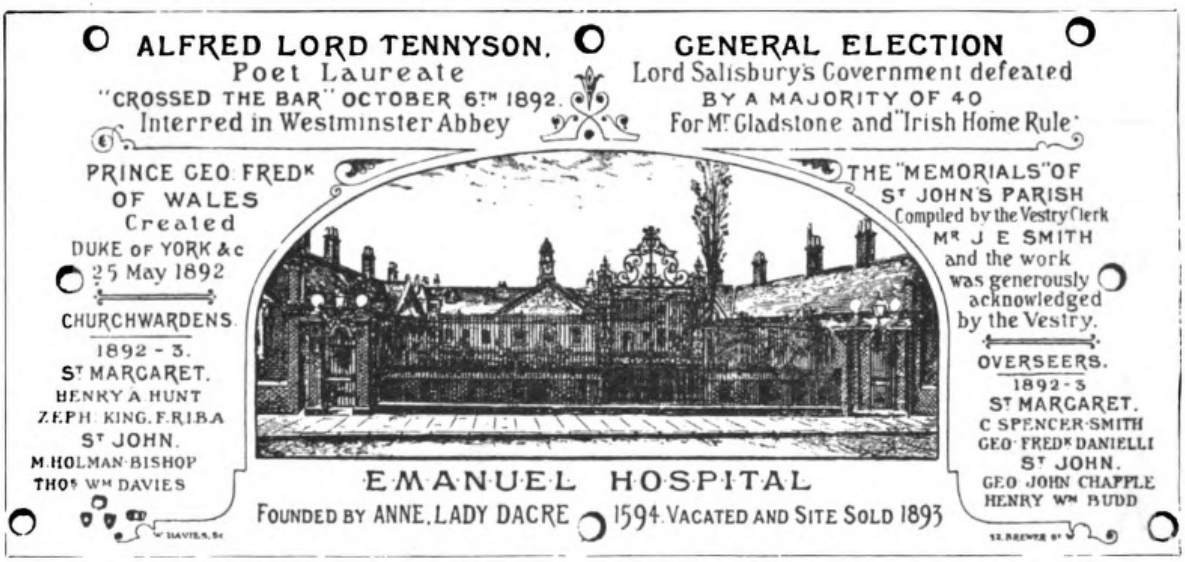
and mighty people is heard throughout a world-wide Empire proclaiming the completion of Queen Victoria's Fifty Years' Reign. By gorgeous decorations and the entertainment of the poor by day, and by a thousand beacon fires on the hill-tops and countless illuminations in the streets by night, all England, rural and urban, kept the festival."



FIG. 18.

The plate for 1891 and 1892 contains the announcement of the decease of Cardinal Manning and Lord Tennyson. The plate for 1893 not only announces the marriage of the Duke of York to Princess May, and the opening of the Imperial Institute by Her Majesty, but the fact of the completion and opening of new public libraries and public baths and washhouses in Great Queen Street, August, 1893.

The plate for 1894 is yet to be added, but it may interest readers to know that one announcement has already been decided upon, that of the birth of a little son to the Duke and Duchess of York.





THE PRESENT DEACONS.

MR. F. BARNES. MR. JOHN BURKE (CHAIRMAN). DR. R. W. JONES. MR. R. TUNSTALL.

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The Nona.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. ANDRE GODARD.

AWAKENING from a state of lethargy, Comte Raymond de Villemère beheld his doctor gazing on him sadly.

"Saved once more!" breathed the Comte, and he smiled as he stretched out his arms.

"My poor friend," sighed the doctor.

The sick man stared aghast.

"Pull yourself together!" he continued. "You are a man who can stand the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Your symptoms are those of the *Nona*."

"Of what?"

"A curious plague. When the state of lethargy is over, the patient has three lucid hours, at the end of which he dies suddenly."

"Whew!"

"Now, look here, keep your spirits up, like the plucky fellow that you are! After all is said and done, life is not worth living for! Good-bye—good-bye, my poor friend, good-bye!"

Ten minutes later the Comte had risen. Clad in his flannel smoking-jacket, he was putting the last touches to his toilet. The doctor had withdrawn, that his friend might have time to settle his worldly affairs.

When he had done brushing his moustache and smoothing his finger-nails, Raymond chose one of his driest cigars and lit it, while casting a sorrowful look at the others, those which he was not to smoke. Then he threw himself on his divan and began to reflect.

However brave he might be, however fearless of death, Comte de Villemère soon came to the conclusion that his case was a peculiarly aggravating one.

The day before, so soon as he was taken with fever—he had made up his mind to prepare for the worst—he had sent for his lawyer and for a priest, and destroyed all his letters. Then he had laid down his giddy head and fallen asleep, with the conviction that he would not wake again before Doomsday.



"HE BEGAN TO REFLECT."

But now he was like a condemned man who, after having made sure of a reprieve, found himself suddenly on the way to the scaffold.

Outside, in the cheery atmosphere of a bright June day, the Champs-Elysées were alive with a continuing stream of smart carriages; everybody and everything spoke of happiness and health; he himself had never felt so fit; and he was asked to believe that to-morrow there would be nothing left of all this—so far as he was concerned—but a mournful crowd of friends, a trip in a slow, jolting hearse,

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and the mumbling of the priest before an open grave.

To-morrow the joys and friendly ties of his whole life would be gone for ever!

Whilst he was finishing his cigar, reclining listlessly on the cushions of his divan, Raymond saw all his life flit past him as in a dream. Nearly-forgotten episodes of his childhood cropped up as if they were quite recent; then, in rapid succession, his mind dwelt on the many times he had fallen in love between fifteen and twenty-five: until he came to the first month of his married life.



"AS IN A DREAM."

How full of unmitigated joy those days had been! Raymond remembered the minutest events of his honeymoon or moons, spent in fun and frolic, with pleasant excursions, verging on bachelor's dissipation, and freaks which made lively gossip for fashionable folk. Delighted beyond measure by the admiration which his wife excited wherever he took her, he was more madly in love after his marriage than before. He would have been jealous if the mere possibility of such a thing could have been seriously entertained by either of them. And all this passionate love had been brought to an end by a scandalous separation, owing to a blunder on his part and a rash escapade of the little Comtesse.

By mutual consent they had separated. Yet, strange to say, their love for each other had continued. So far as the world was concerned, their relations were restricted to icy bows whenever they met on the Boulevards, but their professed indifference for each other scarcely deceived their common friends.

The idea of dying without having seen once more the woman he loved above all others appeared preposterous to the Comte. Studied obstinacy and stern resolve seemed to be altogether out of place when brought face to face with everlasting separation.

What risk did he run now in attempting a reconciliation, even if it were not to succeed?

Raymond sprang to his feet, and, seating himself before his writing-desk, scribbled hurriedly a short telegram and sent it off by his valet.

He looked at his watch; he had two hours more to live—the Comtesse would have time to come.

Would she come? Would she be touched by a note containing a dying man's farewell? Or in the relentless dignity of offended woman, would she refuse to forgive, even under these solemn circumstances?

The anguish of uncertainty, added to the moral torture, made Raymond wince despite all his nerve and resolution to take his inevitable fate coolly. With something very like terror, he eyed the fleeting minutes which separated him from eternity.

Another hour flew away while he was getting ready to die, stopping now and then to muse with melancholy on his past life. He wrote to his mother a very long letter, full of reminiscences of his early life, and as he did so, tears came to his eyes.

Suddenly Raymond started at the sound of the electric bell. After a few seconds of wild expectation the door was opened and the servant ushered in:—

"Madame la Comtesse de Villemère!"

He rose from his seat, very pale.

"Odette!" he exclaimed.

But the young woman remained standing

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on the threshold, her features contracted with anger.

"This is a most shameless trick, sir."

"A trick! What do you mean?"

"You wrote me word that you are dying, and I find you up and well, writing your letters. Good-bye, sir."

"Odette! Do let me explain; one word only!" And as she was leaving, the Comte snatched up from his desk the letter he was writing to his mother, and held it out to her. "Read this, before leaving," he gasped.

She took the letter, glanced at the first few lines, and then fell on Raymond's neck, sobbing.

"Poor boy! It was the truth."

For a few minutes they remained clasped in each other's arms, full of passion and pain, giving mute expression to the memory of the happy months they had spent together, and to remorse for the year of happiness they had lost by their separation.

They sat down close to one another, hand in hand, completely overcome by their feelings.

At last the Comte bethought himself of his forefathers, one of whom had climbed the steps of the scaffold in '93 whistling a tune from the "Indes galantes."

"Well, never mind," said he, with a smile. "Suppose I ought not to complain: I am dying of a complaint which will be fashionable to-morrow."

But Odette looked at him reproachfully, and he did not continue. Women have no taste for irony.

They chatted about old times: at first almost in a whisper, as if they were in a room where death had stricken down a fellow-creature; then, by degrees, the remembrance of better days brought to mind a little incident which made their lips smile, while their eyes caught sight on the wall of some object recalling particulars of the life they had led formerly, such as the picture of a chase, which evoked the sound of the huntsman's horn as it rent in glowing gladness the November mist, and they dwelt with pleasure on the day when they had cantered side by side, rustling the brown leaves which covered the forest path.



"MADAME LA COMTESSE DE VILLEMERE!"

Miniature fans, dusty accessories of charming cotillons, reminded them of a German waltz which they had danced before their marriage; and how they had flirted the same evening under the palm trees of the hothouse.

They lived over again their rides in the Bois de Boulogne, under the green, shady boughs, when they were like two boys out for a spree, breakfasting at the *Pavillon Chinois*, and coming back through the Champs Elysées to take their part in the exuberant life of the gay city; they would part for a few hours, yearning to meet again—after being bored at the club and at five o'clock tea—in their box at the Opera or in the *tête-à-tête* of their home.

Raymond and Odette were so absorbed by these old *souvenirs*, that they became oblivious of time and of the terrible circumstance which had brought them together again.

The bell rang; they awoke to painful reality, and exchanged a horrible look of anguish.

"Doctor Darlois!" announced the valet.

"Why, you do not mean to say you are out of bed?" said the medical man, with an

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amazed countenance. "I was coming to——"

"You were coming?"

"Well, I do not see why I should not tell the truth now that, thank God, I was mistaken. I was coming to make quite sure you were dead."

"Much obliged," smiled the Comte.



"I WAS MISTAKEN."

"Then he is out of danger?" inquired Odette, anxiously.

"There is no question about it. But it is certainly very odd, for the *Echo des Cliniques* published yesterday an exhaustive description of the *Nona*. Nevertheless, pray be assured that I am very happy——"

Unquestionably, the good doctor was happy. At the same time, if he had told the whole truth, he would have admitted that he was rather vexed at having been such a bad prophet.

"Odette," suggested Raymond, in a whisper, to his wife, "do not you think you might ask him to dinner with us this evening?"

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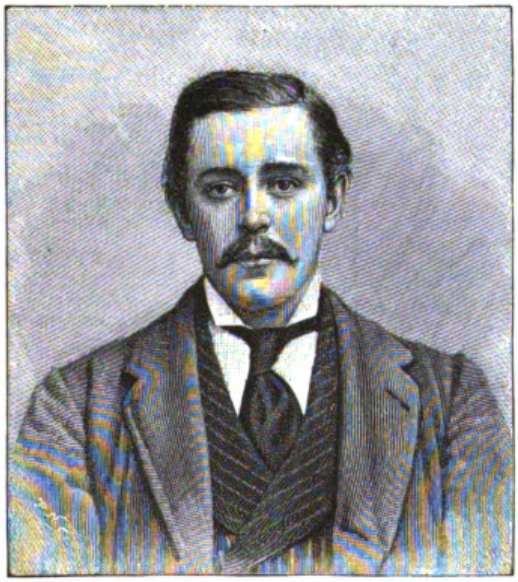


From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Hills & Saunders.*

LORD HARRIS.

BORN 1851.

LORD GEORGE ROBERT CANNING HARRIS, fourth Baron, was born at St. Ann's, Trinidad, and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1874. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Kent, and Deputy-Chairman of the East Kent Quarter Sessions.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Hills & Saunders.*

In Lord Salisbury's Government of 1885 he was Under-Secretary for India, and in 1886 he held the post of Under-Secretary for War.



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[E. Hawkins, Brighton.*

He is a celebrated cricketer, and has long been Captain of the Kent County Eleven, and has taken an eleven to Australia. He is now Governor of Bombay.

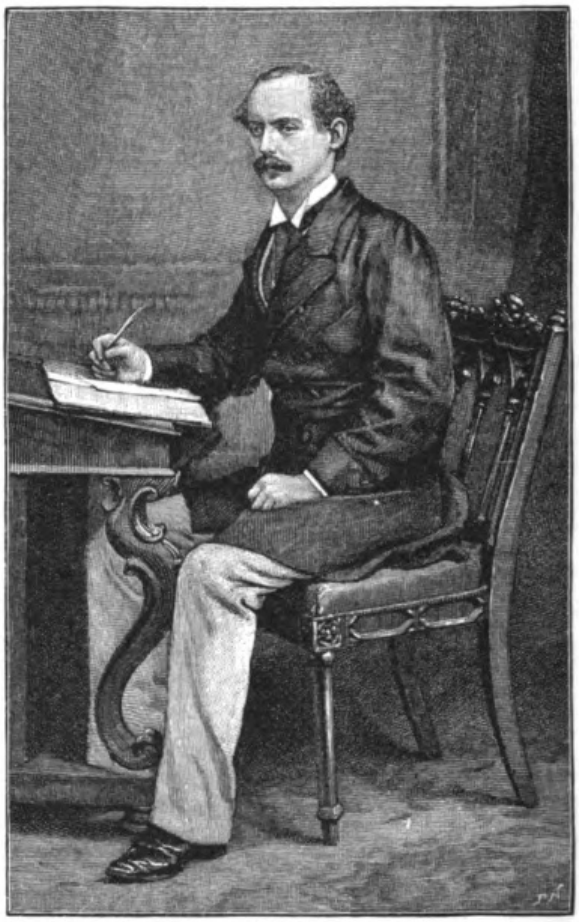


From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

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From a Painting] AGE 4. *[by R. Thorburn.*

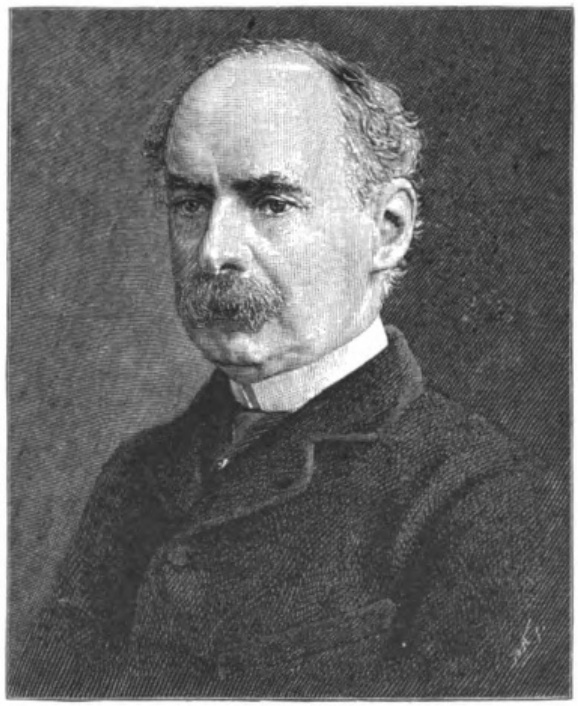


AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Maull and Co., London.

SIR F. KNOLLYS.

BORN 1837.

SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, K.C.M.G., C.B., is the second son of the late General the Right Hon. Sir William Thomas Knollys, K.C.B. He was born in London and educated at Sandhurst; he was gazetted to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, but having been intended for the Civil Service, he resigned his commission and was appointed to a clerkship in the Audit and Exchequer Department, which he left on being offered the post of private secretary to his father, who was then Comptroller of the Prince of Wales's Household. Subsequently he was appointed Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, which post he has held without interruption from 1870 until now. In addition he is a Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales, and a Gentleman-Quarterly-Waiter to the Queen. He was created a K.C.M.G. on account of special services rendered in connection with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886. His C.B.-ship was given him after his return from India, where he accompanied the Prince of Wales. He married, in 1887, the Hon. Ardyn, daughter of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, 3rd Bart., and the Baroness Berners.



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LADY HENRY SOMERSET.—AGE 8. THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
From a Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, who is not only known as President of the British Women's Temperance Association, but universally acknowledged as the leader of one of the most important movements of modern times, is the elder daughter of Earl and Countess Somers. Once a woman of society, she is now a woman of the home and philanthropic guild, whose life is entirely devoted to the relief of suffering humanity. Some years ago she visited America as a guest of the National W. C. T. U. in company with Mrs. Pearsall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," now published in fifteen languages. Lady Somerset also edits the "Woman's Herald," and when not directly engaged in the support of the great cause, spends, in company with her only son, a quiet yet busy life in her beautiful home, Eastnor Castle.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Alex. Bassano.*



From a Painting by] AGE 18. *[G. F. Watts, R.A.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. H. Grove.*

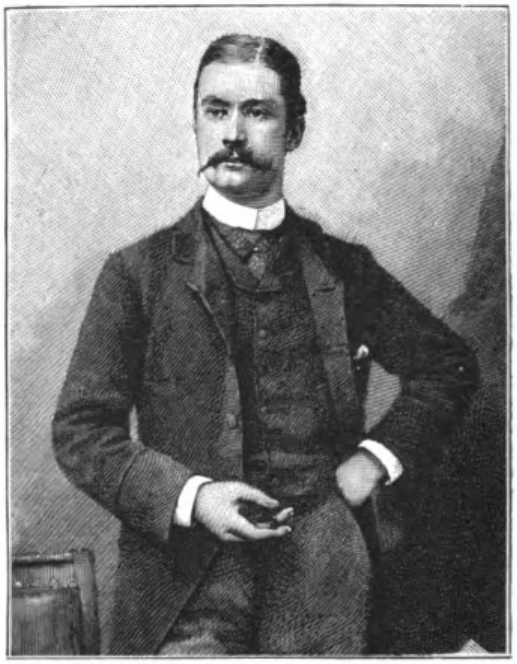
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AGE 4.
From a Miniature by the late Sir Wm. Ross, R.A.

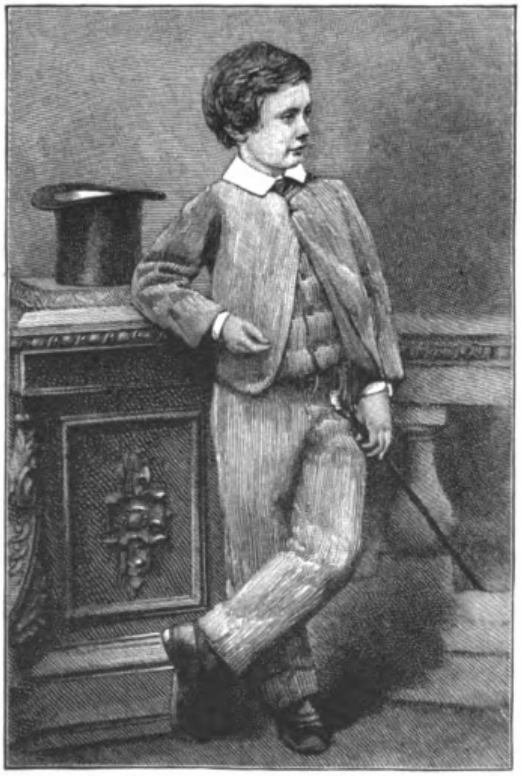
LESLIE WARD.
"SPY."
BORN 1850.

MR. LESLIE WARD, likewise well known as "Spy," of *Vanity Fair* fame, is the eldest son of Edward Matthew Ward, R.A. Having been educated at Eton, where he gave early evidence of his artistic abilities by his caricatures of schoolfellows, he was sent to Mr. Sidney Smirke, R.A., to study architecture, but afterwards decided to become an artist, and began as a student of the Royal



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Alex. Bassano.*

Academy. Leslie Ward has done much good work. At sixteen he had a bust in the Academy. He has painted full-length and life-sized portraits of many notable men



From a] AGE 8. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alex. Bassano.*

and women, and drew portraits of Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Gladstone, Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and many others in the *Graphic*. Mr. Ward has since exhibited in the Academy as an able painter in oil and water colours, and as an accomplished artist in black and white.

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Muzzles for Ladies.

THE emancipation of women from the oppression of men, and from the thraldom of conventionality, being just now a favourite theme with debaters, dramatists, and dress-makers, the occasion may be an appropriate one for the purpose of recalling an article of head-gear which was frequently worn by the fair sex, throughout this country, in the "good old times."

The particular head-dress of which we are about to treat, although produced in many ingenious fashions, was never popular with the ladies; and we do not desire in these progressive and enlightened days to re-introduce such unbecoming and inconvenient wearing apparel, but to show the advance that has been made in our social life, and in the relations between the sexes since the age of the pillory and the ducking-stool, and to draw attention to a phase of the past with which many at the present day may not be familiar.

A few generations back our forefathers were wont to inflict upon women certain punishments, which sadly exhibited their lack of gallantry and propriety. Among the most curious of these punishments was that of the Brank or Scold's Bridle. This curious and cruel instrument of torture was employed by borough physicians and petty provincial tyrants for the purpose of curing women of an ailment of the tongue to which they were said to be subject.

The Brank, or Scold's Bridle, or Gossip's Bridle, as the instrument has been variously called, was in very general use in this kingdom from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, as is amply shown by the many allusions to its application which appear in corporation and municipal records; and in some counties the specimens of the implement still existing are sufficiently numerous to testify to its prevalence. In Cheshire alone no fewer than thirteen examples are extant; and Lancashire and Staffordshire each contain five or six. In Derbyshire there is but one. Others may have been used in the county, but no allusion to them is to be met with in the local records. Whether the women of the three former counties were more violent in the use of the "unruly member," or whether the men of Derbyshire were less barbarously and cruelly inclined, there is no evidence to say.

The brank consisted of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head of the delinquent. It was armed in front with a gag, plate, point or knife of the same metal, which was fitted in such a manner as to be inserted in the scold's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue; or, more cruel still, it was so placed that if she did move it, or attempt to speak, her tongue was cruelly lacerated, and her sufferings intensified. With this cage upon her head, and with the gag pressed and locked upon the tongue, the poor creature was paraded through the streets, led by the beadle or constable, or else she was chained to the pillory or market cross to be the object of scorn and derision, and to be subjected to all the insults and degradations that local loungers could invent.

It appears the brank was never a legalized instrument of punishment, but nevertheless it was highly popular with local magnates; and was one of the means upon which arch-tyrants of provincial towns relied to sustain their power and hold the humbler folk in subjection. By it authority was preserved and vindicated at the expense of all that was noble, seemly, and just.

The scold's bridle is frequently mentioned in literature. Gay alludes to it, and Robert Burns, in his poem on dining with the young Lord Daer, says:—

> Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
> I dinner'd wi' a Lord!
> * * * * *
> And gowing as if led wi' branks
> I in the parlour hammer'd.

It is also mentioned by an early English poet in the following lines:—

> But for my daughter Julian,
> I would she were well bolted with a Bridle,
> That leaves her work to play the clack
> And lets her work stand idle;
> For it serves not for she-ministers,
> Farriers nor Furriers,
> Cobblers nor Button-makers,
> To descant on the Bible.

Fig. 1 represents the Derbyshire Brank, which is a remarkably good example.

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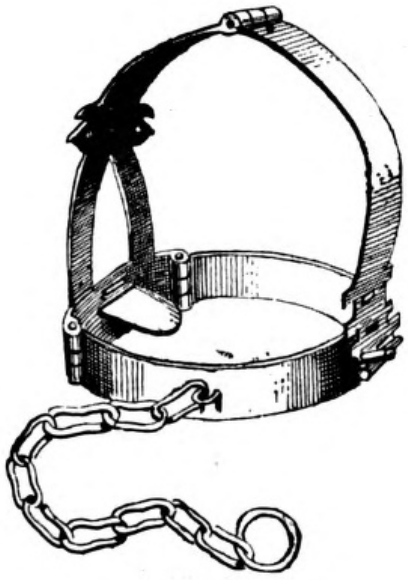


FIG. 1.

It consists of a hoop of iron hinged on either side, and fastened behind. An iron band passes over the head from back to front, where there is an opening to admit the nose of the individual whose misfortune it was to wear it. On the left side of the hoop a chain is attached, whereby the victim was led through the streets or tethered to a post or wall. On the front of the bridle are the initials "T. C." and the date 1688—the year of the Great Rebellion. Fig. 2 illustrates the manner in which the instrument was worn.

One of the most celebrated branks is that



FIG. 2.

preserved at Walton-on-Thames, which is dated 1633, and is inscribed with the characteristic couplet :—

Chester presents Walton with a Bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

Tradition says this brank was presented to the parish of Walton by a man named Chester, because a gossiping and tattling woman prattled to a rich kinsman of his from whom he had great expectations, which caused him to lose a large and promising estate.

A very early example, made of wood, and said to be of the time of Henry VIII., was preserved in the celebrated Meyrick collection ; and others of as early a period are to be found in Scotland. A particularly repellent-looking brank, called the "Witches' Bridle," and formerly preserved at Forfar, is one of the most savagely cruel implements ingenuity could devise. Fig. 3 exhibits this

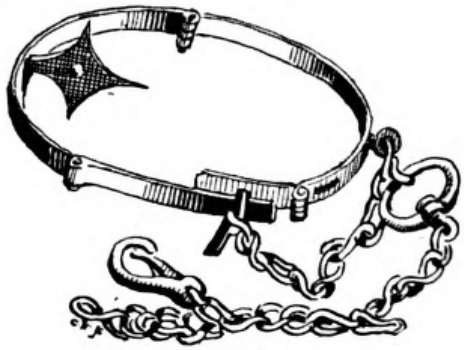


FIG. 3.

instrument. It is dated 1661, and was the bridle worn by condemned witches when led to execution. It will be seen that in this brank, instead of the usual flat tongue-plate, a sharp, three-pointed spur has been substituted on a movable band to which the leading chain was attached, so that terrible injuries could be inflicted on the tongue of the victim on the way to the stake, at the will of the person holding the chain.

As several very early examples of scolds' bridles exist in Scotland, the opinion obtains that, like the maiden or guillotine, this article of punishment



FIG. 4.

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FIG. 5.

may be of Scotch origin, and then have gradually made its way southward into this country. Fig. 4 portrays a brank of a usual type, which came to light in 1848, from behind the oak panelling in the ancient house of the Earls of Moray in Edinburgh. Fig 5 depicts one that may be seen at Leicester. It is somewhat simple in construction, and to the back of it a chain of about a foot in length is attached.

A very curious specimen is preserved at Newcastle (Fig. 6), to which reference has been frequently made; and one of the most curious allusions to it occurs in Gardiner's



FIG. 6.

"England's Grievance Discovered, in Relation to the Coal Trade," printed in 1655, where, on page 110, it states that John Willis, of Ipswich, when in Newcastle, saw a woman named Ann Bidlestone led through the streets by an officer of the corporation, wearing a brank upon her head, the tongue-piece so forced into her mouth as to cause it to bleed. He adds, "This is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scoulding women." John Willis also affirms that he has seen drunkards punished by being driven through the streets of the same town inclosed in a beer barrel, as depicted on the right of Fig. 6. This uncomfortable vestment was known as the "New-fashioned Cloak."

Among the many curious objects brought

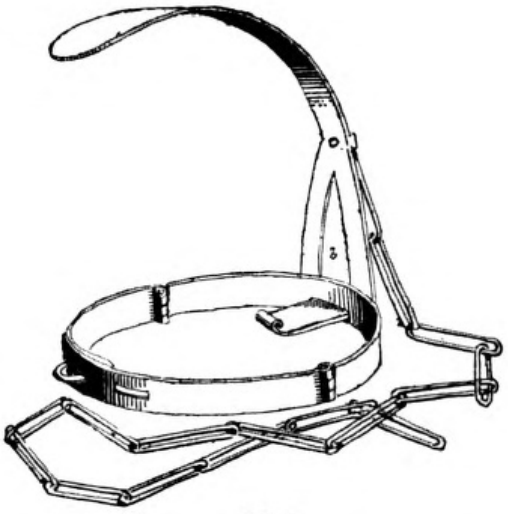


FIG. 7.

together by that eminent antiquary, Elias Ashmole, and preserved at Oxford, is a brank of the less cruel type (Fig. 7), in which the tongue-plate has been rounded at the end to prevent the tongue from being injured. In this specimen the leading chain is fastened to the front of the instrument immediately over the nose aperture. Possibly the maker was a bit of a wag, and intended the unfortunate wearer to have the additional mortification of being "led by the nose."

Fig. 8 shows us a brank of an unusual pattern. Upon it appears an initial W, surmounted by a crown, and from this mark it

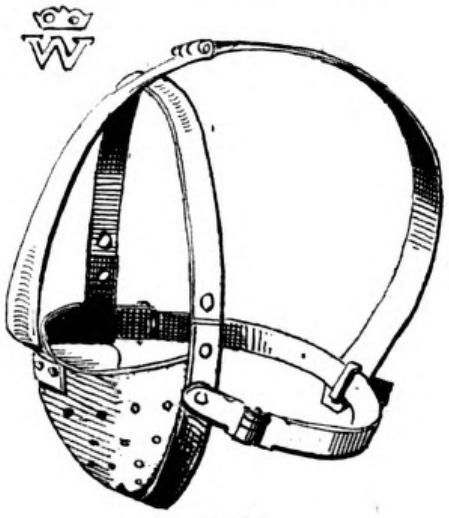


FIG. 8.

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is conjectured that the implement belongs to the reign of William III. In this example the front vertical band has been shaped to fit the nose, and beneath is a perforated and rounded iron plate, made so as to incase the jaw and prevent the mouth from opening. The bridle preserved at Doddington Park, in

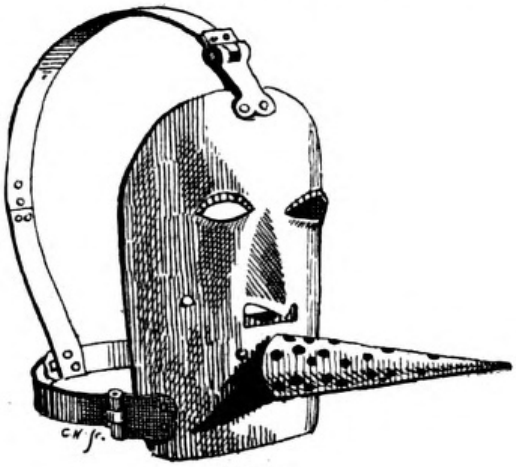


FIG. 9.

Lincolnshire (Fig. 9), was evidently intended to bring down as much ridicule as possible upon the head of the unfortunate wearer. It is in the form of a mask with holes for the eyes, and a protruding piece to fit the

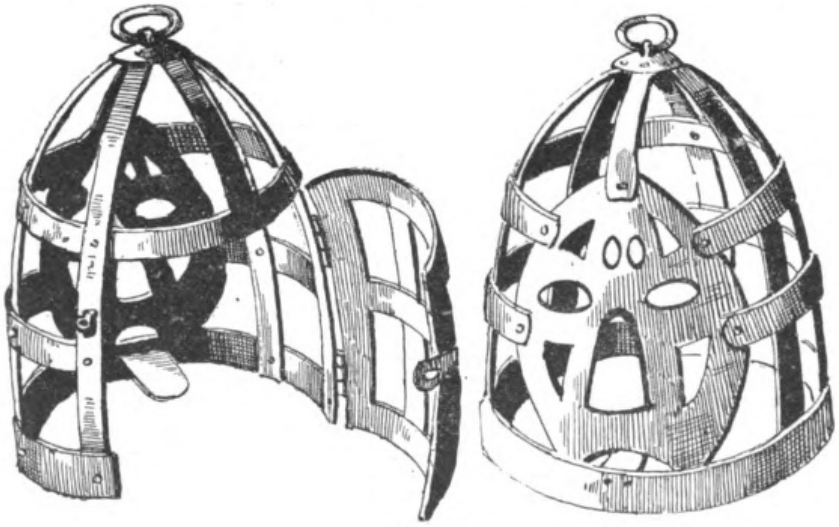


FIG. 10.

nose. There is also a long perforated funnel-shaped piece projecting from the spot covering the mouth, suggesting the terribly long tongue the culprit must possess.

At Hamstall Ridware, in Staffordshire, a brank is to be seen which in appearance resembles a lantern. Two views of it are given in Fig. 10, one showing the brank open, the other closed. It consists of a number of iron bands crossing one another, having in



FIG. 11.

front a mask-like plate with apertures for the eyes and nose. The head of the victim was inserted by means of an iron door at the back of the instrument.

The brank illustrated in Fig. 11 calls for but little comment. It is preserved at Lichfield, and consists of one single base hoop, from which spring five upright bands, which are bent over and fastened together at the top. One of these latter bands is formed with an opening for the nose, and beneath the opening is a plain iron tongue-plate.

A different construction is to be found in the Morpeth Brank, which is depicted in Fig. 12. In this variant we have simply a horizontal hoop and one band, which passes over the head from back to front. The nose aperture and tongue-plate are similar to those in the Lichfield Brank. A reference to the two views in the diagram will show the method of closing the instrument over the scold's head. The application of

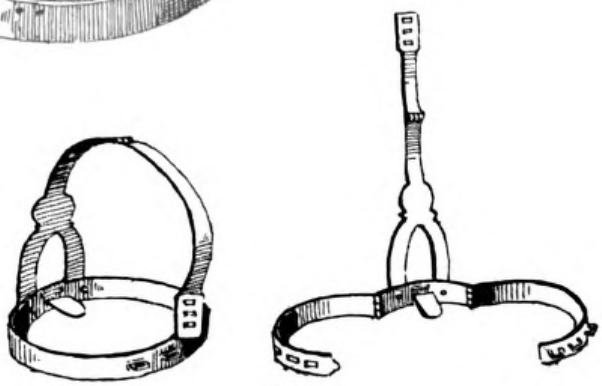


FIG. 12.

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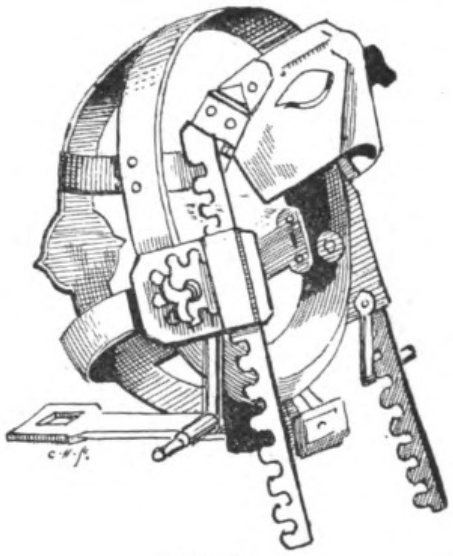


FIG. 13.

the Morpeth Bridle as a punishment is recorded as follows: "Dec. 3, 1741. Elizabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the Branks for two hours at the Market Cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gait and Mr. George Nicholls, then Bailiffs, for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said Bailiffs."

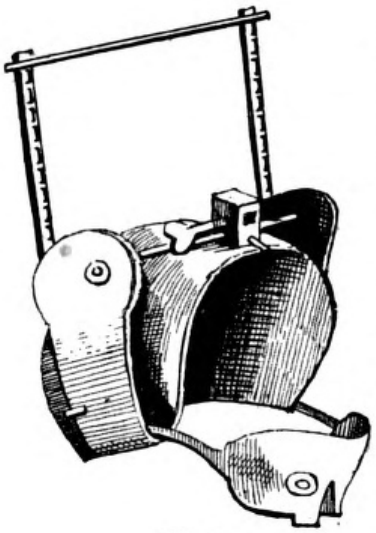


FIG. 14.

At Ludlow a remarkable instrument of torture, allied to the brank family, is preserved, and it is of a most elaborate and intricate construction, as a glance at Fig. 13 will show. It is a much more solid and serious affair than any we have hitherto seen, and from its massive appearance it gives the idea that it may have been invented for stronger jaws than those of weak woman.

An instrument which may also be grouped with the branks is to be found at Worcester, Fig. 14, and in form resembles a helmet. When in use the head was inserted in the helmet portion, and by an arrangement of cogs and the perforated rods at the back, the mask in front was raised, so as to completely obscure the upper part of the face. The victim could then be buffeted without knowing who her tormentors were. In the Worcester Corporation accounts the following entry occurs: "1658. Paid for mending the bridle for bridleing of scoulds, and two cords for the same, js. ijd."

The last time the scold's bridle was publicly used in this country was at Congle-



PRESENT DAY.

ton, in Cheshire, in 1824, but, in the words of an eminent statesman, "many things have happened since then"; and it would create no small sensation if at the present time we were to meet a *fin-de-siècle* lady, as in our concluding illustration, led through the streets by a burly policeman, wearing one of these uncouth implements, because, forsooth, she had ventured to raise her voice in defence of her rights, or had spoken too plainly to an overbearing and tyrannical husband.

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By Huan Mee.

THE City of Paris is in the throes of a great revolution. At the street corners groups stand nervously discussing the latest outrage, and speculating, in whispers, where and when the next may be perpetrated.

The whole city is in a state of suppressed excitement, and seems moved by one common impulse to arise and protect itself. War has been declared! Not the open warfare of one nation against another; not a rising that the huge armies of France can be called upon to quell; but a combat waged against the city itself by an enemy unseen, unassailable, unconquerable; a demon who steals upon it unawares, and proclaims his arrival with dynamite, devastation, and despair. A war of the vandals, whose mission it seems is to destroy this city of the world, to wreck the Americans' paradise, and leave but a pile of ruins to tell the tale.

For the past month the Parisians have called upon their gods and their secret police in vain. They are powerless against this invisible enemy; who, now in one quarter of the city and now in another, appears with a mighty roar, demolishes one of the wonders of Paris, crushes citizens beneath the *débris*, and disappears.

They cry loudly for vengeance, upbraid their detectives, their Government and themselves, and marvel who can be the prime mover in this work of terror. "Who—the Anarchists? The Monarchists? Or, who knows, perhaps the hated Germans?"

Paris is already being shunned by tourists; to carry a parcel means suspicion; to look too curiously upon a public building, arrest.

In one of the rooms of the secret service offices of the Rue Jerusalem, two men are seated, earnestly conversing: one a middle-aged man, with an iron-grey moustache, tall, and straight as a dart; and the other, young, thick-set, with piercing eyes, a clean-shaven face, and a quiet, settled look of determination in every feature.

"What do you think of the letter?" asks the elder man.

"Cool, deuced cool, and, what is more, I believe they'll do it!" is the rejoinder of his companion, as he holds the paper to the light and reads:—

"Monsieur,—Your public edifices are badly built, they are crumbling and falling to pieces; unless Ravroche and Derplantz are released, there will not be one worth looking at in a week, and after that we visit *you*.

"Saturn."

"Poor Parisians!" he continues, with a smile, "they must be getting nervous."

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"DISCUSSING THE LATEST OUTRAGE."

"It means this, Paul," answers the official, pacing the apartment. "We must take a decisive step at once, or we shall have the populace howling at our doors. The whole of these outrages are the fruit of the brain of one man: one man, who sits and schemes far away from Paris, who pulls the strings and works his figures here. Take that man, and the whole structure falls. He is the key-stone, the prime mover. He must be caught, and you, Paul, shall take him."

The young man springs to his feet and salutes.

"His name?"

"He has a dozen. He is now in Venice. You will leave for there to-night: bring him back with you, and fame and position are yours. Make a false move, and you will never see Paris again."

"I shall not fail."

"Then go, report yourself at Venice to the police; they will give you every assistance, although they dare not act alone. You must leave at once."

An hour afterwards a distinguished-looking man in a thickly-trimmed fur coat saunters on to the platform at the Gare de l'Est, and, boarding the waiting train, curls himself up in the corner of a first-class carriage. His only fellow-traveller is a gentleman of aristocratic appearance, a charming conversationalist, and of unexceptional breeding, and so the time of that most tedious journey passes pleasantly enough. They exchange cards, for Paul is now a Parisian journeying for pleasure, and when they separate at their destination he is pledged to visit, during his sojourn in Venice, Prince del Oro, his travelling companion.

A pitiless rain is falling throughout the whole of Northern Italy, a freezing mixture of sleet and water, calculated to inspire one with nothing but loathing and disgust for the much-vaunted Queen of the Adriatic. A north-east wind whistles up the narrow by-ways of the City of the Sea, and the muddy-looking waters eddy in black swirls round the damp, greasy, green-stained bridges and piers. The city itself is deserted, save for one or two dejected-looking figures standing in the coffin-like gondolas, and watching the never-ending, radiating circles, as the rain streams down upon the lagoons. The melancholy drip of the water from the eaves of the sombre houses, the swish as it beats upon the canals, and the howl of the sharp-teethed wind, all serve to make the scene one of dreariness and desolation. A playful gust catches Paul in its icy clasp as he leaves the station, and fastens him like a vice against the wall, where from his point of vantage he takes his first view of the "Bride of the Sea"—cold, clammy, and grey as the sea itself. He motions to a gondolier, and, whispering his desired destination, takes his seat.

In a few minutes the journey is over, and Paul, entering the Bureau of the Venetian police, explains his mission.

"Your venture is a dangerous one," the chief says. "The man you seek probably knows by this time of your journey here, but that should not deter you, for it is by strategy you must work. 'Saturn' is the fancy name

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by which he goes. 'Saturn and his Satellites' is the pleasing title under which this band of fiends have won thousands of supporters in every country, for their cursed work of Anarchy."

"Where can I find him?"

"Find him? It will be difficult to move in Venice without seeing him; the title, the wealth of the Prince del Oro, is on everyone's tongue."

"The Prince del Oro!" exclaimed Paul, excitedly; "then he is——"

"Saturn; precisely."

"Then why have you not arrested him long ago? Surely there would be no difficulty?"

"None; the difficulty would be to prove that the Prince del Oro was in any way connected with Saturn. It is Saturn who must be arrested. If he proves to be the Prince, well and good; but the Prince will never turn out to be Saturn. As Saturn he mixes with his low-lived followers; as the Prince he is unapproachable. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, to-morrow night a grand carnival is to be given in one of the halls in the lowest haunts of Venice. Saturn will be there amongst his satellites. Take what help you like, act in whatever way you choose; there is your opportunity—use it."

In the densely-populated and intricate labyrinth of streets and lanes in the district of the Canal di Mestre, a carnival is at its height—a carnival and fête of all the vagabonds of Venice, and Paul is making his way to this dangerous quarter, anathematizing the city and its weather, contrasting the Venice of reality with the fanciful ideals of the French school adorning the walls of the Salon.

"Bah!" he cries, as the gondola soughs through the water. "Bah! and this is Venice, with its rippling moonlight glory, its nights of dancing and of music, its fêtes and flambeaux. This is Venice, that artists paint with skies of blue, with limpid waters, and white marble palaces."

"Di Mestre, signor," cries one of the gondoliers, a secret agent of police, breaking in upon his monologue; then, bringing the boat at rest against a damp and slimy quay, he steps ashore and assists his passenger. Fastening the boat to a rusty iron staple, the three proceed through the narrow, straggling lanes and alleys towards the building where revels wild and furious hold sway, where plots are hatched, Anarchy is rampant, wholesale massacres are chuckled over, and failures are deplored—where those whose instruments of death have destroyed cities and shattered human beings are praised and fêted; where lot is drawn for still more awful crimes against society, against justice, law, and order.

To-night Joy wears her gayest dress. Red-handed Murder throws away her mask, and boldly flaunts herself. Anarchy to-night is on its topmost pinnacle of glorification. Paris has been shaken, Paris has been terrorized, anxiety is on the features of those who idle time upon the Boulevards. Paralysis has seized the Rue Jerusalem; buildings have been wrecked; dynamite has torn the stones like an air balloon ripped by the March wind; nitro-glycerine has devastated theatres and laid pleasure-seekers cold and pallid in the arms of death, and they whose hands have wrought the ruin and the chaos have escaped—left Paris, quitted France, and here in Venice are fêted! Fêted and met as conquerors after battle. Saturn welcomes his Satellites, and reimburses all with wine and revel, with high praise and lucre.

The grand dance of the evening has just commenced, when Paul, in the costume of a Pierrot, and his companions give the password and enter the building. The dance of Saturn and his Satellites! In the centre stands a figure clad in crimson, skin-like in the tightness of its fit, and vivid blood-red from head to foot—from the long, pointed shoes, with ruby buckles, to the deep crimson mask which completely covers the face, and the cap of liberty which completes the costume. Motionless he stands with folded arms, while in the wildest of circles, with shrieks and yells, the mob whirls round him in ever-changing figures. A medley of men and women, with faces flushed and flaming with excitement, charge down upon him, swerve upon one side, charge again, and dance around with gestures of madness and demoniacal exultation, until at last, with sheer exhaustion, they drop out of the revel. Then a wild bacchanalian chorus, more dancing, more drinking, more excitement, and so the night flies by.

Three o'clock strikes from a neighbouring campanile. As though all turned to stone, a dead hush falls upon the assembly, and Paul holds his breath in apprehension. Suddenly every light is extinguished, and from out the blackness comes a weird chant, gaining in intensity, and each verse ending with a shriek and the constant repetition: "Death to spies and traitors." Paralyzed in every

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"IN THE CENTRE STANDS A FIGURE CLAD IN CRIMSON."

limb, Paul waits terrified, every moment expecting to feel the keen point of a stiletto pierce his flesh.

The voices are coming nearer and nearer out of the darkness, and he edges backwards until he can go no farther, and searches round the rough walls of the low-roofed building for any projection by which he may raise himself and perhaps find safety. Then his fingers touch one of the slanting beams which support the roof, and making a frantic effort, he clutches it, and hauls himself up until he lies full length upon it. Gradually he climbs until at last, through an open window, he can see the dark, wintry clouds and one of the tall spires of Venice; a window which to reach he must take an almost impossible spring from his cramped position. The flare of a torch below startles him, and then as others are lighted from it he sees his two companions stretched upon their backs, with a stiletto driven full and fair to the hilt in the breast of each. A shout proclaims that he is discovered. With a rush they make for the beam, and one man, with a dagger between his teeth, drags himself up the slanting woodwork.

To hesitate is death. Better, Paul thinks, to lie below with a broken neck than to be stabbed where he is. Yet there shall be one scoundrel the less for this exploit. He draws his revolver, and as his assailant is but two yards away, fires full in his face, and calling forth every energy, springs for the window, to cling for a moment with bleeding fingers to the stonework, and then by a superhuman effort to gain a footing on the sill and disappear.

Bruised and breathless, he reaches the ground, and racing to the water's edge flings himself into a gondola, and urges the boat out into the canal. Painfully and slowly he forces it forward. The long oar is unmanageable, the speed seems a snail's pace, but he finds consolation in the fact that his pursuers have not yet caught sight of him, and are probably searching the narrow lanes on either side. A pale, sickly

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"FIRED FULL IN HIS FACE."

moon is throwing her green beams upon the water, and he starts to find himself directly in the track. As he bends to the oar, to turn the boat into the shadow, a yell of triumph breaking out over the canal tells him it is too late. He is discovered and chased!

His slight acquaintance with the manipulation of a gondola renders his progress slow and laboured, while behind, and coming gradually nearer, he hears the rush of the water, as the skilled Venetians use their oars vigorously, making their boats fly after the fugitive. On and on they race, nearer and nearer they approach, and louder and louder echo his enemies' shrieks and execrations.

Paul, with a supreme effort, twists his boat into a narrow waterway, and drives it under the dark shadows of an overhanging balcony, while madly the pursuing gondolas rush by.

Shivering in the cold wind, he waits for the grey dawn to come up over the domes and towers; waits, straining his ears to listen to every sound, dreading and fearing that the relentless satellites, the implacable Anarchists, may discover his hiding-place. And as he waits, startled by the drip of the water and the moan of the wind, his memory conjures up all the ancient crimes of Venice; its dark, mysterious prisons; its strange disappearances; its sudden, awful deaths. Where conspiracy and sedition had flourished in its heyday, now rampant Anarchism, with its dynamite disciples, was gathered together. He tries to thrust these thoughts aside, but they will not be gainsaid; they force themselves upon him, unwelcome intruders, black, cold, ugly thoughts; blacker than the wintry night, colder than the biting wind, uglier than the narrow, evil-smelling little canal where he keeps his vigil. Shall he, he wonders, ever escape from Venice, or will they eventually discover him, and then stab him to death with those glittering stilettos, or drown him in the clammy waters? Yes, they would kill him; stab him, dabble his carnival dress with his own life-blood, and then hurl him into the weedy Adriatic to wash out the stains. He dare not move out of his hiding-place, and can only hope that they will re-pass the end of the canal without troubling to search its recesses.

He hears their shouts afar off, coming gradually, almost imperceptibly, closer, and the swish of their oars as they dash from one side to the other, seeking their victim.

"Hush! What was that? Surely a gondola has entered the waterway." He hears a gurgling splash, that comes nearer and nearer, too soft for a boat, more like a swimmer going with the tide, and yet unlike that, too. Now it ceases for a moment, and then again it starts; and Paul, catching hold of the stonework of the balcony, leans across to see, gently rocking from side to side in the muddy waters, a body, in the costume of a masked Pierrot, and looking like a reflection of himself in the water. He draws back into the shadow, and again, clinging to the stonework, waits.

At last the grim procession, with its

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smoking, flaring torches, enters the canal. The light radiates in a circumscribed circle round the boats, flashes high up upon carven stonework dark with age, but does not penetrate into the deep recess where Paul has forced his gondola. Suddenly the carnival-clad body, mocking at death itself, and looking grotesquely hideous with its black-fringed mask, surges up against one of the boats, and the searcher leaning over the side loudly calls for "Lights!" A circle of torches contract towards one point, and, as if burning at some Italian obsequies, flare and flicker over the man far beyond all vengeance. Shrieks of exultation, mingled with blasphemous oaths, now rise upon the air. "He is dead, the traitor is dead!" they yell in chorus. "So perish all spies." Then from the further end of the canal beyond them, the blackness grows into a haze of light, and from the haze spring more torches, and, stalwart and erect in a barca propelled by two gondoliers, comes Saturn in all his crimson glory.

With one mighty shout, the whole crowd forms into procession once more, every light is dashed into the water, and far away in the east a silver-grey line is all that relieves the blackness of the scene, and the cloudy fury of the wind-swept sky.

The silver-grey line is widening into a ribbon of light, the shadows are flying before the rising dawn.

Paul leaves the hiding-place, where he has grown cramped and stiff with his long vigil, and, trusting to chance, wends his way by devious alleys towards the centre of Venice.

"They are more powerful than I thought," he mutters, "but I shall yet succeed. Fortune, that seemed at first to frown, is favouring me now; they will believe that I am dead, and, when resting content in their fancied security, the capture of Del Oro and his gang will be easy. I wish I could take the fellow himself single-handed. Ah, what glory, what reward to rid mankind of this pest! To crush the organization beneath one's feet, trample it into dust, and scatter its fragments for ever; and I—I, Paul Dacheaux, should be great and honoured. Fail? I cannot fail—I dare not go back to the Rue Jerusalem and use that word—never! a thousand times never! If I could but meet Del Oro now, I would chance all and seize him. Aristocrat or Anarchist, he shall not escape me."

Ahead of him, standing in the shelter of a narrow doorway, two men seem to be on the point of parting, and he can just overhear the conclusion of their conversation.



"IN ALL HIS CRIMSON GLORY."

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The shorter of them speaks :—

"The three spies are dead, and, for the present, we are safe from surprise."

"For the present, yes," Del Oro replies ; "but we must shift our quarters. To-morrow night the Grand Council meets ; till then, *au revoir*."

The men separate, and Paul, keeping well behind, follows the taller, whom he knows is Saturn and—the Prince del Oro !

Shall he make a rush for him now, he wonders, make one fierce onslaught, and trust to fate who shall be victor and who vanquished? Perhaps better to wait—wait, follow, and track the Anarchist leader ; follow and see where Saturn merges into the Prince, and, in the very act, surprise and take him. Instinctively his hand goes into the pocket of his jacket and fastens itself upon the handcuffs.

"It shall not," he mutters, "be ignominious defeat after all ; it shall be success — success alone and single-handed."

Saturn at last halts before a house standing upon the very verge of one of the canals, and, taking a key, opens the heavy, iron-clamped door. As it gives, with one mighty bound Paul covers the few yards between and, hurling himself upon Saturn, locks his arms around him like a vice, and bears him backwards, then, catching at the hands that wildly clutch the air, there is a short, sharp tussle, a smothered curse, and Saturn the Anarchist, Del Oro the aristocrat, lies helpless on the ground.

"Ah, Prince," says Paul, sarcastically, "the game is up ; you have had your day ; but you will not leave all your friends behind, for to-morrow night we raid the Grand Council."

Paris. The crowd waits in the Place de la Roquette, waits as it has waited for days past, for the last grim act in the tragic justice of France, to see vengeance meted out to Anarchy ; it has waited, and to-day the time is ripe.

Afar off, over the sea of heads, there gleams the arrow of light which is to flash once more ere long, and with it, like a destroying angel, bring death. The crowd sways and murmurs as the great door of the prison is thrown open, and a tight, compact knot, with one man walking bareheaded and bare-necked in its midst, appears.

For an instant there is dead calm ; then, so swift the eye can scarce perceive it, the silver arrow rushes through the air, and with its flight a thrill passes through the whole multitude, like the leaves of a poplar shivering in the breeze.



"LOCKS HIS ARMS AROUND HIM LIKE A VICE."

Then the crowd melts away.

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Thieves v. Locks and Safes.

EVER since man has been possessed of anything worth keeping, some other man has been at work to get it away from him without paying for it. When the property was cattle and tents, then he took who had the power, and he kept who could—with a club or other means of solid argument. But when jewels and money came into fashion, and people used houses with doors to them, things became more orderly, and a gentleman who wanted another gentleman's portable property had to go about the matter quietly. As experience taught him that it saved trouble to select a time when the owner was out or asleep for making selections in a strange house, the owner naturally began to fasten his door—with a bolt. He would put a staple in his doorpost and two more on his door, and slide a wooden beam through the three.

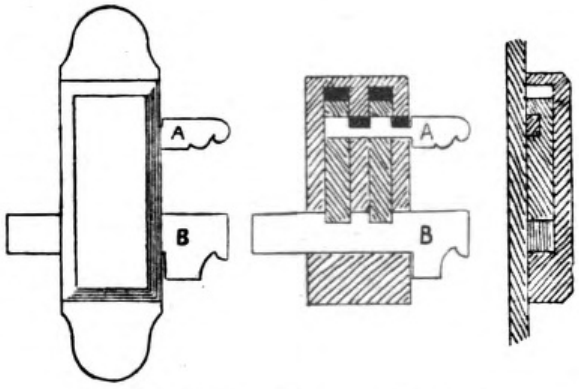
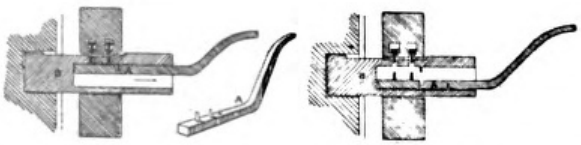


FIG. 1.—PRIMITIVE WOODEN TUMBLER LOCK.

We do precisely the same thing now with an ordinary iron bolt on the same principle. This was a capital arrangement to sleep behind, but didn't admit of going out shopping with security, so that soon a hole was made in the top of one of the staples, and another corresponding to it in the bolt. Then a pin was dropped through these holes, and held all fast. This was done from outside through a hole in the door, the forerunner of our own keyholes, with an instrument conveniently shaped both for dropping and lifting the pin—the ancestor of our own familiar key of the street. With a handle to slide the bolt to and fro, the primitive lock was complete. Wooden locks of this kind are even now in use in certain remote parts of Austria and in the Faroe Islands; whence it may be inferred that in those happy spots man has a singular trust in his neighbour.

Almost anybody could open a lock of this sort, so that an improvement was wanted. The illustration (Fig. 1) shows the first improvement. Two or more falling pins were used —they were afterwards called *tumblers*—and these pins and the part of the bolt into which they fell were inclosed in a box, shown in the outer view. The key (*a*, Fig. 1) was provided with certain projections which fitted into notches cut into the bolts, so that when inserted at the side of the box, and lifted, it raised the tumblers from the holes in the bolt (*b*), and allowed the withdrawal of the latter.

Now, it is obvious that unless this wooden key were made with its projections at such a distance apart as exactly to correspond with the notches in the tumblers, and of the same number, one or more of these would not be lifted, and the bolt would remain immovable. So that here was some sort of security against other keys than those held by the owner. Identical in principle, though rather neater in application, is the wooden Egyptian lock, still in use, shown in Fig. 2. Here the bolt (*b*) is made hollow, and the loose key (*a*) is provided with little pegs with which the tumblers are pushed up, when the bolt is drawn back in the direction indicated by the arrow. This is all done with the key, so that this lock possesses the advantage over the previously-mentioned one of only demanding the work of one hand.

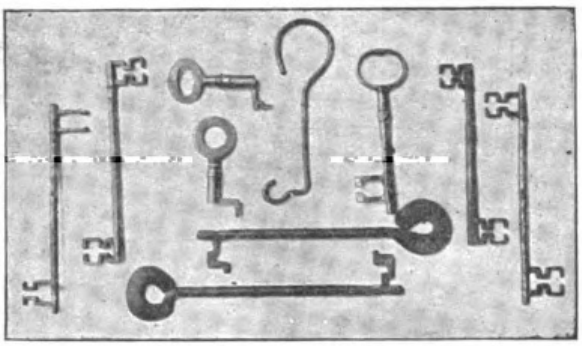

FIG. 2.—EGYPTIAN WOODEN LOCK AND KEY.

Although it was possible to make these locks and keys in any number of different patterns, it required the expendi-

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ture of very little ingenuity on the part of the Bill Sikes of early ages to dodge them. A simple picklock, with a movable peg or two, and a little patience were all that was required. The Romans made a gallant attempt to defeat these picks by making the tumblers of all sorts of sections—triangular, square, semi-circular, etc.—but the device was scarcely worthy of the Roman genius. Obviously a mere peg, if only thin enough, was enough to lift a tumbler, no matter of what section. One improvement, however, the Romans made. They kept the tumblers down by springs, instead of allowing them to rest by mere gravitation, and thus, with the addition of a revolving key, produced in all its essential parts the common tumbler lock to which we moderns went back within the last century or so.

But in order to secure these locks against picks it became customary to interpose all sorts of obstacles, of various shapes, cutting each key to a shape to pass these obstacles. This gave rise to the system of *warding*, which, during the Middle Ages, was almost exclusively relied upon, tumblers being scarcely used. A revolving key was made to act upon and shoot a bolt direct, but the way to this bolt was guarded by a complicated system of wards. Now, it is impossible to devise wards which skeleton keys and picklocks cannot defeat. You make a great key cut into a perfect fretwork, and in the lock provide complicated wards which this fret-work just passes. Immediately there comes a burglar with a mere wire frame of a key, which overcomes all these wards by simply ignoring them, passing its thin frame round, behind or before the whole system, and easily shooting the bolt. So that a hundred and fifty years ago or more the old tumbler system (modified) was returned to.



PICKLOCKS AND SKELETON KEYS.

Here the tumblers were mere horizontal pegs pressed down by a spring into notches on the bolt. This was still guarded by certain simple wards, and such a lock as this is the ordinary cheap door-lock of to-day—scarcely more secure, however, against the picklock and skeleton key than a simple warded lock. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of certain skeleton keys and pick-locks actually used by burglars upon ordinary modern locks. The more common skeleton key is an ordinary key with all the wardings filed out of the bit, as is the specimen on the right of the wire picklock shown in the centre of the group.

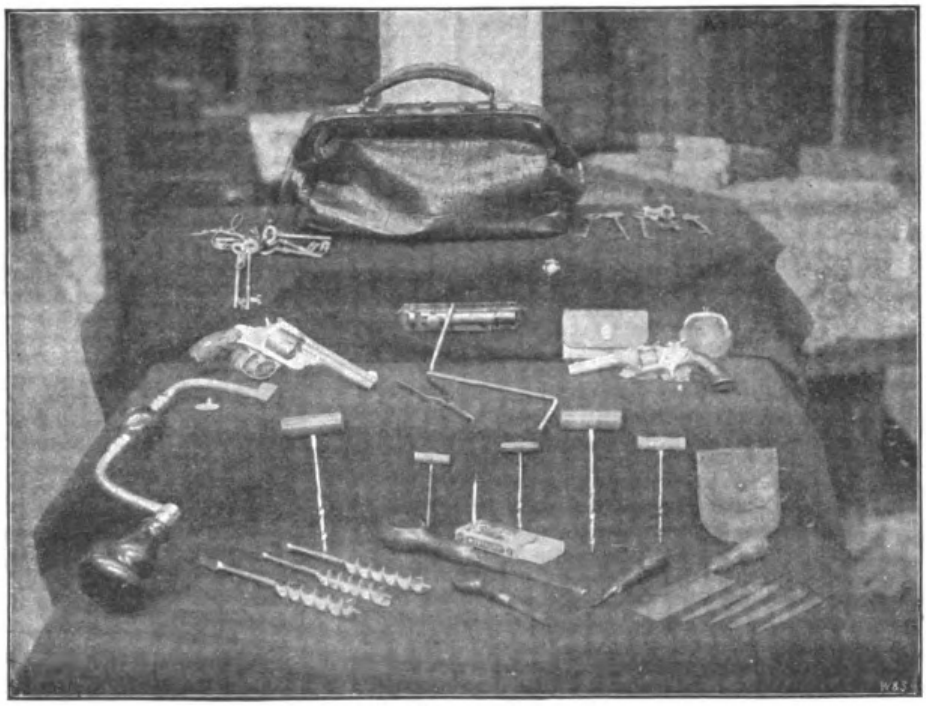
In making a skeleton key of this sort, it is a principle to file down the shank and bit as thin as possible, consistent with strength; because no matter how much thinner these parts may be than those on the proper key, they will still do their work, while the least excess in thickness will either prevent the instrument entering the lock or cause a jam. For this reason, too, a barrel shank is filed down flush with the last arm of the bit, as is seen in the two small keys here represented. The double-bitted picklocks shown on either side are, of course, specially made for portability and convenience, and designed to suit the various usual types of warding. The two bits of each instrument are commonly of very similar patterns, with a little variation in size or measurement of warding, so that when a lock is tried which one end will almost pick, but not quite, the other end is handy and almost certain to act. The principle of keeping all the parts thin as well as strong and stiff is well exemplified in these double-bitted picks. A pick of stiff bent wire is a very handy, quickly prepared, and commonly used article. The one here shown is used for shooting the plainer kind of bolt, lock or latch, and is also convenient for pushing through the keyhole of a small latch, and moving the finger-catch on the inner side.

Skeleton keys are, of course, to some extent defeated by the well-known modern lever-lock. In this a number of small levers, fixed at one end and held down by a spring, must each be lifted to a certain (different) height before they will allow the bolt to be withdrawn. Any number of combinations are possible, and the least inaccuracy in any part of the key is enough to prevent action, since one or other of the levers must be lifted too high or too low. But a skilful man will get at the bolt, and applying pressure to free it back, deal with each lever in succession with a wire pick till the projection from the bolt will pass. But he will probably prefer to break the door—a much simpler task; which brings us to the matter of safes.

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An impregnable lock is useless on a weak box or door. And in almost any case it is a simpler matter to use force in breaking or cutting through a door, or breaking the lock away from it, than to use patient guile in picking the lock. So that safes and strong rooms came into being. At first these were the coffers of romance and the Middle Ages —either strong oak boxes with bindings of iron, or made entirely of metal and fastened usually with a padlock. But in these later days criminals became more effective and systematic workmen, and the safe (which meantime, for convenience, had been set on end, with a door instead of a lid) assumed the shape now familiar to us, being made of various designs in iron and steel, and fastened as to the door with many bolts shooting from every side.

Now, the tools of the modern housebreaker are many and varied, and consist of many things beside skeleton keys. Here is a copy of a photograph of a very simple set, taken, not from a burglar, but from a mere hotel thief, whose practice was to take a bedroom in such an establishment, and to pay quiet visits during the night to other customers' bedrooms. One of his most useful tools was the small pair of pliers shown in the middle of the group, near the muzzle of the revolver on the left. This was a long-nosed instrument with a cylindrical grip. When a visitor with valuables in his possession locked his bedroom door on retiring, and like a careful man left the key in the lock to prevent anybody trying a picklock, he saved our *chevalier d'industrie* a lot of trouble. That worthy simply placed the long nose of his pliers in the keyhole, gripped the shank of the key and turned it. The door was open and free for him to enter very quietly and make his judicious selection. After doing this it was only necessary to retire and lock the door again with the victim's own key in the same manner. The surprise of the said victim on rising and finding the door locked and the key on the inside, and all his valuables gone, may be imagined.



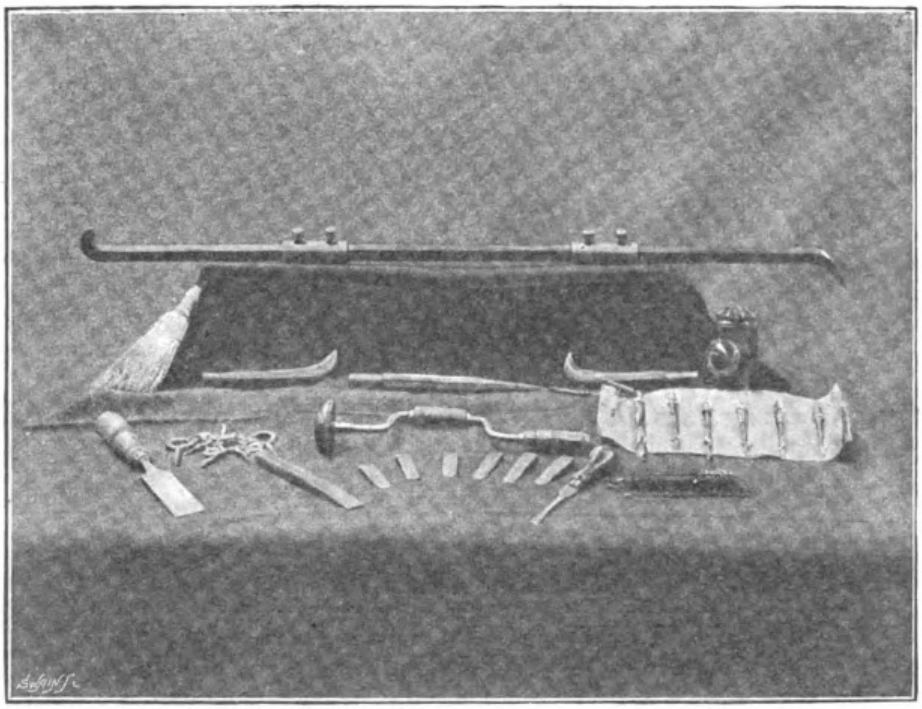
COMMON HOUSEBREAKER'S TOOLS.

The crooked metal rod almost touching the pliers is another interesting implement; it was used to unfasten small bolts—the small brass bolts (one is shown just above) fixed half-way up a door. At the angle nearer the pliers is a hinged joint, so that the two pieces may be straightened out like one rod. This being thrust through a keyhole, the hinged end is allowed to fall across the bolt-fastening; a very little firm and skilful handling is then necessary to push back the bolt. The small bolt here shown, by the way, was used to fix temporarily on the door of any unoccupied room in which the gentleman might be pursuing his profession, to prevent intrusion or surprise. The other articles—comprising silent matches, a brace and bits, gimlets, a saw, screw-drivers, files, picklocks, pistols, and a neat crocodile-hide bag to hold them all—have uses too obvious to need explanation.

None of these tools, however, are designed for the attack on an iron safe. Here is a different group—a group of tools of the very first quality. They were found hidden in certain empty rooms in Cannon Street over a post-office, together with a quiet little syndicate of two or three gentlemen who were

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anxiously awaiting nightfall. It is sad to observe that not only were these gentlemen deprived of the possession of these admirable instruments, but that an unsympathetic administrator of the law sent them to gaol. The long article at the top is the most splendid jemmy ever captured. Five feet in length, it is made of the best tool-steel procurable, in three pieces: this partly for convenience of carriage, and partly to enable "beaks," or business ends, of various shapes to be used. The three additional beaks are shown on the ledge below, and the joints are fastened by collars and set screws, these being tightened by a little steel "Tommy," which lies, in the picture, close by the point of the extra beak in the centre. So well, however, is the whole thing made and fitted, that mere screwing with finger and thumb will suffice to hold the entire five feet as rigid as a single rod. There is also a brace, with bits, for drilling iron or steel, a carpenter's chisel, a cold chisel, a screw-driver and half-a-dozen steel wedges of graduated sizes, certain staples with which to improvise door-fastenings and guard against intrusion, a bull's-eye lantern, and a neat brush with which to remove any unseemly dust caused by the operations contemplated. Charming little set, isn't it? You see, by drilling a hole or two in any ordinary safe—supposing it to be of the sort known as "fire-proof only"—and inserting the jemmy, with one of the loose beaks shown on the right or left, which have both sharp edges, the sheet-steel could be ripped open like the lid of a sardine tin.



HIGH-CLASS SET OF BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Supposing the safe to be of stouter construction, then the thinnest of the wedges would be driven between the edge of the door and the frame of the safe. By the side of this, one a little larger would be insinuated, and the first would be withdrawn to make room for one a little thicker than number two, and so on until the round-ended beak of the jemmy—shown fixed—could be introduced, when the jemmy would become a long lever, and moderate force applied to the other end would fetch out the door, tearing it away from the lock, case and bolts. Not very many of the common safes ordinarily sold, no matter how good might be the locks, could long resist one or two clever burglars with this little bag of tools. Still, it is reassuring to know that safes can be built, and are built, which are, practically speaking, impregnable. These, however, as it is natural to expect, are expensive safes by the very best makers, such as Messrs. Chubb, a visit to whose works will teach the curious inquirer many things.

These are great workshops, where is kept up a continual roaring and clanging, for iron and steel are here being rolled, bent, planed, cut, drilled, and riveted in large quantities. Here and in the adjoining workshops everything in the way of a lock or safe is made—from a little casket like a small ordinary cash-box, with a delicate lock the size of a sixpence, up to a strong room weighing a hundred tons and more, with many dozen great locks and many score of great bolts.

Mr. Harry Chubb, the presiding mechanical genius of the firm, takes us in hand and, under his guidance, we learn all that a man

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may learn of locks, safes, and burglars in an afternoon's study.

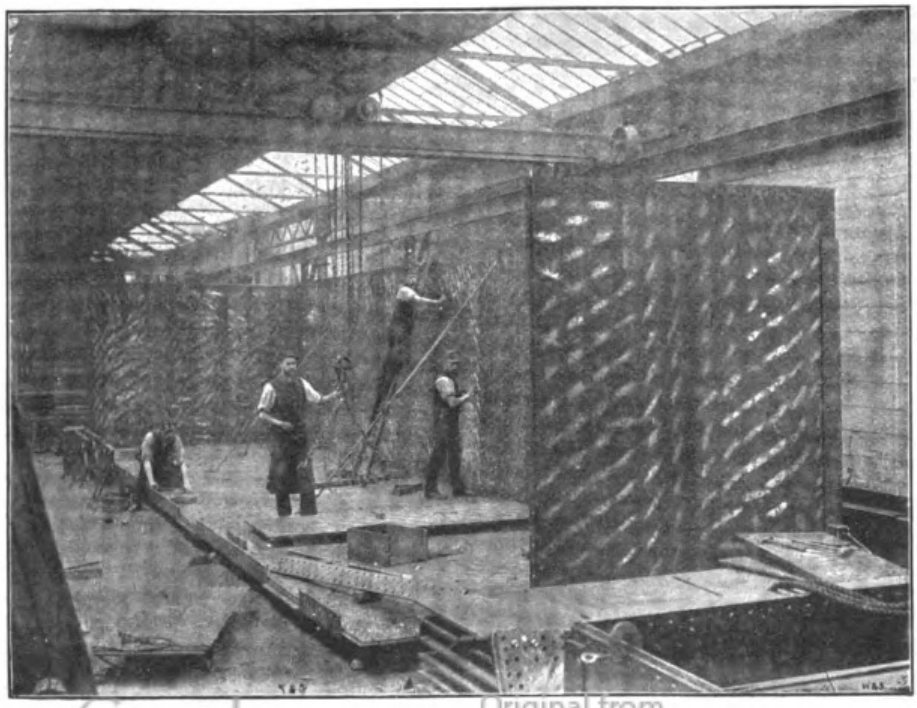
Now, to understand the matter of safes, it must be borne in mind that a fire-proof safe and a thief-proof safe are two different things altogether. It is often required to place books and documents in a place secure from fire, without any special protection against burglars, to whom the books and documents would be valueless and worse, and who, consequently, would never carry them away. A merely fire-proof safe, then, is made in the familiar pattern of sheet-steel, or tough wrought-iron, the walls being hollow and forming a surrounding chamber for the reception of fire-resisting composition. This is a compound of alum or saltpetre with either sawdust or fine sand, which, when heated, generates steam, and keeps out heat on the same principle that the water in a tin kettle prevents the bottom from burning.

In the best safes, the door, too, is made air-tight round the joints. There is, of course, a steel or wrought angle-iron frame, and a good safe of this kind will often withstand considerable violence, but still it is not a thief-proof safe. A thief-proof safe must have walls which resist drilling, punching, and tapping; which, nevertheless, are not so hard as to crack under heavy blows; and the door must be secure against wedges and forcing from the edge. Then a combination safe may be required, both fire and thief-proof; in this case the fire-resisting chambers go inside the thief-proof walls, or in some cases a safe is built within a safe, the outer being fire-proof and the inner burglar-proof.

Now, wrought-iron and mild steel are tough, and will not crack at a heavy blow; but then they are soft and can be drilled through. There is a most ingenious burglar's tool which was used not very long ago at Nottingham, which renders a safe-door of wrought-iron or mild steel quite useless as a protection. It is simply a steel lever. Near the edge of the door a screw-hole is tapped, and into this is screwed a bolt with a hinge-shaped top. On this the long steel lever hinges, the short end taking a fulcrum against a steel block placed against the edge of the safe side-wall, close to the hinged bolt; and the other end, stretching away across the front of the safe, is provided with a screw arrangement which applies a great outward dragging power, so that the door is torn clean away from the bolts and lock in the lock case.

The obvious means of defeating this is by having a steel door so hard that it cannot be drilled or tapped; but then steel so hard as this is brittle, and will crack and smash, so that a compound plate is resorted to, in which layers of mild steel or wrought-iron and hard, undrillable steel alternate. Thus the enterprising burglar, drilling through the soft outer steel or iron, goes a mere eighth of an inch or so, and is brought up by steel which simply takes the point off his drill, and any attempt to smash this sheet of hard and brittle steel is defeated by the protecting coat of tough soft metal in front and behind. But to roll sheets of compound metal in this way, which shall be undrillable in every part, is not so easy as it looks.

Messrs. Chubb made endless trials with every known material before arriving at a kind of steel which would roll to large sheets and retain its hard quality throughout. They

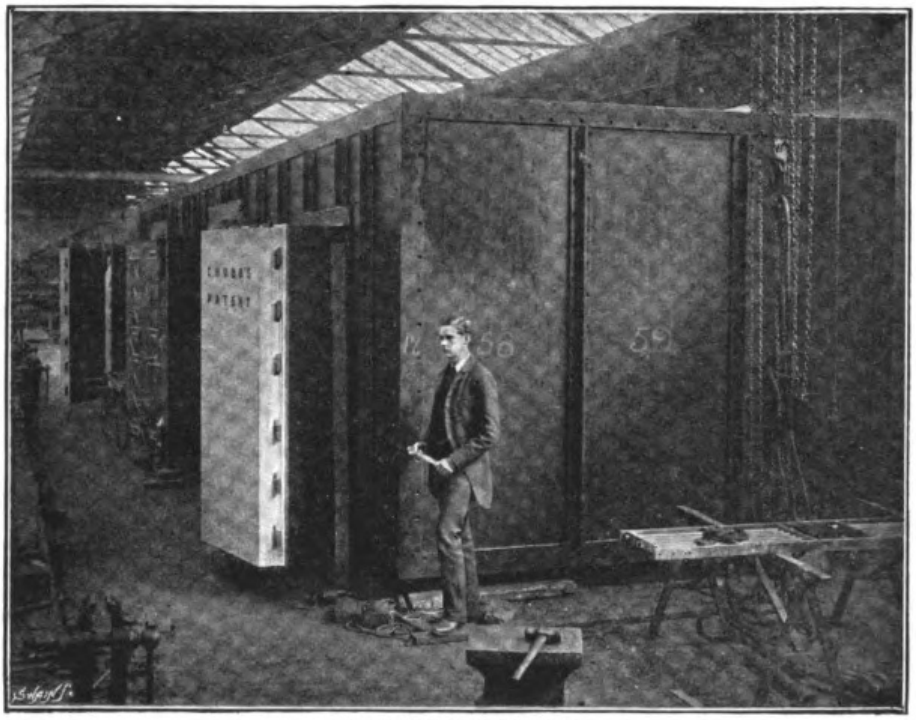


BUILDING A STRONG ROOM.

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now use chrome steel (a steel containing, besides a high percentage of carbon, a certain proportion of chromium) laid with Siemen's mild steel in three-ply or five-ply sheets, and this has resisted whatever burglarious tests have been applied. Of course, everything *can* be punched through, with heavy machinery and time, but the comfort is that the ingenious burglar has neither.

Rolled out, hammered by hand to perfect flatness, and cut to properly sized sheets of the right thickness, the safe, or strong room, is built upon a proper frame of angle metal of the same composition as the sheets, and joined at the corners by massive cast-steel corner-pieces, dovetailed into their places. The building-up is, of course, done by riveting, and as a bad or unscientific rivet might prove a likely source of attack, a great deal of care is given to this work. The holes in the hard steel are made slightly larger than those in the soft, so that the hole through the complete thickness has irregular sides. The rivet is made of tough metal with several strands of chrome steel running through it, so that it cannot be cut. This rivet, having been made red-hot, is put into its place in the work and brought into the jaws of a hydraulic press, which flattens it out like so much putty, compressing the grain of the metal to a diamond-like hardness, and forcing it out at the sides in the layers where the holes are larger, so that the result is an utterly immovable, undrillable, unbreakable, dovetailed rivet. Then the ends of these rivets are neatly ground off under a large emery buffer, making any number of thousand revolutions in a minute, in the midst of a crackling pyrotechnic display of sparks, which envelop the grimy workmen and are unpleasant to the bare skin. The accompanying illustration will give a good idea of the amount of this riveting work to be done on a large piece of work. It represents the strong room made for the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, in course of erection. This little box is fifty feet long and weighs, complete, something over a hundred tons.



STRONG ROOM COMPLETE.

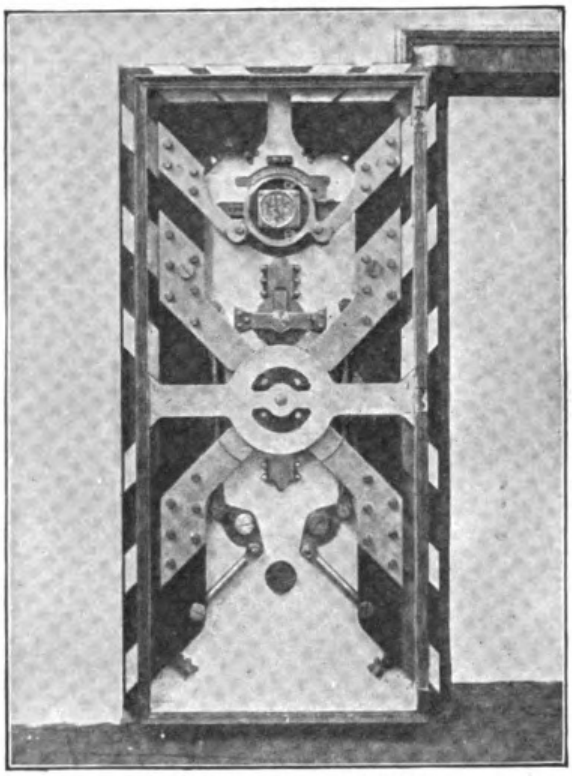
To get into a safe of this sort any way except by the door is out of the question—that way madness lies. There remains the door. On the outside this is just as uninviting as the other parts. It cannot be drilled or tapped, of course. Let us peep behind the scenes and look at the inside. Here is the inner view of a Chubb door fixed to a strong room belonging to the Security Company, of St. James's Street.

The first noticeable thing is that the bolts, instead of shooting horizontally as usual, emerge and retire in an oblique direction, and are made in a corresponding shape. This is the subject of one of the makers' two-score of patents, and a valuable feature. An ordinary horizontal bolt is a simple bolt and nothing more, having no actual *hold* of the safe-sides; a diagonal bolt has a firm grip on the sides, and attempts to force by wedges only increase this grip. The whole of the bolts from each corner are fixed upon a strong, heavy frame. In other safe doors bolts shoot from the bottom as well as from the sides; in this particular door, for special reasons, this is not the case. All these bolts are shot simultaneously from the centre, to

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which the arms of the frames converge; here they are geared with a wheel-lock—a simple metal disc, so pierced with curved slots, in which pins slide, that half a turn either way will propel or retract the whole set of bolts. The bolts and their frames in this door weigh a quarter of a ton, but are so accurately balanced together that they are all worked with the greatest ease with one hand. The balance-levers are shown in the lower part of the door, between the bolt frames; these frames, moreover, run on rollers.

The bolts being shot, the door must be locked. This is done by a lock which shoots its bolt into a recess in the "wheel-lock" already mentioned, and thus holds it from revolving and retracting the bolts. In the door depicted two of these locks are shown, one above and one below, each with a different key, and these key-locks are governed by a "time-lock" set in the upper part of the door; of this "time-lock," more anon. The jambs of all these safe-doors are, of course, "stepped," or provided with many solid rebates to prevent the successful use of wedges. But suppose all these obstacles to be overcome (one can scarcely comprehend the possibility) and strain brought to bear on the bolts, there is an ingenious piece of mechanism of which the ring encircling the time-lock is a conspicuous part, which actually converts this strain into a resisting pressure, driving the bolts the more firmly outward than ever. In addition to all this, the door may be provided with electric wires, so that any opening during prohibited hours will start a bell, which bell, if desirable, may be placed in the nearest police-station. Here is a solid, adamantine problem for the scientific burglar worthy his jemmy.



INTERIOR OF STRONG ROOM DOOR.

Now as to the locks to hold the bolts of these safes. Here in England we still largely use the key-lock, in which a key is used in the ordinary way. In parts of America, however, where wealth and enterprise are a great deal ahead of public order and security of property, a key-lock does not do. The key-hole is the vulnerable point through which some powerful explosive may be introduced to blow the lock to splinters. The key-locks fitted to the safes we have been looking at in these works are gunpowder proof, but nobody in "these States" would think of using gunpowder when dynamite and nitro-glycerine are so easy to procure; and locks won't stand dynamite.

In the gunpowder days, the Yankee burglar would stop all round the crack of the door with putty, leaving only two openings. To one of these openings he would attach an air-pump and proceed to draw the air from the interior, while his persevering partner held a card to the other opening, upon which card he poured fine gunpowder. This was drawn in by the air-suction, and lay between the body of the safe and the door. A sufficient quantity having been deposited a blow-up was effected, which either burst the door from its bolts, or drove it sufficiently forward to admit of the introduction of the jemmy. The remedy for this is, of course, an air-tight joint; the joint also is so accurately fitted that wedges are kept out. Being defeated in this way, the dauntless burglar introduces his explosive by the key-hole. Gunpowder, we have seen, would be ineffectual with the locks we have described, but not dynamite. Therefore in safes made for the American market—and, indeed, in the very best made for England—a keyless lock is employed. One of these is the "combination lock," in which a brass dial turned by a knob is fixed on the outer side of the door. This dial is marked with numbers up to 100. Before the safe is shut the lock is set to any three numbers in succession, so that, after shutting,

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it is necessary to turn the dial until each of these particular numbers in the proper order rests opposite a fixed arrow-head mark before the safe will open. Besides being used as sole lock to a safe, this lock is sometimes fixed in addition to the ordinary key-lock, preventing the key being used until the combination has been worked. With this lock in use, of course picking cannot be attempted, nor can solid explosives be introduced. Still, an American burglar has been known to carry a small phial of nitro-glycerine, and, having poured a quantity of that seductive fluid behind the close joint of the dial, to blow out the lock. Again, in the land of the free it has been picked—with a revolver; the muzzle of the instrument having been insinuated into the ear of the resident cashier or manager who has shut the door, in order to persuade that functionary to re-open it. But even these things are got over by the time-lock.

Refer again to the illustration of the strong-room door interior; the time-lock is seen in the upper part of the door. In its face it has three watch movements. One is enough to work the lock, but three are used in case one should get out of order. This time-lock is set each evening to the time in the morning when it is desired that the safe shall be opened by the legitimate opener.

The time-lock governs the key-locks, and until the time fixed even the proper key will fail to open the door. When, however, any attempt is likely to be made with explosives, the time-lock may be used alone, with no key-locks or key-holes. In this case, as the set time arrives, the door opens automatically. Thus it will be seen that no number of loaded revolvers will enable the cashier to open the door before the proper office hour in the morning; and there is no hole for the introduction of dynamite or nitro-glycerine. What then is to be done? Obviously drill a hole through the safe and get the explosive in that way—a good powerful explosive which will yield a volume of gas about double that of the cubical contents of the safe, and burst every possible lock and joint. But then we have just been examining the walls of these Chubb safes, and know that drilling is out of the question. Useless all. Life is made a thing of bitterness for the poor burglar, and the way of transgressors is rendered lumpy even past endurance.

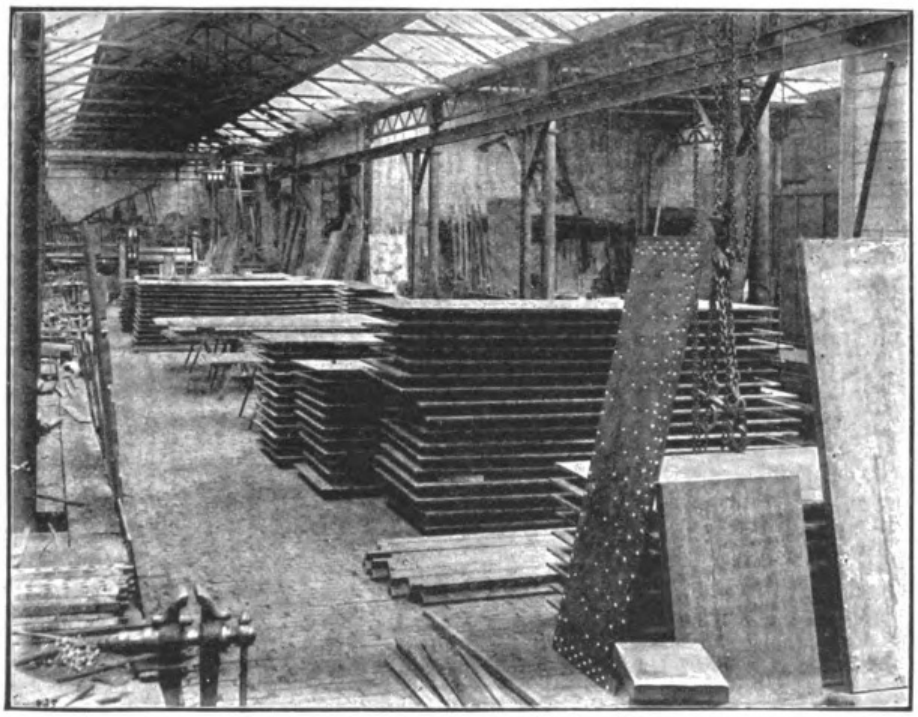
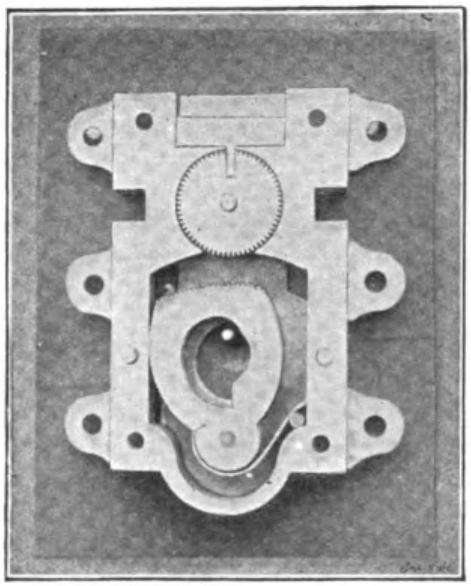


PLATE STORES: MESSRS. CHUBB'S SAFE WORKS.

We pass on through the great plate store; the smith's shop; by the drilling machines, which peg away unceasingly, each drilling fourteen holes at a blow; by the planing and cutting machines, which treat hard steel in the most disrespectful manner, as though it were cheese or cardboard; past the hydraulic riveter and the emery grinder to the lock-finishing shop, where stand rows of mechanics whose exact skill is a thing to marvel at, fitting and completing specimens of all the hundreds of different sizes, patterns, and classes of locks for which this firm is famous—from the tiny desk-lock, the key whereof, in gold, is concealed inside a finger-ring, to the biggest fastening a church door ever carries. Here are all the locks we have had occasion to mention in speaking of safes, and many more. The original "detector" lock, invented by the first Chubb, fifty years ago, wherein an attempt at picking throws the

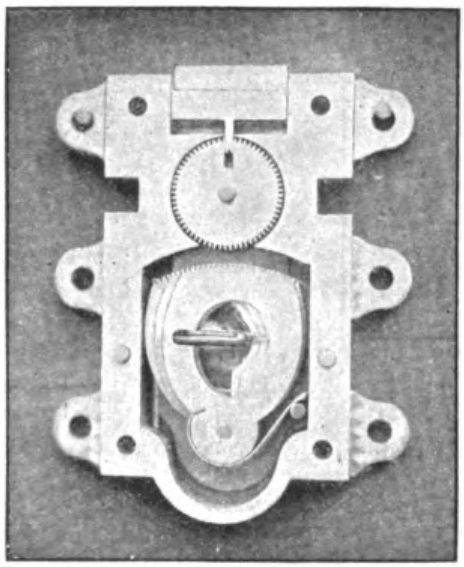
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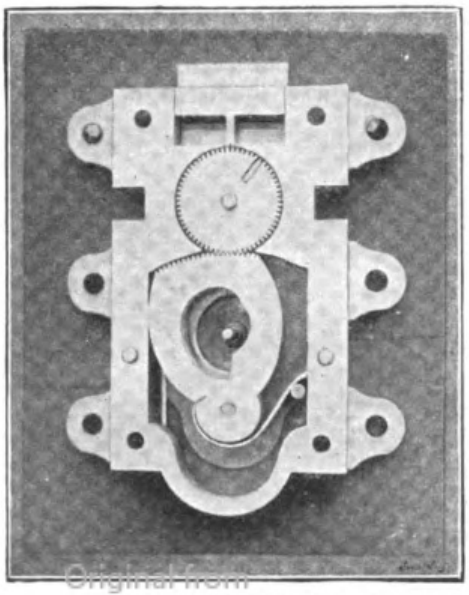
1.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. UNLOCKED.

levers out of order and jams the lock altogether, so that the rightful opener may discover, by being obliged to use his key in a special way, that the lock has been attempted. A lock ordinarily used for safes, which is "dogged against detent"—that meaning that the levers are cut saw-shape at the end, to be caught by a claw, and held immovably at any attempt at picking; and many others, including a lock with a very simple and pretty movement indeed. This lock may be fitted with a dozen, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or any other number of different keys, the number of combinations being practically unlimited. Each of these keys is different to all the others, and yet each will lock this same lock. But once locked, only one key will open it—*the key it was locked with*. So that if a man come to your office and steal your key, hoping to use it against your safe at night, you need take no trouble to recover it—you have only to use another key. Also you may use a different key for every day in the month, so that a wax impression of the key the thief observes you using will be of little use.

If several clerks have keys to a safe, you know who has been there last—the man whose key fits. Here is the lock—simplicity itself. Observe, it is unlocked. A number of thin brass cog-wheels are threaded on a spindle, each with a slot into which fits a projection from the bolt, holding all rigid. The levers are all fixed to the bolt, and their ends are all cogged to correspond with the equal number of wheels. The key is put in and turned, as in the second of the three illustrations. According to the shape of the key, the levers are pushed out to all sorts of different positions, all different for each key; at the same time they pass along with the bolt till the cogs on the levers—all irregular, according to the shape of the key—engage with the cogs of the wheels; also, at the same time, the bolt moving out, the projection slides from the slots in these wheels, which are left free to revolve on their spindle. The turn of the key is completed, and the levers all spring back level with each other, but as they engage with the cog-wheels each of these is turned to a more or less degree, *according to the degree which the key lifted the corresponding lever*. Thus all the slots in these wheels are thrown into different positions, so that the bolts cannot be forced back, since the projection will simply jam against the edges of the wheels. This is shown in the third of the illustrations. When the same key is used to unlock, of course, in lifting the levers once more,



2.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. KEY SHIFTING LEVERS.



3.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. LOCKED.

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each to exactly the same irregularity of position, the cog-wheels are forced round again till the slots all coincide and the bolt with its projection slides back, as shown in No. 3, to the unlocked position shown in No. 1. But equally, of course, a wrong key will not lift the levers to the same position, and so the slots in the cog-wheels will never coincide to admit the projection from the bolt, which, therefore, cannot come back. So that each key, so to speak, *moulds its own lock*.

But, as we have said, a burglar rarely attempts a safe-lock: he acknowledges that a good one usually beats him. And now, with all the wonderful improvements made in the best safes, there may be reason to hope that he will begin to get honest altogether. Wherefore, in taking leave of Mr. Harry Chubb, we congratulate him on his prospective reformation of the dishonest, and terminate an instructive chat.

We have shown some very pretty burglars tools earlier in this paper, and some very primitive keys. Here, as a tailpiece, are two keys which are anything but primitive, and perhaps prettier than the burglars' tools. They were made to commemorate the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and that of the Brussels Exhibition.



KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.



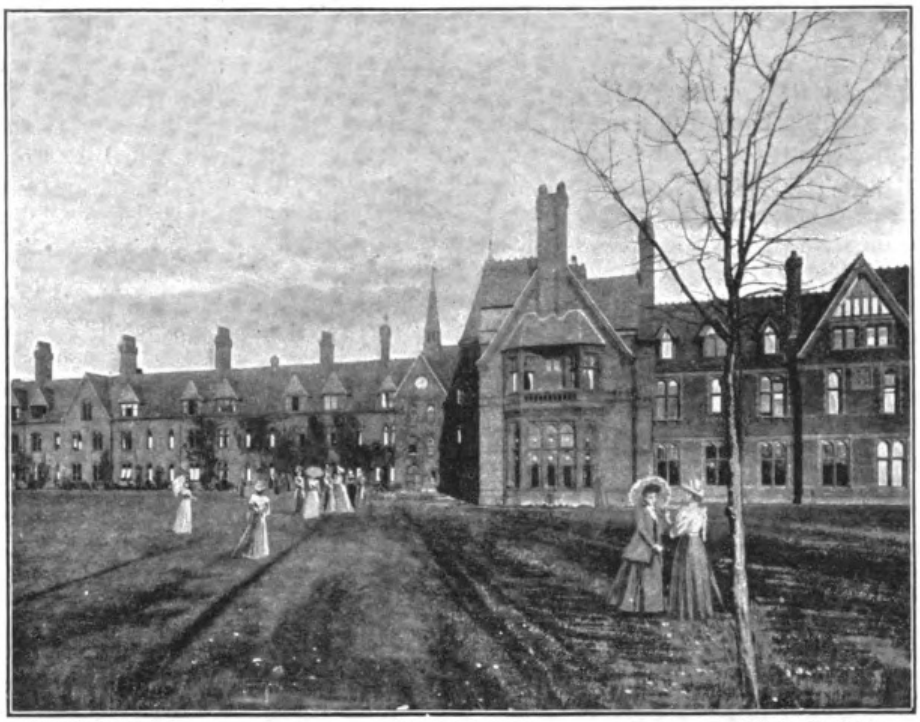
KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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Girton and Newnham Colleges.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.



From a Photo. by] GIRTON COLLEGE. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

HOW often do we not hear the expression, "Sweet girl graduates!" Would you be surprised to know that they do not exist at Cambridge? I do not mean to say that the adjective is misapplied: that would be both ungallant and untruthful. All I postulate is that the designation is inaccurate. The University of Cambridge does not confer degrees on ladies. This is why ladies have to work much harder while at college than men, for unless they go in for honours they have wasted their time. There is no degree examination for them. Consequently, the young ladies at Girton and Newnham are not called undergraduates, but students, and they do not wear cap and gown, for they can never hope to win the hood of the M.A. or B.A.—from Cambridge, at least. The University of London, for one, is more liberal in this respect. But I am informed that the certificated students are almost unanimous in feeling it to be a hardship that their work should not receive the same recognition as that of members of the University.

Of the two colleges devoted to the higher education of women at Cambridge, Girton is the more expensive: hence the students are more wealthy; some of them keep their horses, even. I have not heard of the Girton or the Newnham boat, though that, no doubt, will come in time, for—and it is with pleasure that I write it—the lady students are athletic. They work hard, and, fortunately, they likewise play hard. The consequence is that they are all remarkably healthy-looking young women, with clear, transparent complexions, forms erect, and a graceful carriage. It is quite a mistake to suppose that blue spectacles, cropped hair, and round shoulders predominate among them: on the contrary, they are conspicuous by their absence.

Another popular delusion is that Girton and Newnham girls are mannish blue-stockings, unfeminine in appearance, harsh and awkward in manner, rude and self-sufficient, contemptuous towards the opposite sex—in short, female prigs. Nothing can be more misleading. Those whom I have seen, and I have seen very many, have been invariably gentle and diffident, graceful and courteous, and thoroughly girlish and ladylike. The reason is obvious: The more people know,

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the more conscious they are of their own shortcomings; the more real they are, the less pretentious they become. It is so with men, and it is certainly so with women.

Neither at Girton nor at Newnham do they smoke or even play billiards. They are simple, unaffected girls. They play at lawn tennis, golf, hockey, and fives, with the ardour of schoolgirls, and devoid of all self-consciousness. They are, for the most part, elegantly dressed, though always simply. They have not come to college for amusement, to swagger, and make friends, but to work, in some cases to obtain a means of earning a livelihood.

Let us see what becomes of them after they have left college. Looking through the printed lists of former students, we find that they obtain positions as schoolmistresses principally. They are scattered about the world. Some are in Canada, some in Australia and New Zealand, some in South Africa, others in India. The large provincial schools have secured the services of many. Occasionally we find some at the observatories, Greenwich, for instance; and still a few are able to continue their life of study and even to contribute to the stores of universal knowledge by original research.



From a Photo. by] STUDY FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MISS RAMSEY—GIRTON. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

The "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society and other scientific publications contain many papers to-day from the pens of former Newnham and Girton girls. Wherever they go they bring with them that refinement and humanizing influence which is the peculiar attribute of the student. Some of them marry, and marry brilliantly, like Miss Ramsey, who is now the wife of Dr. Butler, of Trinity. But they are all workers, and not butterflies.

Girton College is a handsome red brick building, some three miles out of Cambridge. It is situated on the crest of a slight elevation overlooking a vale of corn and meadow land, bounded by Madingley Rise, with its windmill beacon and associations with Hereward and Charles Kingsley, and stretching away under a vast expanse of sky to Godmanchester and Huntingdon on the north-west.

It was built in 1873, and among its benefactors the names of Lady Stanley of Alderley and of Miss Davies (the sister of Llewelyn Davies), the virtual founder, stand out prominently. Its central feature is a handsome tower, under which is an archway and the main entrance. The visitor is received in a spacious vestibule by a neat maid-servant, in cap and apron, for Girton is something of a convent, and during my visit I beheld only one male person, and that was a curate. The ground floor is devoted to the reading-room, in which is a collection of old Italian Folk Songs, copied out and illustrated by Miss Alexander, and presented to the college by Professor Ruskin; the library, which boasts 6,000 volumes, principally works of reference; the dining-room, or hall; lecture-rooms, etc. But I will let Miss E. Dixon describe the buildings; she was formerly herself a student of Girton, and is intimately acquainted with its routine and structure:—

"The buildings are in three stories, known as the Top, Middle, and Bottom Corridors

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respectively. On the two lower corridors, and in some parts of the topmost, each student has two rooms, furnished by the college with all that is absolutely essential in the way of furniture (students add to this whatever they please in the way of pictures, etc.), and communicating by folding doors. On the top corridor many of the rooms are single, but more picturesque in shape, and divided into two portions by a heavy curtain.

"Of these little sets of students' chambers there are in all a hundred and five, most of which have been very tastefully arranged by the students, besides the rooms for the Mistress, Vice-Mistress and librarian, six resident lecturers, bursar, and an entire wing for the housekeeper and the kitchen staff. On the bottom corridor are thirteen lecture-rooms, library, laboratory, hall, and reading-room. The corridors are connected by four staircases, besides that in the servants' wing.

"The Hall is a fine large room, which has been enlarged to almost double its former size within recent years. It contains several tables, four long ones for students, the 'High' table at the end for the Mistress and resident lecturers, and a small round one in a deep bay window which is sometimes used as a guest-table by students who have visitors. All the three principal meals are taken in common in Hall—breakfast between 8.15 and 9, lunch between 12 and 3, and 'Hall' or dinner—the only formal meal, where all sit down at once—at 6.30.

"Afternoon tea is carried round by the college servants at four o'clock to students' rooms and lecture-rooms. This last item is especially appreciated by out-college lecturers of the masculine gender, who give most of their lectures and general tuition at Girton during the afternoon, and are not accustomed to the luxury of having ready-made tea brought to them in the middle of a long lecture in their own colleges, any more than they are accustomed *chez eux* to lecture-rooms with tablecloths.

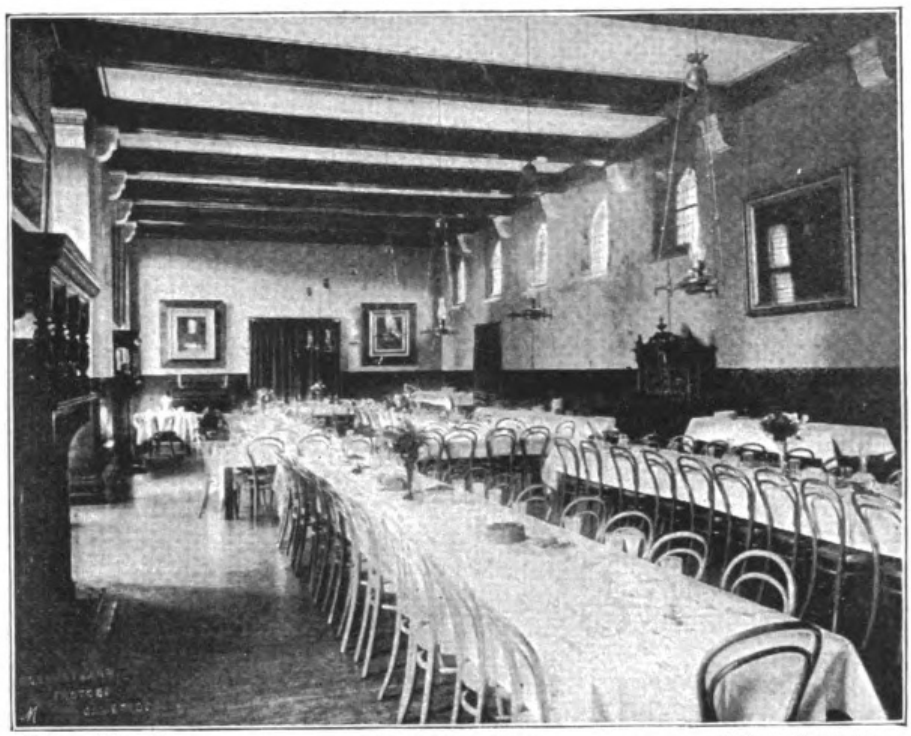
"Students at Girton have to pass the usual University examinations on or after entering upon residence. Of these the first is the Little-Go, officially termed the 'Previous.' It consists of elementary classics and mathematics, with, for Honours' students, a further examination in mathematics, with French and German as alternatives at choice. The Little-Go once disposed of—as soon as possible—the student chooses in which branch of study she will settle down to read for her Tripos three years hence: whether in Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Moral Science, History, Law, Theology, or in Mediæval with Modern or in Oriental Languages.

"The results of the students' choice in the past may be somewhat surprising, and it may be added that exactly the same tendencies are at work at the present moment. It is found that the subjects which are most popular are just those for which the ordinary curriculum of the average girls' school gives the very least preparation. Classics is a good first on the list with 97 in the twenty-four years; Mathematics second with 75; then come Natural Science with 46, History with 29, Moral Science with 19, Mediæval and Modern Languages with 9, and Theology with 1. Besides these, there are a few



From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY—GIRTON. [*Stearn, Cambridge.*

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From a Photo. by] THE HALL—GIRTON. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

students who have taken double honours, viz., two in Mathematics and Moral Science, one in Mathematics and History, one in Mathematics and Mediæval with Modern Languages, and one in Natural Science and Moral Science.

"The hours devoted by Girtonians per day to 'reading'—the common Cambridge term which includes writing and thinking and sundry other things—vary somewhat, according to the subjects they are engaged in. It is generally agreed that more than about six or six and a half hours per day at mathematics is unprofitable, while an average of eight may be put in at natural science, including, as it does, a good deal of practical work in laboratories.

"But, taking the various subjects one with another, an *average* of seven or seven and a half hours per day throughout the term is pretty hard reading, and nothing is gained by exceeding it. Of course, a large number of Cambridge undergraduates never approach anywhere near this record, but women students come to Cambridge especially to work, and only incidentally to play so far as health and the *esprit de corps* of college life demand. For it must not be supposed that Girton students are at all lacking in the healthy open-air instincts which are natural to vigorous and common-sensible young women of twenty.

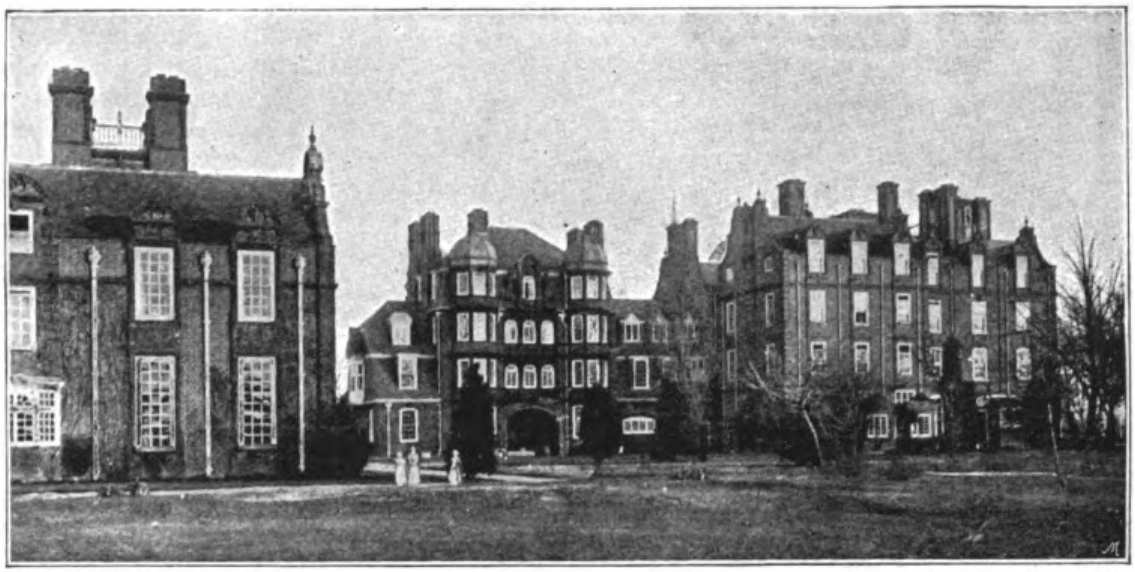
"Tennis-courts abound on both sides of the college buildings. There is a ground for hockey and one for golf. Some students have a predilection for long walks across country in search of wild flowers or 'beasts.' Small clubs and societies — debating, musical, reading—abound. There is a fire brigade, whose officers are elected on the most democratic lines from among the students themselves (no lecturer or other college authority *ever* stands for election as officer), and whose members are systematically drilled under strict discipline at the pumps, buckets, ladders, and ropes.

"Perhaps most enjoyable and least formal gatherings of all are the small tea, coffee, or cocoa parties to which individual students invite their friends in the evening after Hall."

These parties take the place of the "wines" to which the grosser male undergraduate is addicted. The life of the students is free and unconstrained. They go out when they like and come in when they please. Those who have to attend lectures at Cambridge itself are conveyed thither in cabs at the cost of the college. All have to be in for Hall, and they are not allowed out at night except by special permission, and then they must be in by eleven. Nor may the Girton girl go unchaperoned to dances. There is no chapel, but prayers are said in the library. Marking takes place three times a day. The handsome grounds have a sheet of ornamental water, and there is a gymnasium in the building.

The beginnings of Girton were humble, and represented by six students in a small house at Hitchin, in 1869. In those days it was almost an act of heroism to join that small band; to-day it has become the smart thing to go to Girton, and already the building, large as it is, is scarcely large enough to afford accommodation to all its students, and occasionally some have to be boarded out in the vicinity.

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From a Photo. by] NEWNHAM COLLEGE. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

The interior of Girton presents a picture of neatness, cleanliness, and order which affords a pleasing contrast to the more time-honoured colleges in the town, but then the hand of woman is known to beautify all it touches. The view from the windows is pleasing, without being wildly picturesque.

Architecturally, Newnham is a much finer building than Girton. It is composed of three halls, called respectively Clough Hall, after Miss Clough, the founder; Sidgwick Hall, after Mrs. Sidgwick, the principal; and Old Hall. With the latter is incorporated a new structure only lately completed, the Pfeiffer Building, commemorating Mrs. Pfeiffer, whose bequest defrayed the cost of its erection. These three halls are all connected and form two sides of a quadrangle, in which are inclosed the college grounds, where hockey and tennis are played.

The main entrance is through an archway in the Pfeiffer Building. The architecture is Flemish, or Queen Anne, as it is the fashion to call it and the buildings are suggestive of comfort, dignity, and learning. They are nevertheless cheerful and bright, being in red brick, the window-frames picked out in white.

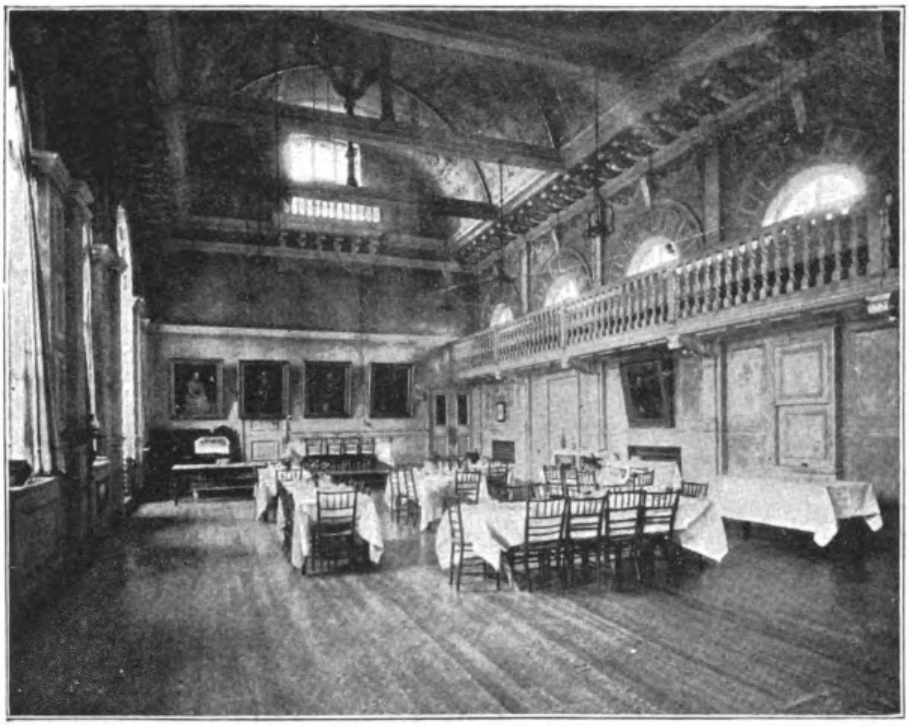
The halls are presided over by vice-principals: Miss Helen Gladstone, a daughter of the Grand Old Man; Miss Jane Lee, a daughter of Archdeacon Lee; and Miss Katharine Stephen, a daughter of the late judge of that name—Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the wife of Professor Sidgwick, being the principal. In the hall there are portraits of this lady and her husband, and of the late principal, Miss Clough, by Mr. Shannon, which, through the courtesy of Messrs. Gray and Davis, photographers, of Queen's Road, Bayswater, I am able to reproduce.

Newnham, like Girton, has had a slow growth, and began humbly. In 1870, lectures for women were first started in Cambridge, and in 1871, in consequence of the demand from women at a distance to share the lectures, Miss A. J. Clough took charge of a house in Cambridge, with five students; but in 1875 Old Hall was opened, and since then the growth of Newnham has been steady and rapid. The Pfeiffer Building has been lately erected at a cost of £5,000, bestowed by the trustees of the late Mrs. Pfeiffer.

Mrs Sidgwick, the amiable and courtly lady principal, was so good as to escort me personally through the little kingdom over which she holds sway, and graciously explained to me all the points of interest. The college library, part of which was bequeathed to the college, in 1887, by Mr. Coutts Trotter, contains about 8,000 volumes. There is a magnificent laboratory, which could challenge comparison with that of Dr. Koch, in Berlin, when I saw it in 1891.

From the laboratory, Mrs. Sidgwick took me across the grounds to the handsome hall, showing me the diminutive observatory by the way. Girls were playing hockey with vigour as we passed the hockey-ground. The hall is a large and capacious building, prettily decorated, the walls and ceilings being white and ornamented with mouldings. Along one side of the hall and at one end there is a commodious gallery, and at the other end there is a raised dais, on which is the "High"

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From a Photo. by] THE HALL—NEWNHAM. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

table, and a piano. For occasionally the Newnham girls unbend and indulge in concerts. "I suppose it would be profane to suggest smoking concerts?" I asked my guide. She replied, with tranquil dignity: "It would be profane." I then learned that Newnham students did not smoke.

At Newnham students are not allowed two rooms, as at Girton, but only one, and it is pretty to see how tastefully these are furnished, though here and there I saw rooms that had all the austerity of a barrister's chambers in the Temple.

But in order to present a picture of the life at Newnham, I think I will let a student who has been so kind as to favour me with the following description speak for herself:—

"It may be as well to remark at the outset that each of the three halls among which our hundred and fifty students are distributed has its own Vice-Principal, its own dining-hall and common rooms, and to some extent its own customs, but these latter do not diverge widely enough to prevent a description of one hall from serving as a type of all three. Choosing, then, for obvious reasons my own hall, I should like to introduce you to it under one of its pleasantest aspects, and to show you a scene that always rises before me when I try to recall my first impressions of Newnham.

"Imagine one of those bright October mornings, with a touch of frost in the air, which show autumn tints at their loveliest in 'the Backs' and college gardens. It is half-past eight, and breakfast is in full swing in our pretty dining-hall. Fires burn merrily in the big fire-places, at one of which a kettle is singing; through south and east windows the cheerful sunlight falls on the 'High' and other white-covered tables gay with chrysanthemums, on creamy panelled walls and on the polished floor, the pride of our head table-maid's heart. From each and all of the tables comes a lively buzz of conversation, though without prejudice to the proper business of the hour.

"It is early in the term, and we are all eager either to hear or tell some new thing about our adventures during the long vacation, while the more virtuously disposed are making friendly overtures to our new arrivals, an obligation which the less conscientious consider only binding at dinner. I confess, for my own part, to getting up much earlier in the day than my social instincts, and to rejoicing in the informality of breakfast and lunch, which does away with any necessity for 'general conversation.'

"Custom decrees, however, that one's seat at *dinner*—unless the Vice-Principal calls one to the 'High'—should be taken without premeditation, and that everyone should then do what in her lies to promote 'the general joy of the whole table.' Of course, none but the most hardened offenders are ever heard to talk 'shop' at meals. By the way, classics and natural science, poles asunder otherwise, both seem to develop this tendency in their votaries. The hours between breakfast and lunch are variously filled up, according to the arrangement of your work; some have much coaching, some go to lectures in Cambridge, others have all their lectures at Newnham. But all the morning there is a perpetual *va et vient* between the college and the town, and a stranger, finding himself in Silver Street about ten o'clock, might be tempted to exclaim:

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From a Painting by] MISS CLOUGH—FOUNDER OF NEWNHAM. *[J. J. Shannon.*

'There is sure another Flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark!' for it is mostly 'two-by-two' that we are to be seen wending our way, armed with note-books of every size and hue, to sit at the feet of our Gamaliels.

"You can lunch in Hall, either at 12.30 or at 1.15, and you are in private duty bound to devote the time between lunch and Hall tea, which goes on from three till four, to air and exercise. Whether you will play hockey, fives, or tennis, or go for a constitutional, will depend on your tastes, but there are few points on which college opinion is stronger than on the expediency, nay, duty, of doing one or the other. And here a word on our games. What would Newnham be without them? The real reason why some of the maidens whom Tennyson's Princess gathered round her were discontented and *ennuyées* must have been that there were no *games* worth mentioning at her college. Those damsels would never have 'lain about the lawns' of an afternoon and 'murmured that their May was passing' if there had been tennis matches between their halls to play in, or if the rival colours of Blanche and Psyche had been sported on a hockey-ground. In the Michaelmas term, of which I am speaking, hockey and fives are very much in the ascendant, though tennis is also played all the winter.

"Hockey is not usually considered a graceful amusement, but one need only see it played at Newnham to realize that it can be at once exciting and pretty to watch; in fact, it was as an admiring spectator of our team practices that I first learnt the error of supposing that the female form divine is unadapted for running gracefully. Devotees of this game will not hear of anything else being compared to it; it throws a spell over its votaries as potent, though less unaccountable than that exercised by golf. Like golf, too, if you do not love it madly it will have none of you: you had better not play at all. Fives was immensely popular last year, but it is too brief and concentrated a game to be anyone's sole form of exercise. Tennis is our most catholic diversion, being played and enjoyed by high and low in the ranks of our college and house clubs, and the extremes of good and bad play are often to be seen at once on adjoining courts.

"At this time of year there are not the same temptations to remain out of doors that make it so hard to work between tea and dinner in the May term. But when one has time, what

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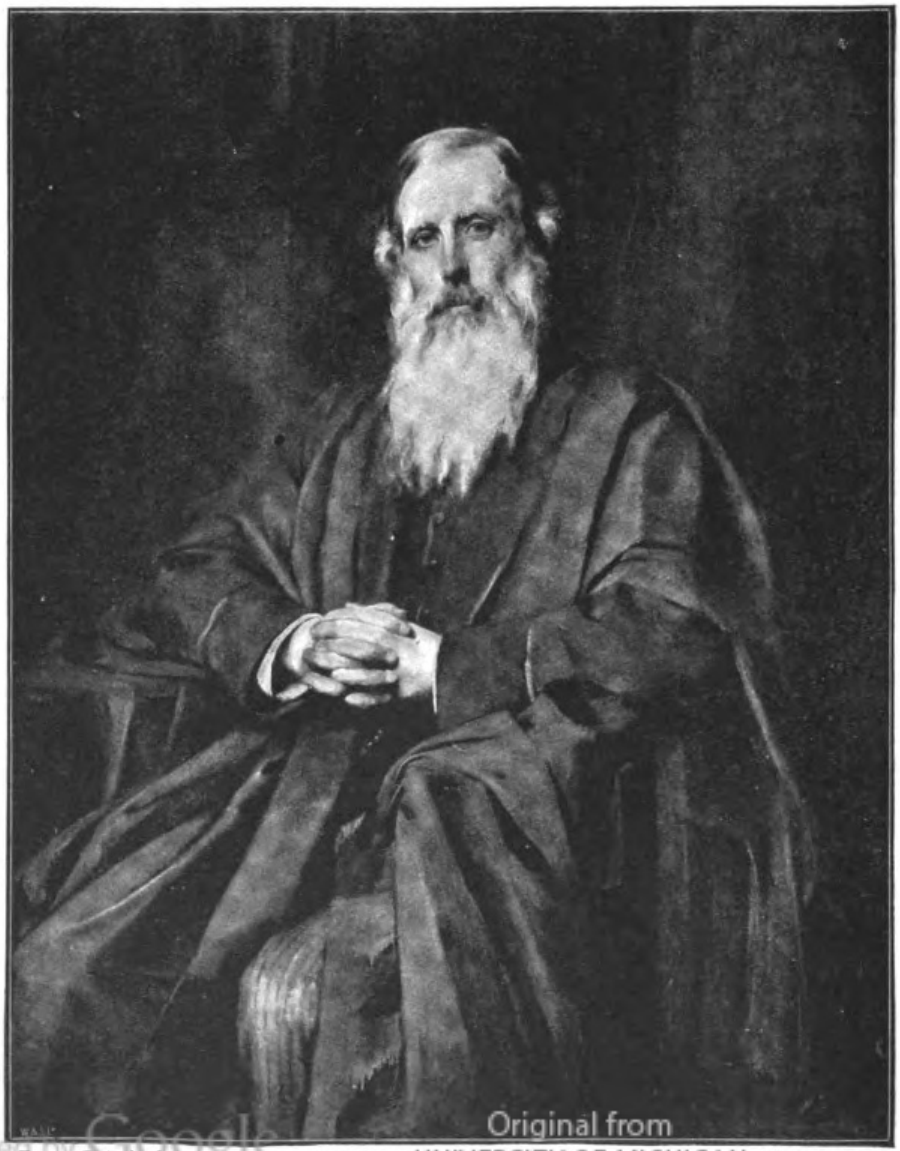
more pleasant than to go to King's for evensong; to walk under the yellowing trees of 'the Backs' in the early twilight, and then to watch the twinkling lights and great overarching gloom of the chapel, 'and hear the mighty organ rolling waves of sound on roof and floor'?

"Our dinner, or 'Hall,' at half-past six is the next event to be mentioned, but I have already said enough about our meals while on the subject of breakfast, and will pass on to the important hour between dinner and evening tea. Most college societies hold their meetings at this hour, and their name being legion, nothing but the inconvenience of being in two places at once prevents one from attending a couple of societies almost every night of the week.

"The largest and most important is the Debating Society, whose meetings, held twice a term, are our chief social events. A Newnham debate is always a pretty sight; the great hall is brilliantly lit; the daïs, where the President graces her chair of state, is further decorated with groups of small palms and flowering plants, while the body of the hall is thronged with members and visitors, and looks like a bright-coloured parterre. The scene from the gallery, especially during the dancing that follows debates, ought to convince anybody that when lovely woman stoops to book-learning, she does *not* lose all interest in her personal appearance.

"All sorts and conditions of speakers are to be heard on these occasions, but few do themselves full justice in the rather trying positions of proposer or opposer of the motions discussed. The presence of visitors, the general air of pomp and circumstance, the fact that even one's own familiar friends look less familiar than usual *en grande tenue*, cause most people to feel a little shy and constrained, at least on commencing their remarks. Decidedly the best speeches are to be heard at our Political Society, which meets once a week, and models itself, at a humble and respectful distance, upon the House of Commons.

"We have, of course, a Speaker, a Government, and an Opposition; but tenure of office is with us a matter of amicable arrangement between the leaders of the Conservative, Gladstonian, and Liberal Unionist parties, who usually take it in turn to form a Ministry, which then flourishes, careless of majorities, for a couple of terms.



From a Painting by] PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK. *[J. J. Shannon.*

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From a Painting by] MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK—PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM. *[J. J. Shannon.*

"And now comes the very witching time of night when not only churchyards, but the industrious student, may begin to yawn. From eight till ten o'clock she has laboured in her vocation, secured, perhaps, from intrusion by our substitute for the 'oak' of other colleges—a slip of metal bearing the legend 'Engaged,' which can be displayed at pleasure on her door.

"Now is the time when lights are put out in the corridors, which, though dimly lit from within the rooms by glass ventilators above the doors, are filled in certain corners with a darkness that may be felt very distinctly by the shin or forehead of the inexperienced voyager after cocoa. To carry a candle would be a confession of incompetence that is universally disdained; but it is quite *en régle* for a 'fresher' to strike an occasional match outside rooms that give forth sounds of revelry, in order to discover from the name on the door whether she has come to the right entertainment or must quest further.

"The word 'cocoa,' like the word 'poltics,' of immortal celebrity, 'surprises by himself,' and I must try to supply its context for the uninitiated to whom it merely suggests a cup which cheers quite as little as it inebriates. Perhaps the simplest plan will be to follow one of the above-mentioned 'freshers,' who is bidden to a cocoa, and see what becomes of her.

"The scene changes to a bright and pretty room, where you will first be struck by the inhabitants, who, to the number of ten or fifteen, are all laughing, talking, and drinking cocoa; and next by the climate, which has a tropic zone near the fire and an arctic one by the open window.

"Your hostess will be too busy making and dispensing the cocoa (assisted by a *fidus Achates*) to say much to you herself, but she will take care that you get embarked on the stream of vivacious talk about half a hundred subjects dear to the heart of girls in general and Newnhamites in particular. If you have not much to say yourself you will find it very good fun to listen and look on.

"Contrary to the received opinion of novelists, the sweet girl graduate has not one but many types, and college life, by giving free play to the athletic, the social, the musical, the managing, the hard-working, and half-a-dozen other instincts, tends as much to turn out women with a redeeming leaven of in-

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dividuality as 'good society' does to make every girl an exact replica of every other in dress, language, ideas, and character.

"But come, it is long past eleven, and time to be going, for that student who looked in just now and casually remarked that we were making a good deal of noise, did so in the official capacity of 'J.P.' We elect justices of the peace from among ourselves, and, on a well-known principle, it is the noisiest people who are oftenest chosen for the office of maintaining comparative quiet during work hours and late at night. Strange to say, I have been a J.P. myself; but that was for quite a different reason."

I will conclude this record of a most agreeable visit with that base ingratitude which is characteristic of wicked man by telling an irreverent story.

There is a legend that some time ago Mr. Gladstone planted a chestnut tree in the grounds at Newnham, but the naughty undergraduates from the neighbouring college of Selwyn managed by stratagem or bribery to spirit it away. They also sent cards to all the principal photographers of Cambridge instructing them to come and photograph it. The unsuspecting photographers arrived and found great lamentation, but no tree. Mr. Gladstone, however, was good enough to repeat the experiment, and the second tree is happily intact.



From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF NEWNHAM GIRLS. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXVII.—LORD AND LADY BRASSEY.

By M. Griffith.

PARK LANE is the most aggressively aristocratic spot in London. The very houses have an insolent air of not being compelled to keep up appearances, or to ape the vulgar uniformity of modern structures. The architecture is delightfully erratic, and belongs to no known style.

Some of the houses are low, some high, some bay-windowed and gay with flowers; others have hideous verandas; some face the road and the park, others turn their backs on it, while a few compromise matters by giving only a side view to the passers-by. In one part several houses are clustered closely together as if anxious to take up as little room as possible, with often a small bijou residence tightly sandwiched between two gaunt sombre ones. Some have lawns or gardens, with massive iron gates; others shabby little doors, which look as if they were never meant to open, and are guiltless of bell or knocker.

The numbering has been done upon the same chaotic principle. You will find, say, No. 7, and naturally expect that No. 8 will come next. Nothing of the kind; the next is 16, and No. 8 will probably be in some other street. The eminently respectable police who patrol Park Lane have evidently given up the problem of solving these trifling eccentricities, for if a puzzled stranger were to question one of them on the subject, he would doubtless reply, "I am not sure," and—with a comprehensive wave of his white gloved hand—"but it ought to be somewhere 'ere's about." So it ought; but, alas! experience has taught us that "it is the unexpected that always happens."

I was not a stranger to the little complexities of this haunt of the moneyed great, so on one of the about seven tropical days which constitute an English summer, I leisurely wended my way to 24, Park Lane, to see Lord and Lady Brassey, and to gather material for an article for The Strand Magazine. What a relief to enter that cool hall, with its walls hidden by trophies and arms of all kinds, and the wide, crimson-covered staircase, at the top of which a recumbent statue gleamed ivory-white against a background of growing plants.

Lady Brassey's private rooms are on the second floor, reached by the lift. I was ushered into the boudoir, and graciously received by the fair *châtelaine*, a tall, handsome woman of stately presence, with a very winning smile. Lady Sybil de Vere Brassey—as her full name runs—is the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden, granddaughter of the late Earl of Essex, and sister of the present Earl. Her father—she informed me—died before succeeding to the title. So she never lived in her beautiful ancestral home, Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire.



From a Photo. by] LORD BRASSEY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

Lady Brassey was married in 1890, and has one dear little girl, the Hon. Helen de Vere Brassey. In the course of

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From a Photo. by] LADY BRASSEY. *[Alice Hughes, Gower St.*

conversation, I learnt that before her marriage she lived very quietly, had travelled but little, that her uneventful home-life had developed a great taste for reading, and that she was an enthusiast about sculpture, a great walker, an accomplished horsewoman, and very fond of punting.

"After my marriage," Lady Brassey said, "we went for a six weeks' cruise in the *Sunbeam*, visiting Spain and Italy."

In reply to my question if she was a good sailor, she smiled and said, "Not at first, but now I am getting better, and am beginning to enjoy it."

The next voyage was in the following spring. A visit was paid to the Gulf of Spezzia, where Lord Brassey has large interests in lead-smelting works.

"On the 1st of January, 1893," Lady Brassey continued, "we set sail for the West Indies. We had a large party of guests on board, including my relatives, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Dorothea Murray, Mr. Spencer Lyttleton, and Major Seymour Finch. In going out we had very rough weather; we were only away about three months."

"I described the *Sunbeam* some three years ago," I said; "are her decorations still the same?"

"She was rearranged and refitted," Lady Brassey replied, "so as to be in readiness for a voyage to India, where we went last year. The photograph I have given you of the yacht was taken in Calcutta. You see the native boats round her."

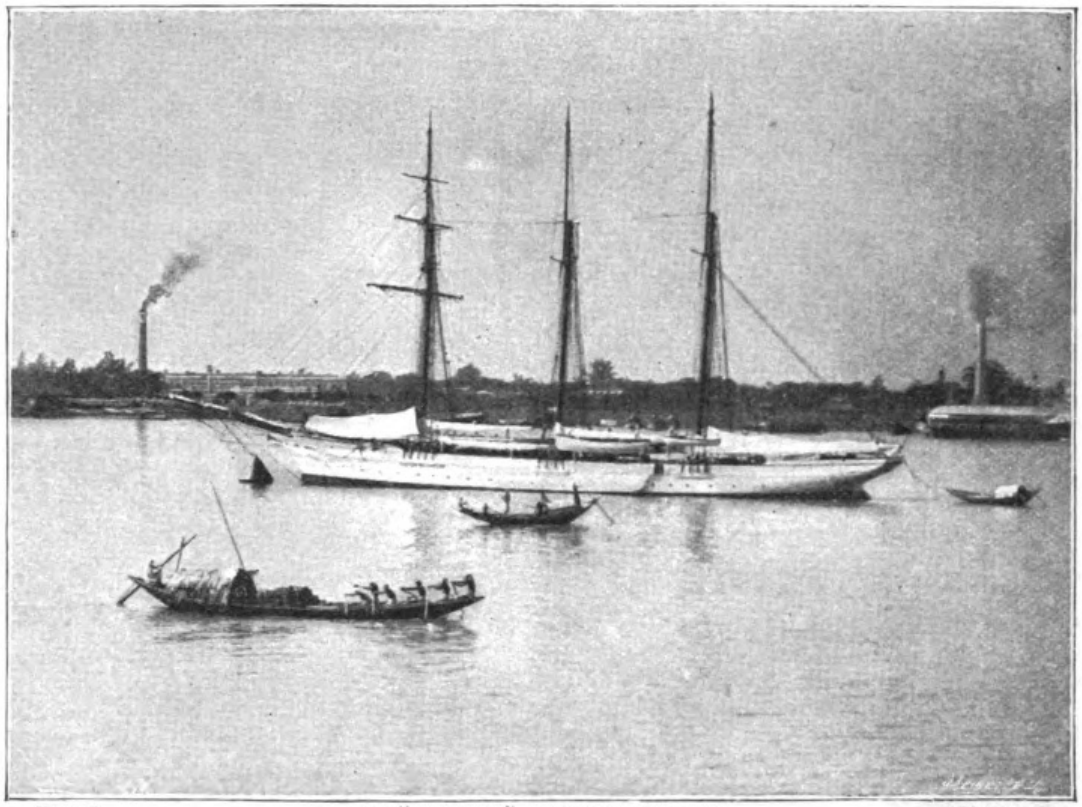
The *Sunbeam* was in Calcutta for about two months when Lord Brassey was President of the Royal Commission on Opium. They stayed over Christmas there, entertaining a great many friends on board. The *Sunbeam* was then sent to Bombay, where Lord and Lady Brassey rejoined her.

The deck-house is the most frequently occupied of all the cabins, being used as a drawing-room. I also give an illustration of the dining saloon, with the table laid. The walls are of chintz, covered with choice water-colour drawings. The paint is white, relieved with gold, and the mirrors are surrounded with lattice-work upon which ivy is twisted. The mast, which is in one corner of the room, is also twisted with it. The table swings on gimbals. In Lady Brassey's cabin the walls are covered with chintz, and the fittings, including book-



HON. HELEN DE VERE BRASSEY.
From a Photo. by George Granville, Tunbridge Wells.

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From a] THE "SUNBEAM."—TAKEN IN CALCUTTA. [Photograph.

shelves and wardrobes, are of ebony, and many choice water-colours adorn the walls.

All the cabins on the *Sunbeam* are beautifully fitted and arranged, and but for the size one could imagine oneself in a splendidly furnished house.

"Are you fond of hunting?" was my next question.

"Yes, very; and so is Lord Brassey, and we keep horses at Leigl.ton for that purpose. We spend the autumn at Normanhurst Court, the season in town, and I generally go to Scotland for about six weeks every year."

Lady Brassey has a horror of publicity, and it was only by occasional remarks that I was able to learn a little more of her life outside society circles. For instance, that during the pressure of the London season, with all its attendant gaieties and consequent fatigue, the dinner parties, balls, and fortnightly musical reunions at which she has to enact the hostess, she still finds time and inclination for benefiting and personally visiting the poor and suffering. She has founded a convalescent home for children at Bexhill, Sussex, and is a frequent and



From a] DECK-HOUSE, "SUNBEAM." [Photograph.

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From a] LADY BRASSEY'S CABIN.—"SUNBEAM." *[Photograph.*

welcome visitor at the Seamen's Hospital near the Victoria and Albert Docks, with which Lord Brassey is also associated.

"Is not that rather far for you to go?" I asked.

"Yes, but no one else will go on that account," replied Lady Brassey.

I also learnt that she was on the Committee of the Mayfair Union for the Rescue of Young Girls.

My attention was attracted by a beautiful Dachshund, named "Grâfin" (Countess).

"I am very fond of dogs," Lady Brassey said, "and have always two or three about me; but this one is my favourite."

"Grâfin" evidently was fully aware of the fact, for she took both admiration and caresses quite as a matter of course.

During a temporary interruption of our conversation, I tried to take a mental picture of the boudoir, but utterly failed. I remember that it was a long room divided by arches and pillars, with chintz-covered furniture and walls rich with lovely Eastern fabrics and draperies, many palms, and flowers and priceless objects of all kinds, gathered from many lands. The writing-table at which Lady Brassey was seated had the top covered with photographs, and it was furnished with all the dainty appliances which make writing a pleasure, yet withal it bore an appearance of being used for a great deal of systematic and serious work. I may add that the room was most harmonious in colouring and arrangement; no one object thrust itself upon you—it was not as if furnished to order, but a reflex in many ways of the tastes of the owner. If I had the necessary space I would describe the ball-room at Park Lane, with its parquet flooring; the two drawing-rooms—the one red, the other yellow—the curtains of which are of Eastern material, gorgeously embroidered; the smoking-room, with china-decorated walls on a red background, and door and ceiling painted in Moorish style. In the dining-room are several large paintings, all modern, and all by English artists, including, among many others, "A Calm Day on the Scheldt" and "The Goodwin Sands," by E. W. Cooke, R.A.; "Grassmere," by Copley Fielding; "Ripening Sunbeams," by Vicat Cole, R.A.; "The Woodland Mirror," by R. Redgrave, R.A.; "On the Road to Mentone," by Cecil Lawson; and "Gibraltar," by Keeley Halswelle.

Lord Brassey's study is green-walled, with painted ceiling, the furniture is of light oak

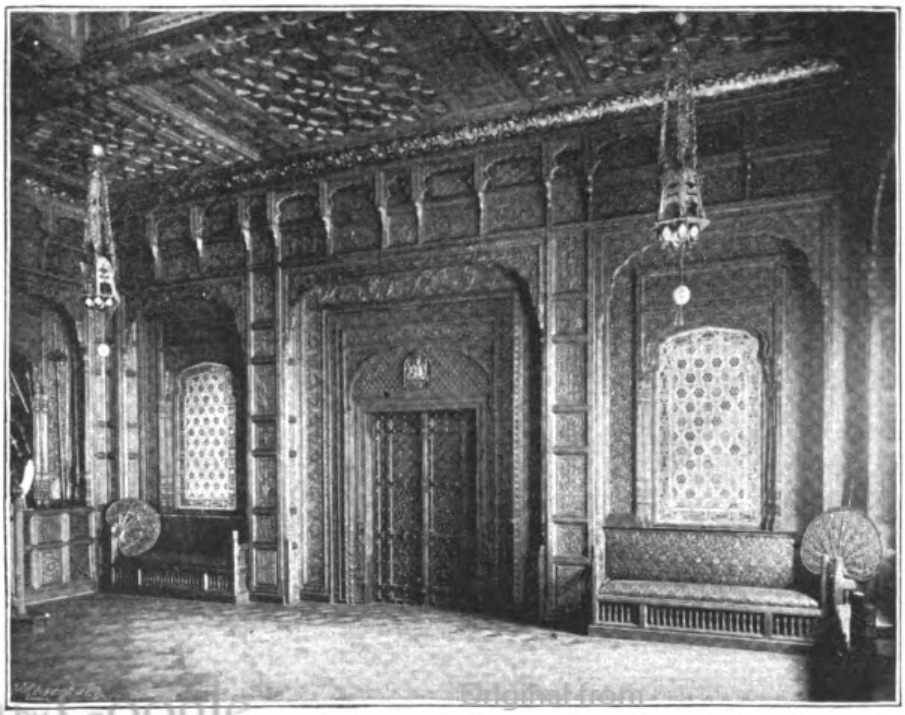
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From a] SALOON, WITH TABLE LAID FOR LUNCH.—"SUNBEAM." *[Photograph.*

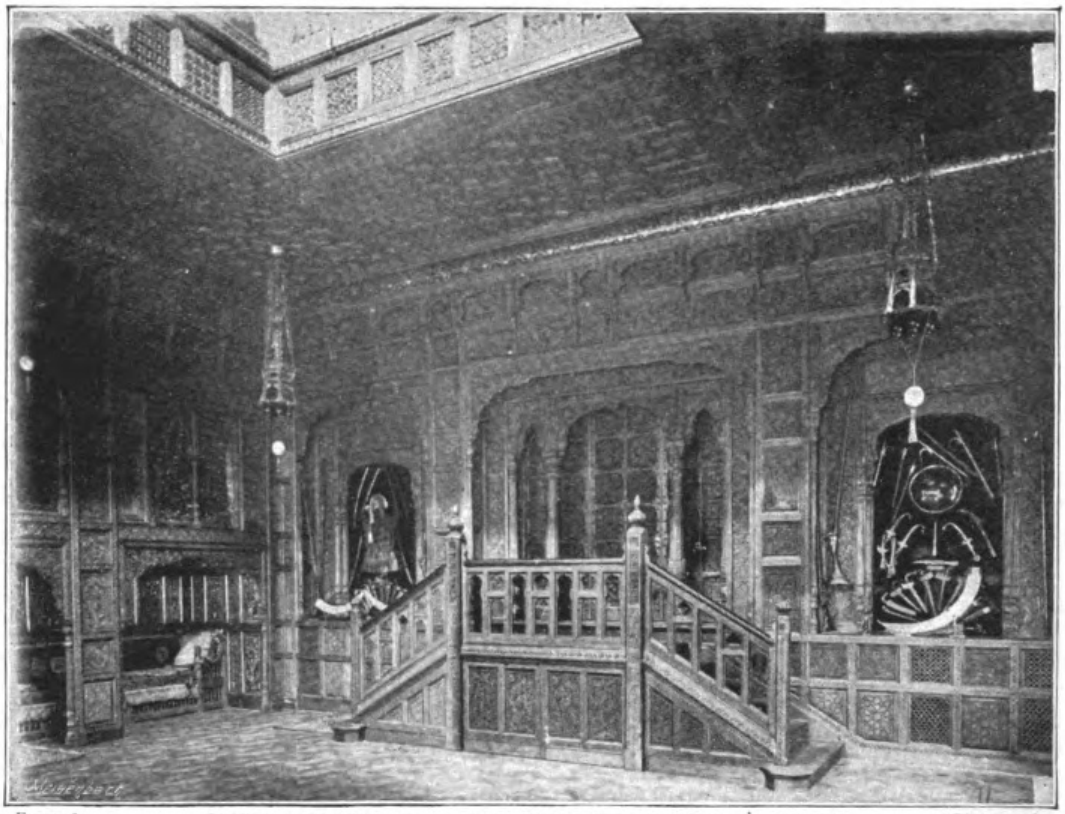
inlaid with black, and covered with peacock-green leather. It is not necessary to describe the owner; that strong but benevolent face, and the genial, kindly manner, are well known not only in political, naval, and social circles, but everywhere where a cheering word can encourage, or wealth succour, if the cause be good.

Lord Brassey was born at Stafford, in 1836, where his father, the late Mr. Thomas Brassey, was living temporarily while superintending some important railway contracts. The first school that he went to was at Dieppe, during the construction of the Rouen and Dieppe Railway. He was afterwards sent to Temple Grove, East Sheen, then to Rugby, and finally to University College, Oxford. He is an Hon. D.C.L. and M.A. It is impossible to do more in a short article than to just mention his various public appointments from 1866 to the present time. He was successively Member of Parliament for Devonport and Hastings; a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Sussex; from 1880 to 1884 a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and the



From a] FOLDING-DOORS OF CARVED TEAK IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. *[Photograph.*

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From a] CARVED DOOR, PILLARS, AND STAIRCASE IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. [Photograph.

following year Secretary to the Admiralty; President of the Statistical Society for the year 1879–80; and in 1886 he was raised to the peerage. Lord Brassey is one of the directors of the British North Borneo Company; of the Naval Construction Armament Company; and the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company. In 1893 he was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting. At present he is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Opium, which has taken up a great deal of his time; but notwithstanding all these multifarious and arduous offices, Lord Brassey takes a personal interest in philanthropic work, such as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of both of which he is president, and is a large subscriber to the funds of the Missions to Seamen; having quite recently given the munificent sum of £5,000 to assist the completion of the Sailors' Institute at Poplar.

I ventured to inquire the annual amount of his donations and subscriptions, and learnt that he considers it a duty to give at least a tenth part of his yearly income in charity. But I afterwards gathered from Mr. J. Potter—who has been Lord Brassey's secretary for twenty years, and was also a valued friend of the late Lady Brassey—that this was far too low an estimate, and that the whole amount is always greatly in excess of this.

Lord Brassey's beautiful yacht, the *Sunbeam*, is well known in almost every port in the world; she is a composite three-masted schooner of 532 tons, designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool.

Under the skilful management of her owner, who is also her captain, and holds a Board of Trade certificate as such, she has gallantly weathered the fiercest storms. In her handsome saloons visitors of all ranks and nationalities have been right royally entertained, and the rippling waves have danced to the merry jests and laughter of happy groups lounging on her deck. But even over the *Sunbeam* dark clouds have occasionally gathered, and there were intervals of storm, danger, and deep affliction, of which the year 1887 has left a record. For it was in this year, and during a voyage to India and Australia, after the yacht had left Port Darwin and was a thousand miles from the nearest land, that the late Lady Brassey died, and was buried at sea.

In addition to the *Sunbeam*, Lord Brassey owns a very smart yawl, of 120 tons, called the *Zarita*. He is a notable exception to the old saying that a sailor makes a bad horseman, for he is difficult to beat in the hunting-field.

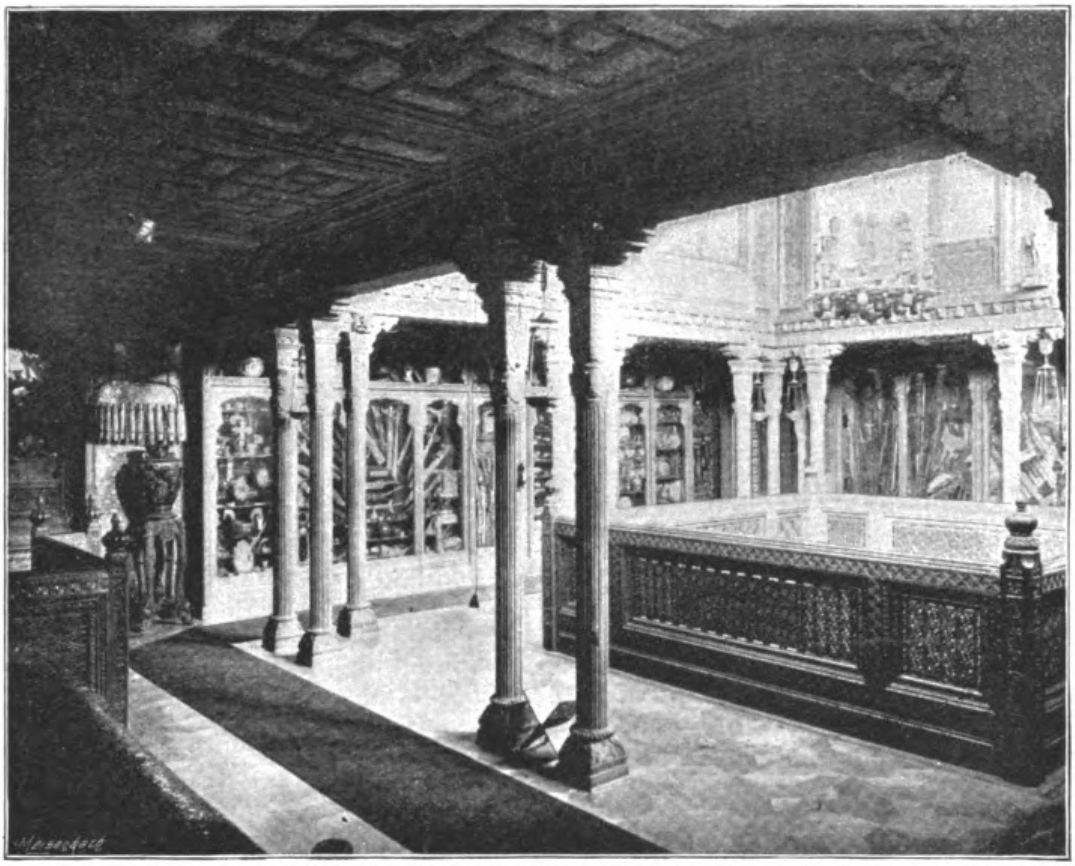
Lord Brassey has distinguished himself, also, as a writer, his "Naval Annual" being a standard work of reference on all naval

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matters; and there has been lately issued, in two large volumes, a collection of his papers and addresses on matters naval and maritime during the last twenty years. His opinions on these subjects are of great value, as they are based on sound knowledge and practical experience.

I cannot leave Park Lane without giving a brief description of "The Lady Brassey Museum." It is a dangerous place to visit unless you are prepared to break the tenth commandment. We will start with the ground floor, which is entered through beautifully carved folding doors made in Bombay, the pillars in front of them being of Lahore workmanship. The greater part of this lower room is what was known as the Durbar Hall of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The woods used are teak, pine, and shittim, and the greater part of the carving has been done by two natives from the Punjab. It is lit electrically, and from the centre hangs a beautiful brass lantern, suspended by eight brass chains. Another pair of folding doors of teak, of exquisite design, lead into the street. An alcove, cushioned with rich embroidery work, purchased in Cairo, and originally intended for Sultan Abdul Aziz, occupies one side of this room. The panelled walls are covered with fine specimens of Eastern arms, elephant goads, Bornean brass chain armour, and tusks. At the top of the staircase leading to the second room are cases of tropical birds, a collection of boats, models of boats, and a child's toy boat picked up by the *Sunbeam* many hundreds of miles from land.

Equally rich in carved work is the second room; the pillars and screens are works of art. Round the walls are glass cases, in which the electric light is shaded by pearl mussel shells from the Bay of Naples. Each case is filled with curios that would make a collector tear his hair with envy. Every article has its history, but space, and a stern editor, will only permit me to enumerate a few of the most remarkable among these treasures. One case contains reminiscences of voyages and personal souvenirs of the late Lady Brassey. Among other things—a lock of Queen Pomare's hair; a wooden drinking bowl, presented to Mr. Gladstone by the farmers in Norway while on a cruise in the *Sunbeam* in 1887. In another case specimens from mines, and a number of interesting objects recovered in 1886, from the



From a] A PART OF THE GALLERY ARCADE IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. *[Photograph.*

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From a] NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

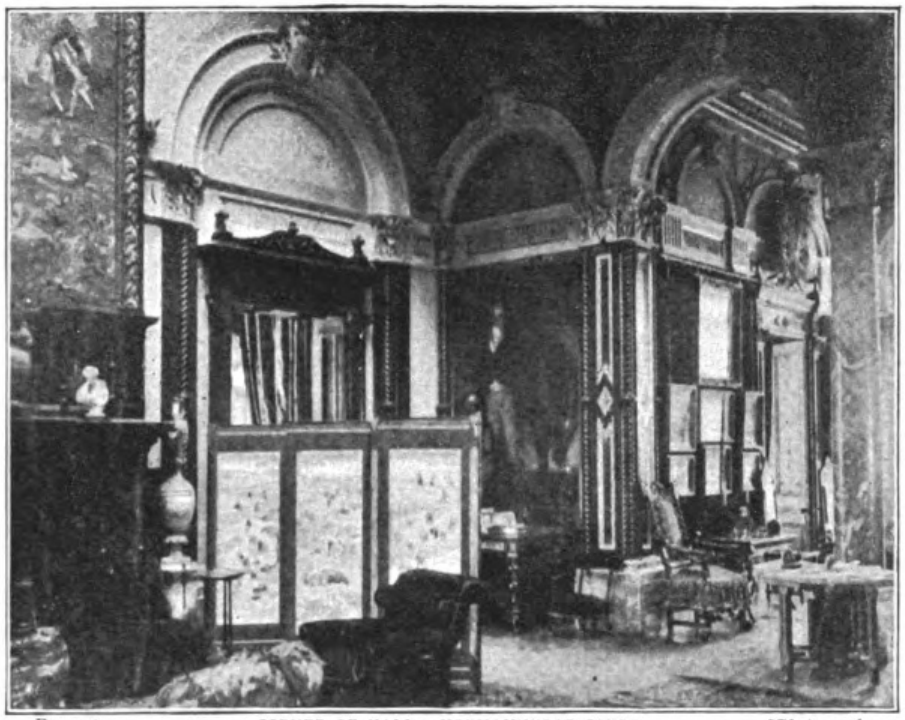
Dutch ship *Jan Thomas*, wrecked in Table Bay at the close of the last century. Then there are all kinds of Indian jewellery and brass and silversmith's work. Pottery and porcelain from various countries, curios from New Guinea, South Sea Islands, and other uncivilized countries ; natural treasures from the bottom of the sea, and a very interesting and valuable collection of antiquities excavated for the late Lady Brassey in Cyprus of "peoples extending from the Phœnician and Greek to the Roman time," consisting of lamps, bowls, and gold ornaments ; the foot of a mummy picked up by Lady Brassey, funeral crowns of gold leaves, spiral glass hairpins, and paintings on glass. A great variety of savage ornaments, of Indian gold ornaments and feather work; the rarest specimen among the latter being an Aleutian Island chief's cloak, made of the feathers of the great northern loon, and trimmed with sea-parrots' bills.

I was greatly interested in the doorway of a Buddhist monastery, from Tibet, of dark, highly-polished wood, grotesquely carved. In the museum lobby and library are ninety volumes of photographs, copies of every edition of the late Lady Brassey's and Lord Brassey's works, and Mr. Pritchett's paintings and drawings and original sketches for the illustration of the late Lady Brassey's "In the Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties." The subdued light, the rich odour of fragrant sandal and cedar, the exquisite colouring, remind one more of an Indian palace than a London mansion. Putting aside the monetary value of this unique collection, which is so magnificently and appropriately housed, it is a lasting memorial of the popularity of Lord Brassey, as well as of the energy and fearlessness of the late Lady Brassey.

I must now carry my readers from Park Lane to Normanhurst Court, near to Battle, which was built for Lord Brassey by his father in 1886, from designs by Mr. Habershon, of the firm of Habershon and Brock. The style is what is called "François Premier," and the material Kentish rag-stone. It commands a magnificent view of the adjacent country, rendered historical by the Battle of Hastings. Normanhurst is some six miles from the sea as the crow flies, and the whole estate covers, roughly speaking, about 5,000 acres. As we ascend the flight of steps leading to the door, we are reminded that from these steps the late M. Waddington delivered his first public speech in England, on the occasion of the visit of a party of working men to Normanhurst, where he happened to be on a visit.

The central hall is very grand and picturesque ; it is surrounded by fine oak galleries with iron balustrades. Here hangs a magnificent tapestry worked in floss silk from designs by the celebrated

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From a. CORNER OF HALL.—NORMANHURST COURT. [*Photograph.*

Italian painter, Perino del Vaga. It once covered a throne in the Ducal Palace at Palermo. A beautiful cabinet of lacquered wood is decorated with ornaments in relief of ivory and mother-of-pearl, while the interior has *applique* work in silver filigree, and is incrusted with turquoise and other gems. The high-backed ebony chairs in the ante-room are from the Contarini Palace, in Venice; here are also several fine specimens of modern and antique china, frames of rare coins, and pictures, one entitled "Little Buttercups," by G. A. Storey, being a portrait of Lord Brassey's little daughter, who died when only six years old. Very striking is the life-size seated figure of a woman in white marble. It is "The Song of the Shirt," by Marshall Wood.

The furniture at Normanhurst is all modern, but every room is a perfect museum of rare and beautiful objects, including some of the finest specimens of ancient and modern Japanese art-pottery, china, jewellery, ivory and silver work, etc., weapons, engravings, and medallions, collected at an immense cost. Many of these treasures, of historic value and interest, are gathered into what is known as the Pompeiian Room, which has a painted ceiling, by Cendron, the subject being "Fortuna." On one side of the room is a very handsome book-case and cabinet combined, which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1867; and it was this piece of furniture that suggested the particular style of decoration of the room.

Among the thousand and one curios of which the room is full, it is difficult to select the most wonderful. Several beautiful lacquer boxes ornamented with beaten gold were formerly the property, and bear the crest, of the "Tycoon," the supreme ruler of Japan, now termed Mikado. A hand-screen of arrowroot-fibre was presented to the late Lady Brassey by the Dowager Queen of Huahine. A ghastly necklace is composed of braids of human hair cut from the heads of enemies killed in battle by King Kamehameha of Honolulu. Fish-hooks of mother-of-pearl are from the South Sea Islands; they require no bait, their glittering beauty serving to attract the fish.

Very interesting is a cabinet containing forty-eight reduced reproductions in plaster of the Elgin marbles, being the result of twelve years' diligent labour of John Henning, who was the son of a carpenter at Paisley, and one of the founders of the Society of British Artists. My attention was next attracted by a frame containing decorations conferred on Lord Brassey's father, consisting of the Iron Crown of Austria, the Order of SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro (Italy), the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour (France). The Imperial Decree, nominating the late Mr. Brassey Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, bears the date of January 12th, 1856; then there are four medals also presented to him—of the Duke of Orleans, Victoria Bridge, Canada, Great Exhibition, 1851, and Birkenhead Docks. Two plateaux of dragon china are extremely rare—it was forbidden to export this china, so these two specimens were smuggled away on board ship under cover of the sailors' beef by the late Lady Brassey's great-grandfather, who commanded a man-of-war in the last century, one of the first British men-of-war that ever entered a Chinese port. A teapot of white earthenware, painted with flowers,

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From a] POMPEIIAN ROOM.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

bears the following inscription: "The elder Brewster teapot. The original was brought to America in ye *May Flower*, A.D. 1620, and has been exactly copied and reproduced by Richard Briggs Boston, from ye Aramic collection of Gov. Lyon, 1871." Very fine are the engravings of portraits in the room.

The drawing-room ceiling is painted by Barras, and represents "The Apotheosis of Alexander"; the portières are of plum-coloured velvet with coloured silk hand embroidery. Four of the panels on the walls are covered with hangings of white silk, richly-worked, the principal design being a peacock of gorgeous plumage. These hangings were made for the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and were hidden away during the Revolution, and were only discovered during the Commune of 1871. A Venetian mirror, bordered with flowers of crystal, is one of a pair made for Louis XIV., and presented by him to Madame de Maintenon; the companion one was at the Palace of St. Cloud, and was shattered by one of the first shells fired from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. Here may be seen a pair of vases painted by Queen Charlotte Matilda of England, who married Frederic King of Wurtemberg. The china-room I dare not begin to describe, much as I would like to. I will only mention one thing—a dejeuner set, in a case. The tray or plateau has in the centre the imitation of the original sardonyx cameo, representing the "Apotheosis of Alexander." This was the property of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of George IV., and was purchased at the sale in 1818.

In the dining-room hangs an excellent portrait of Lord Brassey, by the late Frank Holl, presented by his constituents and friends at Hastings and neighbourhood. There is also a full-length portrait of the late Lady Brassey, by Sir Francis Grant, painted about thirty years ago; and a remarkable picture of "Dinant on the Meuse," by Robert Browning, son of the great poet. The Brassey presentation shield is worthy of special mention. It was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1857, and is of silver-gilt, 36in. in diameter, and weighing 500 oz. On it are portraits in ivory of the engineers under whom the late Mr. Brassey executed railway works, and enamel paintings of the twelve greatest engineering works carried out by him.

The shield bears the following inscription: "Presented to Thomas Brassey, Esq., with portraits of Mrs. Brassey and himself, to express the gratitude, respect, and good wishes of his agents, sub-contractors, and workmen, and to perpetuate the association of his name with some of the greatest works and most eminent engineers of his country. 2 April, 1857." In the late Lady Brassey's room are a washstand and console table that were a part of the furniture in Napoleon I.'s bedroom at St. Helena.

The boudoir is octagonal in shape, with dome ceiling decorated like those of the Alhambra. Here are several fine tankards and cups won by Mrs. Brassey's horses and dogs. A ribbon of white silk was sent to the late Lady Brassey by the Crown Princess of Prussia when her eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, was married. Another valuable gift is a gold and pink enamel locket, set with pearls and diamonds, presented by Chulaboukoum Parana Rajadhiraja, King of

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Siam, and containing his portrait. His Majesty visited Normanhurst in 1859. A beautiful gold cable bracelet, weighing thirty sovereigns, is a gift from the Maharajah of Johore. A native woman's dress of white linen came from Queen Kaiulani, of the Sandwich Islands.

Mounted on a chair are the head, feet, and plumage of an ostrich, whose flesh formed a part of the menu of a dinner at Normanhurst. There are a great number of pictures from the Alnutt collection, including several by David Cox, and a water-colour, "Solitude," said to be one of the largest in the world, by G. Barrett, and a valuable collection of the engraved works of Raphael Morghen.

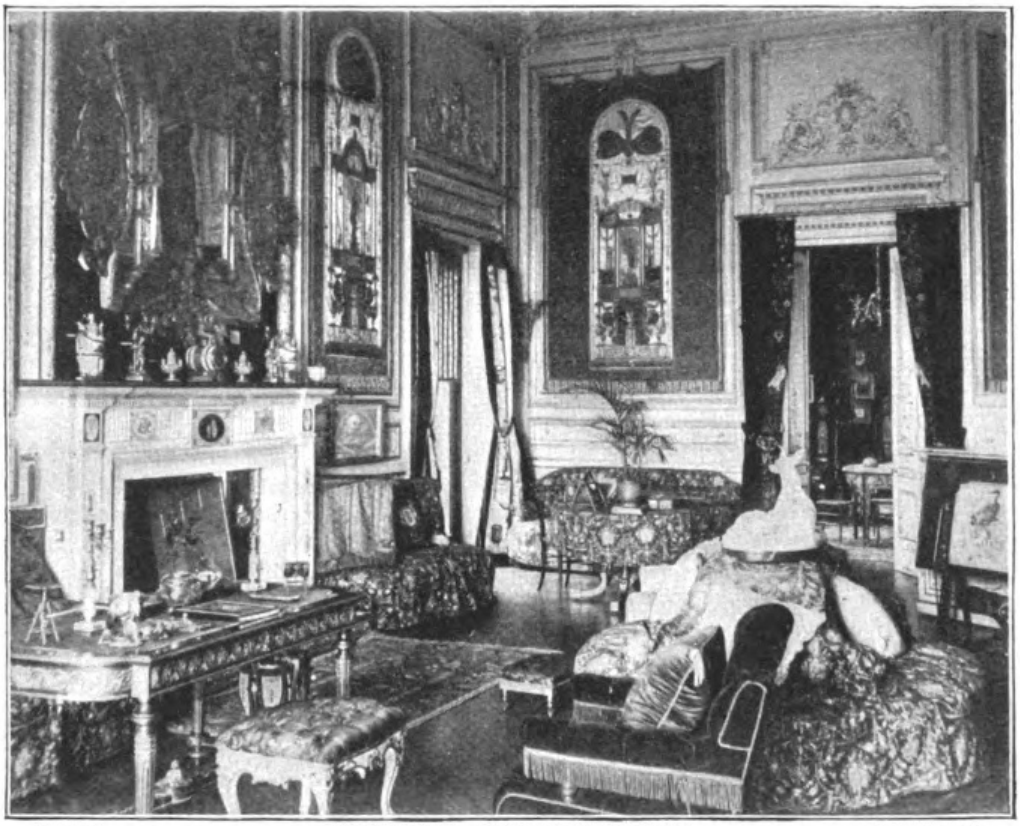
Very beautiful and rare is the royal feather cloak. When the king of the Sandwich Islands visited Normanhurst in 1881, he greatly admired it, and said that he was then trying to collect sufficient feathers to make a new royal robe for Queen Kapiolani, and offering a dollar for every single feather. So the monetary value of this cloak can be imagined. The feathers of which it is composed are scarlet and yellow, arranged in diamond-shaped pattern. An exquisite piece of gold brocade was presented by Take-hito, nephew and heir-apparent of the Mikado of Japan. A mother-of-pearl ivy-leaf candlestick, mounted in silver, was one that was placed at the foot of Marie Antoinette's coffin, having been previously given by her to one of her ladies-in-waiting.

The late Lady Brassey acquired a large collection of gold ornaments from the graves of some aboriginal races of the north-western province of South America. They include not only personal and religious ornaments but also rare implements, and show how thoroughly the goldsmith's art was understood and practised by the Indians. Some of these graves contained ornaments worth from £4,000 to £13,000.

A written description can never do justice to the exquisite works of art with which every room, both at Park Lane and Normanhurst Court, is enriched. Days and weeks might be profitably spent in studying them.

A beautiful painting of Lady Brassey, by Mr. Ellis Roberts, will shortly be completed, and added to the Normanhurst collection of portraits.

Normanhurst Court is a lovely spot; and its lord and lady are as noted for their lavish hospitality as they are for their courteous kindness to all with whom they come in contact. I forgot to mention that Lord Brassey has three daughters married. And — strange coincidence — all to masters of hounds who reside within a ten miles' radius of Normanhurst.



From a] DRAWING-ROOM.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

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By Mrs. E. Newman.

"A HUNDRED and ninety-nine pounds nineteen and ninepence for cigars — in only a couple of terms! Confound it all, what does the man take me for?"

"He takes you for the son and heir of Sir Anthony Dane, and he knows he will get his money," said Charles Clifford, glancing at the "little account" the other had thrown on to the table by which he sat, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his legs stretched out.

"Not so easily as he imagines, perhaps. He will have to render a more circumstantial account than that, any way!" ejaculated Dane; adding, with some vexation: "To make its appearance just now, of all times!"

"Oh, come; it can't be so bad as all that," said Clifford, beginning to look a little surprised at the other frowning down at the paper. "I should be glad enough to change places with you, old man."

"Because you look at it from an outsider's point of view," returned Dane, taking up the "little account" again, throwing himself into the window seat overlooking the college quad, and proceeding to once more go over the separate items.

It was not that there would be any difficulty in obtaining the money. He knew that the bill would be settled by his father at once, and probably without a word of comment. It was, in fact, a question of honour with him, and his pride was touched. Bills had accumulated before; and this, not because he was in an extravagant set, or had luxurious tastes and habits; but that, from a disinclination for business details, he had got into a way of leaving them to arrange themselves. This had occasioned his father some anxiety, and he had pledged his word that it should not occur again.

Leonard Dane would succeed to a large property; and Sir Anthony's keen sense of the responsibilities attaching to the position rendered him desirous that his son should be more executive than he seemed inclined to be. He would, indeed, have been more ready to excuse laxity in almost any other direction than this. Inclined as he was to studious pursuits, Dane none the less heartily subscribed to his father's views as to the duties devolving upon the owner of large landed estates, and he was not a little annoyed at the thought that this debt would seem to prove that he had broken faith. That it

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should have accumulated through carelessness did not mend matters. It was precisely the carelessness that his father complained of.

He had been under the impression that during this last year of his residence at the University he had kept well within his liberal allowance, and had congratulated himself upon being able to meet his father with a clear conscience. His own ambition seemed about to be gratified. He was leaving the University with every prospect of taking a good place, if he did not come out one of the first on the list, and with the reputation of being likely to do his college some credit. But what he wanted was to be able to say that he had kept his word, and was out of debt, when next his father and he clasped hands.

He sat pondering over the bill, beginning now to see that cigars represented barely half of what was charged for. He recollected, too, his careless nod or half-assent to the suggestions that certain silver cigarette-cases, match-boxes, expensively mounted pipes, and other luxuries that went to swell the amount should be sent on approval, and seeing them afterwards lying about his rooms, although he had gone on using the shabby old aids and appliances to which he had got accustomed. Nor was he a great smoker. The cigars had been consumed by his friends—chiefly Clifford—an occasional pipe sufficing for his own needs.

"It's no use, I can't face the old father just now," he said, unconsciously speaking half aloud. "If I kept away a couple of weeks the half-year's cheque would come in, and I could pay this off without——I have more than half a mind to——"

"I wish you would run down to our place with me for two or three weeks, Dane," put in Clifford, unmistakable earnestness in his fair, handsome face, the habitual expression of which was somewhat mercurial, in contrast with that of the other's—Dane's penetrative grey eyes and firmly-cut features seeming to indicate a stronger mental fibre.

"Very kind of you, Clifford; but your people might not exactly see——"

"Oh! you would be ever so much more than welcome, if that is what you mean. You would find us as ready as the rest to kow-tow to the heir of Redlands."

Dane regarded him a little dubiously. Cynicism did not come naturally to Clifford. Were things going wrong with him, too—again? He was in the habit of spending a great deal of his time in an uncertain, desultory fashion in Dane's rooms. Widely as their tastes differed in some respects, each found something which attracted him in the other. Their acquaintance had begun at Eton, where Dane, the elder by two or three years, had been of some service to Clifford in the way of helping him out of scrapes. At the University, Clifford had had the same aptitude for getting into difficulties, and appealing to Dane for help. Naturally frank, high spirited, and open-handed, he was always crippled in means, the allowance he received from his father being too small to admit of his doing as others did; although he, too, was the son of a wealthy man.

Dane took all the more interest in the other from being under the impression that the father was a wrong-headed old martinet, who did not understand, and could not make allowance for, his son's peculiar temperament. Worse still, the father made no attempt to appeal to the evident good in the young man. Dane knew no more of the other's people than he had gathered from Clifford himself, and from certain letters from an anxious, tender-hearted sister, entreating her Charlie to be "brave and strong. Granted, he found it difficult to please father, what then? Who was the worse for doing difficult things?" And so forth.

Captain Clifford, a retired naval officer, was a widower with two daughters, reckoned as "only girls," and this one son, for whom his ambition was high. By a process of drill and training, peculiarly his own, he had early begun his endeavours to eradicate the tendencies he objected to in the boy, and to build up an entirely different nature. With all his defects, Clifford was something better than his father's training would have made him.

"Make up your mind to go with me, Dane," went on Clifford, who had risen to his feet, and stood with his eyes fastened eagerly upon the other. "You like the sea; our place is close to it, and my father has a capital little yacht, which would be at your service when you were inclined for a sail. I think you might manage to get through two or three weeks with us, and—if you could only know what a different going-home it would be for me, old fellow! To tell the truth, I am in a worse fix than ever, and your being with me would make things so much easier."

Dane was not disinclined. It would be a means of getting through a couple of weeks, and afford him a reasonable excuse to send to his father for not going home at once.

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He made some slight demur about the shortness of the notice which the other would be able to give to those at home—the possibility of spare rooms being taken up, and so forth—objections which were very quickly disposed of by Clifford.

"I can guarantee all that; there will be a spare room, and a hearty welcome. Why, I shall get a sort of reflected glory from you, old fellow. I am not sure that my father has ever quite believed in your friendship for me, and this will prove that it has not been all brag. It will do me no end of good! I will write a line to them at once, and we will go by the two o'clock express to-morrow. I wrote to my sister this morning, telling her to be sure to have someone there the first evening, to serve as a buffer between me and my father. But, whether she does or not, it will be all right for me now," adding, as he caught up his cap and made towards the door, "don't forget the train leaves at two, sharp; we shall be down there in time for dinner."

Dane nodded: "I will be there."

He was at the railway station the next day in good time, as was not Clifford, who rushed on to the platform just as the train was about to move off, put his last shilling into the impatient guard's hand, and sprang into a carriage with Dane, heated and excited by a last skirmish with someone outside.

"Well to be you, Dane, not bothered as I am," he ejaculated, as they were whirled swiftly away.

"That precious cigar bill, to wit."

"Don't expect me to condole with you about that when it has brought you to my rescue once more. I should have done something desperate—enlisted, perhaps, or gone out of the country—disappeared altogether, rather than face the welcome awaiting me at home. If it were not for the little sisters, who—— But where's the use of going into that now? I shall tide it over this time, and the future must take care of itself," proceeding to make the most of the present, and causing the time to pass pleasantly enough for his companion with his lively sallies *àpropos* of any and every thing.

Dane noticed that his gaiety evaporated as they drew nearer their destination; his dread of the coming meeting with his father seeming to return with redoubled force.

At the station they found a dogcart awaiting them, and to this themselves and their trunks were speedily transferred. Clifford took the reins, the groom sprang up behind, and they were presently whirling along the high road leading over the hill towards his father's place, situated some three or four miles from the town.

Dane was not much impressed by his first view of Clifford's ancestral halls. A large, square-built, bare-looking house, with everything about it kept in very trim order, prettily situated between two hills, and opposite an opening in the cliffs which faced one side of a large bay. The country round, with its stretches of velvety downs and woody declivities leading down to a fishing village, was picturesque enough. But the best that could be said of the house and grounds was that the first was substantially built, and that the last were somewhat extensive and well laid out.



"HE SPRANG INTO A CARRIAGE."

Nor could much be said for their reception. No one came forward to welcome them. A servant, who made his appearance at the hall door as they alighted, informed Clifford that

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the Blue Room had been prepared for Mr. Dane; adding, with a meaning glance, that Mr. Charles knew the master's ways, and dinner would be served in half an hour.

With a word to the servant about the train having been late, Clifford led the way upstairs. Passing along a corridor from which opened several doors, he ushered Dane into a good-sized and well-appointed room.

"I hope you will find all you want, Dane," he said, in a nervous, constrained way. "Excuse my asking you to be ready as soon as you can; my father does not like dinner being delayed. And—would you mind going down when you are ready?—the first room to the right when you reach the hall. You'll find me there, and," with a little laugh, "the first amenities will be over. Only, don't give us too long for them."

"Time enough, but not too much. I see, old fellow," realizing more fully what the meeting between father and son was likely to be.

He made such good speed in the process of getting into his evening clothes as to be ready to descend within the time. Passing along the corridor, he went slowly down the broad oak stairs, speculating as he went on what the Cliffords were going to be like.

He had reached the hall, and was crossing it towards the room on the right, when his attention was attracted to a maidservant standing just within a baized door, leading apparently to the domestic offices, and making signs to him.

He paused a moment, regarding her with some surprise; then, recognising that she was in fact beckoning to him, went towards her.

She glanced round, as though to make sure there was no one else near; then, with a mysterious air, drew a note from her pocket and presented it to him.

"For me?" he inquired. "Are you sure?"

"Yes"; adding in a low voice, "I was to give it to you when you were quite alone; and ask you to read it before you go into the drawing-room, if you please."

He nodded assent, thinking now that he understood, and the girl retired, letting the door swing noiselessly to.

"A warning from Master Charlie. Something I am to be specially careful to mention, or not to mention, I suppose," he thought, unfolding the note. He saw at once that the writing was not Clifford's—a few lines written in pencil.

"Go down to the Laurel Walk as soon as you leave the dining-room—alone. Not a word of this to *anyone*."

He stood for a few moments gazing down at the words with bewildered eyes. How could such a message be meant for him? It must be a mistake. And yet—no, surely not—the girl had seemed to have no doubt whatever. Should he——?

He heard footsteps descending the stairs; hurriedly thrust the note into his pocket, and turned to enter the room Clifford had indicated to him. There could be no question as to its being the room in which was his host. The raised voice within could be no other than Captain Clifford's, thought Dane. Nor had he any scruple on the score of interrupting the discussion. Evidently Clifford was already in difficulties; and he, at any rate, would welcome anything that created a diversion.

Captain Clifford, his son, and another, subsequently introduced to Dane as "our neighbour, Mr. Palmer," were the only occupants of the room.

With a look of relief at the sight of him, Clifford hurriedly began: "Father, my friend of friends. My father, Dane"; adding, with what the other felt was a desire to make the most of him, "as I told you, father, Dane is the big man of his college—all sorts of things are expected of him. Double first, eh, Dane?"

Captain Clifford, who had been in the midst of a tirade against his son, swallowed down his wrath, and advanced to meet his guest with outstretched hand, the colour in his face becoming a little less vivid, its expression more cordial, and his voice softening.

"Glad to welcome you here, Mr. Dane. My son is honoured by your friendship. Double first! We don't grow such crops here. Wild oats, chiefly!"

"We were at Eton together, and are old friends, Captain Clifford," returned Dane; adding a small witticism anent the division of honours, which served to put the other as nearly into a good humour as he was, just then, capable of being.

Giving utterance to a croak, which did duty for a laugh on the rare occasions he indulged in one, Captain Clifford turned to introduce Dane to the ladies, who had just entered the room. "Mr. Dane, Miss Palmer. My daughters, Viva and Alice, Mr. Dane."

Dinner being announced, he allotted Miss Palmer to Dane, saying, with a grim smile, "You must put up with Viva, I suppose, Palmer. And you," to his youngest daughter,

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"CAPTAIN CLIFFORD SWALLOWED DOWN HIS WRATH."

who looked almost too much of a child to have arrived at the dignity of dining with her elders, "with Charles."

She seemed barely fifteen, sweet and fresh and guileless looking; a little awed, too, at finding herself for the first time in the position of an "emancipated" young lady.

She had pleaded so hard to be present this first night of her brother's return.

Dane courteously did his best to keep up something like a conversation with Miss Palmer, but, ready enough as she was to do her share, he found it rather hard work.

She looked about five or six and twenty, and was fair, slight, and not unattractive. But her good looks were certainly of a very different type from those of the young girl sitting opposite to her, who had been summarily introduced as Viva, and whom he had at once credited with being the writer of the letters Clifford had shown him, begging her Charlie to be brave and strong. Brave and strong she herself looked, as well as something else—her quiet, self-possessed bearing and expressive face, with its clear, reflective eyes, indicating that she was capable of the thorough good sense, as well as tender love, so evident in every line of these letters.

She was listening constrainedly—a sad look in her eyes belying the smile upon her lips—to Mr. Palmer, a short, stout man, seemingly about forty years of age, with a large, flat face and prominent, no-coloured eyes.

Dane could understand now a hint Clifford had thrown out: that the Palmers had come into their property too late to supply the deficiencies of early training. Mr. Palmer was talking to the young girl by his side in a lowered tone, his eyes dwelling upon her dainty loveliness with an air of proprietorship which was, even then, an offence to Dane.

He found it, too, increasingly difficult to listen and reply to Miss Palmer's lively sallies, in the distraction of his thoughts caused by the sad, sweet face opposite, and his speculations as to what might be the import of the missive so mysteriously worded and conveyed to him.

"We were delighted to hear we were to meet you, Mr. Dane. We have heard so much of you from Charlie, that it seems quite like meeting an old friend!"

"We" and "Charlie!" She seemed bent upon showing him the intimate terms she and her brother were upon there, thought Dane.

He murmured something about being honoured, and, to ward off the repetition of any eulogistic speeches "Charlie" might have made, he went on: "Clifford is some years older than his sisters, is he not?"

"Yes; five or six. Dearest Viva is not quite eighteen, and Alice fifteen"; going on to dilate upon her attachment to "dearest Viva" and "dearest Viva's" attachment to her in effusive, school-girl fashion, less charming at six-and-twenty than at sixteen. But this was a topic which interested him, and he listened now with a better grace.

"Dearest Viva is staying with us just now, and we have driven over to dinner. Our place, 'The Park'"—with a very large P—"is about four miles from here; and, as I

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daresay Charlie has told you, we are hoping it will be Viva's home by-and-by."

"No, I have heard nothing of the kind," he replied, putting more disbelief into his tone than it was quite courteous to do. He was becoming less and less charmed with Miss Palmer.

When the ladies rose to leave the table she gave him a gracious smile, and a half-whispered word to the effect that she hoped his host would not detain them too unconscionably long there.

As it proved, Captain Clifford was as little desirous of detaining the young men as were they of remaining. They none of them, their host excepted, cared to ventilate their opinions; and he soon became drowsy, and ready enough to take their hint about leaving him to his nap.

Mr. Palmer crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room. Dane lingered behind, and, with slow, uncertain steps, made his way towards a side glass door, opening to the garden. He stood debating with himself as to whether he would make any attempt to keep the appointment, or leave the writer to find out that the note had been delivered to the wrong person, as he once more suspected to be the case.

He presently came to the conclusion that he ought perhaps to go, if only to let it be seen that there had been a mistake, since he was to take no one into his confidence. But how was he to contrive it without attracting attention to his movements, and which was the Laurel Walk?

Clifford, who had followed him to where he stood, unconsciously gave him the information he wanted, as well as the opportunity of acting upon it.

"There are good land and sea views from the end of that side-walk—the Laurel Walk we call it. You must look at them to-morrow, Dane."

"You do not care to go now?" returned Dane, with a keen, tentative glance at him.

"If you wish it, I will," said Clifford, some surprise in his eyes frankly meeting the other's. "But you won't see it at its best now; and we are due in the drawing-room, I suppose."

Evidently Clifford had no reason for desiring to visit the Laurel Walk, thought Dane, as he replied, "You are; but I may well be spared for a few minutes. And—I have a fancy for seeing the view by this light, if you don't mind"—the moon was at the full, and not a cloud to be seen. "A whiff of sea air would be welcome just now."

"All right," easily falling in with the proposition that it cost him the least trouble to accede to. "The path to the left under the arch," opening the door for Dane to pass out.

He descended three or four terrace steps, crossed the lawn to the left of the house, and out of sight from the drawing-room windows, and struck into what was unmistakably the Laurel Walk. It slightly descended the part of the cliff jutting out towards the sea, and at the further end was an old-fashioned summer-house commanding the "view."

The finest view in the world would have had little interest for Dane just then. No one was in sight; not a sound broke the silence, save that of the slow, heavy wash of the sea as it went lazily in and out of the cove far down below, dragging the pebbles to and fro over the beach.

He looked towards the summer-house. Was anyone awaiting him in there? He recollected that Clifford was rather given to playing practical jokes, and a suspicion



"AT THE FURTHER END WAS AN OLD-FASHIONED SUMMER-HOUSE."

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crossed his mind that there might possibly be an attempt to make him the victim of one now. This aroused his combative powers, and rendered him on the alert.

He entered the summer-house and peered about in the darkness, everything there being in deep shadow.

"Is anyone here?" he asked.

Silence.

He turned to ascend the path, persuaded now that the message had been intended for someone else, and that the mistake had been discovered and set right. He had taken but a step when he suddenly paused, and drew back into the shadow again.

The slight figure of a woman, muffled up in some shawl or wrap drawn over her head, hurriedly crossed the lawn, and came running with fleet steps down the path towards him out of the white moonlight into the shadow where he stood.

On she came without a pause, and in another moment the slight, panting figure stood before him, and a small, trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"No one must know! For my sake, you must never let it be known!"

With a quick, nervous movement, what seemed a letter was pressed into his hand, as she added in hurried, broken accents, as if to prevent his speaking — although, in his utter amazement, he did not attempt to do so—"Hush! not a word. What would be thought of my doing this?"

He was about to say something now to the effect that her secret, whatever it was, would be safe with him, when, with the repetition of the words: "No one must know. Remember—ah, remember!" she turned away, and sped swiftly up the path again.

Following her with his eyes, he saw her go round by the stable yard, as though towards the servants' entrance. He stood for a few moments utterly bewildered, unable to think of anything but the little, trembling hand that had lain upon his arm. But he was presently speculating again as to who his mysterious communicant could be. The appeal to his honour would, of course, be found not to have been made in vain; but who was she?

Could it have been Miss Clifford, who had mistaken him for her brother? This could hardly be. Where would have been the necessity for making a mysterious appointment by letter between brother and sister, in the same house together?

Suddenly he became conscious of the letter crushed in his hand. To be wasting the time in idle conjecture there when he had the clue to the mystery in his possession! He darted up the path, and into the house again by the garden door. Crossing the hall, and passing the drawing-room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, unobserved, he hastily made his way upstairs to the room that had been assigned to him.

Shutting the door, he went towards the window, drew up the blind, and by the bright moonlight streaming in, proceeded to open the envelope.

Bank-notes! They dropped from his fingers, fluttering to the carpet at his feet.

"Money!" he ejaculated, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, all his new-formed, pleasant anticipations fading at the sight. But, as the first excitement a little abated, he began to ask himself for what purpose this money could have been intrusted to him.



"MONEY!"

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The suspicion that there had been some mistake once more forced itself upon him, reluctant as he was to accept this as an explanation. He would have preferred to think that the words which had stirred his heart by their appeal to his chivalry—and there had been an under-current of hope in his mind that Miss Clifford had meant to ask his advice—had been intended for him. Could her purpose have been to intrust this money to him to be used in the service of her brother?

He gathered up the notes again, and turned them carefully over in the hope of coming upon some scrap of paper—some written word—which might afford a clue to the writer's intention.

Not a line—not a word!

Had Miss Clifford intended to place the money in his hands in trust for her brother there would have been some intimation of it, either from her or with the notes. "No, it could not be she."

As he turned them over—bank-notes had surely never been so little appreciated before—he noticed that there were ten for twenty pounds each, two hundred pounds.

The remembrance of that vexatious bill of his crossed his mind. This sum just covered the amount. Could it be——? Was it that someone was desirous of putting it into his power to pay that two hundred pounds and went that way to work about it? No, absurd, impossible! Who could have got to know that he owed the money, or, knowing it, would have had the will as well as the power to give him such a sum? Certainly no one there.

More disappointed than he was inclined to acknowledge that he was, and not caring to ask himself why, he impatiently rolled the notes together and thrust them into his portmanteau out of sight. He began to suspect that he was getting mixed up in some unpleasant mystery, and that his implied promise of secrecy might turn out to be a fetter and annoyance to him. It had been all very well as adding a little zest in the way of romance to a confidence—but now! There was no romance about bank-notes. The more he thought of it, the more disillusioned and annoyed did he feel. Yet his hands were tied. He had been put upon his honour, and could make no attempt to solve the problem until the other side had made a move.

There was a tap at the door, and Clifford came lounging in, a moody expression on his naturally frank face.

"I have been looking for you, Dane. Began to think you must have got so ecstatic over the view as to forget where you were, and had tumbled over the cliff."

"I am not given to be so ecstatic as all that," returned Dane, who had, in fact, only glanced at the expanse of heaving waters. He took up first one thing and then another lying on the dressing-table, in aimless, desultory fashion, only half conscious of what he was doing.

It had suddenly occurred to him that there was one question he might put without, at the same time, breaking faith with the incognita of the Laurel Walk, and he was casting about in his mind as to the best way of putting it.

"Did you chance to mention a word to anyone about my owing that money to Blair, Clifford?" he presently asked, telling himself that no confidence would be broken, and no harm done by this inquiry.

Clifford broke into a short laugh, and a little confusedly replied, "Why do you ask?"

"For the same reason people generally ask questions: because I want to know."

"Well, yes, I did to one person—only one. Don't be offended, Dane; you can afford to have it known that you owe a trifle like that. I knew that my mentioning it could not hurt you, and I thought that it might be of some assistance to me."

"Assistance to you! How could that be?"

"How?" repeated Clifford, reddening and hesitating again. "Well—to tell the truth, I thought that if you were made to appear a trifle brown, I might not seem quite so black. You don't suppose I had any worse motive, old fellow?"

"How did you put it—that I was in straits about this money?"

"Something like that. I mentioned that you were bothered just now about a bill for a couple of hundred."

"A couple of hundred! I see. To whom did you mention it? Pardon me, Clifford, I have a special reason for wanting to know."

"To whom? Oh, well—look here, Dane: I mentioned it in a letter I wrote yesterday to Sophy Palmer, which I suppose she got this morning."

"Miss Palmer!"

"You need not mind her knowing it, old man. She is such a good-natured creature. She has done all manner of things for me, and there are heaps of money. She would think nothing of giving you a couple of hundreds, if you would only take them."

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"Confound her good nature," thought Dane, seeing nothing but bad taste and false sentiment in her seizing the opportunity to put an entire stranger under an obligation to her in this way.

She must have those notes back as soon as possible, and be made to understand what he thought of her good nature. He was annoyed at having been made to play a part in such an exhibition of bathos, but he could see that it was just the kind of thing a woman like Miss Palmer would delight in bringing about. He saw, too, that it was quite impossible Miss Clifford could have appealed to him in that way. Had she, as he had at first imagined, wished to ask his advice as to how best her brother might be helped, she would have gone to work quite differently.

"Sophy is a thousand times better than her brother, any way," went on Clifford, beginning to understand by Dane's silence that she did not find favour in his sight. "He is an unmitigated little——But you can see all that for yourself."

"I thought Miss Palmer seemed to imply that there is an engagement pending between your sister and him, Clifford," gravely.

"Not so bad as that yet. But I suppose it will come. My father seems to have set his heart upon it, and he generally manages to get his own way in the long run. But they will be wondering——. We must put in an appearance now, if you don't mind, Dane. When you hear Sophy sing, you will at any rate be obliged to allow that she has a good voice."

Hardly inclined to allow anything in Miss Palmer's favour, Dane presently found something to object to in her style, if not in her voice. She did not manage her voice well, he told himself; and the sentiment was too pronounced. It seemed to him, too, that she was more desirous of ingratiating herself with him than she ought to be at a first meeting. The contrast between her and Miss Clifford would, indeed, have been evident enough to one less fastidious upon such points than he was.

When Viva Clifford quietly made an opportunity to say something in a few earnest, well-chosen words about her gratitude to him for what he had done for her brother, all that was best in him responded to her. He murmured only a word or two in reply, making as light of what he had done as possible; but he registered a mental vow that she should have better reason for appreciating his efforts on Clifford's behalf, if it were in his power to compass it.

When the Palmers' carriage was announced, her father patted the little hand put into his, and smilingly said something to the effect that he supposed she was teaching them how to get used to doing without her—a jest that seemed to afford Mr. Palmer great gratification.

Seeing the effect upon her—the look that came into her eyes, as, whitening to the lips, she silently withdrew her hand—Dane longed to knock Mr. Palmer down.

As soon as they had taken their departure, Dane, to give the father and son an opportunity to have it out, as Clifford had termed it, excused himself, and went to his room. There could be no helping him until he had made a clean breast of it to his father.

When they met at the breakfast table in the morning, it was evident that although the storm had burst it had not yet cleared the air. As they rose from the table, Captain Clifford made some curt remark to his daughter to the effect that he was going to drive into the town, and might not be back to luncheon.



"DANE LONGED TO KNOCK MR. PALMER DOWN."

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With a muttered apology to Dane, Clifford followed his father out of the room. Presently were heard a banging of doors, and voices raised as in altercation. Clifford did not rejoin them, and Dane found he was left to go through the morning as best he might. He was a little surprised, as hour after hour went on, that Clifford did not make his appearance, but took it for granted that they would meet at luncheon.

His surprise increased when, summoned to luncheon, he found himself alone with the little sister. She was evidently not equal to the occasion—timid and nervous at having to play the part of hostess to a stranger, in addition to being troubled on her brother's account.

As they rose from the table, a servant put a note into her hand. Asking Dane's permission, she hurriedly opened the envelope, and presently showed that some new fear had been in her mind, as, with a sigh of relief, she ejaculated: "Only from Viva!" going on to explain that her sister had written to put off their visit until the next day. "Miss Palmer forgot that they had promised to go to a concert in the town this afternoon, Mr. Dane, and hopes to see us to-morrow instead."

Dane was a little annoyed. It was hateful to him to have to keep that two hundred pounds in his possession; and he had arranged a plan in his mind for obliging Miss Palmer to acknowledge she had been the donor, when the rest would be easy. He had fully calculated upon placing those notes in her hand that day.

Alice looked dubiously at him a moment, wondering what she ought to do; then, in a hesitating, frightened way, inquired whether he would like to go into the drawing-room and let her play to him, or —or, desperately —"anything else."

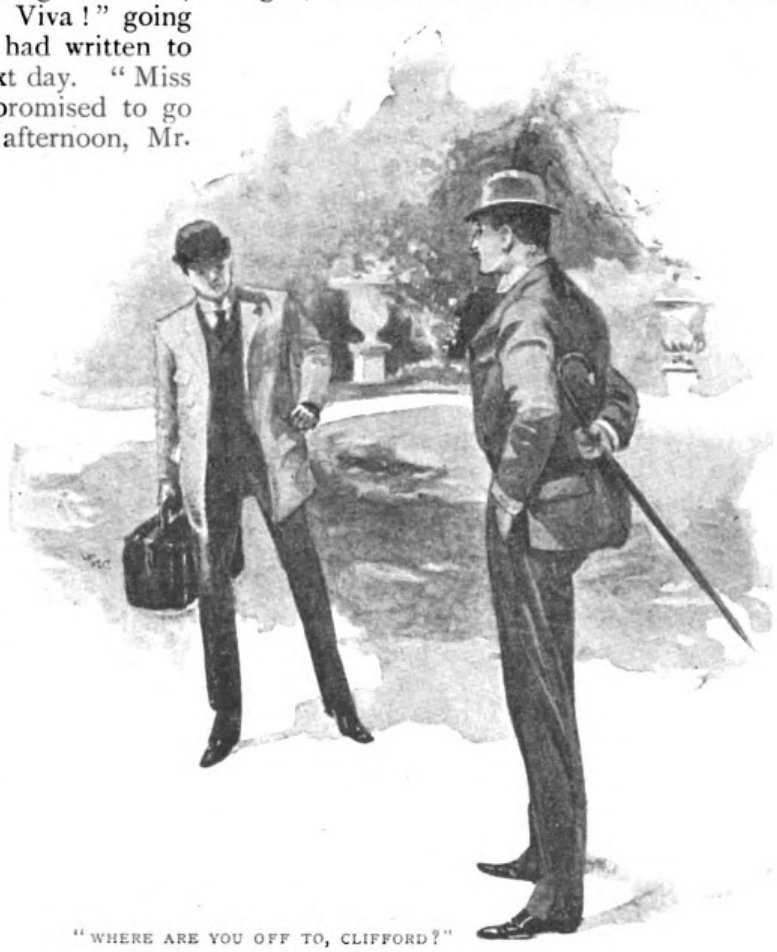
He smilingly came to her relief by saying that, if she would excuse him, he would go into the grounds again for awhile. It was so pleasant out there in the sunshine, of which he had not had his share lately.

It was about an hour or so before dinner. Dane was making his way back to the house in a not very cheerful frame of mind, when, chancing to glance towards a clump of trees, he suddenly caught sight of a man's figure hastily retreating, as though desirous of escaping observation. With an uncomfortable suspicion that it was Clifford, and that he was endeavouring to avoid their meeting, Dane walked on a few steps, but he presently felt impelled to turn back. If Clifford wished to avoid him, it was from no personal feeling, but because he was in some new difficulty. In any case, this was not the time for pride and standing-off on his side, he told himself. In two minutes he was on the other side of the clump of trees.

Clifford! And with a travelling bag in his hand!

"Only just in time," thought Dane, instinctively feeling what the other was about to do.

"Where are you off to, Clifford?" he began, in as careless a tone as he could assume. "I have been wondering where on earth you had got to, old fellow."



"WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, CLIFFORD?"

Clifford's face was white and drawn. There was the recklessness of despair in his eyes. "Don't attempt to prevent me, Dane. It

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would be no use. I have made up my mind to go."

"Go! Where?"

"To the deuce!" with a bitter laugh. "Where I have been told to go."

"Tell me what has happened, old fellow. Come, Clifford, don't be absurd. You and I have contrived to get out of scrapes before now. You know you can trust me," taking the precaution to link his arm in the other's as he spoke.

"It is too late. You can't help me this time—no one could. Look here, Dane," he excitedly went on; "I promised to give a hundred and seventy to Grey this evening. He will be waiting in the town for it. I made a clean breast of it to my father last night—told him everything; and—and—I went down on my knees to him, entreating him to let me have this money, and give me one more chance. He knows I don't owe more than three hundred altogether; and I promised—where's the use of repeating all I promised? He refused to give me a penny—treated me like a dog. After breakfast this morning I plucked up courage again and made one more appeal to him. He flung away, bidding me 'go to the deuce.' He left me there alone in the library, with the drawer in which he keeps his cheque-book and money open. I don't believe he meant to put temptation in my way. You see, he was in an awful rage, and perhaps forgot. But—Dane, there was a roll of notes and a cheque for two hundred and fifty lying there; and—no, don't look at me like that—you need not be afraid. If I am to 'go to the deuce,' I will choose my own road; and it won't be that! I hurled his wretched notes across the room, left a line on the table, saying that I would obey him and 'go to the deuce,' and put a few things into my bag."

"Clifford, you must let me——"

"It is no use trying to help me, Dane. You do not know my father. But—yes, there is one thing. I have been keeping about here in the hope of seeing Alice. Would you say a word to my sister Viva for me, Dane? She knows what a friend you have been to me; and—to tell the truth—I wrote to her the day before we came away, begging her to try to get two hundred pounds for me somehow, to save me from disgrace. I thought she would, perhaps, ask Sophy Palmer to lend it; but I suppose she did not like to do that."

"To borrow it of Miss Palmer!" ejaculated Dane, the truth dawning upon him. "Your sister!"

"I am sorry now that I asked it, Dane. And I want you to tell Viva from me that I am glad she did not get it. It might have compromised her with Palmer, if he got to know. He is just the fellow to make it a reason for pressing on the engagement, and she looks unhappy enough as it is. I am not such a cur as to wish her to sacrifice herself for me!"

"She has done it!" was Dane's mental ejaculation. He saw it all now. It was Viva Clifford who had come to him in the Laurel Walk. She had put that money into his hands, imagining that it was to her brother she had given it. He and Clifford were about the same height and build, and he had, at sight of her, stepped back into the deep shadow of the summer-house. Moreover, he had, in his surprise, taken the envelope she pressed upon him quite silently, and she was, therefore, unaware of the mistake that had been made.

As he afterwards found, her note had, in the hurry of the moment—dinner being just about to be served—passed from one servant to another, a new-comer, who did not know Clifford and took it for granted that Dane was he. Miss Clifford had seen no other way of obtaining the money for her brother than to apply to Palmer; and the mean-spirited fellow had made it the occasion for pressing on the engagement. He found, too, that the reason she had made the mysterious appointment to meet her brother away from the house was because she was going to return with the Palmers, and feared she would not have an opportunity of giving the notes to him without being observed. She had hurried away so quickly afterwards to avoid being questioned as to how she had obtained the money, and in the fear that she should let it be seen what it had cost her to obtain it.

"No one must know—for my sake, you must never let it be known!" The words had been uttered in no spirit of sentimental romance, but in the bitterest shame and anguish. He made a mental vow that she should be saved, if it were in the power of man to save her; and he saw that there was not a moment to lose.

He hurriedly informed Clifford of the mistake that had been made, without going more than he could help into details. "I believe that the money was advanced by Palmer, and that he is pressing on the engagement in consequence. It must be given back to him at once, Clifford—the same notes."

"Yes, certainly," promptly returned Clif-

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"THE MEAN-SPIRITED FELLOW HAD MADE IT THE OCCASION FOR PRESSING ON THE ENGAGEMENT."

ford. "Poor Viva. Did she think I would take it at such a cost? Tell her, Dane, how——"

"You must tell her yourself, Clifford."

"But——"

"No buts, old man. If your father holds out, you must not be too proud to take what you want from me. Nonsense; I can get a few hundreds easily enough, of course. It was not any difficulty about getting the money to pay that bill that bothered me. For any other purpose, or for that if I chose, I could get what I want in a few hours. We will meet Grey in the town to-night and settle all that. But I mean to try what I can do with your father, all the same; I want to see you on better terms with him. If he has got the note you have left, it may have had some beneficial effect in the way of showing him he has gone too far; and if I strike at the right moment——"

"It will be of no use," despondently, yet, as Dane was quick to see, a little hesitatingly now.

"Oh, yes, it will. Come to the house in half an hour, and I believe you will find the aspect of things quite changed. Come back this once, old man, to oblige me; and if your father has not relented, I will not attempt to prevent your going away in the morning. On the contrary, I will go with you. You must come to our place; and my father and I will do everything in our power to help you to get on. Leave your bag in the summer-house, and come in as usual for dinner—Promise."

"I can't refuse; you are my only friend, Dane. But——"

"In half an hour," called out Dane, as he went quickly up the Laurel Walk.

As he emerged on to the lawn, he paused for a moment or two, wondering what was going on at the side of the house where the stables were situated, and whence came the sound of an angry, raised voice.

A little anxiously—the voice sounded like Captain Clifford's — Dane turned his steps in the direction of the stable yard, where there seemed great commotion, a clattering of horse's feet on the stones mingling strangely with the hoarse tones of a man's voice.

What was going on? Had Captain Clifford been touched by his son's note, and was he already going in search of him?

As soon as he came upon the scene, Dane saw his host with angry, frowning face, giving peremptory orders, gesticulating violently the while to a groom who was slowly and sullenly saddling a horse, evidently in no haste to obey his master's orders. A frightened-looking maidservant was standing near, and on the bare stones by her father's side crouched Alice, sobbing her heart out in the bitterness of her despair.

"Not if he were twenty times my son! A thief! As fast as you can gallop to the police-station, if you want to keep your place here. He shall be stopped. He shall be in the hands of the police before——"

"Help Charlie! Don't let them take him!" ejaculated Alice, springing to her feet at sight of Dane, and running to him with clasped hands.

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Captain Clifford turned towards him; and, although a little surprised at himself, Dane could not help feeling some pity for the man. He was looking at least ten years older than he appeared in the morning, white, haggard, and trembling, as, with a terrible humiliation, he broke out again: "Disgraced for ever! I am the dishonoured father of a thief, sir—a common thief!"

For the moment a terrible fear took possession of Dane. Was it possible that Clifford had, after all——? He put the thought away. No; a thousand times, no!

Suddenly there flashed upon him the remembrance of Clifford's words about having hurled the notes across the room. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. "Quite impossible, Captain Clifford!" striving to keep his wits about him, and to lead up to what he wanted to suggest to the other to do, without allowing his own motive to be seen. Charlie must be vindicated as openly as he was accused.

"It is true. I left him in the library myself, and on my return I found that he was gone, and a roll of notes and a large cheque had been taken from the drawer where he knows I keep my money. My son—my only son, sir!"

"He is not guilty, Captain Clifford—quite impossible! You are accusing him unjustly," put in Dane, with quiet decision. "You must have overlooked the notes, which might easily happen in the excitement of the moment. Look again, before you brand your son as a thief."

"Look again, papa—oh, pray, do look once more!" pleaded Alice. "Oh, Charlie—my Charlie!"

"You have made a great mistake, Captain Clifford."

"Would to God that I had!" muttered the father, turning to re-enter the house, a faint hope, perhaps, beginning to spring up in his mind.

With hurried, uneven steps, he returned to the house, crossed the hall, and entered the library. Dane had beckoned the maid-servant to accompany them, pointing towards her young mistress, as though he thought she might require help. In fact, it had occurred to him that it would be better to have an independent witness present, in order that there should be no doubt of Clifford at any future time.

As they entered the room, Dane glanced hurriedly round, and then drew a breath of relief. There lay a roll of paper crushed together on the carpet. The notes! Yes, Clifford had said he had thrown them to the farther end of the room.

"This is the drawer. Do you think it likely that I should overlook a roll of notes?" exclaimed the old man, hurriedly tossing about the papers, memorandum books, etc., etc., with trembling hands, and, as the young man noticed, eyeing them with feverish anxiety.

"Things seem a good deal scattered about," said Dane, picking up one or two papers from the carpet. Then, with the hope of drawing attention to the notes, he glanced about the room, letting his eyes rest for a moment upon them without appearing conscious of so doing. What he was hoping for immediately came about. The eyes of the maidservant, who was less pre-occupied than the others, followed his, and lighted upon the roll of paper.

"What is that little bundle of papers on the carpet, sir? It looks like——"

She hurriedly crossed the room, picked up the papers, and brought them to her master.

The missing notes!

Captain Clifford's jaw dropped, and his head fell forward upon his breast. They placed him in a chair, loosened his neckcloth, and applied what restoratives were at hand, almost afraid for the first few minutes of the effect which his sudden revulsion of feeling might have upon him.

But joy does not often kill. He was presently so far recovered as to be eager to explain to those about him that he and not his son had been to blame. Everything was now forgotten but the one fact that his son had shown himself incapable of the act of dishonour laid to his charge. His boy was a gentleman, and the family name was untarnished!

"I was hard upon him. He was pressed, sir. I drove him from his home; and for what? Because I would not give him the trifle, the nothing, he begged for. I told him he might go to perdition for ought I cared. He was left alone in the room. He saw the money there, and preferred to go forth a beggar rather than take a single shilling! I am the only one who has ever dared to doubt the honour of a Clifford! I am rightly punished!"

"And will be all the better for your punishment, I think," was Dane's mental comment, beginning to recognise that nothing could have happened more fortunately for Captain Clifford, as well as for those about him.

The old man was anxiously inquiring for his son. "He will come back, will he not?

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"THE MISSING NOTES!"

He couldn't really mean to go away for good, could he, do you think, sir?" humbly questioning Dane. "Couldn't somebody—would you ask him to come back and forgive his old father? Perhaps he would, if you asked him—you who have been his friend all through!" piteously.

Dane glanced through the open hall door across the lawn. "I think your son is coming now, Captain Clifford," he said, hardly able to avoid smiling, as he noticed the young man's down-bent head and hesitating steps, and thought of the surprise awaiting him. The most Clifford would hope for was that his father's anger would be modified by his friend's intervention.

Captain Clifford went with faltering steps to receive his son at the hall door, his arms outstretched and tears running down his cheeks.

"God forgive me, I have wronged you! Forgive me, my son!"

"Father!" murmured Clifford in great bewilderment, quite unprepared for a reception of this kind. The most he had hoped for was toleration, and he little suspected what had taken place. But, astonished as he was, he was glad enough to avail himself of the change in his favour. He was not a little touched as well as astonished by his father's distress.

Drawing the old man's trembling hand over his own shoulder, Clifford supported him back to the library, where the truth was explained to him.

It was a crisis in the lives of both father and son, and from that time Captain Clifford's whole nature seemed to change for the better. Clifford's debts — neither heavy nor dishonourable ones, as his father was anxious now to point out — were paid, and he was allowed a good income. Captain Clifford began a system of liberality and trust, which he afterwards found helped a great deal more towards establishing the family honour than his previous course of action had done.

Not only was the borrowed money at once returned to Mr. Palmer—in time, as it proved, to save Viva Clifford, the signing and sealing of the engagement not having yet taken place—but Dane contrived to persuade Captain Clifford that his daughter's society was required at home just then.

She was brought home in triumph; and then began "a good time," as happy Alice termed it, for them all. Dane did not let the grass grow under his feet; and he very soon had the happiness of knowing that life was beginning to have a new meaning for Viva Clifford as well as himself.

The Palmers did not readily forgive her desertion of them, and were still less favourably inclined towards the man who had been the main cause of it. But as time went on, both brother and sister had their compensations. A certain major was making advances, and gaining favour with Miss Palmer; and her brother was about to marry a circus celebrity who had won his heart by her graceful dexterity in leaping through a paper hoop from the back of a horse—a feat by which Dane tells Viva she is eclipsed.

Happy Viva is quite content to be eclipsed by Mrs. Palmer.

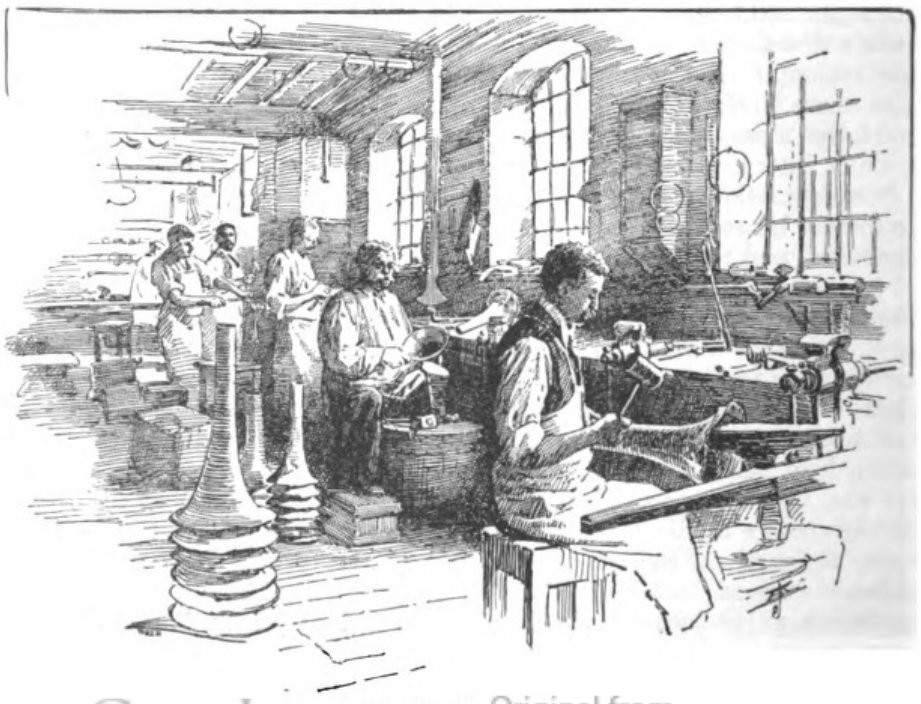
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How Brass Bands are Made.

By Edward Salmon.

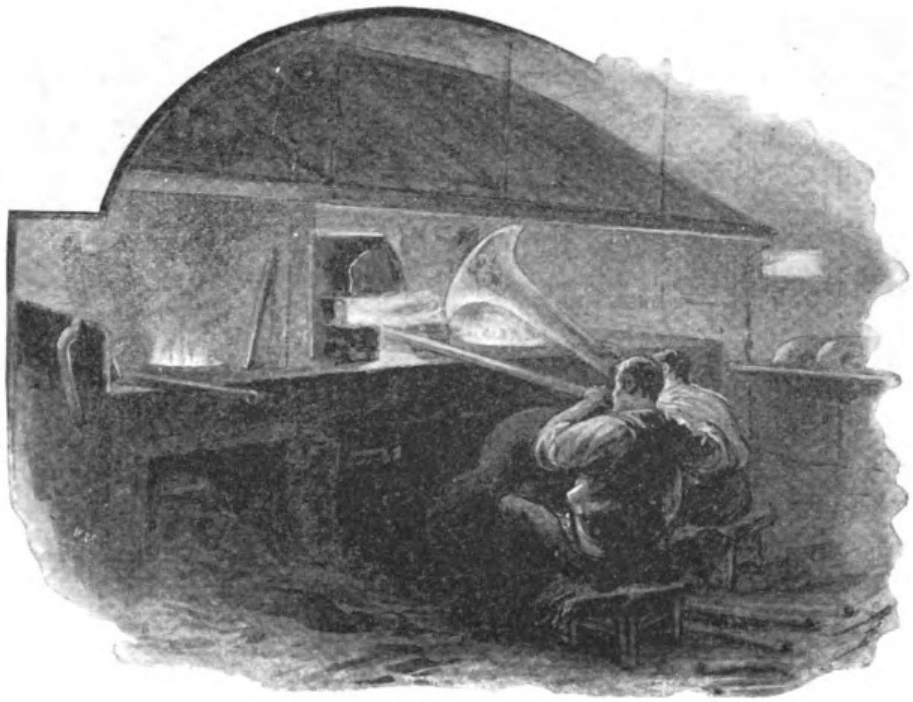
THE average citizen, asked to define his pet aversion, might conceivably indicate a brass band manipulated by German fingers. How many subjects of the German Emperor who have serenaded one inharmoniously under one's window at home or at the seaside have been consigned to the worst penalties of perdition it would be difficult to say, but the number with most of us is probably considerable. Yet there are brass bands and brass bands, and between an indifferent and a first-rate body of performers, with first-class instruments, there is as wide a difference as between the *vin ordinaire* of a third-rate French *café* and a bottle of '47 port. Those, indeed, whose teeth have been set on edge by a really bad band, or who have even heard a fairly good one, and have never heard a body of performers drilled and conducted by a Dan Godfrey, can have no idea of the gulf fixed between the two. Bad music is the very quintessence of horror, if, that is, bad music, like bad grammar, is not an impossibility. Either music is good or it is not music. The virtues of the brass band have not always been recognised, and thanks, no doubt largely, to the Teutonic terror, they are not known now as widely as they should be. The fact is that the Goddess of Harmony assumes no more seductive shape than that in which she is bodied forth by the best of brass bands, and in the last twenty years their popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. That this circumstance is due to the perfection which has been attained in the manufacture of the instruments, no one who has gone into the matter can for a moment question.

There is as much difference between the brass instrument of to-day and that of a quarter of a century since, as between the bicycle of the seventies and the "safety" of the nineties. It is, therefore, of considerable interest to inquire how a brass band is made, or to be more precise, how an instrument in a brass band is made, for one instrument, however much it varies in detail, is constructed on the same principle as another. If we say that Messrs. Besson stand at the head of all such instrument makers, we utter not merely our own opinion but that of the brass-band world. Messrs. Besson make for every government under the sun whose army avails itself of the thrilling and inspiriting effects to be obtained from these instruments when well played, and with Besson bands, many thousands of pounds have been won by amateurs in public contests, concerning which we shall have a few remarks to make. From China to Peru, it may be said that Messrs.



MAKING THE BELLS.

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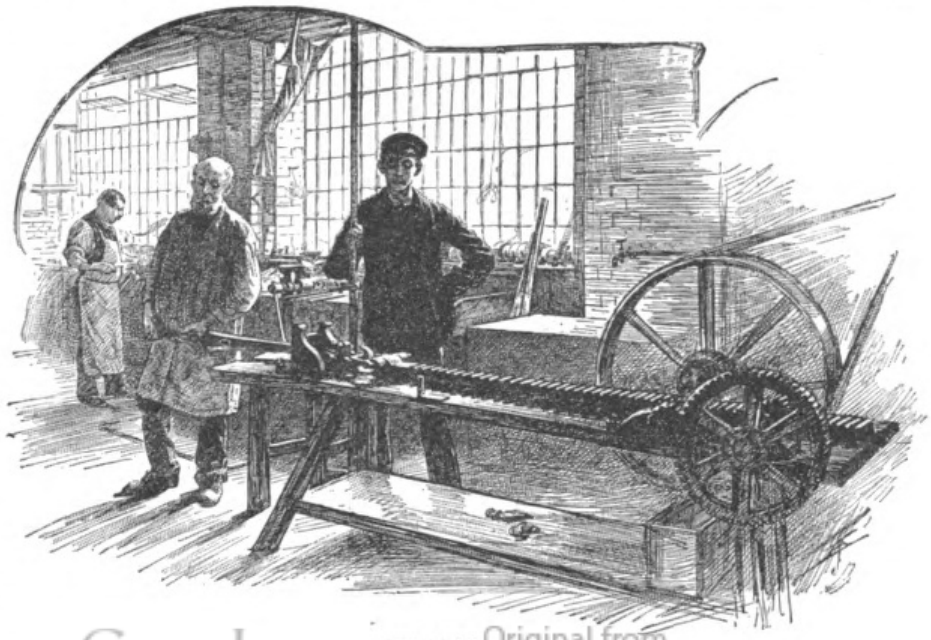


BRAZING.

Besson's instruments enjoy the reputation of pre-eminence. Perfection in construction has been attained, so far as perfection ever is attainable in things human, by an invention which is known as the prototype system. Messrs. Besson's instruments are the "prototype"—a name which adequately conveys an idea of the similarity of one to another. The prototype is a steel implement, long and spiral in shape, by means of which it is possible for the makers to guarantee that two instruments of the same class and size do not deviate by so much as a hair's-breadth from each other.

By far the most interesting stage of the manufacture of a brass-band instrument is the beginning. The first thing we are shown is a rough, apparently carelessly cut, piece of dull brass. It is suggestive of nothing in particular, but by-and-by its edges will be neatly soldered, and it will bear some resemblance to a bell. The soldering or "brazing" process takes place in a separate apartment containing several furnaces, which emit sufficient sulphur to supply the wants of a much less desirable region. Here the men are engaged in firing the bells, so to speak. Seated on stools, they hold the bell over the flame and look up it, turning it about as parts get red-hot. The experienced eye instantly detects the least flaw. When it leaves the brazier the bell is still uneven, and a mass of small indentations. Careful hammering reduces these till the bell is fairly smooth, when it is put upon a lathe and spun. On the lathe it assumes its natural brass colour once more and is brought to the utmost degree of smoothness and symmetry.

From the bell of a large instrument—a bombardon, say — run tubes which form half circles. If we reflect for a moment, we shall wonder how the makers manage to



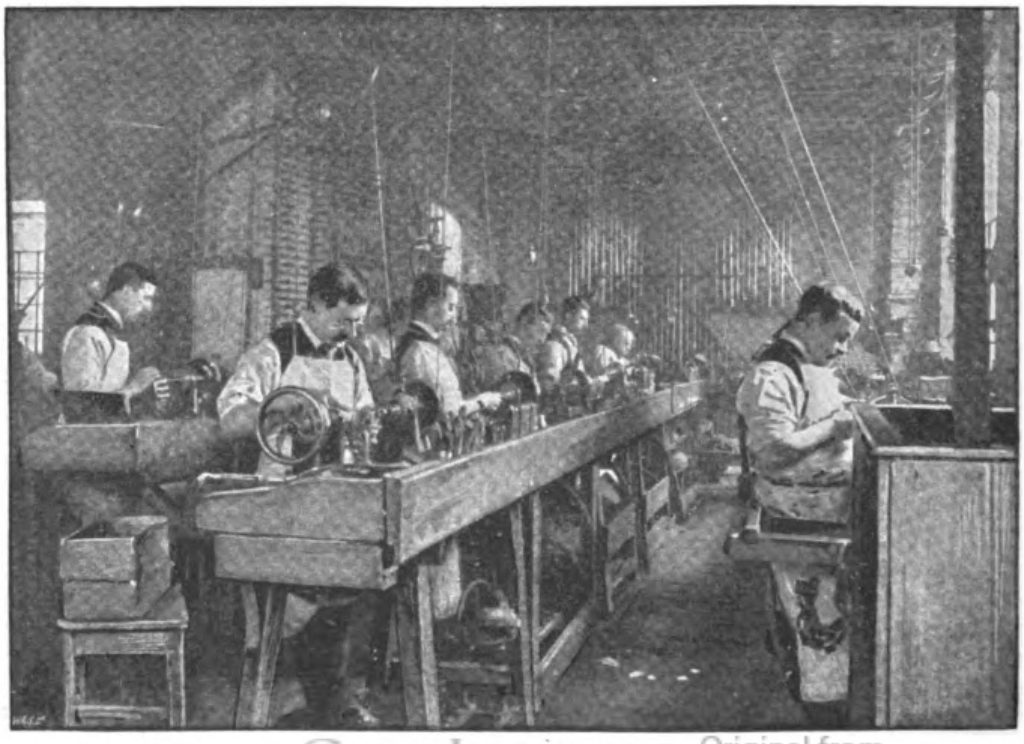
THE DRAW-BENCH.

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BENDING THE TUBES FOR A BOMBARDON.

effect the bending of the tubes without a crack or a bladder, or any defect to indicate that at some time or other these tubes were perfectly straight. In dealing with them, we soon realize the significance of the prototype. One is placed on a prototype, which is so hard as to be unimpressionable, the end of the prototype is put through a stout ring of lead and is affixed to a pair of nippers on a draw-bench. The prototype, covered with the brass tube, is then drawn through the lead, and as the other end of the prototype is a great deal larger than that first placed through the hole in the lead, which it exactly fills, it is easy to imagine the force which must be brought to bear to draw the whole thing through. But the machinery is all powerful; the lead yields,



MAKING THE VALVES.

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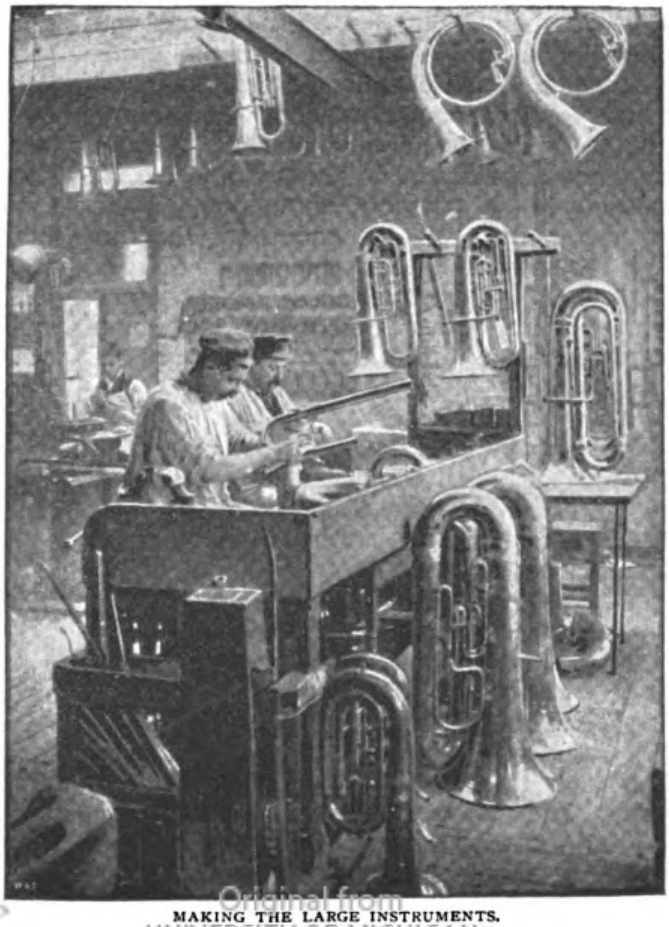


MAKING SMALL INSTRUMENTS.

and the prototype being released from the nippers, we see that, whilst the hole in the lead has increased from an inch to three or four inches in diameter, the tube itself has become absolutely smooth inside and out. This accomplished, it is now necessary to bend the tube to the shape required, and to the uninitiated, the means adopted will have all the charm of novelty.

Near by is a boiler full of molten lead. Some of this is ladled into the tube and, when cold, it is possible, slowly but surely and with infinite care, so that the brass does not pucker, to bend the tubing as shown in our illustration. Inch by inch the curve required is effected, and it is easy to understand the part the lead plays in preserving the tube from being seriously dented, and consequently spoiled. When the bend is complete, the lead is, of course, removed by a further application of heat.

All this takes place in the basement, where our artist has been busy with his camera and sketch-book, whilst we have made jottings, mental



MAKING THE LARGE INSTRUMENTS.

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and other, for the purposes of this article. Whilst he is securing realistic impressions, and before making our way to other departments, we will talk for a while with the manager of Messrs. Besson, who is good enough to be our guide, philosopher, and friend on this occasion. He enlarges readily on the popularity of the brass band to which we have already referred, and one of the best proofs he can give us of this is that there flourishes a newspaper —the *Brass Band News*—devoted to band interests, recording all band news, and giving publicity to the views of all band performers who have anything to say worth saying.



TRYING CORNETS.

It is a circumstance of which comparatively few people are aware, that the north of England and the south are as divided from each other in their regard for brass bands as the north of Ireland is divided from the south politically. Good brass bands are to be found in the south, of course, but it is not far from the truth that many bands, looked upon as somewhat indifferent in the north, would be considered as tolerably, if not very, good in the south. In the industrial counties lying between the Thames and the Tweed, the brass band is almost universal. Nearly every village of any size possesses one, and some of these bands—to wit, the "Besses o' th' Barn," the "Black Dike Mills," and the "Wyke Temperance"—are able to hold their own with the best in the world. The sons of toil, fresh from a hard day's labour, give up their evenings to practice, and their families and friends are as eager as they themselves can be that they should attain proficiency in the art and mystery of "the lip." In the north of England a band contest arouses the utmost enthusiasm, while it is noteworthy that "bonnie Scotland" is beginning to display a disposition to share. An instructor is usually engaged to enable the men to practise with a maximum of profit, and two or three guineas are paid by a band—of working-men, be it remembered —for a single lesson. No matter how severe a musical martinet the instructor they engage may be, everyone is prepared to render him implicit obedience, and it is recorded that an instructor once locked the doors and kept a band at practice for eight consecutive hours in order to get a certain difficult piece correct. One or two of the men grew rather fierce under the ordeal, but the instructor had the sense of the gathering with him, and knew what he was about. Nor must it be supposed that these men play second or third-rate music. They master the most abstruse pieces—such, for instance, as Berlioz's *Faust*—and when public contests take place, some of the leading bands play so well that the listener might close his eyes, and almost imagine he were present at a grand organ recital.

Let us now proceed in our inspection of the process of band instrument making. We next visit the valve makers' shop on the ground-floor. Here are made and perfected the various valves and multitudinous bits of which most brass instruments are composed. It will surprise some people to learn that a bombardon contains about



ENGRAVING.

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200 pieces. In this room forty or more men are usually to be found busy at their benches, with gas-jet, blow-pipe, and instruments and implements necessary to the turning of valves of all sorts. Another floor is devoted to the men who are called makers, to whom the parts are sent after manufacture for the purpose of being put together, and a good deal of energy is noticeable as the men take piece after piece until the instrument in the rough seems perfect.

But it is probably a matter of appearance only. Certain of the parts temporarily brought together are not allowed to pass their days in union. It is one thing to fit an instrument of perfect pieces together, it is another to get the most perfect music out of it, and it is found by experience that two pieces identical in all respects, and more like each other than the proverbial two peas in a pod, will yet when linked with other parts that, from the mechanical point of view, make an equally good instrument, give forth sounds which to the trained ear leave something to be desired.

The mechanic may, therefore, propose the abiding union of two pieces; the tuner will dispose: and it generally happens that those which the former has brought together the latter will, in his wisdom, put asunder on the plea of incompatibility. The tuning shop of a brass band manufacturer is a sort of divorce court, with a delightful difference from that in which poor humanity cuts so bad a figure at times. When the tuner grants a *decree nisi* he never fails to display the utmost assiduity in finding partners for the divorced with whom both may go happily through the rest of their days, be they long or short.

From the tuners the instruments pass to the polishers, where, with the aid of a strip of emery-cloth, used fiddlewise, and plenty of grease, elbow and other, they attain a brilliancy which makes them as pleasing to the eye as their notes are to the ear. In special cases they go still further, and pass into the hands of men who engrave a design on them. The deftness and rapidity, the accuracy and effect with which a flower or an inscription will be engraved on the surface of the bell are wonderful, for, prone to mistakes even when indicting an ordinary letter as most of us are, we cannot but remember that on such an instrument a false line would be fatal. On a cornet or a bombardon, worth anything from £20 to £200, the designer has of necessity to be very confident of his skill before operating, or disaster may be the result.



POLISHING.

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"*Extremely Agreeable.*"

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. VON WALD-ZEDTWITZ.

WHEN I left the University I had, as in duty bound, to go through my course of military service, and in due time found myself enrolled as a soldier in an infantry regiment then stationed at the town of Torgau, in Thuringia.

The officers were extremely kind to me, and invited me to become a member of the club they had formed among themselves, so that I was soon quite at home. In the morning there was the everlasting "Right, Left! Right, Left!"—at dinner the soothing perfume of the "Maibohle," and in the evening dreamy repose and excellent cigars in the shady Casino gardens.

The civil and military society mingled freely, contrary to the usual custom, and the legal world and such landed proprietors as lived in the neighbourhood made themselves particularly agreeable.

The chief magistrate, old Herr Hammer, was president of the club; he played a good game of bowls, emptying a good many "Schoppen" in the course of it, and kept the whole company entertained with his cheerful fund of humour. Of course I was presented to him, and he recognised in me the son of his old comrade in University and Volunteer days. He was delighted to see me, and at the close of the evening he took me across the gardens to the Casino veranda, where his wife and daughter were drinking true Thuringian mocha with a number of other ladies. I was presented to the fair circle. Frau Hammer was still a pretty woman; she knew my good mother, greeted me with warmth, and begged me with charming friendliness to come and pay her a visit as soon as my military duties would allow.



"I WAS PRESENTED."

"No stiff evening call, dear Herr Eisenstein, I beg! When you have no better way of spending your evening, then come in and see us, and have a cup of tea with us."

"Well, well," muttered her lord and master, "you will get something better than tea, I can tell you, my dear fellow! Don't be afraid. Wife, you frighten all the fellows away with your tea."

We laughed at his comical expression as he uttered this warning. I thanked Frau Hammer for her friendly invitation, and decided at once to take advantage of it. Had I not looked into the blue eyes of the magistrate's seventeen-year-old daughter, the fair Agnes? Did I not read in those liquid depths that a visit from me would not be entirely disagreeable to her? Of course, I would seize the first happy chance that left me free to spend an evening in her society.

The happy chance did not occur for some days, but at length I had a free evening, and decided to make prompt use of it. I called my soldier servant, who, as the stern captain of our company was fond of reminding me, was in reality my fellow-soldier, and sent him in the afternoon to the Frau Direktorinn with a carefully worded message, saying, if it would not inconvenience her, I would do myself the honour of calling on her that evening.

After much explanation, Gottlieb Feuerstacke at length understood where he was to go and what he had to do. In about an hour he returned, giggling in an idiotic manner, and informed me with a scarcely

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suppressed smile that a visit from me at a quarter to nine would be "extremely agreeable."

It struck me that this was rather a late hour to fix for a sociable evening call, in fact, rather a ceremonious hour; but, no doubt, the Herr Direktor liked to stand on ceremony even in so small a matter as the present. I thought no more of it; but when the hour came for departure, I waxed my moustache in the correct style, cast a few drops of "new-mown hay" on my pocket-handkerchief, placed it in the pocket above my beating heart, and wrapped myself in my great military overcoat.

Thus armed I started off to see my new friends, not quite willing to confess even to myself how much I longed to behold the fair Agnes once more.

"Idiot that you are," I said, sternly, to myself; "what do you expect from those little hands? What, save a cup of Chinese tea?"

Torgau is a small place, and soon enough was I at the house of the chief magistrate.

At its half-open door was a woman's form, apparently a servant-maid. She conducted me into the dimly-lighted vestibule, said softly, with a shy simper, "Good evening," tripped upstairs and signed to me to follow.

The Herr Direktor lived in a flat, it seemed, approached by a common staircase, and up this I promptly followed my guide, my heels ringing clear and loud on the uncarpeted flags.

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake!" whispered the servant-maid, mysteriously.

I confess to a shock of surprise. I stopped.

"Is this not the right hour?"

"Yes, yes, but hush!" She placed a warning finger on her mouth.

"Good gracious! Is someone ill in the house?" I whispered, in a low voice. "In that case I will come another evening."

"No, no, only be very quiet, Herr Corporal."

And thereupon she seized my hand and drew me up the stairs with many warning signs.

I was utterly bewildered, and could make neither head nor tail of the business. We were on the upper floor. With a dexterity that looked suspiciously like constant habit, she caught the door-bell in her hand, so that its tinkle should not be heard. She certainly showed a wonderful knack in her proceeding. She opened the door and, before I knew where I was, I found myself in the kitchen. Then a bell rang, evidently in the sitting-room, whereupon she promptly pushed me still further into the kitchen, and left me breathless with amazement to stare about me.

A neatly-laid table stood in the middle of the room, which was but dimly lighted by two candles stuck in empty champagne bottles. I was still gaping and gasping when she returned.

"It was nothing! They have not finished yet. They sit so long at table. The master wanted more butter."

Then she reddened up, giggled shyly, and, with downcast eyes, continued: "I am very glad, Herr Corporal, to see you. It is a great honour," and there she paused, smoothing down the folds of her apron. She evidently expected me to say something.

A sudden light broke on my bewildered senses. I understood it all! The suppressed merriment in Feuerstacke's face, the warmth of my reception by the maid. That idiot of a man; that dense-pated Gottlieb Feuerstacke had imagined my message was for the maid-servant, and not for the quality. Was I not serving as a private soldier like himself? And was not a cook the object of his highest adoration?

I could have laughed aloud! The old mad spirit of University days rushed upon me—never even in those joyous wild times had I met with such a rare adventure as this; never, on my word of honour!

"How very kind of you, dear. By the way, what *is* your name?"



"BE VERY QUIET, HERR CORPORAL."

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"Hannah," she whispered, with downcast eyes.

"What an adorable name! Hannah." I quite forgot all about the perils of my position and raised my voice to its natural pitch. She cast on me such an eloquent glance, imploring me without words not to let "them," as she called the family, get wind of my vicinity.

Now she glided gently hither and thither, collecting and placing on the table all manner of dainty fragments from the dinners of a week past, placing them in tempting confusion at my disposal.

Again the bell rang. Hannah was wanted. She obeyed the call at once, and presently returning, placed before me, with conscious pride, a smoking omelet *aux fines herbes*, seasoned with bacon sauce.

Good Hannah! What would she not do for a corporal?

It was all so sublimely ridiculous! Hannah, who was really a fine young woman, looked so pleadingly at me. I was getting hungry, the omelet filled my nostrils with so appetizing a perfume—I had already said A, so must say B. In short, I made quick work with that savoury omelet, and drank with much gusto the Seidel of beer she drew for me from the cask in the cupboard. She sat down on the bench she evidently reserved for the washing-up of dishes, etc.—her red, work-roughened hands rested quietly in her lap, artistically contrasting with the dazzling whiteness of her apron; her honest, ruddy face turned affectionately towards me, her watery blue eyes hung entranced on her corporal, watching every mouthful he took. She nodded gently, and evidently expected from my appetite many a blissful supper-time to come.



"A SMOKING OMELET."

But Fate was at hand. The sitting-room door opened—steps were heard in the passage. In another instant the kitchen would be invaded, but, thanks to Hannah's promptitude, the danger was averted. With immense presence of mind, she laid her great, coarse hand on my lips, blew out the candles at one breath, opened the door, closed it behind her, met her mistress in the passage, and conversed quite composedly with her about to-morrow's dinner.

I sat motionless in the dark and heard the whole "menu" gone through. The cold sausages of which I had just been partaking were to be sent up for the Herr Direktor's breakfast.

"Good-night, my love. I am going out."

It was the voice of the worthy man himself. His wife replied:—

"Don't be late to-night. Where are you going?"

"To the Casino. They have roasted crab and fresh maibohle there to-night."

A pressure of the hand, a kiss, and the Herr Direktor went downstairs. The good housewife had ended her consultation with the cook, and returned to the sitting-room. Only Bello, the faithful companion of his master—Bello, the black poodle—sniffed uneasily at the kitchen door.

"Come, Bello, come here, sir," called his master from half-way downstairs. Bello did not come, he sniffed still harder.

"Get away! will you?" said Hannah, clapping her hands at him, and pushing him away. The faithful animal resignedly trotted downstairs. I breathed again, and began to think love required rather too much of a sacrifice. Although it was highly impolite to leave in the middle of a meal, yet I felt my false position so acutely that I proposed doing so without delay. Alas! it was not so easy.

Hannah lamented that I had not done better justice to her banquet, and as a final temptation produced from some hiding-place a bottle containing some dregs of red wine, and would not, in short, hear of my going away.

"Only one little quarter of an hour more," she pleaded. "I must do my washing-up. The water is hot now." Here she paused

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and looked roguishly at me. "If you would help me to dry the things, then it would soon be done. I am free after that, and we could take a walk somewhere. Ah, please! please! You need not be afraid: my young man may always come to the door downstairs; the mistress allows that. I always make that one of the conditions when I take a situation."

This privilege did not fill me with much joy, especially when I thought of the drying process.

"Won't you take a bit more bread and cheese? It is real 'Limburgher,' I can tell you. The master never eats any other."

It was very touching. The Herr Direktor was clearly no mean connoisseur in cheeses. But I could not eat another morsel. My hunger was more than satisfied.

"A good appetite to you, Hannah. You have treated me only too well." I forgot I had been the only partaker of the feast. "Now I must be off."

She pouted, casting imploring glances at me, and somehow, before I knew what she was about, she had enveloped me in a brand new apron to protect my uniform.

The house-door opened again, creaking loud and warningly; heavy steps—a man's steps—came up the staircase; the little bell at the entrance of the Herr Direktor's apartments tinkled. A horrible dread seized me — it was the Herr Direktor himself, and, merciful Heavens, of course, Bello, the irrepressible and suspicious Bello! He would make straight for the kitchen, I felt sure.



"IN A BRAND NEW APRON."

Once more Hannah's hand, damp and heavy, was laid on my mouth, out went the candles, and she flew to the entrance.

"So soon back, sir! Have you forgotten anything? Oh, the house key! I will bring it to you, sir. Go along, Bello, get out—get out, I say!"

The voice of the mistress of the house here joined in.

"Oh, Karl, is it you? I could not think who was paying us such a late visit."

"Is not Herr Eisenstein here?"

I turned cold as ice.

"Herr Eisenstein!" said a soft, clear voice, and now I turned burning red with shame. "Herr Eisenstein? No, he is not here, papa. How funny! Why should Herr Eisenstein be here?"

It was the fair Agnes who spoke—Agnes of the soft, blue eyes. I felt their limpid gaze resting on me even through the thick darkness.

"Hannah, has the Herr Eisenstein *not* been here to-night? Are you quite sure?"

"No, sir, I have not seen the gentleman this evening. No one has been here."

"I can't understand it!" said the Direktor. "I went over to Herr Eisenstein's rooms to ask him to come with me to the café, and his fellow was standing at the door, and he told me his master was gone out. I asked him where. 'Down to the big street to a magistrate's house.' He did not remember the name. He must have been coming here, for there is no other magistrate living in this street. He certainly must have started to come here and have missed the way. Well, good-night, dears, we shall soon see," and he evidently was preparing to leave the house again.

Thank Heaven! I was saved. I would escape the instant the coast was clear.

"Bello, come here. Come here, sir."

But Bello had entirely different intentions. The wretch began to scratch and snarl at the kitchen door. He ran back to his master. I heard distinctly the sound of his nails on the stone floor. He returned. I could not sit still another moment, my left leg had gone to sleep. I moved very, very slightly, but it was enough for Bello. Barking furiously, he leapt wildly up the door as high as the latch.

"What in the world is in the kitchen?"

Before Hannah could interpose her stout form between him and the door, the strong

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hand of the master had flung it wide open, and the light of his candle fell full on my pale and agitated countenance. Wife, daughter, and maid-servant pressed after him.

I draw a veil over the scene. I hear once more the astonished exclamations of the ladies, the sobs of Hannah, the triumphant barking of Bello—detestable little brute—and find myself out on the staircase alone in the dark night, condemned to everlasting shame and contempt. Behind me echoed the scornful laughter of Herr Direktor.

Next morning Gottlieb Feuerstacke pondered thoughtfully over a blue kitchen apron that he had found on my sitting-room floor.

Many years have passed away since that terrible evening. I am a general officer and a star adorns my manly breast. A few grey hairs have crept like moonlight round my temples; my dear, fair-haired wife has the same soft, blue eyes as of old, and she discusses household matters every day with good old Hannah. On our marriage my mother-in-law sent her to us as general servant. Many and weighty are the consultations on the day's dinner. Very often they cannot settle on anything.

"Rudolf, what will you have for to-morrow's dinner? One does not know what to order. Do, please, suggest something, dearest!"



"THE LIGHT OF HIS CANDLE FELL FULL ON MY COUNTENANCE."

My countenance assumes a serious expression; I think deeply for a while; it is an important matter. Then I open my lips and say, softly:—

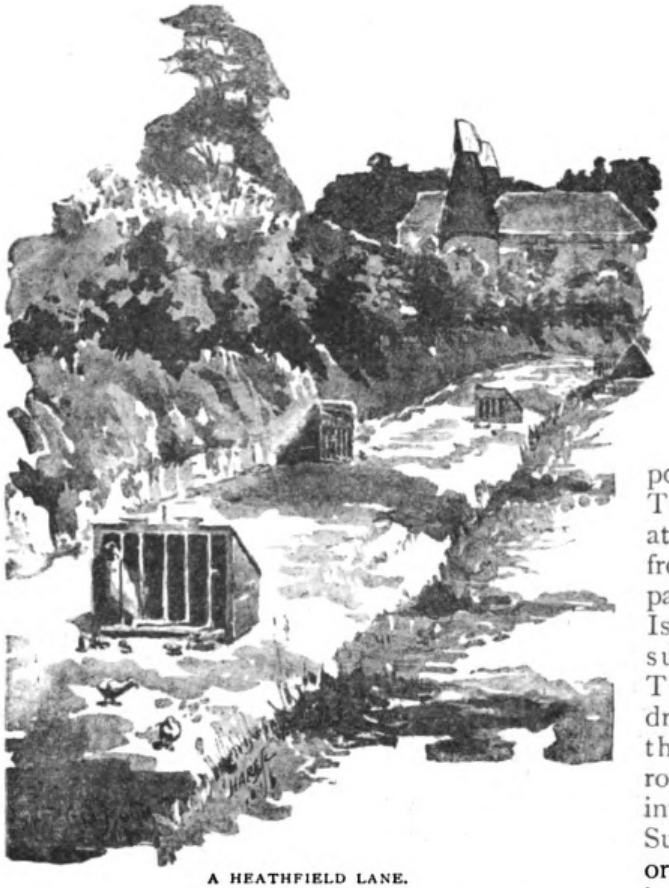
"Savoury omelet, with fine herbs and bacon sauce, is as good now as when——"

Good old Hannah has already got her apron up to her face and rushes from the room.

We eat in due time of that excellent dish which I tasted for the first time under the friendly roof of my father-in-law. Hannah gets her share, too, a goodly portion, for now she has no corporal to share it with her. The children, however, insist on giving many a dainty morsel of the self-same omelet to Bello, not the original Bello, but the grandson or great-grandson—I forget which—of that infamous, traitorous animal.

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Chicken Manufacture.



A HEATHFIELD LANE.

THE first thing that strikes a stranger on entering the district of Heathfield, Sussex, is the number of chickens. In Heathfield itself and around, in Warbleton, Shoreham Road, and Cross-in-Hand, the domestic fowl is ubiquitous. He roams the lanes, and the dusty sides of the high roads are diapered with a pattern of chickens' feet ; fields, commons, gardens, and not seldom the cottages themselves are pervaded by him. Coops, knocked up of any possible pieces of wood, stand on any possible patch of green by the wayside and, in the less frequented lanes, in the roadway itself.

A Heathfieldite once, asked by a huntingman if many of the farmers around rode to hounds, made answer: "We preserve chickens, not foxes." Heathfield and the adjoining parishes form one vast preserve for poultry. But except the respectable matrons who brood and guard the young families, and here and there in the yards a strutting rooster with a few wives in his train, the fowls are all under full maturity. At all times of the year, from the little puff-balls that have just broken shell to the hobbledehoy state of chicken youth, they are visible in their thousands. Past this stage they enter the manufacturing yards—the fatting farms.

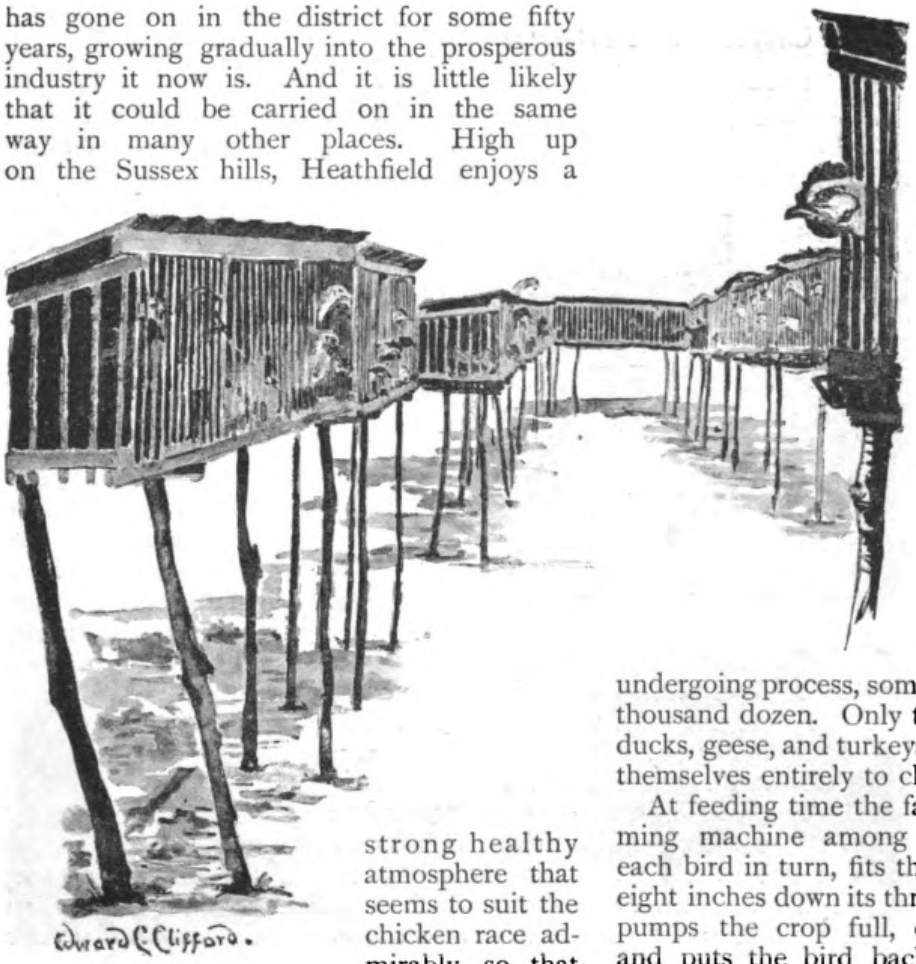
But, as from Heathfield station alone, in specially constructed poultry vans, an average of between thirty and forty tons of dead poultry are dispatched weekly, so the everywhere present fowls can supply but a small part of the raw material needed by the fatters for manufacture. The deficit is supplied in two ways. Large numbers of Irish chickens are imported—especially from November to May. They come over many hundreds of dozens at a time, and at short intervals, mostly from the western parts of the Emerald Isle. The higglers supply the rest. These men drive through the country round, and far into Kent and Surrey—thirty or forty miles in a day—picking up a few birds at this farm, a few at that cottage, and bring them to the fatting farms. Fatting is the staple industry of the place, and the exact process of the manufacture is to be seen nowhere else.



Tradition says that a man once came to Heathfield who had been engaged in the Norfolk turkey breeding business and experimented with chicken, so founding the trade. Be this as it may, chicken fatting

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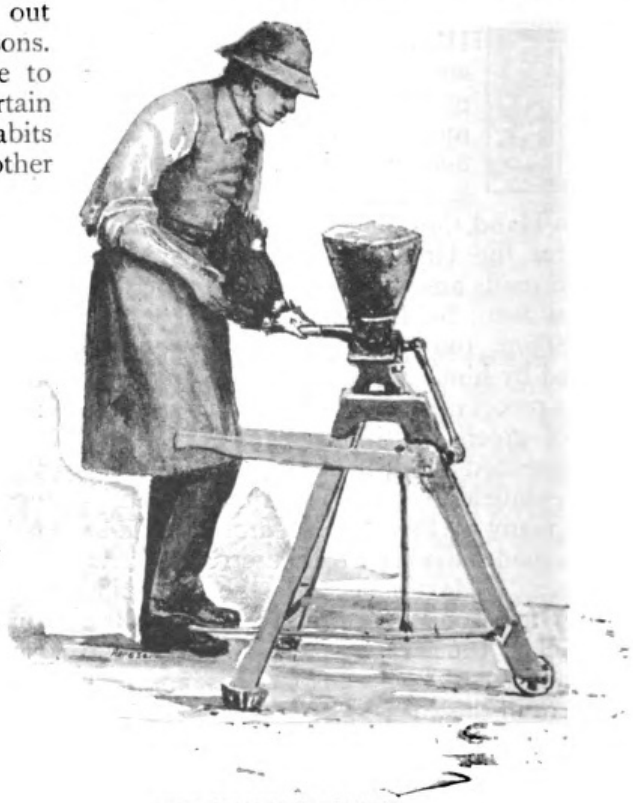
has gone on in the district for some fifty years, growing gradually into the prosperous industry it now is. And it is little likely that it could be carried on in the same way in many other places. High up on the Sussex hills, Heathfield enjoys a strong healthy atmosphere that seems to suit the chicken race admirably, so that they hatch out with impunity and run strongly at all seasons. Nearer to town it would be impossible to let the birds run free as they do here—certain light-fingered gentry of pedestrian habits would be too numerous—and in most other parts of southern England foxes are too plentiful. Then, again, the markets are handy; it is not a far cry to London, and the big Sussex watering-places are all within easy reach. And, as with all developing industries, as the business has grown among the people, so the people have grown into the business, acquiring the skill and rapidity that can only come of long usage, and which helps so greatly to make the trade profitable. The people are brought up to the management and handling of chickens from childhood, for every cottager rears a few birds, and the majority of the labouring population are in some way connected with the trade as killers, stubbers, or the like. The birds, once taken in hand by the fatter, are shut up in coops, six birds to the pen, and are crammed twice daily for about three weeks.



FATTING PENS.

The fatting coops are ranged in alleys or, perhaps, in small businesses, round gardens — some under cover, some not—on posts three feet from the ground. The small man has his ten dozen or so of fowls undergoing process, some of the largest several thousand dozen. Only the larger ones deal in ducks, geese, and turkeys, the others confining themselves entirely to chickens.

At feeding time the fatter wheels his cramming machine among the pens, takes out each bird in turn, fits the feeding tube some eight inches down its throat and, with his foot, pumps the crop full, disengages the tube, and puts the bird back in the pen. The


THE CRAMMING MACHINE.

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KILLING AND PACKING.

rapidity with which this is done by a good workman is astonishing, the knack of handling the birds wonderful.

In spring, chickens are taken in hand at about thirteen weeks old, later in the year a bit older, and are crammed for about three weeks with a mixture of ground oats, fat, and milk. As running birds, picking by the wayside with but small allowance of ground oats, they are muscular and athletic ; in the course of two or three weeks' fatting they put on flesh at a great rate, and it is this rapidly manufactured flesh that gives its delicacy to the "Surrey" fowl. One of the peculiarities of the trade is that though the birds come principally from Kent and Ireland, and are of Sussex manufacture, they are known as "Surrey chicken." When they are fatted enough for the market they are intended for—what is called "half fat" for some of the watering-places, or "full fat" for London; then comes the process of killing, plucking, etc. This was formerly done by "chicken butchers," men who went from farm to farm for that only—but now it is generally done by the farmer himself or his men.

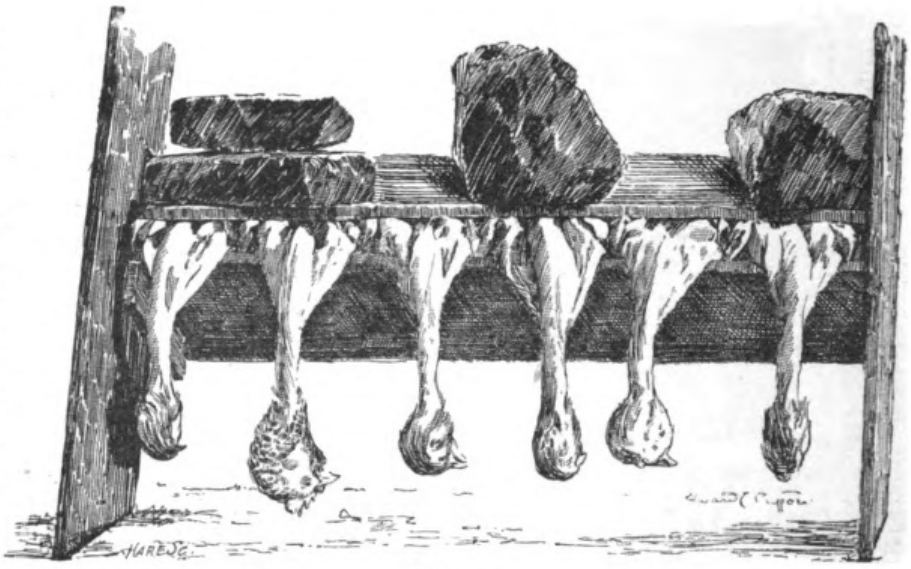
A shed is set apart for the purpose, and so many men and girls, according to the amount to be killed, assemble. A crate of live fowls is brought in. The men take each a bird and kill it. Picking then commences. With the bird on the knees the feathers are allowed to fall in a large basket, to be afterwards packed and sent to some of the large furnishing firms of London—all except the flights and stiff plumes, which are thrown apart. In ten minutes the bird is handed to a girl who, with a blunt knife, takes out the immature "stubs" of feathers that are missed in the picking. The "stubbing" takes another ten minutes or so and the bird



STUBBING.

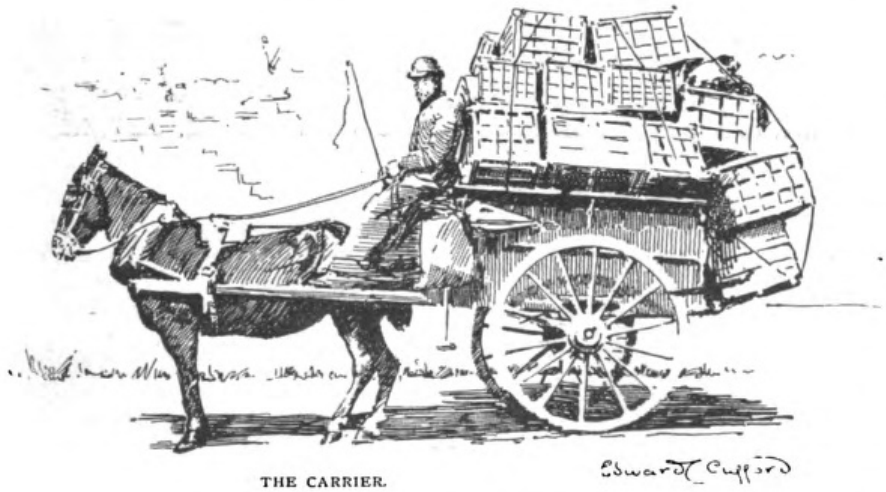
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is handed to the "dresser," who, with sundry pushes against a post and little skilful pats, gets it into marketable shape, dusts it with flour, and puts it in the "press"—a V-shaped trough with a board on the top laden with stones. There now remains but the packing—one or more dozen to a crate—and they are ready for the carrier.



PRESSING.

The carrier is one of the powers of the neighbourhood. All day and every day his carts are passing along the roads, now with full crates to the station, back again with returned empties; now piled up with Irish imports, then with consignments of ground oats, new coops, cramming machines, and the various necessaries of the trade. He collects and sends to London the dead poultry at so much a bird, paying carriage at so much a ton, and making a profit on the transaction. As much as eighty tons of dead poultry have been sent to market in a week from Heathfield, which, reckoning between four and five pounds to a bird, means some 500 to the ton, or 40,000 birds.



THE CARRIER.

Such a trade naturally calls other trades to its aid. Millers become purveyors of ground oats, carpenters turn coop and pen makers, butchers deal in fat by the bushel, and large quantities of milk are supplied by the surrounding farmers.

Heathfield is beautifully situated: wide views of hill and dale, of wood and down, and the sea away there in the distance. The neighbourhood has interest for many. It is the site of one of the principal iron workings in the south of England. The first cannon was bored there; and place-names and quaint old fire-backs still testify to the old industry. The memory of Richard Woodman, ironfounder and martyr, of Mary's time, is still kept alive in Warbleton. Historic remains are numerous: a stone marking the place where Jack Cade was killed by Iden is in the village. Pevensey and Hurstmonceaux are within easy driving distance. Botanists may find rare flowers here, notably the little blue gentian *(Gentiana verna)*. Many frequent the place as an invigorating health resort in summer. But all interests are subservient to the chicken trade. The whole place is pervaded by poultry, and there are but few of the inhabitants who are not connected in some way with its staple industry.

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FROM THE SPANISH.

IN a town of the ancient kingdom of Castile there lived, in former ages, a youth called Bartolo, who tried to eke out a living by making cages for birds, and taking them round to sell at the neighbouring villages. But his trade was a poor one, and he judged himself in luck if he sold one cage in the day, and, as may be supposed, he knew what sorrow and privation were.

One day as he was proceeding to a village he heard sounds of revelry, the buzz of many people, and the strains of a band of music. This merry-making was a procession of children dressed in white, carrying in their midst a beautiful child crowned with roses, in a chariot covered with white satin, and ornamented with acacia and myrtle. This procession was in honour of *Maya*, the personification of Spring, and took place to announce the entry of Spring. In front of the little chariot some children danced and held in their hands tin platters for contributions, and, as may be imagined, all, or nearly all, the spectators dropped their coins into them.

Bartolo moved away in a desponding mood, saying to himself as he walked on: "Is this the justice of the world? There they are, flinging their money into these platters just because these children come in procession to announce to them that it is the month of May, as though they could not know it by looking in an almanac. They barter and grind me down to the lowest price for my cages, even when I chance to sell one!"

Full of these bitter thoughts he walked on sadly, for the voices of two importunate

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enemies were making themselves heard within him—these were *hunger* and *thirst:* the one clamoured for food and the other for drink. Bartolo had nothing in his wallet but his clasp-knife, and had had nought for his breakfast but *hopes*, and these made him sharp and active.

He had reached a plantation when he perceived a well-dressed individual coming towards him. Pressed by hunger, Bartolo, taking his cap off respectfully, approached and said: "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly give me a trifle? I promise I will return it as soon as I earn some money."

"Don't you think that it is a shameful thing for a man like you, young and with a good, healthy appearance, to be demanding charity of people? Does it not strike you that you have a duty to earn your living by working at your trade?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, but my trade does not fulfil its own duty. Most people like to see the birds flying about free rather than in cages, and, therefore, day by day I find myself poorer than before."

At first the stranger doubted what he heard, but the bird-cage maker gave him so detailed an account of his work and the small profits he derived, that he became interested and sympathized with his ill fortune. Bartolo was a man who always knew how to excite great interest in himself.

"Come, come," the stranger said, smiling, "I will do something for you. As I cannot find customers for your cages, I will afford you a powerful means by which you shall never more be in want."

He then blew a whistle, and Bartolo saw flying before him a bird blue as the sky, which came and perched on one of his cages.

"See here," added the stranger, "what will compensate for all your past misery. From this day forward you have only to formulate a wish and say slowly and distinctly: *Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!* and your wish will be granted to you."

"By my faith!" cried the bird-cage maker, "but I will try it at once. For the last twenty years I have wished to kill hunger: 'Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!'"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than he saw suddenly spread before him on the grass a breakfast fit for a prince, laid on a service of exquisite silver and glass and the whitest of cloths. Bartolo, astonished, flung himself on his knees before his benefactor to thank him, but he raised him up, saying:—

"I am the good genius of the honest working men of Castile. Sit down and eat without fear. Take advantage of your lucky star," and then suddenly disappeared.

Bartolo reverently bent down and kissed the spot upon which he had stood, unable to find adequate expression of his gratitude. He then sat down and ate his breakfast.



"HE SAT DOWN AND ATE HIS BREAKFAST."

After his meal, Bartolo judged that a man who had feasted in such an elegant manner ought to have other better clothing than his well-worn working suit; and, lifting his staff, he cried to the bird: "Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!" In an instant his old suit became transformed into one of richest velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, and his rough staff into a splendid horse fully caparisoned, and having round its neck a collar of silver bells.

More astonished than ever, Bartolo suspended to the saddle the cage with the blue bird, leaped on the horse, and went his way, as proud of his dress as a donkey of its ears.

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Setting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the gates of a splendid castle. Some feast was taking place within. The guests were all seated under a shady bower, deploring that they had been disappointed of the minstrels who were to have played.

Bartolo, on learning this, advanced to the bower, and, after elegantly saluting the lord and lady of the castle, in a most refined voice said :—

"If it be right for a simple knight to offer his services to such a distinguished company of rank and beauty, I think I could promise to provide what you are requiring."

"Oh, do! at once, please!" cried all the ladies, who were longing to dance.

"Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!" said Bartolo.

Suddenly, in the distance, was heard the noise of many feet, and a troop of musicians with their instruments appeared, to the great delight of the company.

The lord of the castle thanked the stranger and desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter, a maiden fair and lovely like a snow bird.



"OPENING THE BALL."

When the ball was at its height, the bird-cage maker ordered an elegant banquet to be served, during which the bluest of blue birds was commanded to sing some songs, which were very much admired. Games of chance followed, and Bartolo, taking advantage of his good fortune, distributed among the ladies pearls, bracelets, and rings of precious stones. All those present were surprised beyond measure, because the lord of the castle was known to be extremely niggardly and mean.

The lord of the castle, who knew how all this had been done through the agency of the bird, and being himself of an inordinately avaricious nature, thought he might do a fine stroke of business were he to purchase the bird. Hence, calling his unknown guest away to his study, he proposed to him to purchase the bird for what price he should quote.

"You would never give me my price," replied Bartolo.

"For it I would give my castle with its nine forests," said the lord of the castle.

"It is not enough!"

"Very well, I will add my olive plantations and vineyards."

"That is still insufficient!" cried Bartolo.

"I will add the orchards, gardens, and houses."

"I want something else!"

"What, still more? Why, man, you must want paradise itself!"

"Not so; I want what you can give me this very moment. I want your daughter with whom I danced just now! Let her be my bride."

"What! my daughter," cried the old miser, in an ecstasy of joy; "by my faith, we shall soon conclude the bargain. Why did you not say so before?"

He went to seek the girl, and told her of the engagement he had entered into. But his daughter, in utter amazement, cried out:

"But what if he is a wicked elf and all he does be witchcraft?"

"You have an amulet of coral hanging

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from your neck; it is an antidote against all witchery."

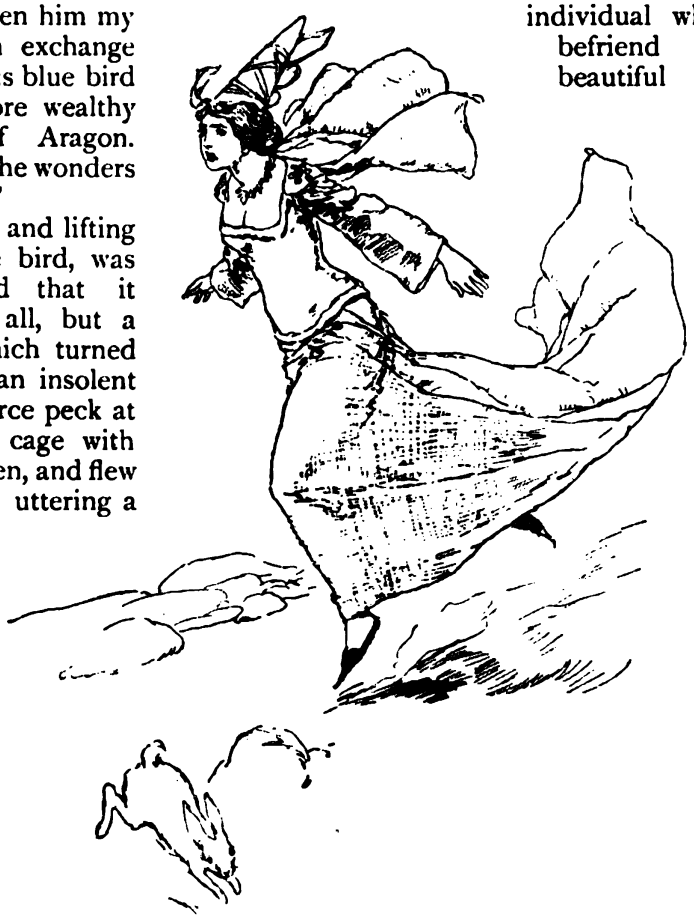
"And what if he be Satan himself?"

"I will give you a piece of blessed candle, and he will have no power over you," replied the unrelenting father.

Taking her hand, he led her to the stranger, who was already on his horse, and assisted her to mount behind her future husband. Taking the cage with the bluest of birds, he watched the retreating forms of the pair as the horse carried them away swifter than the wind, and when out of sight, he proceeded to join his guests. The company were all gathered in knots discussing the extraordinary powers of the bird and all the events which had taken place.

"Peace! peace!" cried the lord of the castle, as he entered; "I will perform more marvellous things than ever he did. I have given him my daughter to wed in exchange for the bird, and this blue bird will render me more wealthy than the King of Aragon. Approach, and see the wonders I will work with it."

He took the cage, and lifting it up to look at the bird, was astonished to find that it was not blue at all, but a large grey bird, which turned to stare at him in an insolent manner, gave a fierce peck at the door of the cage with its beak, flung it open, and flew out of the window uttering a terrible screech.



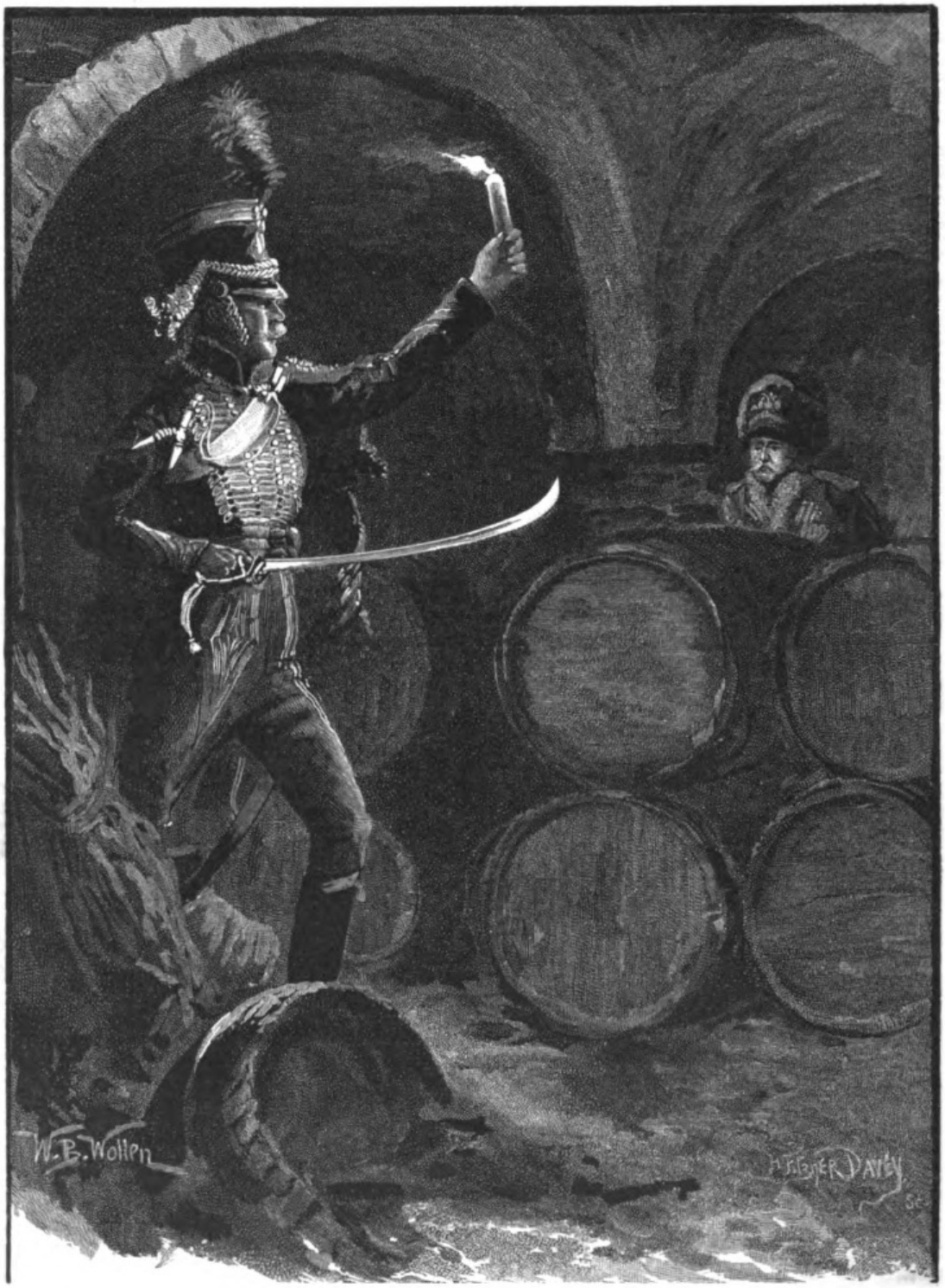
The lord of the castle stood with open mouth, not knowing what to do or say. His guests broke out in peals of laughter at his discomfiture and the well-deserved punishment for his unseemly avarice of exchanging his beautiful daughter for a worthless bird.

Meanwhile, Bartolo was galloping on with his bride to the nearest town to be married, and when he arrived at the first hostelry, he wished to dismount and engage the most splendid suite of apartments for his intended bride, but he found himself utterly penniless. He had not calculated that in parting with the bird he had parted with his luck, and therefore as soon as he dismounted the horse disappeared, and his elegant dress became changed for the shabby one he had worn before he met the kind individual who had wished to befriend him. When the beautiful daughter of the lord of the castle beheld the transformation which had taken place she ran back to her father as fast as she could, fright lending wings to her feet.

Bartolo had to return to his old life of making cages and to his miserable existence.

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"COME OUT, YOU RASCAL!"

(*See page* 571.)

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The Medal of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

THE Duke of Tarentum, or McDonald, as his old comrades prefer to call him, was, as I could perceive, in the vilest of tempers. His grim Scotch face was like one of those grotesque door-knockers which one sees in the Faubourg St. Germain. We heard afterwards that the Emperor had said in jest that he would have sent him against Wellington in the South, but that he was afraid to trust him within the sound of the pipes. Major Charpentier and I could plainly see that he was smouldering with anger.

"Brigadier Gerard of the Hussars," said he, with the air of the corporal with the recruit.

I saluted.

"Major Charpentier of the Horse Grenadiers."

My companion answered to his name.

"The Emperor has a mission for you."

Without more ado he flung open the door and announced us.

I have seen Napoleon ten times on horseback to once on foot, and I think that he does wisely to show himself to the troops in this fashion, for he cuts a very good figure in the saddle. As we saw him now he was the shortest man out of six by a good hand's breadth, and yet I am no very big man myself, though I ride quite heavy enough for a hussar. It is evident, too, that his body is too long for his legs. With his big, round head, his curved shoulders, and his clean-shaven face, he is more like a Professor at the Sorbonne than the first soldier in France. Every man to his taste, but it seems to me that, if I could clap a pair of fine light cavalry whiskers, like my own, on to him, it would do him no harm. He has a firm mouth, however, and his eyes are remarkable. I have seen them once turned on me in anger, and I had rather ride at a square on a spent horse than face them again. I am not a man who is easily daunted, either.

He was standing at the side of the room, away from the window, looking up at a great map of the country which was hung upon the wall. Berthier stood beside him, trying to look wise, and just as we entered, Napoleon snatched his sword impatiently from him and pointed with it on the map. He was talking fast and low, but I heard him say, "The valley of the Meuse," and twice he repeated "Berlin." As we entered, his aide-de-camp advanced to us, but the Emperor stopped him and beckoned us to his side.

"You have not yet received the cross of honour, Brigadier Gerard?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and was about to add that it was not for want of having deserved it, when he cut me short in his decided fashion.

"And you, Major?" he asked.

"No, sire."

"Then you shall both have your opportunity now."

He led us to the great map upon the wall and placed the tip of Berthier's sword on Rheims.

"I will be frank with you, gentlemen, as with two comrades. You have both been with me since Marengo, I believe?" He had a strangely pleasant smile, which used to light up his pale face with a kind of cold sunshine. "Here at Rheims are our present headquarters on this the 14th of March. Very good. Here is Paris, distant by road a good twenty-five leagues. Blucher lies to the north, Schwarzenberg to the south." He prodded at the map with the sword as he spoke.

"Now," said he, "the further into the country these people march, the more completely I shall crush them. They are about to advance upon Paris. Very good. Let them do so. My brother, the King of Spain, will be there with a hundred thousand men. It is to him that I send you. You will hand him this letter, a copy of which I confide to each of you. It is to tell him that I am coming at once, in two days' time, with every man and horse and gun to his relief. I must give them forty-eight hours to recover. Then straight to Paris! You understand me, gentlemen?"

Ah, if I could tell you the glow of pride which it gave me to be taken into the great man's confidence in this way. As he handed our letters to us I clicked my spurs and

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"HE HANDED OUR LETTERS TO US."

threw out my chest, smiling and nodding to let him know that I saw what he would be after. He smiled also, and rested his hand for a moment upon the cape of my dolman. I would have given half my arrears of pay if my mother could have seen me at that instant.

"I will show you your route," said he, turning back to the map. "Your orders are to ride together as far as Bazoches. You will then separate, the one making for Paris by Oulchy and Neuilly, and the other to the north by Braine, Soissons, and Senlis. Have you anything to say, Brigadier Gerard?"

I am a rough soldier, but I have words and ideas. I had begun to speak about glory and the peril of France when he cut me short.

"And you, Major Charpentier?"

"If we find our route unsafe, are we at liberty to choose another?" said he.

"Soldiers do not choose, they obey." He inclined his head to show that we were dismissed, and turned round to Berthier. I do not know what he said, but I heard them both laughing.

Well, as you may think, we lost little time in getting upon our way. In half an hour we were riding down the High Street of Rheims, and it struck twelve o'clock as we passed the cathedral. I had my little grey mare, Violette, the one which Sebastiani had wished to buy after Dresden. It is the fastest horse in the six brigades of light cavalry, and was only beaten by the Duke of Rovigo's racer from England. As to Charpentier, he had the kind of horse which a horse grenadier or a cuirassier would be likely to ride: a back like a bedstead, you understand, and legs like the posts. He is a hulking fellow himself, so that they looked a singular pair. And yet in his insane conceit he ogled the girls as they waved their handkerchiefs to me from the windows, and he twirled his ugly red moustache up into his eyes, just as if it were to him that their attention was addressed.

When we came out of the town we passed through the French camp, and then across the battle-field of yesterday, which was still covered both by our own poor fellows and by the Russians. But of the two the camp was the sadder sight. Our army was thawing away. The Guards were all right, though the young guard was full of conscripts. The artillery and the heavy cavalry were also good if there were more of them, but the infantry privates with their under-officers looked like schoolboys with their masters. And we had no reserves. When one considered that there were 80,000 Prussians to the north and 150,000 Russians and Austrians to the south, it might make even the bravest man grave.

For my own part, I confess that I shed a tear until the thought came that the Emperor was still with us, and that on that very morning he had placed his hand upon my dolman and had promised me a medal of honour. This set me singing, and I spurred Violette on, until Charpentier had to beg me to have mercy on his great, snorting, panting camel. The road was beaten into paste and rutted 2ft. deep by the artillery, so that he was right in saying that it was not the place for a gallop.

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I have never been very friendly with this Charpentier; and now for twenty miles of the way I could not draw a word from him. He rode with his brows puckered and his chin upon his breast, like a man who is heavy with thought. More than once I asked him what was on his mind, thinking that, perhaps, with my quicker intelligence I might set the matter straight. His answer always was that it was his mission of which he was thinking, which surprised me, because, although I had never thought much of his intelligence, still it seemed to me to be impossible that anyone could be puzzled by so simple and soldierly a task.

Well, we came at last to Bazoches, where he was to take the southern road and I the northern. He half turned in his saddle before he left me, and he looked at me with a singular expression of inquiry in his face.

"What do you make of it, Brigadier?" he asked.

"Of what?"

"Of our mission."

"Surely it is plain enough."

"You think so? Why should the Emperor tell us his plans?"

"Because he recognised our intelligence."

My companion laughed in a manner which I found annoying.

"May I ask what you intend to do if you find these villages full of Prussians?" he asked.

"I shall obey my orders."

"But you will be killed."

"Very possibly."

He laughed again, and so offensively that I clapped my hand to my sword. But before I could tell him what I thought of his stupidity and rudeness he had wheeled his horse, and was lumbering away down the other road. I saw his big fur cap vanish over the brow of the hill, and then I rode upon my way, wondering at his conduct. From time to time I put my hand to the breast of my tunic and felt the paper crackle beneath my fingers. Ah, my precious paper, which should be turned into the little silver medal for which I had yearned so long. All the way from Braine to Sermoise I was thinking of what my mother would say when she saw it.

I stopped to give Violette a meal at a wayside auberge on the side of a hill not far from Soissons—a place surrounded by old oaks, and with so many crows that one could scarce hear one's own voice. It was from the innkeeper that I learned that Marmont had fallen back two days before, and that the Prussians were over the Aisne. An hour later, in the fading light, I saw two of their vedettes upon the hill to the right, and then, as darkness gathered, the heavens to the north were all glimmering from the lights of a bivouac.

When I heard that Blucher had been there for two days, I was much surprised that the Emperor should not have known that the country through which he had ordered me to carry my precious letter was already occupied by the enemy. Still, I thought of the tone of his voice when he said to Charpentier that a soldier must not choose, but must obey. I should follow the route he had laid down for me as long as Violette could move a hoof or I a finger upon her bridle. All the



"I SAW HIS BIG FUR CAP VANISH."

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way from Sermoise to Soissons, where the road dips up and down, curving among fir-woods, I kept my pistol ready and my sword-belt braced, pushing on swiftly where the path was straight, and then coming slowly round the corners in the way we learned in Spain.

When I came to the farmhouse which lies to the right of the road just after you cross the wooden bridge over the Crise, near where the great statue of the Virgin stands, a woman cried to me from the field saying that the Prussians were in Soissons. A small party of their lancers, she said, had come in that very afternoon. and a whole division was expected before midnight. I did not wait to hear the end of her tale, but clapped spurs into Violette, and in five minutes was galloping her into the town.

Three Uhlans were at the mouth of the main street, their horses tethered, and they gossiping together, each with a pipe as long as my sabre. I saw them well in the light of an open door, but of me they could have seen only the flash of Violette's grey side and the black flutter of my cloak. A moment later I flew through a stream of them rushing from an open gateway. Violette's shoulder sent one of them reeling, and I stabbed at another but missed him. Pang, pang, went two carbines, but I had flown round the curve of the street and never so much as heard the hiss of the balls. Ah, we were great, both Violette and I. She lay down to it like a coursed hare, the fire flying from her hoofs. I stood in my stirrups and brandished my sword. Someone sprang for my bridle. I sliced him through the arm, and I heard him howling behind me. Two horsemen closed upon me. I cut one down and outpaced the other. A minute later I was clear of the town and flying down a broad white road with the black poplars on either side. For a time I heard the rattle of hoofs behind me, but they died and died until I could not tell them from the throbbing of my own heart. Soon I pulled up and listened, but all was silent. They had given up the chase.

Well, the first thing that I did was to dismount and to lead my mare into a small wood through which a stream ran. There I watered her and rubbed her down, giving her two pieces of sugar soaked in cognac from my flask. She was spent from the sharp chase, but it was wonderful to see how she came round with a half-hour's rest. When my thighs closed upon her again, I could tell by the spring and the swing of her that it would not be her fault if I did not win my way safe to Paris.

I must have been well within the enemy's lines now, for I heard a number of them shouting one of their rough drinking songs out of a house by the roadside, and I went round by the fields to avoid it. At another time two men came out into the moonlight (for by this time it was a cloudless night) and shouted something in German; but I galloped on without heeding them, and they were afraid to fire, for their own hussars are dressed exactly as I was. It is best to take no notice at these times, and then they put you down as a deaf man.

It was a lovely moon, and every tree threw a black bar across the road. I could see the country side just as if it were daytime, and very peaceful it looked, save that there was a great fire raging somewhere in the north. In the silence of the night-time, and with the knowledge that danger was in front and behind me, the sight of that great distant fire was very striking and awesome. But I am not easily clouded, for I have seen too many singular things, so I hummed a tune between my teeth and thought of little Lisette, whom I might see in Paris. My mind was full of her when, trotting round a corner, I came straight upon half-a-dozen German dragoons, who were sitting round a brushwood fire by the roadside.

I am an excellent soldier. I do not say this because I am prejudiced in my own favour, but because I really am so. I can weigh every chance in a moment, and decide with as much certainty as though I had brooded for a week. Now I saw like a flash that, come what might, I should be chased, and on a horse which had already done a long twelve leagues. But it was better to be chased onwards than to be chased back. On this moonlit night, with fresh horses behind me, I must take my risk in either case; but if I were to shake them off, I preferred that it should be near Senlis than near Soissons. All this flashed on me as if by instinct, you understand. My eyes had hardly rested on the bearded faces under the brass helmets before my rowels were up to the bosses in Violette's side, and she off with a rattle like a pas-de-charge. Oh, the shouting and rushing and stamping from behind us! Three of them fired and three swung themselves on to their horses. A bullet rapped on the crupper of my saddle with a noise like a stick on a door. Violette sprang madly forward, and I thought she had been wounded, but it was only a graze above the near fore-fetlock. Ah, the dear little mare, how I loved her

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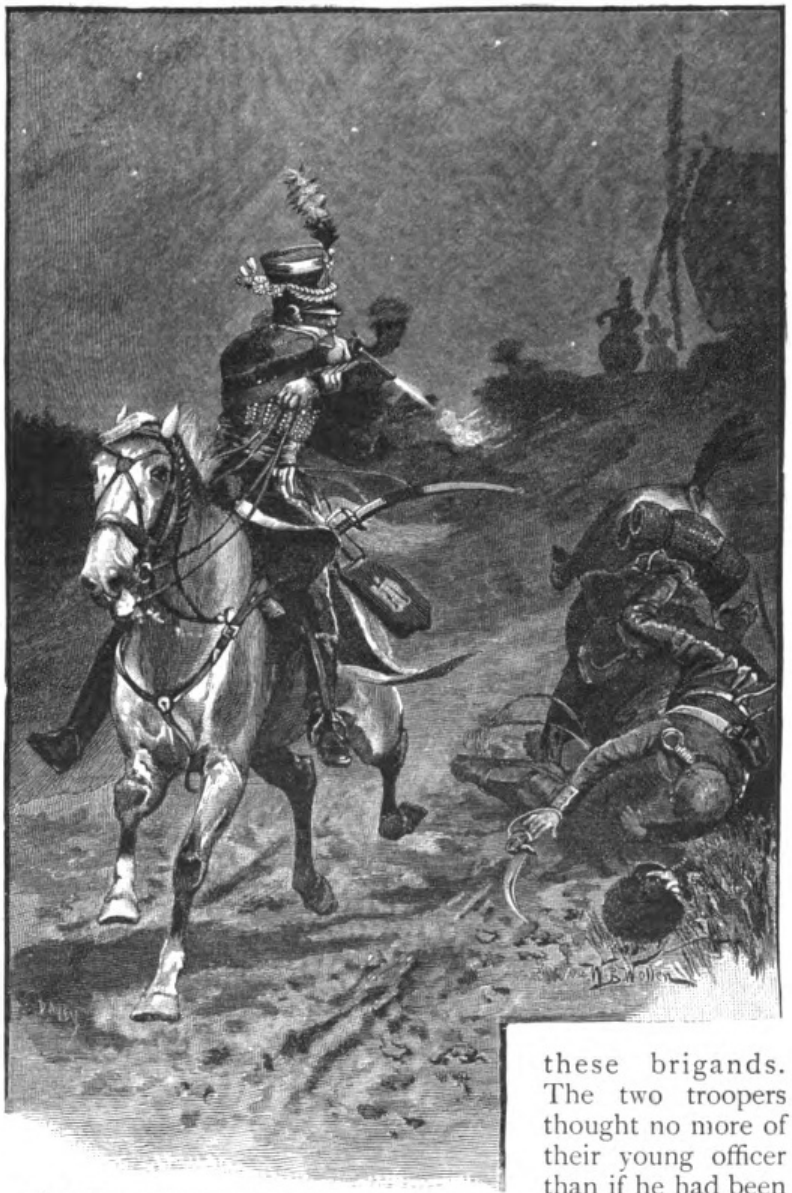
when I felt her settle down into that long, easy gallop of hers, her hoofs going like a Spanish girl's castanets. I could not hold myself. I turned on my saddle and shouted and raved, "Vive l'Empereur!" I screamed and laughed at the gust of oaths that came back to me.

But it was not over yet. If she had been fresh she might have gained a mile in five. Now she could only hold her own with a very little over. There was one of them, a young boy of an officer, who was better mounted than the others. He drew ahead with every stride. Two hundred yards behind him were two troopers, but I saw every time that I glanced round, that the distance between them was increasing. The other three who had waited to shoot were a long way in the rear. The officer's mount was a bay, a fine horse, though not to be spoken of with Violette. Yet it was a powerful brute, and it seemed to me that in a few miles its freshness might tell. I waited until the lad was a long way in front of his comrades, and then I eased my mare down a little—a very, very little, so that he might think he was really catching me. When he came within pistol shot of me I drew and cocked my own pistol, and laid my chin upon my shoulder to see what he would do. He did not offer to fire, and I soon discerned the cause. The silly boy had taken his pistols from his holsters when he had camped for the night. He wagged his sword at me now and roared some of his gibberish. He did not seem to understand that he was at my mercy. I eased Violette down until there was not the length of a long lance between the grey tail and the bay muzzle.

"Rendez-vous!" he yelled.

"I must compliment monsieur upon his French," said I, resting the barrel of my pistol upon my bridle arm, which I have always found best when shooting from the saddle. I aimed at his face, and could see, even in the moonlight, how white he grew when he understood that it was all up with him. But even as my finger pressed the trigger I thought of his mother, and I put my ball through his horse's shoulder. I fear he hurt himself in the fall, for it was a fearful crash, but I had my letter to think of, so I stretched the mare into a gallop once more.

But they were not so easily shaken off,



"I FEAR HE HURT HIMSELF IN THE FALL, FOR IT WAS A FEARFUL CRASH."

these brigands. The two troopers thought no more of their young officer than if he had been a recruit thrown in the riding-school. They left him to the others and thundered on after me. I had pulled up on the brow of a hill, thinking that I had heard the last of them; but, my faith, I soon saw there was no time for loitering, so away we went, the

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mare tossing her head and I my busby, to show what we thought of two dragoons who tried to catch a hussar. But at this moment, even while I laughed at the thought, my heart stood still within me, for there at the end of the long white road was a black patch of cavalry waiting to receive me. To a young soldier it might have seemed the shadow of the trees, but to me it was a troop of hussars, and, turn where I could, death seemed to be waiting for me.

Well, I had the dragoons behind me and the hussars in front. Never since Moscow have I seemed to be in such peril. But for the honour of the brigade I had rather be cut down by a light cavalryman than by a heavy. I never drew bridle, therefore, or hesitated for an instant, but I let Violette have her head. I remember that I tried to pray as I rode, but I am a little out of practice at such things, and the only words I could remember were the prayer for fine weather which we used at the school on the evening before holidays. Even this seemed better than nothing, and I was pattering it out, when suddenly I heard French voices in front of me. Ah, mon Dieu, but the joy went through my heart like a musket-ball. They were ours—our own dear little rascals from the corps of Marmont. Round whisked my two dragoons and galloped for their lives, with the moon gleaming on their brass helmets, while I trotted up to my friends with no undue haste, for I would have them understand that though a hussar may fly, it is not in his nature to fly very fast. Yet I fear that Violette's heaving flanks and foam-spattered muzzle gave the lie to my careless bearing.

Who should be at the head of the troop but old Bouvet, whom I saved at Leipzig! When he saw me his little pink eyes filled with tears, and, indeed, I could not but shed a few myself at the sight of his joy. I told him of my mission, but he laughed when I said that I must pass through Senlis.

"The enemy is there," said he. "You cannot go."

"I prefer to go where the enemy is," I answered. "I would ride through Berlin if I had the Emperor's orders."

"But why not go straight to Paris with your despatch? Why should you choose to pass through the one place where you are almost sure to be taken or killed?"

"A soldier does not choose—he obeys," said I, just as I had heard Napoleon say it.

Old Bouvet laughed in his wheezy way, until I had to give my moustachios a twirl and look him up and down in a manner which brought him to reason.

"Well," said he, "you had best come along with us, for we are all bound for Senlis. Our orders are to reconnoitre the place. A squadron of Poniatowski's Polish lancers are in front of us. If you must ride through it, it is possible that we may be able to go with you."

So away we went, jingling and clanking through the quiet night until we came up with the Poles—fine old soldiers all of them, though a trifle heavy for their horses. It was a treat to see them, for they could not have carried themselves better if they had belonged to my own brigade. We rode together, until in the early morning we saw the lights of Senlis. A peasant was coming along with a cart, and from him we learned how things were going there.

His information was certain, for his brother was the Mayor's coachman, and he had spoken with him late the night before. There was a single squadron of Cossacks—or a polk, as they call it in their frightful language—quartered upon the Mayor's house which stands at the corner of the market-place, and is the largest building in the town. A whole division of Prussian infantry was encamped in the woods to the north, but only the Cossacks were in Senlis. Ah, what a chance to avenge ourselves upon these barbarians, whose cruelty to our poor country-folk was the talk at every camp fire.

We were into the town like a torrent, hacked down the vedettes, rode over the guard, and were smashing in the doors of the Mayor's house before they understood that there was a Frenchman within twenty miles of them. We saw horrid heads at the windows, heads bearded to the temples, with tangled hair and sheepskin caps, and silly, gaping mouths. "Hourra! Hourra!" they shrieked, and fired with their carbines, but our fellows were into the house and at their throats before they had wiped the sleep out of their eyes. It was dreadful to see how the Poles flung themselves upon them, like starving wolves upon a herd of fat bucks—for, as you know, the Poles have a blood feud against the Cossacks. The most were killed in the upper rooms, whither they had fled for shelter, and the blood was pouring down into the hall like rain from a roof. They are terrible soldiers, these Poles, though I think they are a trifle heavy for their horses. Man for man, they are as big as Kellermann's cuirassiers. Their equipment is, of course, much lighter, since they are without the cuirass, back-plate, and helmet.

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Well, it was at this point that I made an error—a very serious error it must be admitted. Up to this moment I had carried out my mission in a manner which only my modesty prevents me from describing as remarkable. But now I did that which an official would condemn and a soldier excuse.

There is no doubt that the mare was spent, but still it is true that I might have galloped on through Senlis and reached the country, where I should have had no enemy between me and Paris. But what hussar can ride past a fight and never draw rein? It is to ask too much of him. Besides, I thought that if Violette had an hour of rest I might have three hours the better at the other end. Then on the top of it came those heads at the windows, with their sheepskin hats and their barbarous cries. I sprang from my saddle, threw Violette's bridle over a rail-post, and ran into the house with the rest. It is true that I was too late to be of service, and that I was nearly wounded by a lance-thrust from one of these dying savages. Still, it is a pity to miss even the smallest affair, for one never knows what opportunity for advancement may present itself. I have seen more soldierly work in outpost skirmishes and little gallop-and-hack affairs of the kind than in any of the Emperor's big battles.

When the house was cleared I took a bucket of water out for Violette, and our peasant guide showed me where the good Mayor kept his fodder. My faith, but the little sweetheart was ready for it. Then I sponged down her legs, and leaving her still tethered I went back into the house to find a mouthful for myself, so that I should not need to halt again until I was in Paris.

And now I come to the part of my story which may seem singular to you, although I could tell you at least ten things every bit as queer which have happened to me in my lifetime. You can understand that, to a man who spends his life in scouting and vedette duties on the bloody ground which lies between two great armies, there are many chances of strange experiences. I'll tell you, however, exactly what occurred.

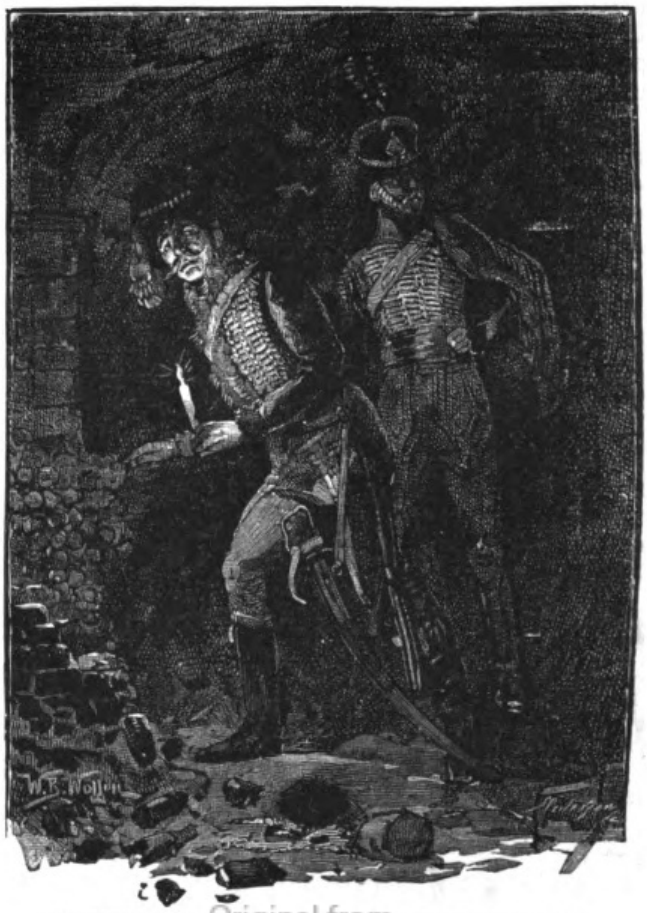
Old Bouvet was waiting in the passage when I entered, and he asked me whether we might not crack a bottle of wine together. "My faith, we must not be long," said he. "There are ten thousand of Theilmann's Prussians in the woods up yonder."

"Where is the wine?" I asked.

"Ah, you may trust two hussars to find where the wine is," said he, and taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the stone stairs into the kitchen.

When we got there we found another door, which opened on to a winding stair with the cellar at the bottom. The Cossacks had been there before us, as was easily seen by the broken bottles littered all over it. However, the Mayor was a *bon-vivant*, and I do not wish to have a better set of bins to pick from. Chambertin, Graves, Alicant, white wine and red, sparkling and still, they lay in pyramids peeping coyly out of the sawdust. Old Bouvet stood with his candle, looking here and peeping there, purring in his throat like a cat before a milk-pail. He had picked upon a Burgundy at last, and had his hand outstretched to the bottle, when there came a roar of musketry from above us, a rush of feet, and such a yelping and screaming as I have never listened to. The Prussians were upon us.

Bouvet is a brave man: I will say that for



"THERE CAME A ROAR OF MUSKETRY FROM ABOVE US."

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him. He flashed out his sword and away he clattered up the stone steps, his spurs clinking as he ran. I followed him, but just as we came out into the kitchen passage a tremendous shout told us that the house had been recaptured.

"It is all over," I cried, grasping at Bouvet's sleeve.

"There is one more to die," he shouted, and away he went like a madman up the second stair. In effect, I should have gone to my death also had I been in his place, for he had done very wrong in not throwing out his scouts to warn him if the Germans advanced upon him. For an instant I was about to rush up with him, and then I bethought myself that, after all, I had my own mission to think of, and that if I were taken the important letter of the Emperor would be sacrificed. I let Bouvet die alone, therefore, and I went down into the cellar again, closing the door behind me.

Well, it was not a very rosy prospect down there either. Bouvet had dropped the candle when the alarm came, and I, pawing about in the darkness, could find nothing but broken bottles. At last I came upon the candle, which had rolled under the curve of a cask, but, try as I would with my tinder-box, I could not light it. The reason was that the wick had been wet in a puddle of wine, so suspecting that this might be the case, I cut the end off with my sword. Then I found that it lighted easily enough. But what to do I could not imagine. The scoundrels upstairs were shouting themselves hoarse, several hundred of them from the sound, and it was clear that some of them would soon want to moisten their throats. There would be an end to a dashing soldier, and of the mission and of the medal. I thought of my mother and I thought of the Emperor. It made me weep to think that the one would lose so excellent a son and the other the best light cavalry officer he ever had since Lasalle's time. But presently I dashed the tears from my eyes. "Courage!" I cried, striking myself upon the chest. "Courage, my brave boy! Is it possible that one who has come safely from Moscow without so much as a frost-bite will die in a French wine-cellar?" At the thought I was up on my feet and clutching at the letter in my tunic, for the crackle of it gave me courage.

My first plan was to set fire to the house, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second, to get into an empty wine-cask. I was looking round to see if I could find one, when suddenly, in the corner, I espied a little low door, painted of the same grey colour as the wall, so that it was only a man with quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it, and at first I imagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I understood that it was held by the pressure of something on the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead of wine, and I gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more. I picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond.

There was a slight ray of light coming from some slit or grating. The dawn had broken outside, and I could dimly see the long curving sides of several huge casks, which made me think that perhaps this was where the Mayor kept his reserves of wine while they were maturing. At any rate, it seemed to be a safer hiding-place than the outer cellar, so gathering up my candle, I was just closing the door behind me, when I suddenly saw something which filled me with amazement, and even, I confess, with the smallest little touch of fear.

I have said that at the further end of the cellar there was a dim grey fan of light striking downwards from somewhere near the roof. Well, as I peered through the darkness, I suddenly saw a great, tall man skip into this belt of daylight, and then out again into the darkness at the further end. My word, I gave such a start that my busby nearly broke its chin-strap! It was only a glance, but, none the less, I had time to see that the fellow had a hairy Cossack cap on his head, and that he was a great, long-legged, broad-shouldered brigand, with a sabre at his waist. My faith, even Etienne Gerard was a little staggered at being left alone with such a creature in the dark.

But only for a moment. "Courage!" I thought. "Am I not a hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of thirty-one, and the chosen messenger of the Emperor?" After all, this skulker had more cause to be afraid of me than I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he was afraid—horribly afraid. I could read it from his quick step and his bent shoulders as he ran among the barrels, like a rat making for its hole. And, of course, it must have been he who had held the door against me, and not some packing-case or wine-cask as I had imagined. He was the pursued then, and I the pursuer. Aha, I felt

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my whiskers bristle as I advanced upon him through the darkness! He would find that he had no chicken to deal with, this robber from the North. For the moment I was magnificent.

At first I had feared to light my candle lest I should make a mark of myself, but now, after cracking my shin over a box, and catching my spurs in some canvas, I thought the bolder course the wiser. I lit it therefore, and then I advanced with long strides, my sword in my hand. "Come out, you rascal!" I cried. "Nothing can save you. You will at last meet with your deserts."

I held my candle high, and presently I caught a glimpse of the man's head staring at me over a barrel. He had a gold chevron on his black cap, and the expression of his face told me in an instant that he was an officer and a man of refinement.

"Monsieur," he cried, in excellent French, "I surrender myself on a promise of quarter. But if I do not have your promise, I will then sell my life as dearly as I can."

"Sir," said I, "a Frenchman knows how to treat an unfortunate enemy. Your life is safe." With that he handed his sword over the top of the barrel, and I bowed with the candle on my heart. "Whom have I the honour of capturing?" I asked.

"I am the Count Boutkine, of the Emperor's own Don Cossacks," said he. "I came out with my troop to reconnoitre Senlis, and as we found no sign of your people we determined to spend the night here."

"And would it be an indiscretion," I asked, "if I were to inquire how you came into the back cellar?"

"Nothing more simple," said he. "It was our intention to start at early dawn. Feeling chilled after dressing, I thought that a cup of wine would do me no harm, so I came down to see what I could find. As I was rummaging about, the house was suddenly carried by assault so rapidly that by the time I had climbed the stairs it was all over. It only remained for me to save myself, so I came down here and hid myself in the back cellar, where you have found me."

I thought of how old Bouvet had behaved under the same conditions, and the tears sprang to my eyes as I contemplated the glory of France. Then I had to consider what I should do next. It was clear that this Russian Count, being in the back cellar while we were in the front one, had not heard the sounds which would have told him that the house was once again in the hands of his own allies. If he should once understand this the tables would be turned, and I should be his prisoner instead of he being



"I LAUGHED HEARTILY."

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mine. What was I to do? I was at my wits' end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my own invention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find myself in a most difficult position."

"And why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your life."

His jaw dropped a little.

"You would not withdraw your promise?" he cried.

"If the worst comes to the worst I can die in your defence," said I; "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, and especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere sight of the uniform drives them mad. They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible," said he.

"Horrible!" said I. "If we were to go up together at this moment I cannot promise how far I could protect you."

"I am in your hands," he cried. "What would you suggest that we should do? Would it not be best that I should remain here?"

"That worst of all."

"And why?"

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presently, and then you would be cut to pieces. No, no, I must go up and break it to them. But even then, when once they see that accursed uniform, I do not know what may happen."

"Should I then take the uniform off?"

"Excellent!" I cried. "Hold, we have it! You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier."

"It is not the French I fear so much as the Poles."

"But my uniform will be a safeguard against either."

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you—what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours."

"And perhaps fall a victim to your generosity?"

"It is my duty to take the risk," I answered, "but I have no fears. I will ascend in your uniform. A hundred swords will be turned upon me. 'Hold!' I will shout, 'I am the Brigadier Gerard!' Then they will see my face. They will know me. And I will tell them about you. Under the shield of these clothes you will be sacred."

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them, but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dolman, my busby, my sword-belt, and my sabre-tasche, while I took in exchange his high sheepskin cap with the gold chevron, his fur-trimmed coat, and his crooked sword. Be it well understood that in changing the tunics I did not forget to change my thrice-precious letter also from my old one to my new.

"With your leave," said I, "I shall now bind you to a barrel."

He made a great fuss over this, but I have learned in my soldiering never to throw away chances, and how could I tell that he might not, when my back was turned, see how the matter really stood and break in upon my plans? He was leaning against a barrel at the time, so I ran six times round it with a rope, and then tied it with a big knot behind. If he wished to come upstairs he would, at least, have to carry a thousand litres of good French wine for a knapsack. I then shut the door of the back cellar behind me, so that he might not hear what was going forward, and tossing the candle away I ascended the kitchen stair.

There were only about twenty steps, and yet, while I came up them, I seemed to have time to think of everything that I had ever hoped to do. It was the same feeling that I had at Eylau when I lay with my broken leg and saw the horse artillery galloping down upon me. Of course, I knew that if I were taken I should be shot instantly as being disguised within the enemy's lines. Still, it was a glorious death—in the direct service of the Emperor—and I reflected that there could not be less than five lines, and perhaps seven, in the *Moniteur* about me. Palaret had eight lines, and I am sure that he had not so fine a career.

When I made my way out into the hall, with all the nonchalance in my face and manner that I could assume, the very first thing that I saw was Bouvet's dead body, with his legs drawn up and a broken sword in his hand. I could see by the black smudge that he had been shot at close quarters. I should have wished to salute as I went by, for he was a gallant man, but I feared lest I should be seen, and so I passed on.

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The front of the hall was full of Prussian infantry, who were knocking loopholes in the wall, as though they expected that there might be yet another attack. Their officer, a little rat of a man, was running about giving directions. They were all too busy to take much notice of me, but another officer, who was standing by the door with a long pipe in his mouth, strode across and clapped me on the shoulder, pointing to the dead bodies of our poor hussars, and saying something which was meant for a jest, for his long beard opened and showed every fang in his head. I laughed heartily also, and said the only Russian words that I knew. I learned them from little Sophie, at Wilna, and they meant: "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak tree, and if it rains we shall meet in the byre." It was all the same to this German, however, and I have no doubt that he gave me credit for saying something very witty indeed, for he roared laughing, and slapped me on my shoulder again. I nodded to him and marched out of the hall-door as coolly if I were the commandant of the garrison.

There were a hundred horses tethered about outside, most of them belonging to the Poles and hussars. Good little Violette was waiting with the others, and she whinnied when she saw me coming towards her. But I would not mount her. No. I was much too cunning for that. On the contrary, I chose the most shaggy little Cossack horse that I could see, and I sprang upon it with as much assurance as though it had belonged to my father before me. It had a great bag of plunder slung over its neck, and this I laid upon Violette's back, and led her along beside me. Never have you seen such a picture of the Cossack returning from the foray. It was superb.

Well, the town was full of Prussians by this time. They lined the side-walks and pointed me out to each other, saying, as I could judge from their gestures, "There goes one of those devils of Cossacks. They are the boys for foraging and plunder."

One or two officers spoke to me with an air of authority, but I shook my head and smiled, and said, "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak tree, but if it rains we shall meet in the byre," at which they shrugged their shoulders and gave the matter up. In this way I worked along until I was beyond the northern outskirt of the town. I could see in the roadway two lancer vedettes with their black and white pennons, and I knew that when I was once past these I should be a free man once more. I



"IT WAS A TRIUMPH—MEN SHOUTING AND WOMEN WAVING THEIR HANDKERCHIEFS."

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made my pony trot, therefore, Violette rubbing her nose against my knee all the time, and looking up at me to ask how she had deserved that this hairy doormat of a creature should be preferred to her. I was not more than a hundred yards from the Uhlans, when suddenly, you can imagine my feelings when I saw a real Cossack coming galloping along the roadway towards me.

Ah, my friend, you who read this, if you have any heart, you will feel for a man like me, who had gone through so many dangers and trials, only at this very last moment to be confronted with one which appeared to put an end to everything. I will confess that for a moment I lost heart, and was inclined to throw myself down in my despair, and to cry out that I had been betrayed. But, no; I was not beaten even now. I opened two buttons of my tunic so that I might get easily at the Emperor's message, for it was my fixed determination when all hope was gone to swallow the letter and then die sword in hand. Then I felt that my little crooked sword was loose in its sheath, and I trotted on to where the vedettes were waiting. They seemed inclined to stop me, but I pointed to the other Cossack, who was still a couple of hundred yards off, and they, understanding that I merely wished to meet him, let me pass with a salute.

I dug my spurs into my pony then, for if I were only far enough from the lancers I thought I might manage the Cossack without much difficulty. He was an officer, a large, bearded man, with a gold chevron in his cap, just the same as mine. As I advanced he unconsciously aided me by pulling up his horse, so that I had a fine start of the vedettes. On I came for him, and I could see wonder changing to suspicion in his brown eyes as he looked at me and at my pony, and at my equipment. I do not know what it was that was wrong, but he saw something which was as it should not be. He shouted out a question, and then when I gave no answer he pulled out his sword. I was glad in my heart to see him do so, for I had always rather fight than cut down an unsuspecting enemy. Now I made at him full tilt, and, parrying his cut, I got my point in just under the fourth button of his tunic. Down he went, and the weight of him nearly took me off my horse before I could disengage. I never glanced at him to see if he were living or dead, for I sprang off my pony and on to Violette, with a shake of my bridle and a kiss of my hand to the two Uhlans behind me. They galloped after me, shouting, but Violette had had her rest and was just as fresh as when she started. I took the first side road to the west and then the first to the south, which would take me away from the enemy's country. On we went and on, every stride taking me further from my foes and nearer to my friends. At last, when I reached the end of a long stretch of road, and looking back from it could see no sign of any pursuers, I understood that my troubles were over.

And it gave me a glow of happiness, as I rode, to think that I had done to the letter what the Emperor had ordered. What would he say when he saw me? What could he say which would do justice to the incredible way in which I had risen above every danger? He had ordered me to go through Sermoise, Soissons, and Senlis, little dreaming that they were all three occupied by the enemy. And yet I had done it. I had borne his letter in safety through each of these towns. Hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, and infantry—I had run the gauntlet of all of them, and had come out unharmed.

When I had got as far as Dammartin I caught a first glimpse of our own outposts. There was a troop of dragoons in a field, and of course I could see from the horsehair crests that they were French. I galloped towards them in order to ask them if all was safe between there and Paris, and as I rode I felt such a pride at having won my way back to my friends again, that I could not refrain from waving my sword in the air.

At this a young officer galloped out from among the dragoons, also brandishing his sword, and it warmed my heart to think that he should come riding with such ardour and enthusiasm to greet me. I made Violette caracole, and as we came together I brandished my sword more gallantly than ever, but you can imagine my feelings when he suddenly made a cut at me which would certainly have taken my head off if I had not fallen forward with my nose in Violette's mane. My faith, it whistled just over my cap like an east wind. Of course, it came from this accursed Cossack uniform which, in my excitement, I had forgotten all about, and this young dragoon had imagined that I was some Russian champion who was challenging the French cavalry. My word, he was a frightened man when he understood how near he had been to killing the celebrated Brigadier Gerard.

Well, the road was clear, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was at St. Denis, though it took me a long two hours to get

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from there to Paris, for the road was blocked with commissariat waggons and guns of the artillery reserve, which was going north to Marmont and Mortier. You cannot conceive the excitement which my appearance in such a costume made in Paris, and when I came to the Rue de Rivoli I should think I had a quarter of a mile of folk riding or running behind me. Word had got about from the dragoons (two of whom had come with me), and everybody knew about my adventures and how I had come by my uniform. It was a triumph—men shouting and women waving their handkerchiefs and blowing kisses from the windows.

Although I am a man singularly free from conceit, still I must confess that, on this one occasion, I could not restrain myself from showing that this reception gratified me. The Russian's coat had hung very loose upon me, but now I threw out my chest until it was as tight as a sausage-skin. And my little sweetheart of a mare tossed her mane and pawed with her front hoofs, frisking her tail about as though she said, "We've done it together this time. It is to us that commissions should be intrusted." When I kissed her between the nostrils as I dismounted at the gate of the Tuileries there was as much shouting as if a bulletin had been read from the Grand Army.

I was hardly in costume to visit a king; but, after all, if one has a soldierly figure one can do without all that. I was shown up straight away to Joseph, whom I had often seen in Spain. He seemed as stout, as quiet, and as amiable as ever. Talleyrand was in the room with him, or I suppose I should call him the Duke of Benevento, but I confess that I like old names best. He read my letter when Joseph Buonaparte handed it to him, and then he looked at me with the strangest expression in those funny little, twinkling eyes of his.

"Were you the only messenger?" he asked.

"There was one other, sir," said I. "Major Charpentier, of the Horse Grenadiers."

"He has not yet arrived," said the King of Spain.

"If you had seen the legs of his horse, sire, you would not wonder at it," I remarked.

"There may be other reasons," said Talleyrand, and he gave that singular smile of his.

Well, they paid me a compliment or two, though they might have said a good deal more and yet have said too little. I bowed myself out, and very glad I was to get away, for I hate a court as much as I love a camp. Away I went to my old friend Chaubert, in the Rue Miromesnil, and there I got his hussar uniform, which fitted me very well. He and Lisette and I supped together in his rooms, and all my dangers were forgotten. In the morning I found Violette ready for another twenty-league stretch. It was my intention to return instantly to the Emperor's headquarters, for I was, as you may well imagine, impatient to hear his words of praise, and to receive my reward.

I need not say that I rode back by a safe route, for I had seen quite enough of Uhlans and Cossacks. I passed through Meaux and Château Thierry, and so in the evening I arrived at Rheims, where Napoleon was still lying. The bodies of our fellows and of St. Prest's Russians had all been buried, and I



"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' HE SHOUTED."

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could see changes in the camp also. The soldiers looked better cared for; some of the cavalry had received remounts, and everything was in excellent order. It is wonderful what a good general can effect in a couple of days.

When I came to the headquarters I was shown straight into the Emperor's room. He was drinking coffee at a writing-table, with a big plan drawn out on paper in front of him. Berthier and McDonald were leaning, one over each shoulder, and he was talking so quickly that I don't believe that either of them could catch a half of what he was saying. But when his eyes fell upon me he dropped the pen on to the chart, and he sprang up with a look in his pale face which struck me cold.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he shouted. When he was angry he had a voice like a peacock.

"I have the honour to report to you, sire," said I, "that I have delivered your despatch safely to the King of Spain."

"What!" he yelled, and his two eyes transfixed me like bayonets. Oh, those dreadful eyes, shifting from grey to blue, like steel in the sunshine. I can see them now when I have a bad dream.

"What has become of Charpentier?" he asked.

"He is captured," said McDonald.

"By whom?"

"The Russians."

"The Cossacks?"

"No, a single Cossack."

"He gave himself up?"

"Without resistance."

"He is an intelligent officer. You will see that the medal of honour is awarded to him."

When I heard those words I had to rub my eyes to make sure that I was awake.

"As to you," cried the Emperor, taking a step forward as if he would have struck me, "you brain of a hare, what do you think that you were sent upon this mission for? Do you conceive that I would send a really important message by such a hand as yours, and through every village which the enemy holds? How you came through them passes my comprehension; but if your fellow messenger had had but as little sense as you, my whole plan of campaign would have been ruined. Can you not see, coglione, that this message contained false news, and that it was intended to deceive the enemy whilst I put a very different scheme into execution?"

When I heard those cruel words and saw the angry, white face which glared at me, I had to hold the back of a chair, for my mind was failing me and my knees would hardly bear me up. But then I took courage as I reflected that I was an honourable gentleman, and that my whole life had been spent in toiling for this man and for my beloved country.

"Sire," said I, and the tears would trickle down my cheeks whilst I spoke, "when you are dealing with a man like me you would find it wiser to deal openly. Had I known that you had wished the despatch to fall into the hands of the enemy, I would have seen that it came there. As I believed that I was to guard it, I was prepared to sacrifice my life for it. I do not believe, sire, that any man in the world ever met with more toils and perils than I have done in trying to carry out what I thought was your will."

I dashed the tears from my eyes as I spoke, and with such fire and spirit as I could command I gave him an account of it all, of my dash through Soissons, my brush with the dragoons, my adventure in Senlis, my rencontre with Count Boutkine in the cellar, my disguise, my meeting with the Cossack officer, my flight, and how at the last moment I was nearly cut down by a French dragoon. The Emperor, Berthier, and McDonald listened with astonishment on their faces. When I had finished Napoleon stepped forward and he pinched me by the ear.

"There, there!" said he. "Forget anything which I may have said. I would have done better to trust you. You may go."

I turned to the door, and my hand was upon the handle, when the Emperor called upon me to stop.

"You will see," said he, turning to the Duke of Tarentum, "that Brigadier Gerard has the special medal of honour, for I believe that if he has the thickest head he has also the stoutest heart in my army."

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXVIII. — MR. HIRAM S. MAXIM.

By J. Bucknall Smith.

TO the versatile and original inventor, Mr. Hiram Maxim, a name now more or less familiar throughout the intelligent world, must be justly accredited one of the most distinguished positions in mechanical science of our times, to say nothing of his numerous valuable attainments in the electrical and chemical branches of science. As this famous inventor and talented mechanician has been entirely the architect of his own fame and fortune through his brilliant abilities, steadfast application, and indomitable perseverance—similar to a host of other successful and eminent men in many departments of life—features in his noteworthy career will be found to abound with peculiar interest and instruction.

Mr. Maxim, who now may almost be claimed as a British citizen, was born in the State of Maine, in the year 1840, of parents from amongst the oldest families in the United States, although his earlier ancestors in this country were French Huguenots, who resided about the locality of Canterbury. As a youth he attended such schools as they had in that part of the States in those days, until he was about fourteen years of age, when he was apprenticed to a carriage builder, although he had previously received some rudimentary insight into mechanical handicrafts and the use of tools at his father's works, which consisted of a wood-working factory and mill. From the very beginning of his career, young Maxim was characterized as a keen observer, serious student, and industrious worker, whilst at an early age he displayed a decidedly inventive aptitude and bent for scientific pursuits and studies, which virtues in a measure he had probably inherited from his father's side. Apparently his brother, like his father, possessed some degree of the inventive faculty, but Hiram's capabilities, however, in that direction soon outstripped the other members of the family, although it was not until he was twenty-five years of age that he commenced to blossom into the inventor of promise that one might expect from his achievements of to-day.



MR. HIRAM MAXIM, WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO THIS COUNTRY AT ABOUT FORTY YEARS OF AGE.
From a Photo. by Betts, Bridgeport, U.S.A.

From metal-working experiences gained at his uncle's works in Fitchburg, Mass., he rapidly extended his practical training and knowledge by entering the factory of a philosophical instrument maker, and later by joining the staff of some ironworkers and shipbuilders, in each instance assiduously studying, in his leisure moments, the theories and sciences which were involved in his daily labours.

It was during 1877 that Mr. Maxim first turned his attention to electrical matters, when he was retained as consulting engineer to a Mr. Schuyler, who had undertaken the development of electric lighting in the States. About that time this system of illumination was practically unknown across the Atlantic; indeed, in Europe it had been mainly confined to experiments. Mr. Maxim then applied himself, with his characteristic ability and earnestness, to the study of electrical science generally, and the rapid progress which he accomplished in that branch will be vivid in the recollections of many. The earliest electric lights in the States were devised and erected by Mr. Maxim, about which time he was also identified with many very important electrical inventions.

During 1880 the eminent inventor first visited England and Europe, with a view of investigating practically everything of an electrical nature on this side of the Atlantic. The following year his exhibits at the Paris Exhibition won him the distinction of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, about which time he became the permanent representative of the American company in Europe. In 1883 he returned to England, where

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he has practically remained ever since, and made London the headquarters for the European business of the company. Having now some leisure, and being an incessant and indefatigable worker, he turned his attention to inventing an automatic machine gun, which should load and fire itself. As now familiar to most readers, the application of his genius in this direction culminated in the production of a unique and terribly efficient rapid-firing weapon, which has practically superseded everything of the kind previously used in the international naval and military worlds. It is satisfactory to recall that the British Government was the first to recognise its merit and practically adopt the same. Those who have not seen the gun in operation may in some measure form an idea of its frightful capabilities and execution in action from the fact that it can load and fire itself, by the recoil resulting from the discharge of the ammunition, over twelve times a second, or up to some 770 shots per minute. The inception of this wonderful weapon occurred to Mr. Maxim by reflecting over a violent kick he had once received whilst firing a military rifle in the States; also as a boy it had been apparent to him that, in those days, there was a great waste of time in loading and firing a sporting gun, owing to the use of the powder and shot flasks, wads and percussion nipple caps, etc. These impressions never left his fertile and retentive mind, and consequently at a later leisure in life he set about to contrive a gun which would not only keep on loading itself with incredible rapidity, but fire and throw away the empty cartridge cases automatically.



MR. HIRAM MAXIM (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

The gun was first fired in actual warfare by Sir Francis de Winton during the Sierra Leone Campaign. As many are aware, this wonderful invention was ultimately taken over by the Maxim-Nordenfelt Gun Company, which has a capital of nearly two million pounds sterling.

Mr. Maxim has been one of the best customers of the International Patent Offices, he having taken out something like a hundred different patents since his residence in Europe, some of which relate to improved petroleum and other motors and smokeless gunpowders, etc., in connection with which he has also attained a high reputation. During a comparatively recent competition in the States, his powder was declared the best submitted, and it is almost identical to "Cordite," since adopted by the British Government. Mr. Maxim first began to bestow some attention to the solution of the problem of mechanical aerial flight in 1889; and since then his famous structures and demonstrations have involved an expenditure of nearly twenty thousand pounds.

The gifted inventor, however, only devotes his leisure moments to this problem, which may be appropriately described as one of his hobbies.

Enough has now been written to convey some meagre idea of Mr. Maxim's bold, original, and versatile inventive genius. He is further necessarily a man of diligent study, great vitality, and resolution. Knotty points and difficulties only stimulate his unremitting labours and dogged persistence, whilst accepted orthodox principles do not deter him from departing from any beaten tracks in science.

As a companion, he is highly entertaining and genial, with a distinctly humorous bent; to his fellow-man he is considerate, although a keen and thrifty man of business; he holds strict views concerning commercial integrity. In stature, Mr. Maxim is of medium height, but powerfully built, erect in gait and agile; his hair is now of silvery hue, but physically and mentally he is a well-preserved man. His dark-brown penetrating eyes are full of intelligence and vivacity—in short, his presence is unusually commanding. Mr. Maxim is rather deaf from the effects of the discharge of firearms and artillery; he works about fourteen hours daily, is a non-smoker, and practically an abstainer from alcoholic stimulants. His character of speech varies much, according to the

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subjects of conversation: at times he speaks with slow and thoughtful emphasis, at others, with the volubility remindful of his gun. His accent is practically that of an Englishman, although most of his quaint idioms are decidedly American. Mr. Maxim is a member of many of the leading scientific and learned societies of Great Britain and America.



MRS. MAXIM.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

His intelligent and devoted wife is a very industrious, cultured, and genial lady, who not only takes immediate interest in all her husband's inventions and scientific pursuits, but directly assists him in various departments of his daily avocations; indeed, their labours and deliberations may be appropriately described as inseparable. Mrs. Maxim was born in Boston; her maiden name was Haynes—a family of English descent.

Their English home at Baldwyn's Park, Dartford Heath, is a picturesque estate of some 500 acres in area, abounding with relics of the Roman epoch; indeed, the site of the ancient city of Caswallan is located within its sylvan precincts. The residential mansion is commanding and spacious, although of simple external appearance, indicative of an old school of architecture. The house is handsomely furnished throughout in becoming taste, although Mr. Maxim, like so many men of intellectual predilections and culture, avoids anything approaching ostentatious luxury. The bulk of Mr. and Mrs. Maxim's leisure moments at home are spent in the library, which is well equipped with most of the leading modern textbooks and works of reference. Immediately on entering the lofty and spacious vestibule an elaborately finished and mounted Maxim gun meets the gaze of the visitor. At one side of the house will be noticed an extensive wooden structure, from which proceeds a broad-gauge railway—this is the inventor's workshop and the home of his famous flying machine.

On the occasion of this interview I was, as usual, ushered into the comfortable library, where I found Mr. Maxim seated at his escritoire with a pile of papers and books before him; on his right hand was his indefatigable and invaluable assistant — his



From a] THE VESTIBULE, MAXIM'S MANSION. *[Photograph.*

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[From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LIBRARY. [Photograph.

zealous wife. After receiving me with his accustomed cordiality, he bade me be seated.

"Mr. Maxim," I promptly commenced, "I have had the privilege of having several interesting and instructive conversations with you; to-day, I would ask leave to have a popular chat about your distinguished inventive career in general."

Mr. Maxim, with an expression of some astonishment at the magnitude of my request, replied in kindly humour:—

"Well, that is rather a big order; where shall we commence?"

"Please give me a brief account," I responded, "of some of the early incidents connected with electric lighting which led to your first visit to England. I have just read in some recently published American biographical sketches, entitled 'Men of Achievement,' that your name was associated with the earliest pioneers of that industry, and according to Mr. Hubert, the author, and one of your own countrymen, Mr. T. A. Edison is described as 'rather a master mechanic than a master inventor, and that he has simply made practical what other men had discovered before him.'"

These statements proved effectual shots for opening the action, for Mr. Maxim, after drawing his chair closely up to mine, so as not to miss any points in the conversation, being, as before stated, rather deaf, proceeded in his fluent style of speech:—

"Yes! Some very curious events transpired in the early days of electric lighting in the States, and when for weeks and months together most of the papers were preaching 'Edison,' which I think was fully two years before he had shown anything with regard to electric lighting. One of the first arc lamps erected in the States was put up by myself in the Park Avenue Hotel, New York. A great many people came to see the new light. One night whilst I was watching the lamp, studying the behaviour of the arc with a view of preventing its fluctuations, a young lady came close to me and observed:—

"'Ah! how truly wonderful! What a brilliant conception! How like is the effect to Pompeii by moonlight! Who but an Edison could have thought of such an illuminant?' and so forth.

"'Excuse me,' I ventured to remark, with reference to that misdirected eulogy, 'but this is not Edison's light.'

"'What! Then it is not an electric light?' she hesitatingly inquired.

"I answered, 'Yes, it is an electric light, but not Edison's'; adding, 'I do not know that Edison has yet devised an electric lamp. I have never seen one, and I have never met anyone who has.'

"'Ah!' the disappointed lady sighed, 'an electric light and not Edison's! Then I have no further interest in the matter.'

"Thereupon she gathered up about a dozen yards of brocaded silken skirts and majestically disappeared from the building."

"I presume at that time," I interrupted, "nearly everybody in the States thought that practically everything electrical must have been invented by Edison?"

"Yes! That was apparently about the size of it," Mr. Maxim facetiously replied.

"I put up a number of arc lights in various places in the States," he continued, "and the first questions nearly always asked me by spectators were, 'Is that an electric

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light?' 'Yes!' 'Is it Edison's?' 'No!' and so forth."

"That must have been very irritating?" I ventured to remark.

"Well," resumed Mr. Maxim, "not always so annoying as monotonous, although I sometimes thought I should really inflict some bodily harm upon the next man who asked me, 'Is that light Edison's?' That reminds me: Being one day in a hurry to take a newly-finished lamp out of town, I did not stop to wrap it up in paper, but took it as it was and rushed for the ferry-boat. I took my seat in the boat alongside of two farmers, who soon began to eye me with evident curiosity; by-and-by, one of them touched me gently on the shoulder and in a subdued voice inquired, 'Excuse me, sir, but what is that machine you are carrying?' Had I replied, 'It is an electric lamp,' the granger would have been nearly sure to have asked, 'Is it Edison's?' So I evasively said, 'Oh, this, sir, is a sausage stuffer.' 'Ah! Indeed!' rejoined the countryman, 'and a high-fangled sausage stuffer it appears, too.' That answer, I believe, saved the man's life.

"When Edison's lamp finally came out, and everyone was talking about it, I heard someone asserting that his lamp was not altogether new, that incandescent lamps had been made before, when one fellow in the party put a clincher on the argument by saying, 'Well, Edison invented the vacuum, anyway; any fool can pump out the air, but to suck out the vacuum is the trick.'"

Judging that Mr. Maxim had a legion of similar amusing reminiscences to narrate, I turned the conversation by suggesting that he might kindly give me an account of some of his early experiences with his famous automatic gun. This theme, I quickly saw, was if anything more palatable to him than his humorous electrical repertory.

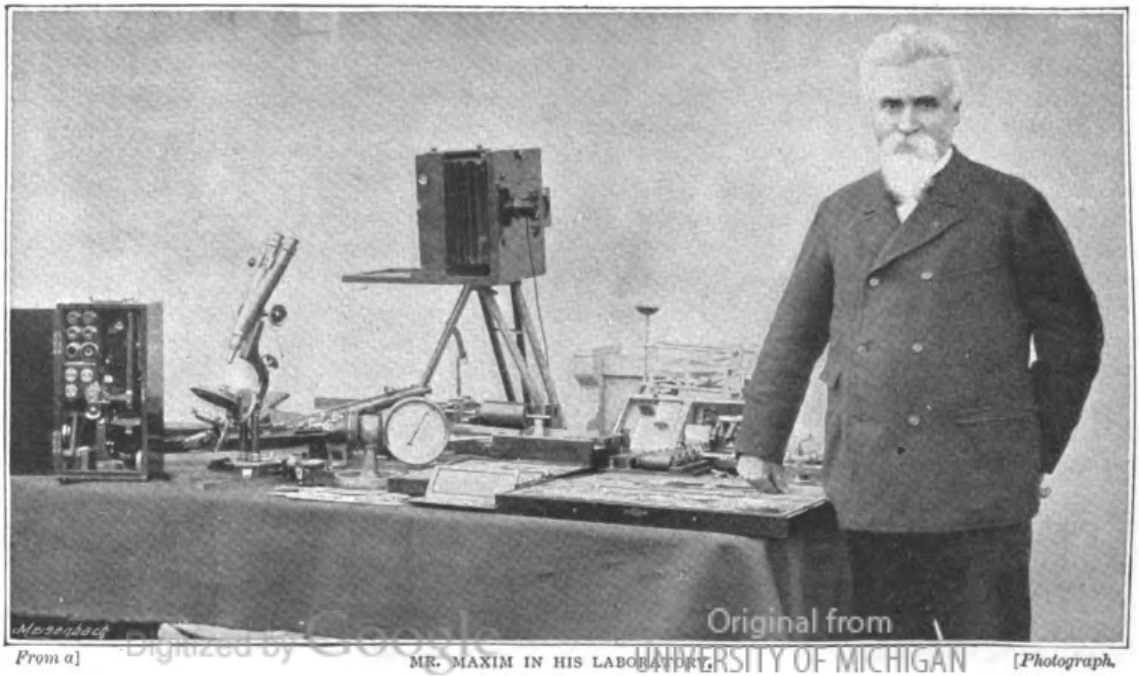
"Well," he resumed, in a serious tone and measure of speech, "you have seen the gun fired and know how it works and behaves?" which recalled to my mind the ghastly efficiency I had seen demonstrated with the weapon at the Erith works, when its inventor had mowed down wooden palings and egg-chests like grass with a scythe, and had inscribed his initials on the sand cliffs by a practically continuous stream of bullets, as thick as a tropical hailstorm.

"Yes! Yes!" I responded, with mingled recollections of horror and amazement; "but please tell me how you set about to devise such an awful engine of devastation and some events connected with its development and introduction."

Reclining back more leisurely in his chair, and after taking a glance at his watch, Mr. Maxim replied, in a reflective mood:—

"Your questions involve rather a long story. During the years 1883–84, having some little spare time in my electrical business, I decided to experiment with my contemplated automatic or recoil principle of working guns, as applied to a Winchester rifle.

"Failing, however, to get my instructions carried out in London, I proceeded to



From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LABORATORY. *[Photograph.*

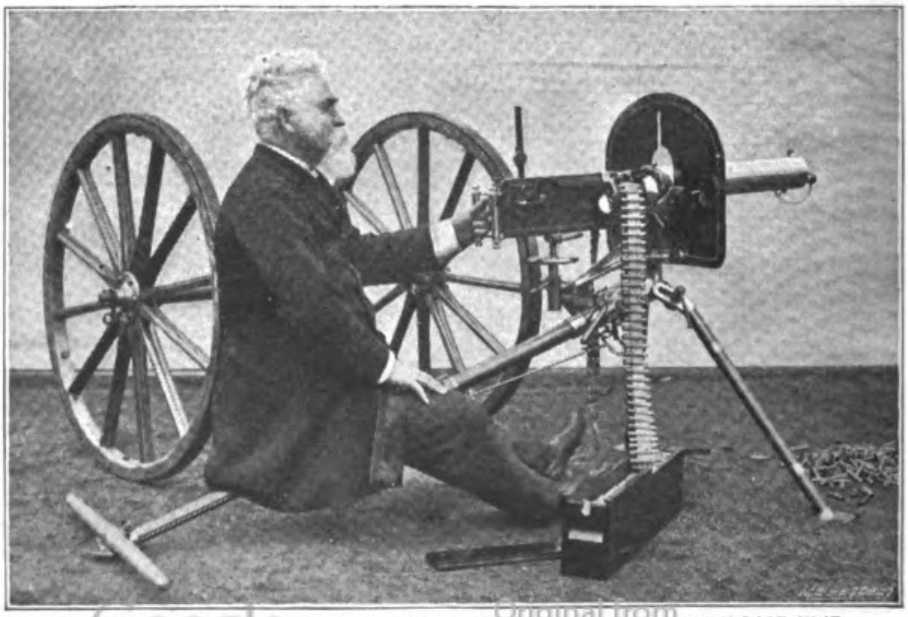
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Birmingham, where I met with similar disappointments and hindrances, owing to prejudices in the trade. Finally, I went to Paris, and took my model and drawings to a philosophical instrument maker there, who made the necessary alterations without further trouble or assistance. Shortly after, remembering the difficulties I had encountered in the gun trade in England, I resolved to start a small works of my own in London. Accordingly, I procured some premises at 57, Hatton Garden, and equipped them with suitable tools, but before I had hardly commenced to get to work in earnest, troubles arose with my men. After discharging my foreman and making some alterations in the factory, I at length succeeded in getting my first experimental gun made, which was thoroughly successful, and more than met my expectations. So far as I can now recollect, the first outside gentleman who came to see the weapon was Sir Donald Currie; shortly afterwards I received a visit from the Duke of Cambridge, in company with Sir Frederick Bramwell.

"Then a number of other distinguished persons and members of the nobility visited the works, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince fired the gun, and I was surprised to see how quickly he grasped its construction and operation. His Royal Highness congratulated me on having invented an entirely new machine gun. After this, titled people from all parts of the world came to see the Maxim gun, and it ultimately occupied two or three hours a day to exhibit and explain it to various visitors. To make up for this loss of time I had to work late at nights, and sometimes on Sundays. Soon the British Government ordered the first experimental gun, although the first big order I received was from the Austrians. I used to fire thousands of rounds of ammunition as a test of the weapon's reliability. The British Government stipulated it should not weigh more than 100lb., and that it should fire 400 rounds a minute. The gun I, however, made for them weighed only 40lb. and fired 1,000 rounds in 1¼ minutes. Afterwards a long series of experiments were conducted at Hythe, Kent, with all known kinds of machine guns, and mine came out of the competition the best in all respects.

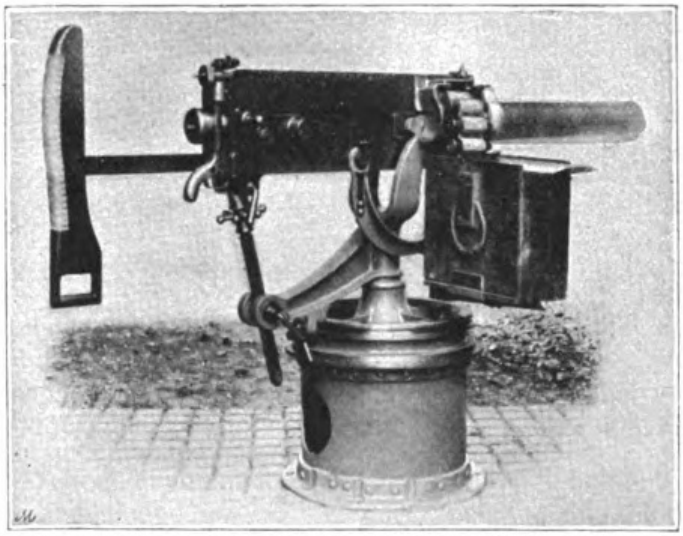
"My first experience of long-range shooting with my gun was at Thun, in Switzerland, when I entered into a machine-gun competition arranged there. This event was probably the turning-point in my life. My final opponent took the form of a double-barrelled monster, weighing about 2cwt., which had beaten all others in Europe. It, however, jammed in action, although it was claimed to be capable of reliably firing 330 rounds per minute; this performance I excelled in half the time without a hitch, my gun weighing only 50lb., and practically requiring no attendance. Further, my shots were found to be grouped all in the centre of the target, whilst my competitor's bullets were widely scattered. I then fired at a range of over 1,200 yards, with similar satisfactory results; indeed, at that distance I swept away 75 per cent. of the dummy soldiers erected as a target. I then proceeded to Italy, where my gun also beat all competitors, and resulted in my obtaining an order for thirty guns for the navy.

"My invention was now speedily recognised as the most deadly implement of warfare in existence. When my gun was first exhibited in Austria, near Vienna, the late Archduke William came over to see the experiments, and also fired the weapon himself.



MR. MAXIM FIRING HIS GUN MADE FOR H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY LAST JUNE.
From a Photograph.

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THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN, AS ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH AND RUSSIANS FOR NAVAL PURPOSES. BORE OF BARREL, 1½IN.; SPEED OF FIRE, 200 ROUNDS PER MINUTE WITH SHELL PROJECTILES.
From a Photograph.

When I was about to leave the field the Archduke said to me:—

"'You certainly have invented the most deadly instrument of war I have ever seen. I had been told it was only a toy, whereas the accuracy and reliability of its firing are simply appalling.'

"I had now beaten all other similar guns brought into competition with me, and I had already a large number of orders in hand, amounting in value to over a hundred thousand pounds. Herr Krupp then visited me to discuss arrangements for manufacturing the gun in Germany, but, as you are aware, my invention was speedily taken over by the Nordenfelt Gun Company, of London.

"Last season, at the Wimbledon range, the Princess of Wales fired the Maxim gun without the slightest trepidation, although the smoke was blowing in her face the whole time, which, as you know, means considerable courage, as the sharpness and rapidity of the explosions are distressing to most persons' ears and nerves.

"When I was recently in St. Petersburg, His Majesty the Czar directed that I should bring one of my guns to him at the Riding School, where he subsequently fired it himself.

"During the Shah of Persia's last visit to London, he expressed a wish to see the much-talked-about Maxim gun, so it was accordingly arranged that I should take one, with blank ammunition, to the Buckingham Palace Grounds, and fire it in the presence of His Majesty. I explained to him in French how the gun worked without the aid of any manual operation, and he seemed very interested. Before I took my departure His Majesty asked me to give him the gun, but as it was worth about £220 I could not see my way to comply with the august request. At this demonstration I had some anxious moments while preventing the Shah from shooting the Grand Vizier, who would persistently lean over the muzzle of the gun whilst His Majesty was playing with the breech mechanism.

"On one of the occasions when I was in France, I set a gun with an automatic regulator to fire only three shots a minute. An officer who came riding up inquired, 'Is this the Maxim gun?' A reply was given in the affirmative. He then continued, 'I should much like to see it fired.' To which a brother officer remarked, 'It is being fired now.' 'No, it is not,' he persisted; 'why, there is no one by it.'

"The same gun will fire a shot once a week or 700 rounds in a minute.

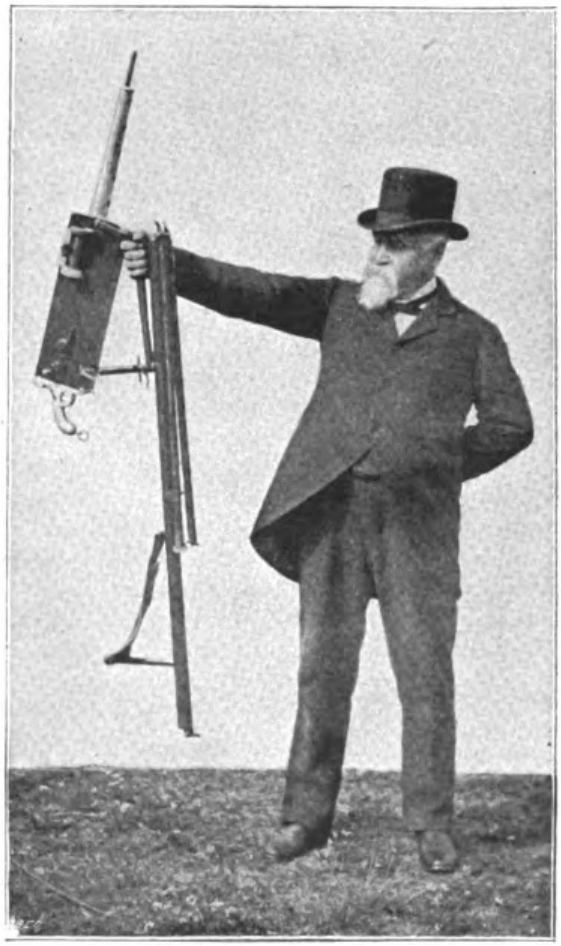


From a] THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN AS MOUNTED FOR THE MATABELE WAR. *[Photograph.*

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"The latest development of my automatic gun is one just made to the order of the German Emperor; it weighs only 20lb.

"It is, of course, clear to you," Mr. Maxim continued, "that the gun, unlike others of the machine type, has only one barrel. This is kept cool by a water jacket. The recoil of the barrel operates the whole mechanism, hence the motive power cannot get excited in action like a hand-worked weapon. Any description of rifle ammunition can be used in the gun, consequently the range, velocity, and effect of the shots entirely depend on the class of cartridges employed. We make at the Erith Works fully automatic guns up to six-pounders and semi-automatic cannon up to forty-five-pounders, which have effective ranges of from three to seven miles. Modern service ammunition when fired from a Maxim gun may impart to the bullet a muzzle velocity of some 2,000ft. per second, at which speed and pressure lead becomes practically liquefied, so that upon a bullet striking an object, it behaves more like a shell or explosive projectile, ripping everything asunder; the effect is frightfully destructive."



A LIGHT MAXIM GUN, MADE FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOR CAVALRY USE. WEIGHT, INCLUDING TRIPOD MOUNTING, 30LB. *From a Photograph.*

In answer to a question relating to the terrible execution done by the Maxim guns in the recent Matabeleland campaign, the inventor responded by placing before me a number of testimonials received by his company with reference to that war, amongst which I read one as follows, from Captain C. F. Lendy, dated from Buluwayo, on the 6th of January last:—

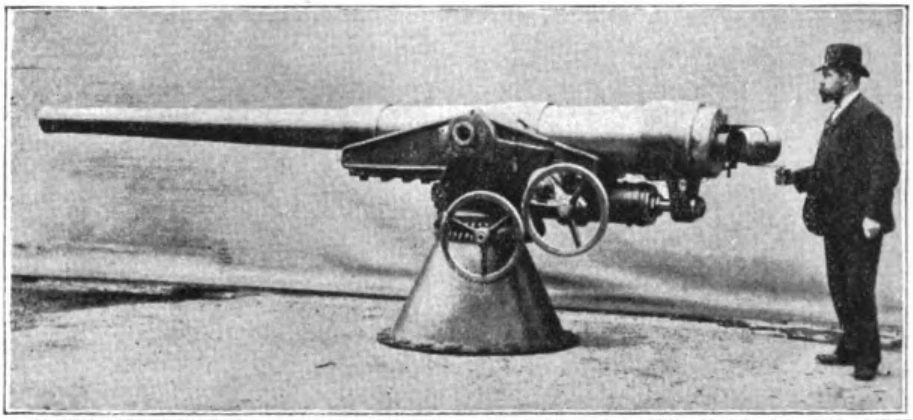
I was artillery officer in charge of all the British South African Co.'s guns, including seven "Maxims." It is a universally admitted fact, that to the Maxim guns is due, in a very great measure, the success of the Company's forces. Every Matabele we spoke to told the same story. They did not mind our rifles, as they had Martinis, but what beat them off and prevented them from closing in upon us were the "Zi-go-go-gos," the name they gave to the Maxim guns. "If one bullet missed them," they said, "they were bound to be hit by the next if they stayed, whilst if they ran away the bullets would follow them up and kill them when the gun itself was out of sight."

At this stage I interrogatively remarked that from the conversation I had gathered that his guns were now used practically throughout the world, but that nothing had been specially mentioned about the United States, likewise what the eminent inventor thought of the comparative fairness displayed and opportunities offered to inventors generally in this and his own country; also, what Government he had found to be the most honourable in recognising inventive genius?

For the moment Mr. Maxim appeared a little perplexed, but speedily he resumed, in measured and thoughtful speech:—

"I have not been treated well in my own country, and I am now of opinion that England offers fairer scope and openings for the inventor than the United States, where opportunities and contracts are not usually given on grounds of merit, but sold for the most advantageous terms. For this reason my gun is not adopted there, whilst my gun-carriage and smokeless powder patents have, I think I may justly say, been misappropriated in America. As to the recognition of inventors by different Governments, I think I may fairly state that I have found the French the most just and impartial; then the German, followed, perhaps, closely by the British, but the royalty paid by the last to make my gun is insignificant to that paid us by the first-mentioned Government. However, I consider an inventor has a fairer field here than in the States, and that your patent laws are on the whole better or more just than those across the Atlantic."

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A MAXIM-NORDENFELT 45-POUNDER IMPROVED BREECHLOADER. GUN MADE IN ONE PIECE ACCORDING TO MR. MAXIM'S TAMPERING PROCESS. TESTED PRESSURE, 22½ TONS (4½ TONS IN EXCESS OF REQUIREMENTS); BORE, 4.71IN.; MUZZLE VELOCITY, 2,260FT.; PENETRATION, 10IN. OF ARMOUR; WEIGHT OF PROJECTILE, 45LB. [*From a Photograph.*

"Mr. Maxim," I next inquired, "I understand that you have invented and adopted a new method of manufacturing artillery from one solid piece of metal, instead of building ordnance up of numerous separate metallic coils or rings, according to the accepted practice?"

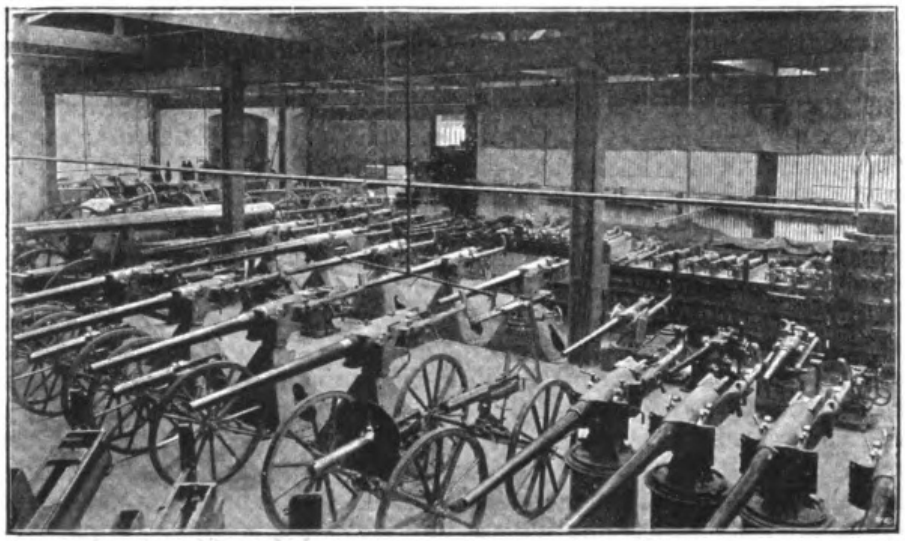
"Yes! That is so," he replied. "Some years ago, finding that the manufactures of steel had been so much improved, I thought it was then feasible to produce an efficient cannon of average size from one large steel forging, which would thus effect an enormous saving in money and material. Guns so manufactured have been tested up to the exceptional pressure of 22½ tons per square inch, without any damage or yielding. In this manner comparatively cheap serviceable artillery may be made. Perhaps it is not generally known that the big guns in the Navy are rendered useless after firing some 200 rounds, by the eroding action of the gases upon the rifling of the barrels."

"I presume, Mr. Maxim, that you have been besieged at different times by poor inventors seeking financial assistance?"

"Oh, yes," he cheerfully rejoined, "a legion; and I always endeavour to give an ear and any reasonable help to worthy inventors; but obviously I cannot assist everyone who applies to me; besides, some are idle schemers, whilst many others are hare-brained 'cranks.' I think," he continued, "the funniest instance of an appeal to me for monetary aid was in the case of a well-known fasting-man, but to whom I felt compelled to remark that many men had come to me for food, but this was the first occasion I had been asked to help a man to starve. I thought that was one of the few things that could be accomplished without money."

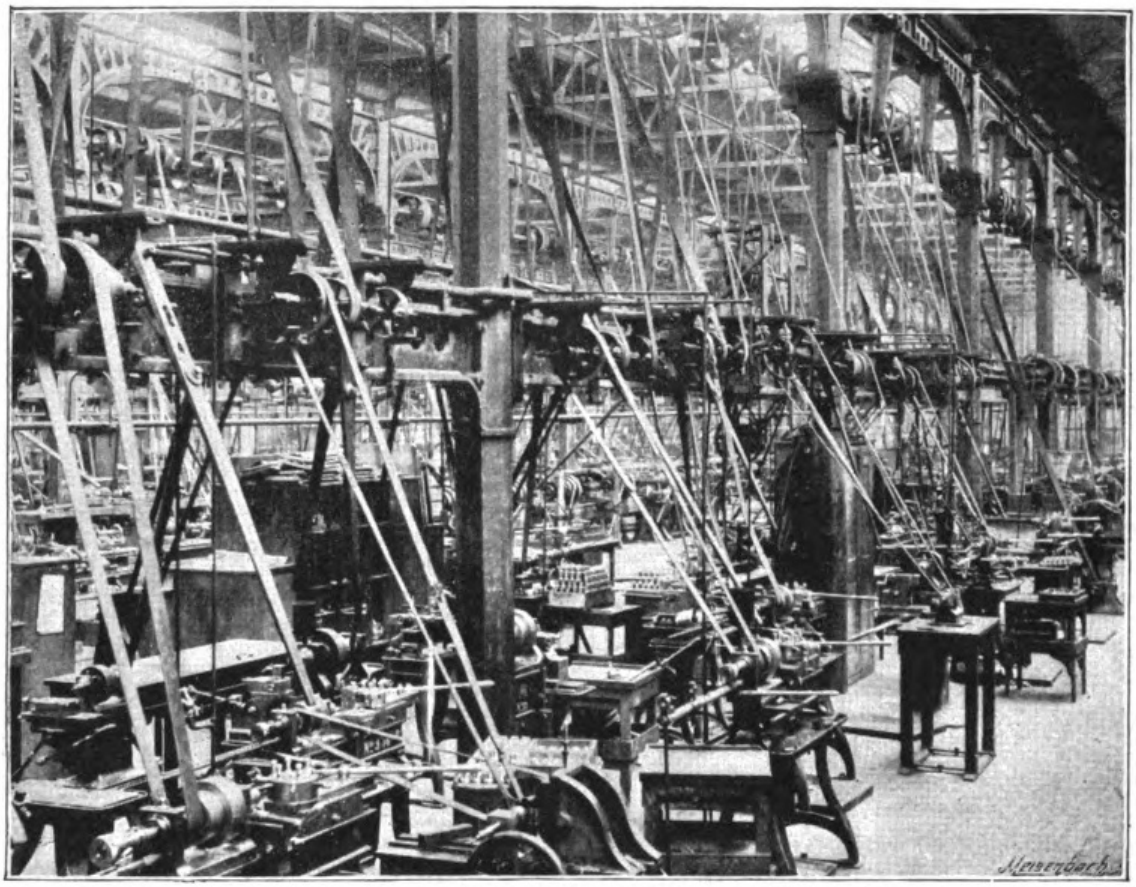
At this juncture I asked Mr. Maxim to give me a brief account of his flying machine, and how he thought the prospects of a practical solution of mechanical flight stood at present. To these interrogations the inventor responded in serious parlance:—

"I think too much has been already said and written about this machine, and much nonsense embodied, although I thought it desirable that my achievements in this direction should be recorded, so that if anything happens to prevent me from proceeding with my experiments, someone else may take them up and bring them to a practical issue. I have thought over the problem of flight for many years, although I only first commenced to experiment on the subject in 1889, and I have worked intermittently in



A STORE OF MAXIM-NORDENFELT IMPROVED MACHINE GUNS, ARTILLERY, ETC., AT THE ERITH GUN WORKS. [*From a Photograph.*

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From a] A VIEW OF A SHOP IN THE MAXIM-NORDENFELT GUN WORKS AT ERITH. *[Photograph.*

the matter ever since. I thoroughly believe that before the close of the present century practical flying machines will be an accomplished fact, although I am of opinion that they will be more suitable to war than passenger or freight purposes. One of the chief problems to be solved was to obtain sufficient power for a practical weight of structure; some suggested 30lb. to a horse power. Well, as you know, I have reduced the weight of my motor to 2lb. per h.p., and I have succeeded, for the first time in the history of the world, in raising a machine, weighing over three tons, with a full complement of fuel, water, and navigating assistants, into the air. On the 31st of last July, you may remember that the margin of power developed in favour of flight was about one ton. According to Lord Rayleigh, M.A., F.R.S., the distinguished scientist, I have already solved three out of the five recognised problems involved in mechanical flight, the remaining two being to keep the machine on an even keel and to steer or manœuvre it, which I do not consider insurmountable difficulties. Lord Rayleigh referred to his trip on my machine as 'one of the sensations' of his life—however, you know the feeling of the experience, as you have had a spin on it yourself."

This recalled to my mind the indescribable sensation of mixed exhilaration and trepidation, on rushing off at a speed of fully forty miles an hour on the bosom of a veritable hurricane of this mechanical bird's own manufacture. Tobogganing or shooting the chutes bear no comparison to the fascinating yet weird impression the run has indelibly left on my memory.

"Well," continued Mr. Maxim, "the wings or aeroplanes of fully 5,000 square feet measure 126ft. across; the engines deliver some 350 h.p. on the huge propellers, which make about 400 revolutions per minute; the steam boiler is composed of a multitude of small tubes, heated by a petroleum gas burner having over 7,000 apertures; the working steam pressure is about 200lb. to the square inch; the machine is disconnected, or let go, when the screws are exerting a thrust of some 1,500lb., then away it bounds, as you will remember, at a speed of about thirty-five to forty miles an hour, lifting or raising the same as it proceeds. The aeroplanes surmounting the machine act after the principle of a kite, and thus lift the entire contrivance from the

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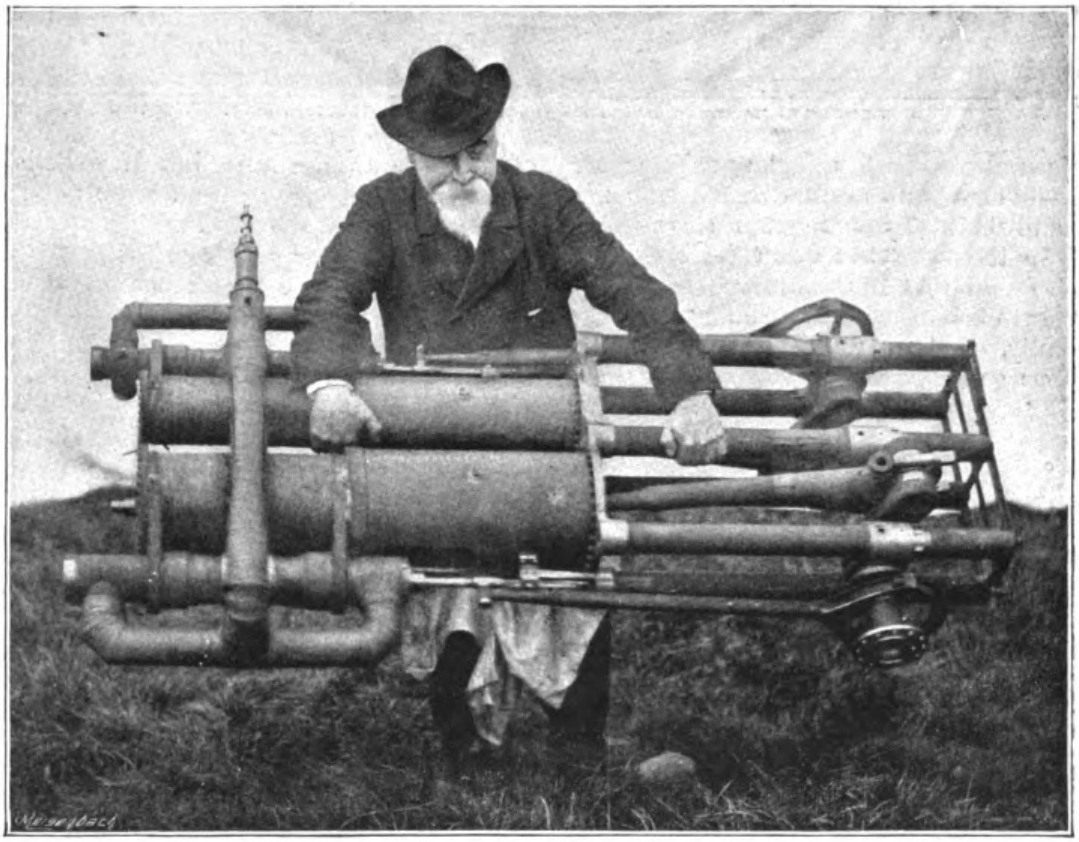
earth. The whole structure, as you are aware, is no model or toy, but a practical machine, capable of developing about as much power as a locomotive weighing some forty tons, whilst the wings or aeroplanes when fully equipped require a space to accommodate them equal to about twice the breadth of the drive on the Thames Embankment. Power for weight, I claim my flying-machine engines to be the most powerful yet devised in the world. I have already spent nearly £20,000 over my experiments on aerial flight."

"Your motor—indeed, the entire structure—appears amazingly light," I parenthetically remarked, "for, according to Professor Thurston, locomotives weigh fully 120lb. to the h.p.; similarly, marine engines from 300 to 600lb. per h.p.; torpedo-boat engines 100lb. per h.p.; whereas the aggregate weight of your whole machine, with water, fuel, and men, is only about 20lb. per h.p. According to the same authority, the weight and power of birds are equivalent to some 20 to 25lb. per h.p."

"The accident which occurred to my machine last July," Mr. Maxim resumed, "was occasioned by part of the track which limits the ascent of the apparatus breaking away and getting foul of the structure, whereupon I shut off the steam and came to earth somewhat precipitously. The repairs cost me several hundreds of pounds."

Here I again interrupted by asking if the celebrated inventor had not been inundated with ridiculous communications offering to assist him with this highly complex problem which he is studying to solve.

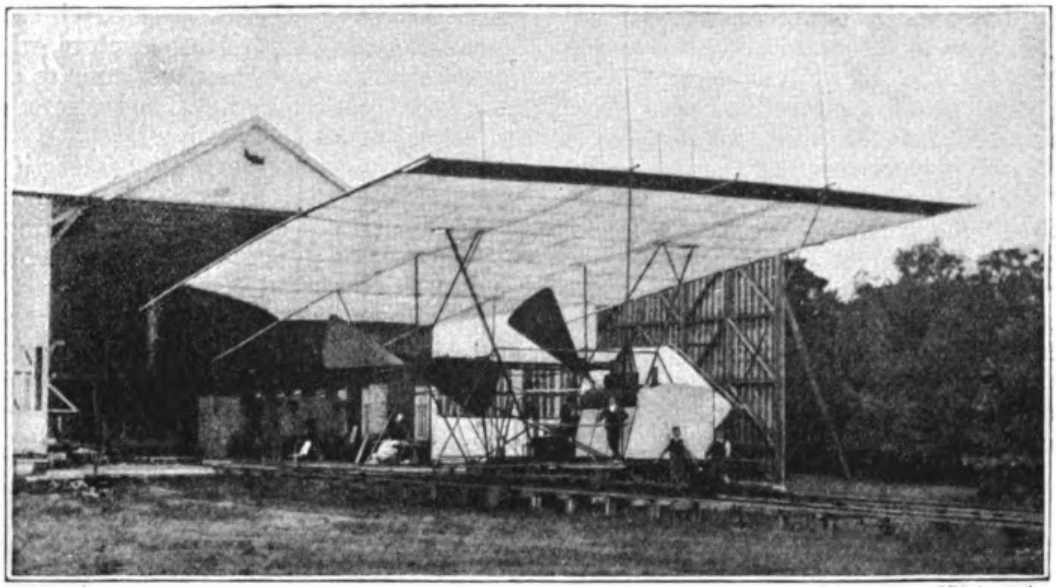
"Oh, dear, yes," replied Mr. Maxim; "I have received hundreds of letters on the subject—amongst them one from a modest gentleman, who stated that he had discovered a method of reversing the law of gravitation,



MR. MAXIM HOLDING ONE OF HIS FLYING MACHINE ENGINES: WEIGHT, 300LB.; EFFECTIVE HORSE-POWER, 180. WEIGHT AND POWER CONSIDERED, IT IS THE LIGHTEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD. *From a] [Photograph.*

so as to make that force pull up instead of down, or, indeed, in any direction—'so there you are!' He was very wroth with me because I ventured to doubt the accuracy of his claim. Others have suggested 'solidified' electricity or 'compound cakes' of energy of miraculous power for a trifling weight; nitro-glycerine, as a trustworthy means of ascent from this world; air pumps nailed to the clouds by which the machine could be sucked up, etc.; and, strange to add, most were willing to disclose their incredible secrets for a moderate sum down. An

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From a] THE FLYING MACHINE LEAVING ITS SHELTER AND CONSTRUCTION SHOP. *[Photograph.*

American also recently called upon me who could talk aeronautics and dynamics by the mile, and build flying machines with his mouth by the score, but when I set him to work I found that his mouth was the only organ in working condition about him, so, reluctantly, I had to dispense with his ingenious garrulity, which was on the same liberal basis as the remuneration required."

In reply to the question whether he had not been sought by company-mongers as a director, to embellish the prospectuses of many concerns, Mr. Maxim said :—

"Yes! An innumerable number of times, and even my wife has been approached by some of them, seeking her influence to induce me to go on different boards of direction. But, no! I will not lend my name as a 'guinea pig' to gull the public; besides, I have not sufficient time for my own undertakings and pursuits, without being mixed up in outside affairs."

As I had now trespassed on the illustrious inventor's valuable time to an unusual extent, I concluded the interview by adding: "Mr. Maxim, I recently heard some vague reference made to a desperate encounter you had some time ago with some thieves in France; may I ask you to kindly give me a reliable version of that event?"

"Now, really," he good-humouredly replied, "you are reverting to rather ancient history in my affairs, for that occurrence transpired fully ten years ago, or shortly after I first came to Europe." Referring to his voluminous book of Press cuttings, Mr. Maxim continued :—

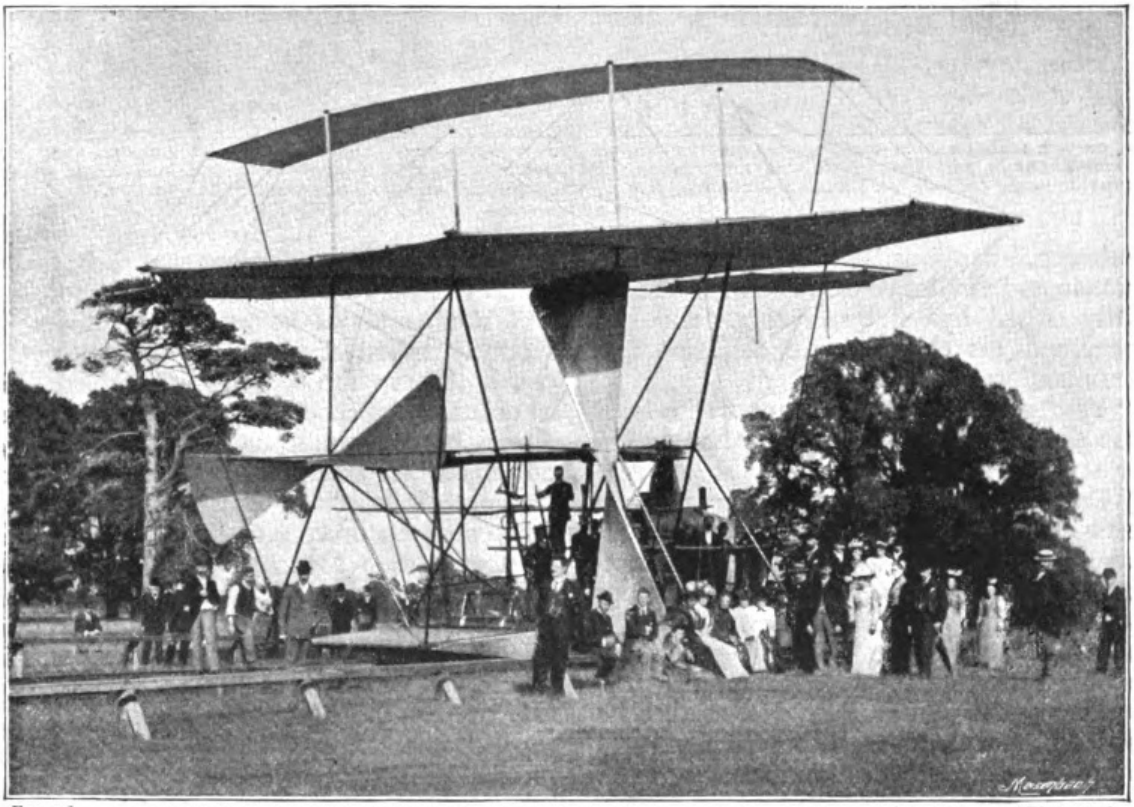
"You may read for yourself several accounts of the adventure, but if you wish, I will briefly tell you how it all came about.

"When I first went to Paris," he resumed, "not knowing the people or the language, I naturally sought the companionship and advice of English-speaking people, who I thought knew the city and its customs. I put up at the Grand Hotel, and one of the first persons I got acquainted with was a man of gentlemanly appearance, who styled himself Captain Graystone, of New Orleans. As he spoke something like a Southerner, swore, and chewed tobacco, I thought he was genuine and really hailed from thence. He seemed lavishly supplied with money and faultlessly attired; he showed me a good deal of attention, and would insist on paying liberally for most things when out together. One day I told him I had a letter of credit on a bank in Paris, adding, I presumed I should require someone to identify me. Upon telling him the name of the bank, he said, 'Oh! I know the people there very well; I will introduce you!' On the way to the bank he advised me in the most friendly manner never to carry much money about with me, but to pay practically everything by cheques, which could be afterwards arranged by keeping a deposit account at a small banker's alongside of my hotel. It was nearly closing time when I arrived with him at the bank on which my credit note was made out. I drew 10,000 francs, and then proceeded, after profuse thanks for his assistance, to return to the hotel. It was now too late for me to deposit the money that day in the other bank. On the way, however, he casually suggested that we should have some little

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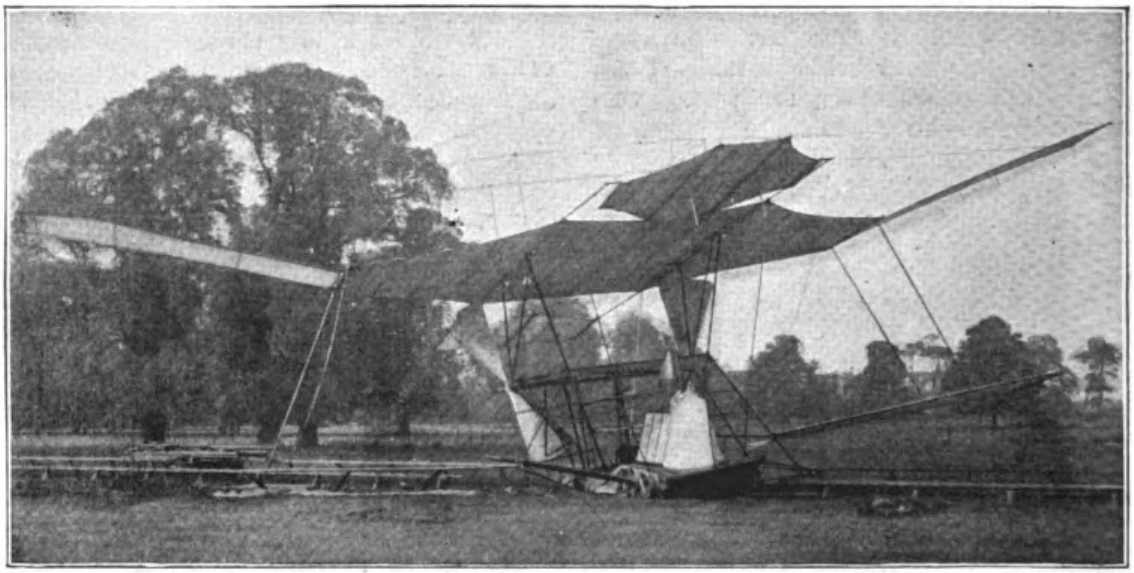
refreshment in a neighbouring café, which we accordingly entered. We sat down—he placing me in a corner behind a table. Soon another man came upon the scene, who appeared to be an Irishman unacquainted with the language. This new-comer shortly afterwards ostensibly introduced himself to us because he heard us speaking English. His fingers were literally covered with diamond rings, all his pockets seemed lined with bank-notes, which he soon ostentatiously displayed, whereupon my supposed fellow-countryman from the South reproached him for his reckless folly in carrying so much money about with him. The assumed Irishman thereupon explained that he had recently come into a fortune, and it was his first day in Paris. Shortly afterwards an animated and ingeniously arranged discussion on the features and merits of international bank-notes was commenced between these highly-respectable gentlemen (?), with occasional cross-references to me for my opinion. Finally, I was induced to show them how beautifully American notes were engraved, whereupon the Irishman produced some, what I thought to be, English notes from every pocket, and dilated upon their merits. Then the conversation turned on French bank-notes, and as I had never examined any before, I was incited to produce the bundle from my breast-pocket, and whilst the Southerner was engaging my attention by so kindly explaining to me their value, he suddenly snatched them from me, and handed them to the Irishman and the pair then made good their escape, because I found that they had artfully barricaded me in the corner behind the table with several chairs, which I had failed to notice in the heated discussion. The English notes, which they had left on the table, turned out to be of spurious manufacture.

"I afterwards learnt that Captain Graystone was really a notorious thief and decoy named Jack Hamilton, who had formerly been a prize-fighter, and had seconded Heenan in the great international contest with Sayers, and when in England lived at Brixton. His accomplice, the unsophisticated Irishman, was none other than Johnny Palmer, of Peckham, another incorrigible scoundrel. This pair, it appears, had for years, with other confederates, carried on a lucrative business by similarly robbing Americans who came to Paris, in some cases getting as much as £2,000 in each nefarious transaction. I was informed they purely devoted their kind but not appreciable attentions to my countrymen, and did not return to Paris until the old batch of visitors had cleared out. I, however, journeyed to that city too often for those enterprising



From a] MR. MAXIM GIVING HIS FRIENDS A TRIP ON HIS FLYING MACHINE AT BALDWYN'S PARK. *[Photograph.*

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VIEW OF THE MAXIM FLYING MACHINE, AFTER ITS FAMOUS ASCENT OR TRIP OF THE 31ST OF JULY, SHOWING THE FULL ARRANGEMENT AND EXTENT OF THE AEROPLANES (LIFTING SURFACES), WHICH MEASURED 126FT. ACROSS THE WINGS; TOTAL AREA, 4,000 SQ. FT.; ANGLE OF PLANES, 72DEG. THE STEERING PLANES ARE SHOWN FORE AND AFT.
From a Photograph.

gentlemen," continued Mr. Maxim, with a sarcastic and vindictive expression, whilst his tightly closed lips and sparkling dark eyes proclaimed his characteristic alertness and determination.

"Yes," he resumed, "I meant to be level some day with those scamps that had fooled me.

"One day, some months afterwards, I saw the two thieves walking along the Strand, and straight away I 'went' for them; one, however, escaped, but I 'buckled' the other and marched him off to a policeman near the Victoria Embankment, who took him in custody. Imagine my disgust the next day, after being charged at Bow Street, that he was dismissed because the robbery did not take place within English jurisdiction, when actually bad notes were found in his possession at the time of arrest!

"Thoroughly disappointed at the incomprehensible workings of the law and extradition saving clauses, I still resolved to capture those scoundrels some day, and bring them to justice.

"About two years after my money had been stolen—yes, it was in December, '83—I was returning from Paris by way of Dieppe and Newhaven, when I alighted at Rouen for some refreshment. It was midnight. There, amongst other passengers at the railway buffet, I beheld five men. My suspicions were aroused. I went close up behind them, and at once recognised the man that had robbed me. The central figure was Johnny Palmer. At last my long-waited opportunity for a reckoning had come, and on French soil too. Feeling sure there could be no mistake about his identity—although I had doubts about some of the others—I instantly rushed at him, grabbed him by the collar, and ran him completely away from his associates, who speedily dispersed in various directions. I could not, however, find a policeman on the platform, and the signal was given to start the train; but I held my man with an iron grip, and his violence soon abated. I then told him I was a resolute and powerful man, and that if he struggled again I might wrench his head off. Finding that he had more than his match, he became very quiet and begged me to handle him less roughly; so I slightly released my hold, whereupon he suddenly slipped out of his coat, which he left in my hands, ran like a deer for the departing train then in motion, and succeeded in getting on to the footboard. But I followed him like a cat after a mouse, and collared him again before he could enter the carriage. He tried to kick me off the moving train, but with one hand I held on by the window whilst I grasped him with the other. The train, with us struggling on the footboard, then entered a tunnel, and we were plunged in utter darkness. His four companions in a carriage not far distant endeavoured to reach me from the window, and beat me off the train with sticks. They evidently meant to murder me, but I kept the enemy at bay by holding my prisoner between them and myself—I nearly shook the life out of Johnny Palmer. Passengers now became alive to the desperate encounter

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"I NEARLY SHOOK THE LIFE OUT OF JOHNNY PALMER."

proceeding, and screamed from the windows of the train; consequently, an alarm was given to stop its progress. Finally, when the train had stopped, I wrenched my man off the footboard and walked him back along the track, through the tunnel again, to the station, but the other fellows escaped me for the time through the stupidity of the railway officials. At Rouen I handed Mr. Palmer over to some narrow-chested policemen, whom he gave a very warm reception. However, he was ultimately overpowered, handcuffed, and taken to prison; finally, he got sentenced to five years in the New Caledonia Copper Mines.

"Jack Hamilton succeeded in returning to England, but I told you once before how I traced his address through a pretty girl who presided over a toilet soap stall at the Crystal Palace, and had him tracked, watched, and finally sent into penal servitude for a complication of offences. This peculiar business took a long time, much trouble, and money, before I had finished with it, but I ultimately attained my object in view, and that is always the aim of my life. They were a gang of swell thieves and sharpers; they used to dress in immaculate style and move in the best of society, living on the fat of the land whilst the game lasted—which was fully ten years. From time to time they changed their attire and appearance, by 'making-up,' in a wonderful manner. Sometimes Palmer passed himself off as an Irish lord, whilst Hamilton assumed all sorts of impersonations, from a captain or parson, in appropriate apparel of the most dainty description, to a rough miner with 'Buffalo Bill' hat and red flannel shirt, etc. However, I got pretty well level with them in the finish. They were truly accomplished artists in their profession —but we must now close our conversation for to-day, as I see it is getting late" (Mr. Maxim interposed), "and to tell you all I found out about those ingenious rascals would occupy hours."

Learning that Mr. Maxim's carriage was waiting my pleasure to convey me to the railway station, I now, with thanks for his highly interesting conversation and patience, bade him and Mrs. Maxim a cordial farewell. As the vehicle moved away from the mansion into the peaceful moonlit glades of the park, I heard the genial parting words, "Good-night! Pleased to see you at Baldwyn's at any time!"

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Dr. Wardroper's Lie.

By Grant Allen.

I.

I ONCE told a lie. I will now tell the truth—and frankly admit that I have never regretted it.

But to explain the reasons which made me lie to Colin Haliburton on his death-bed, I shall have to go back in some little detail to certain previous passages in our joint life-history.

Colin Haliburton was a genius. He and I had been boys at Winchester together; and at New College, Oxford, we were not divided. We tried for the Newdigate against one another. My verses were excellent heroic couplets, but Haliburton's had the right ring of true poetry in them—in spite of which, strange to say, they carried off the prize from me. When I went up to town and entered at Bartholomew's, Colin took chambers on a top floor in the Temple, and played at being a barrister. But Bohemia was his only possible permanent home. The law did not smile on him. He drifted into literature, with a tinge of journalism. His "Songs of a Soul" had some passing success, and his lurid romance, "Michael Flynn at Perse polis," achieved the good luck of being refused as "doubtful" by the leading libraries. That gave it a vogue which lasted for six weeks—and supplied poor Colin with three years' income.

He was a singular figure, tall, thin, and sunken-cheeked; not exactly handsome, but, in his way, striking. His eyes glowed like burning coals; the deep flush of consumption gave a bright red spot to each hollow cheek, which rendered his dark face both vivid and interesting. Women often pitied him, less often liked him. But men were attracted by his fiery brain, which flared itself out with unceasing energy in fierce, flaming bursts of wit and brilliancy.

We both knew Sweetbriar Gordon. I thought she was fond of me. Haliburton, it was true, ran down to Reigate rather oftener than I did, but I never took much account of his visits. It was natural a man of his tastes should love to mix with a great thinker and writer like her father. But I loved her silently. And as my prospects improved, I decided one sunny morning in June to go down to the cottage and ask Sweetbriar to marry me.

Perhaps I am prosaic; but that is exactly how things then looked to me. The country that day basked in rich floods of summer sunshine; the trees were glorious in their first full green; golden stars of rock-rose studded here and there the close-cropped chalk downs. At Reigate Station I descended, aglow with love and hope. For I would see Sweetbriar. On the platform I met Haliburton, his bright eyes brighter, his sunken cheeks ablaze with a fiercer and fuller crimson than usual. He rushed up to me excitedly. "Congratulate me, Cecil," he cried, in that musical voice of his. "I have won my wish—I have asked her; and she has accepted me."

"Asked her!" I cried, holding my hand to my head. "Who? What? You stun me."



"CONGRATULATE ME, CECIL."

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"Why, Sweetbriar, man," he answered, with a half hysterical laugh. "And I'm off to town now to buy her an engagement ring. By the way, old fellow, do you happen to have such a thing as a fiver about you?"

I pulled out a note and gave it to him. It was never repaid. I wrote it off a bad debt at once, of course, as I always wrote off all my loans to poor Colin. Then I mounted alone to the top of the downs, and took a long, fierce walk on the crest by myself all the way to Guildford. I had a bad time of it, I confess, for I loved her dearly; but to one thing I made up my mind from the very first—I would loyally accept Sweetbriar's decision.

It was a terrible blow; for I knew she liked me, and I had never even suspected she cared for Colin. Yet, now it came, how could I possibly wonder at it? Haliburton had genius; he was a poet and a novelist: I had only ability and a plodding nature. Yet I feared for Sweetbriar. Would he make her happy? He would try to, I felt sure, for I loved and trusted him; but with that Bohemian spirit, those recklessly spendthrift ways, could he succeed in doing it? My heart was heavy for Sweetbriar that night. She had chosen a great and beautiful soul, but had she chosen wisely?

II.

THREE years passed away, and my fears never lessened. I am one of those narrow-souled men, I'm afraid, who can love but once in a life; and having loved Sweetbriar, it became my chief task to watch over her and guard her. They married in six weeks—married on the strength of a manuscript novel which was never printed, and lived for eight months on occasional articles in the weekly papers. Then Haviland Gordon died, as everybody knows, without leaving a penny; all his splendid life-work in philosophy and science having resulted in exactly enough to bury him. It is the way of the world, and we must just put up with it. After that, little Haviland was born, as pretty a baby-boy as ever you beheld; and they made me his godfather. I was glad of the post, for it naturally afforded me a reasonable excuse for presenting him with everything the Haliburtons could not afford him, without unnecessarily distressing Sweetbriar. When the family finances ran short, Colin used often to come round to me "to smoke a pipe in the evening." I knew what that meant—and Sweetbriar didn't. He always went away with his pocket the heavier. Poor, dear fellow! It is indeed a privilege in life to be permitted to do anything for a cherished old friend so gifted and so unfortunate. Let alone the fact that he was Sweetbriar's husband!

III.

BUT things couldn't go on in that way for ever. As month after month passed by, and no work came in, I saw poor Haliburton grow paler and paler, while that spot in his cheek burned for ever brighter. His books didn't take. He had too strange and too wayward a fancy to be popular. Three years after his marriage, I saw the end could not be far off. And I knew he was troubling himself about Sweetbriar's future.

He hadn't saved, of course. He had nothing to save from. He was dying of consumption. And he would leave his wife and child unprovided for.

Most men in these circumstances would have made themselves even more wretched than Colin did. But his was a curiously compounded and fantastic nature. When he was already held fast in the iron grip of consumption, spending the greater part of each day on the sofa, he suddenly evolved a strange scheme in his head for making money enough to leave Sweetbriar comfortable. The plan seized him and took possession of him like a veritable monomania. He would write a play, a very great play: a play on the lines of the Elizabethan dramatists: a play that should overflow with literary merit: a play that should hold the London stage for years, and bring in a continuous competence to Sweetbriar.

He knew so well the sort of play he meant to write, and threw himself with such fiery eagerness into the task of writing it, that it seemed to him as if success were achieved already. It was lucky he thought so. He revelled in the prospective wealth his drama would bring him, and so freely discounted his unrealized millions that he borrowed £40 from me on the morning he began it. I was delighted at that, for it enabled him to buy the beef-tea and champagne he so sorely needed. "You're a dear fellow, Wardroper," he said to me as he took it. "You've stood by us through thick and thin. God bless you for all you've done for me and Sweetbriar!" His eyes looked wistful as he said those words, and the gentle pressure of his wasted hand was so grave and yet so womanish, that I almost felt I could have stooped down and kissed him.

He wrote his play through at a white heat of excitement. He burnt himself out in it.

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And it *was* a good play, if you will take my word for it. It was full of wild vigour, full of the man's fierce soul; not a playwright in England save Haliburton could have written it. I thought that boded ill for its chance of success when it came to be acted. For it is clap-trap alone that pays in the theatre—the ordinary sensational melodramatic play by the ordinary person. This tragedy was the last mad, despairing flicker of a great, unique, and unrecognised genius.

While Colin worked at it at white heat, he bore up wonderfully. "Oh, I'm better to-day, Wardroper," he used to say, with the usual fatal hopefulness of the condemned consumptive. "I shall soon be all right, old boy. This work has given me a new lease of life." I knew myself it had sealed his death-warrant.

But as soon as he had finished it, the false strength engendered by the effort gave way, and he broke down utterly. His one thought now was to place it, and die. "I know I'm doomed, Cecil," he said to me one morning, as I stood feeling his pulse at my professional visit—for it was my honour and privilege to number him, as well as many other distinguished men of letters, among my complimentary patients. "I know I'm doomed; but I sha'n't mind for that if only the play's a success, and brings in enough for Sweetbriar and little Haviland. But I have my doubts—the very gravest doubts; and if *that* fails—why, then, God help them!"

"We will hope for the best," I said, as cheerfully as I could; "and you know they have friends—myself, for instance."

He shook his head gloomily. "No, no," he answered, "they mustn't be a burden upon you, dear fellow. The real truth of it is, I ought never to have married."

A burden upon *me*, I thought! Sweetbriar a burden! I had never even hinted to him or her how deeply I had loved her; but that moment I was half tempted to blurt out the whole story—to tell him how I had gone down to Reigate full of hope and joy, the day he was accepted, to propose to Sweetbriar. But on second thoughts I refrained, and I'm glad I did so. It could do no good. And it would seem so presumptuous of me if I appeared to suggest that, after having been the wife of such a genius as Colin, Sweetbriar could decline upon a mere London doctor.

So I only answered as hopefully as I could, "My dear, dear Colin, your wife is young and active, and her friends are fond of her. You may be sure we will find her some suitable occupation."



"THIS WORK HAS GIVEN ME A NEW LEASE OF LIFE."

IV.

FOR the next few days Haliburton lived at fever heat of excitement. He was busy making arrangements to get his play read by the managers. Now, I happened to have as a patient Wilfred Cole, the well-known lessee of the Siddons Theatre. In fear and trembling, I took him round the type-written copy of my friend's *magnum opus*. He received me most kindly—indeed, I may say, my path through

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life has been strewn with kindness. "A play by Haliburton!" he said. "Wha'! Look at it? Why, certainly. I immensely enjoyed his 'Idylls of Bohemia,' and I think 'Michael Flynn' a remarkable novel."

Three days later, to my profound surprise, poor Colin came round to me in a delirium of delight. Managers don't often do quixotic things; but Wilfred Cole had decided to produce "A Life's Tragedy."

It took me aback somewhat, I must confess, for I never expected it. The play, though a fine one, and not wholly devoid of acting qualities, had a literary flavour which is little in accord with the degenerate tastes of modern play-goers. Still, Wilfred Cole, no doubt, knew best; and, for poor Colin's sake, I was heartily glad of it.

"If it succeeds," Colin cried, breaking down, and bursting into tears, "it will mean —a settled income for Sweetbriar and the baby-boy!"

I hadn't the heart to damp his ardour. "Of course it will," I answered. "If all goes well, it will make them independent."

He looked at me and smiled. A strange light was in his eye. "*If* all goes well," he echoed. "I shall *make* it go well. I have a scheme of my own; I have spoken to Cole about it."

I smiled and nodded. He was looking very ill. I more than half doubted whether he would live to learn the fate of his tragedy.

That same afternoon, I was surprised by a hasty visit from Wilfred Cole in person.

"Why, Mr. Cole," I exclaimed, as he entered my consulting-room, "how hot and flurried you look! Nothing wrong, I hope, with you?"

"No, nothing wrong with *me*, Dr. Wardroper," he answered. "It's that poor fellow, Haliburton. He's been alarming me horribly. As you know, I've accepted his play, 'A Life's Tragedy,' with many misgivings, for the Siddons; and I've even fixed the date of the first performance, much against my will, for this day six weeks, in order to give the poor fellow a chance of living to see it represented. It's not *quite* the sort of piece I like best myself; but, still, there's a chance for it; and I admire the greater part of your friend's work so much that, for once in my life, I'm prepared to risk it. After all, there's no knowing how to please the public. Well, what do you think Haliburton goes and does to-day? Comes round to me in a hansom—a nasty, raw, cold morning—and tells me he's got a splendid plan—a first-rate plan by way of advertisement. 'What is it?' said I. 'Oh, a nice little dodge,' said he; 'certain to attract the attention of the public.' 'Name it,' said I. Well, he hummed and hawed a little; then he began saying how you'd told him he couldn't possibly live through another winter; and a week or two, more or less, of life was nothing to him, so he had made up his mind—to blow his brains out the night before the first performance, and send a letter to the coroner, telling him he did it by way of advertisement! Sure to attract attention to the play, he said; and once attention was called, all *must* go well with it. The question is, now, what can we do to prevent him? Do you think he means it?"

"If he said it, he means it," I answered. "He has the poetic temperament, and nothing's too desperate for him to try if he thinks he can do any good by it for that dear little wife of his."

"Well, how can we stop him?" said Cole.

"Only this way," I answered. "Go and tell him you'll advance him two hundred pounds out of the prospective profits—I'll give you a cheque for it—anything to prevent his last days being clouded; and then say you insist upon his not making away with himself till *after* the first night. Work on that chord in his feelings; point out to him how much more happily and contentedly he could die if only he were sure his play had succeeded. I'll do the same. Between us, we may persuade him. Assure him he may blow himself to pieces as he likes after the first night—we won't try to prevent him."

"Why not?" Cole asked, puzzled.

"Because," I answered, "he can barely outlive six weeks at best. The anxiety to see his play produced will alone support him. He may just drag on till the first night, if he's lucky; but, then, the excitement and reaction will kill him."

Cole took my advice, and between us we quieted him. He gave me his solemn word of honour at last he'd refrain from blowing his brains out till he knew which way the public took his tragedy I accepted the assurance, and waited patiently for the end, which I knew to be inevitable.

V.

ALMOST contrary to my expectation, Haliburton held out till the night of the first performance. He sank and sank meanwhile, being now confined to his bed; but the hope of success and the fear of failure conspired to keep him in that exalted state of emotional excitement which often prolongs life

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beyond all belief in consumptive temperaments. He was hanging by a thread; but, still, he hung. His whole existence was concentrated in fiery eagerness to know the best, or the worst, about the fate of "A Life's Tragedy."

The first night came, and I was almost afraid to leave him for a moment, so agitated was he. The pulse rose high; the breathing was slow and difficult. But he insisted I should go. "You're the only man I can trust to tell me the truth," he said. I glanced at Sweetbriar. Her lips moved imperceptibly. "Go, go, dear friend," she murmured through her tears. "He won't be happy otherwise." I obeyed her, and went. She pressed my hand gently as I slipped from the room. "Dear, dear doctor!" she whispered, "how good and kind you are! What on earth would my Colin have done without you?" Upon my soul, it makes me ashamed at times to see how absurdly grateful people are for such very small kindnesses.

I went to the play. It was a melancholy playgoing. How could I attend to the actors and actresses with poor Colin lying stretched on his deathbed at home, and Sweetbriar leaning over him? Their pictures rose for ever between me and the stage. I was thankful at least that the piece was a tragedy. If it had been comedy, Heaven knows how I could ever have got through it.



"HOW GOOD AND KIND YOU ARE."

The house was full. A few of the critics knew Colin's condition, and received the piece in respectful silence. But the pit and the gallery were by no means so considerate. After the first ten minutes they lost all interest. For the most part they yawned; now and then they laughed at inconvenient moments. The pathos and terror of the piece were above them: its moral standpoint, being higher than their own, frankly shocked and surprised them. The actors did their best; they toiled wearily on with the sense of the house clearly dead against them. The piece was a failure. It didn't exactly excite any active disapproval; but it was received with that chilly and killing silence which is the worst condemnation.

When the curtain fell, a few mocking voices raised the cry of "Author! Author!" I knew what they meant: they wanted to bait him. I sat in the author's box: eyes turned towards me inquiringly. I could stand it no longer; I rose in my place, and called out in a very cold and distinct voice: "The author is not here. He is at home on his death-bed." Then I sat down again in the midst of a great hush. The house emptied silently.

Cole met me in the passage. "A dead frost!" he said, shaking his head. "Well, it will finish poor Haliburton."

I looked him in the face. "Mr. Cole," I said, slowly, "go at once to your room—and write him a short note of the warmest congratulation. I will take it and deliver it."

He understood me instantly. "I will," he answered.

"Then you positively assure me he won't live till morning?"

"He won't live till morning." I answered. "I take the responsibility. The shock will kill him either way."

VI.

WHEN I got back to the lodgings, Haliburton was sitting up in his bed, all eagerness. I am a very bad actor, I fear, being in most concerns of life a tolerably candid and straightforward person; but I had schooled myself all the way back in the hansom, and practised my part diligently.

"Well, what success?" he cried, as I entered. "How did the house receive it?"

If you *must* tell a lie, you may as well tell it boldly.

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"HE IS ON HIS DEATH-BED."

"Colin," I cried, taking his hot hand in mine and pressing it eagerly, "for your sake, I'm so glad! It was splendid, splendid! I've brought on a letter of congratulation from Cole for you."

It was wrong of me, no doubt, but—put yourself in my place—could you have acted otherwise?

He tore the letter open and read it eagerly. His pale face flushed; the deep red spot flared bright like a beacon. "And the audience?" he gasped out, trembling.

I nerved myself up and went through with it unblenchingly. "The audience," I answered, "rose and sobbed their enthusiasm."

He fell back on his pillow. His white hands moved nervously. "If anyone else had told me," he murmured, "I should have thought he was making the best of it to please a dying man; but *you* are quite different. I can *trust* you, Wardroper."

I confess, just that moment, a pang of remorse shot through me. But I caught Sweetbriar's eye. Great tears stood in it, silently. She gave me one look, and pressed my hand in gratitude. "Thank you," she said with her lips, though no word came from them. I knew what that meant. You cannot deceive a woman. She had read through my pretence, and approved my action. I was very grateful to her.

VII.

We sat by Colin's bed all night, but, strange to say, he didn't die. The sudden revulsion of delight had put fresh life into him. Contrary to all reasonable medical expectation, it inspired and invigorated him. He was hanging by a thread; he was burning himself out even faster than ever; but still he endured; he lived on, ecstatically.

And he talked—oh, how he talked!—in a fever of wild delight; mad schemes for the future. Sweetbriar's livelihood was assured for ever. A play like that depends entirely for success on the first impression. If people applauded once, they would applaud more and more; and the acting rights would become an annuity for Sweetbriar and little Haviland. It was nothing to leave her—and the sweet, sweet baby—now he knew he was leaving them sufficiently provided for. An income!—why, a play like that went on running for years; it was revived again and again, and grew steadily popular. Besides, there were the provinces—and America—and abroad! Translated into French, now—and so on, and so on, for hours together.

"Won't you rest awhile?" I said at last, just to relieve his poor wife, who sat there pale and anxious, with her tearful eyes fixed on him.

"No, no," he cried, eagerly. "I *must* go on talking. If I stop, I shall die. And I want to live on—to see what the critics say about it in the papers."

He was quite, quite right. If he stopped he would die. The reaction would finish him. But his words went through me like a sword with the terrible shock of a new fear. If he struggled through somehow till six o'clock—he would see the papers!

I glanced at Sweetbriar. Her eye caught mine again. I felt sure she understood. She saw the danger quite as clearly as I did.

This fresh terror appalled me. If Colin lived to see the notice in the *Times*, he would know I had deceived him. After all, even in extremities like this, the truth is safest. What on earth could I do? I trembled to think of the awakening that might await him.

I longed for my friend to die that moment as I had never longed for any man to live since I began to practise.

At last a thought struck me. I looked at my watch. It was nearly three. "I must go now for awhile," I said. "I shall be back by five. Don't talk too much meanwhile." And I glided away softly.

At the door I paused, and beckoned to Sweetbriar. She came across to me in the passage. "If he gets worse," I whispered, "come at once and call me. I shall be in the sitting-room."

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"Yes, I know, I know," she answered, eagerly. "You'll find pen and ink on the little side-table."

How on earth did she understand? She had divined my meaning!

Then I sat down and wrote as I had never written in my life before. I wrote a full criticism of "A Life's Tragedy." Whatever little literary faculty I may ever have possessed I exerted to the utmost in my wild desire to spare my dying friend's feelings. I wrote at fever heat. And every word I set down was true from my heart; for a finer play I have seldom listened to.

By six o'clock, Haliburton was clamouring for a paper. We sent out for the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. He was growing very faint. His eyes were dim. "Read what they say," he murmured. I arranged my own criticism within the pages of the *Times*, and read it out boldly.

He listened to four sentences with terrible earnestness. Then at a phrase of warm appreciation, he flung up his arms. "Darling, darling, you are saved!" he cried. "I can die happy!"

He sank on the pillow, deadly white. Sweetbriar clutched my arm and bent over him convulsively. She gave me one mute look. I bowed my head, solemnly. "Yes, all is over," I said; "and he has died happy."

In the flood and outburst of her pent-up feelings, the poor widowed girl—for she was but a girl still—gave way at last to a paroxysm of wild tears, and flung her arms round me passionately.

VIII.

For the next twelve months I saw much of Sweetbriar—though not so much as afterwards. She lived on the two hundred pounds they had received from Wilfred Cole, not knowing who gave it. She also tried to do a little type-writing. But I endeavoured to allay her fears for the future by assuring her that when her husband's affairs were cleared up at the end of the year, means would be forthcoming for her future maintenance. And though she couldn't see how, she accepted my assurance with a woman's trustfulness.

When the twelve months were over, I called on her one day to set matters straight, and just dared to tell her this plain little tale in much the same words as I have told it here for you. As I finished, Sweetbriar rose, and seized my hand with passionate tenderness. What she said I won't repeat; it was far too kind and generous towards me; but she thanked me for what little I had been able to do till I was really ashamed of myself.

"And now about the future," I ventured to say, with a great tremor of doubt. "What I had been bold enough to imagine in my heart was this: I am very well off. *Could* you share my fortune? Perhaps, Sweetbriar, for your baby's sake, you will allow me to ask you the question to-day which I couldn't ask you that morning at Reigate."



What a dear, good woman she is. Instead of being angry, she flung herself into my arms, and exclaimed, with a burst of tears, "Not for baby's sake, Cecil; not for baby's, but for my own! You dear, unselfish soul—I love you! I love you!"

Yet I often feel now what a sad thing it must really be for Sweetbriar, after having been married once to a genius like Colin, to come down to be the wife of such a man as I am!

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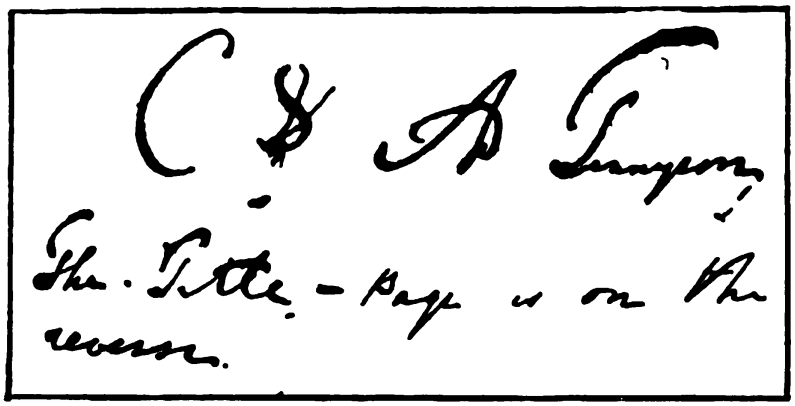
The Handwriting of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

FROM 1827 TO 12TH MAY, 1892.

(Born 6th August, 1809; died 6th October, 1892.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

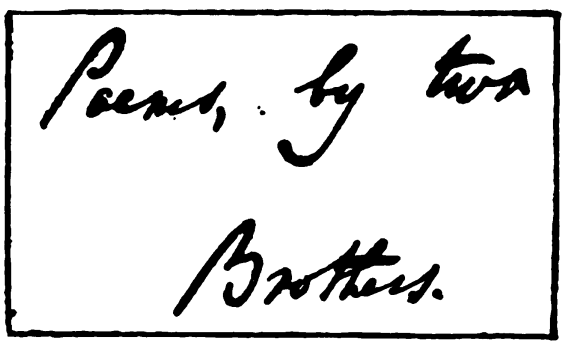
THE intense dislike felt—and justly felt—by Lord Tennyson towards the "autograph craze" went near to cause the stifling of this article at birth. Never has a famous man been more pestered by ill-considered applications for his autograph than was Alfred Tennyson—and never perhaps has a famous man more constantly avoided compliance with such requests. The poet may have been exclusive in the choice of his friends, but those friends have proved their loyalty to Alfred Tennyson. When this paper was commenced last April there seemed available scarce any of the necessary material. The catalogues of dealers in autograph letters were remarkable for the scanty mention of Tennyson-letters; public institutions could render no aid—for lack of matter; persons who possessed letters either refused to lend them or stated that their letters had already been lent for a special purpose; inquiries in Louth, the place of Lord Tennyson's boyhood, and elsewhere, brought no useful results: truly a pleasant state of affairs for a workman—to have no bricks with which to build his house.



No. 1.—All written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The end of a letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

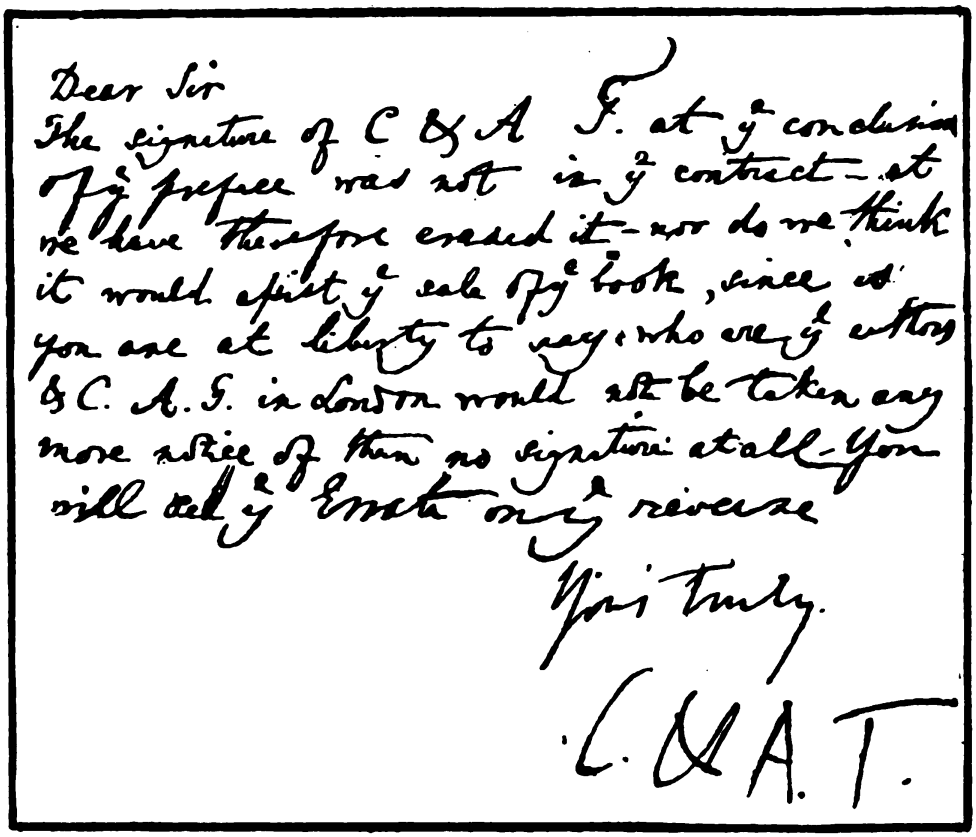
This paper has been written—*not* to pander to any "autograph craze," but to show (with three exceptions) an unpublished collection of extracts from Lord Tennyson's letters, etc., in which great interest may legitimately be taken by readers of his poems; and *not* against the desire of those persons most solicitous to respect Lord Tennyson's wishes, but by aid of valuable assistance received from them.

One of the earliest (known) specimens of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is shown in No. 1. For this, and for those shown in Nos. 2 and 3, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. George Macmillan. All of these form part of the famous manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers"—Charles and Alfred Tennyson—which in 1892 was sold for £480, and now rests in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, whither the two brothers went in 1828. Messrs. Jackson, booksellers and printers, of Louth, bought the copyright of these poems in 1827 for £20: in 1891 a single copy of the book sold at Sotheby's for £17, whilst the manuscript itself was bought this year for £500 by old members of Trinity and presented to the college. Upon inquiry I found that facsimiles from the original manuscript could not be taken until October, and, as this paper had to be finished early in September in order to be in time for the Christmas number, I was very glad to be allowed to use some admirable facsimiles of the original which are contained in the "large-paper" edition of "Poems by Two Brothers," edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. So perfect are the plates lent to me that but a slight effort of imagination is needed to believe that in possessing one of these "large-paper" copies of the Poems one also possesses a selection of leaves from the original manuscript — each page is a veritable work of art.



No. 2.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The title referred to in No. 1. (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

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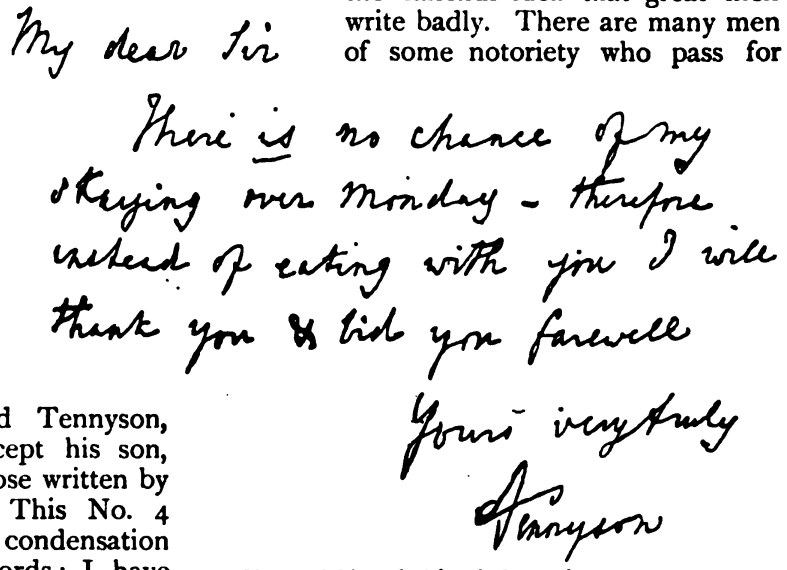

Dear Sir
The signature of C & A T. at ye conclusion of ye preface was not in ye contract — at present we therefore erased it — nor do we think it would assist ye sale of ye book, since as you are at liberty to say, who ye letters C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all — You will see ye Errata on ye reverse
Yours truly.
C. & A. T.

No. 3.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. A letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." The signature, also written by Alfred Tennyson, is *C. & A. T.* ". . . & C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all. You will see the Errata on the reverse. Yours truly." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

As we have to cover a long life, the limits of space prevent the reproduction of more than the three pieces shown in Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The last is a very interesting letter: Alfred Tennyson's remark, in 1827, to his publisher about the unimportance in London of his name, must read curiously to the London of 1894.

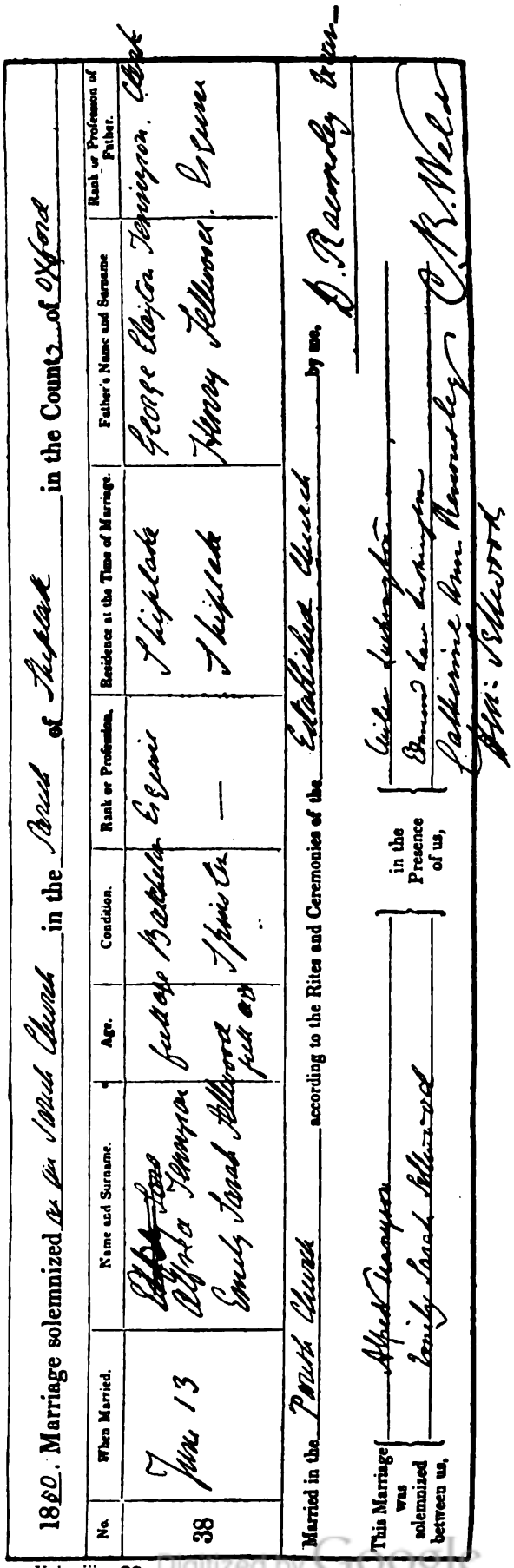
It seems that Lord Tennyson was never a writer of many letters, and those he wrote were usually remarkable for laconic expression. Look at No. 4, whilst his letter published on the eve of the 1892 general election (June 28th)—nearly fifty years later than No. 4—contained two emphatic statements couched in ten words: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but hate his present Irish policy." As regards early letters written by Alfred Tennyson, no member of his family, except his son, possesses a single specimen: those written by him were mostly destroyed. This No. 4 is also remarkable for the condensation of much meaning into few words: I have not been able to ascertain to whom this was written, but, if the name were known, it would not be well to state who received this laconic snub polite.

Incidentally, note how pretty a little specimen is No. 4—which gives its mute evidence against the popular and mistaken notion that talented men write a bad "hand." In my collection are hundreds of specimens of all kinds of handwritings: among them are many letters written by small traders, well-to-do shopkeepers, mercantile clerks, etc. Detailed examination of these letters has shown me that men of real intellect actually write a better "hand" than does the average clerk or business-man. There are exceptions, of course, but I have no hesitation in saying that the facts completely upset the fanciful idea that great men write badly. There are many men of some notoriety who pass for


My dear Sir
There is no chance of my staying over Monday — therefore instead of eating with you I will thank you & bid you farewell
Yours very truly
A Tennyson

No. 4.—Written in (about) 1843. Age 33-34.

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1850. Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Shiplake in the County of Oxford

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname	Rank or Profession of Father.
38	June 13	Alfred Tennyson	full age	Bachelor	Esquire	Shiplake	George Clayton Tennyson	Clerk
		Emily Jane Sellwood	full age	Spinster	—	Shiplake	Henry Sellwood	Esquire

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by me, D. Ramsay Curate

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Alfred Tennyson. Emily Jane Sellwood.

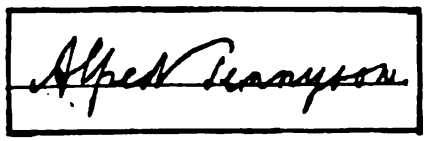
in the Presence of us, Louisa Lushington. Edmund Law Lushington. Catherine Ann Ramsay. Wm. Sellwood. C. R. Weld

No. 5.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in reduced size, from page 19 of the marriage register in Shiplake Church.

talented men by dint of self-assertion and a good stock of pretension, and these persons show as much "swagger" in their written gesture as they do in their general demeanour. But an ounce of popular belief will, for a while, weigh down a ton-weight of ascertained fact. Of course, the hurried scrawl of a pressman writing against time cannot be viewed as ordinary and normal pen-gesture, although some handwritings thus produced are wonderfully good as regards the absence of confusion in the movements, even though haste make the writing somewhat illegible. The popular fallacy that doctors write badly is probably due to the fact that their prescriptions are written in abbreviated Latin, and contain technical symbols of liquid measurement not familiar to the layman.

No. 5 is a facsimile in reduced size from page 19 in the marriage register of Shiplake Church — where Alfred Tennyson was married on June 13, 1850. By a freak of what we call chance, the other entry on the page records the marriage of one Charles Pidgeon, an Oxfordshire labourer who could not write his name and so made his mark. Alfred Tennyson likewise made his mark upon the same page, and in the same year, for in 1850, after his marriage, he became Laureate and also published *In Memoriam*—thereby enrolling Arthur Hallam, as in 1851 Thomas Carlyle enrolled John Sterling, in the select list of those who have owed their fame to their friends.

In No. 6 we have an exact copy of the signature in the marriage register which has been shown in reduced size in No. 5.

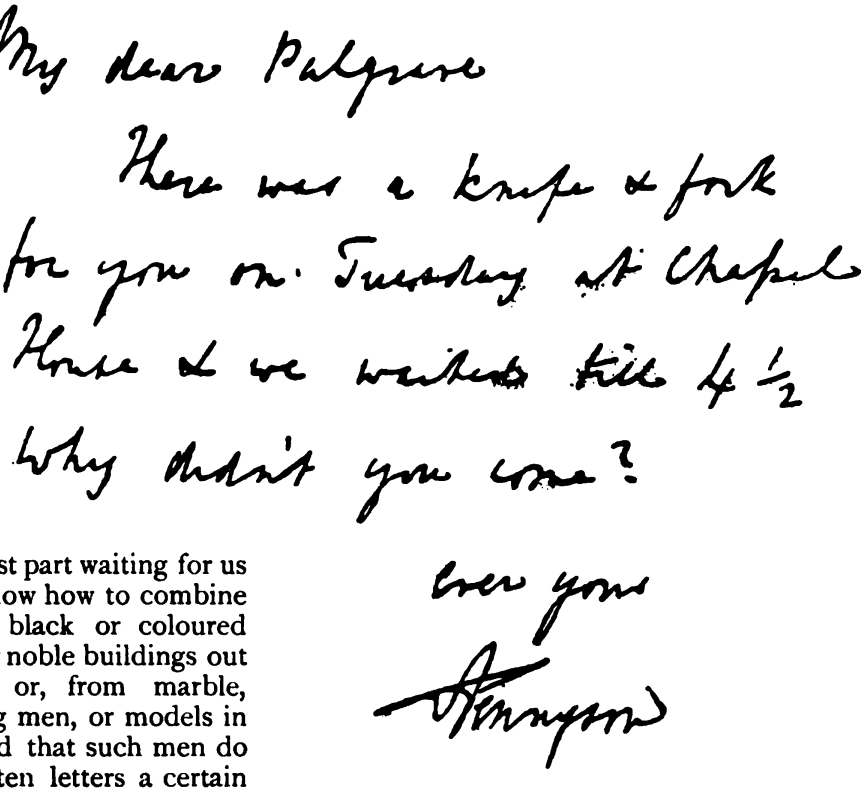


No. 6.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in the exact size of original, of Alfred Tennyson's signature in the marriage register of Shiplake Church. (*See No. 5.*)

There is a gem in No. 7, although it does not look so well here as in the original, because we do not see fully displayed the exquisite sense of proportion which placed the writing in a fit and pleasing position relatively to the size of the original sheet of note-paper. It is worth while to point out that among the numerous small actions that are often overlooked as being of no importance as evidence of individuality, is the act of placing one's writing harmoniously and

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tastefully in proportion to the size and the shape of the piece of paper which is used. I have found, during a good many years' study of this form of gesture, that men who possess a refined sense of proportion—of the relative fitness of things—especially a sense of the proportions of form, such as is essential to a fastidious constructor, whether he construct poems out of words (which, by the way, are for the most part waiting for us in the dictionary if we know how to combine words), pictures out of black or coloured marks deftly fashioned, or noble buildings out of non-plastic material, or, from marble, statues that look like living men, or models in plastic clay—I have found that such men do usually show in their written letters a certain pleasing grace of proportion which causes them to place their words becomingly upon the writing-paper. Post-cards readily show the absence or the presence of this quality because they are uniform in size; I have many, and some are quite little pictures in black and white if looked at in this light, whilst others are hideously out of proportion. The reason for this sense of proportion showing on a post-card, or in a letter, is sufficiently obvious when pointed out, and the fact can be tested any day by persons who themselves have this sense of fit proportion of form. But most of us can see that No. 7 is literally a very beautiful little bit of black and white construction, in which a refined and delicate sense of proportion is strongly marked. Tennyson had a grand and supple hand, and always wrote with a quill pen, for he disliked the scratchiness of steel pens.

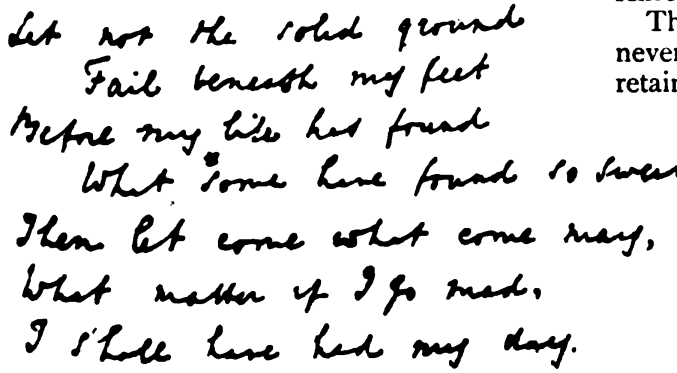

My dear Palgrave
Here was a knife & fork
for you on Tuesday at Chapel
House & we waited till 4 ½
Why didn't you come?
Ever yours
Tennyson

No. 7.—Written February 19, 1852. Age 42-43.

As to No. 8, no words are needed to show the beauty and the delicacy of this piece of gesture. Those who have eyes can appreciate it, and words would be thrown away upon those who have no eyes for the beauty of form. One does not intrude remarks upon such a masterpiece made by the strong hand and the delicate.

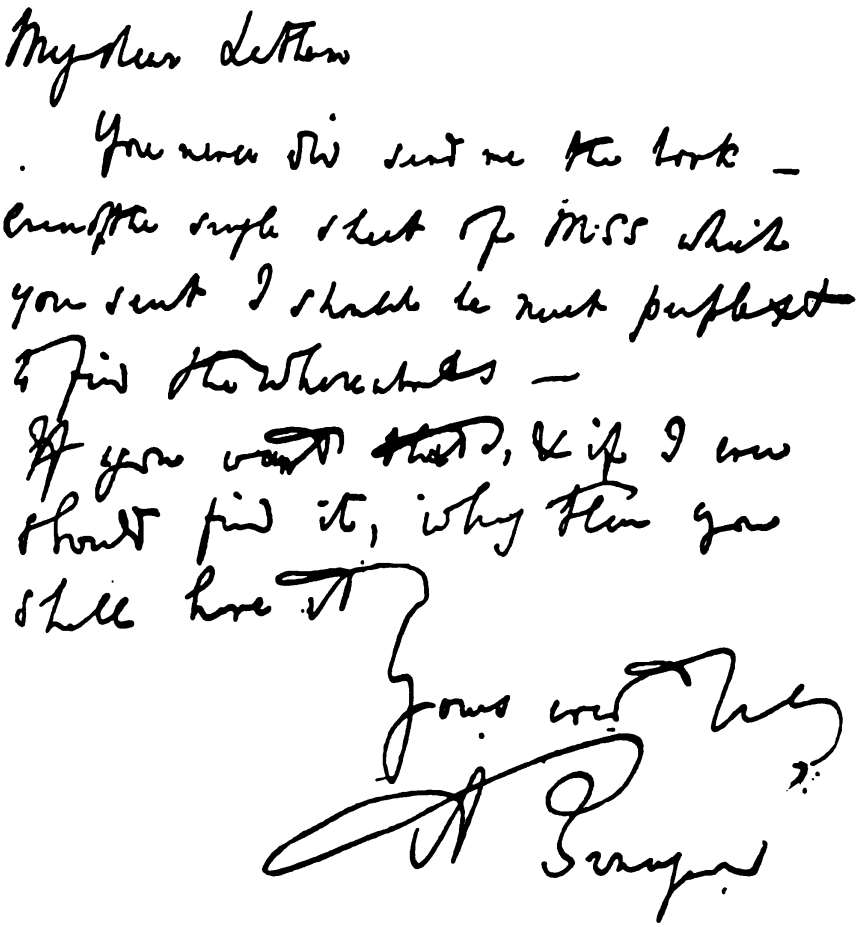
I have chosen to place No. 9 next to No. 8 because I have waited to call attention to perhaps the most prominent quality of Alfred Tennyson—his imagination.

There are some people whose handwriting never shows any "movement," and which retains day after day, and year after year, the same monotonous regularity and the same absence of any "play" in the gesture of it. I cannot deal here with the various exceptions to the general rule that such handwritings usually betray a lack of imagination and sensibility, although they may contain many excellent qualities. Look at No. 9, and then just glance at the other facsimiles on these pages: you


Let not the solid ground
Fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet:
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

No. 8.—Written 1854-5. Age 44-46. Part of an early draft of *Maud*. This piece of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is a beautiful and impressive illustration of his strength, refinement, and delicacy.

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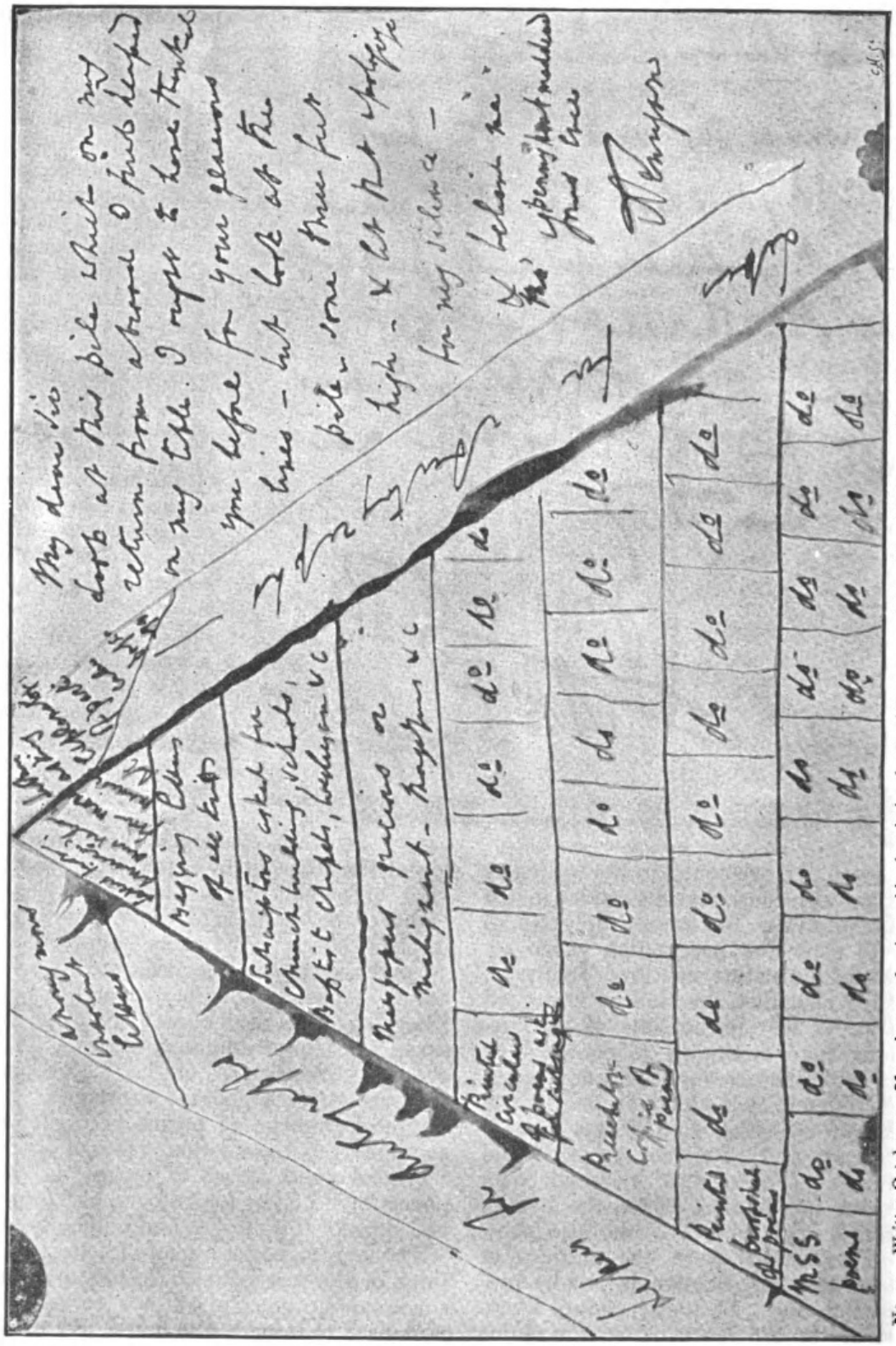
No. 9.—Written in December, 1860. Age 51-52. At Farringford to "My dear Latham." This is an excellent and interesting example of free, imaginative gesture.

will see much "movement" in the writing as a whole, and also considerable variation in it at short time intervals. But this one only (No. 9) suffices to show the imagination which lay ingrained in the nature of Alfred Tennyson, and notice also that, despite this unwonted exuberance of gesture, not one of the fifty-two words here facsimiled is confused or mixed up with another word—the movements are well differentiated although they are so freely thrown off—(the word *of* was inserted between *even* and *the*: line 3). I could show scores of specimens in which men of sensitive imagination evince the quality in a similar way, and I could also show plenty of selections from the writings of the insane where imagination is equally pronounced but not kept under control—here lies part of the difference between a genius and a madman. Speaking generally, both possess imagination: one controls it, and is perhaps a genius; the other has no control, and his disordered imagination and sensibility run away with his reason and he becomes a madman—or akin to one. [It is scarcely necessary to say that not all madmen possess imagination—I am merely taking a typical class of cases—for example, there is the insanity of heavy melancholia and dull apathy, in which imagination plays no part. Readers who may care to see the tell-tale antics in the writing of the insane can refer to pages 194 to 231 of *Handwriting and Expression*, Kegan Paul and Co., 1892.]

But turn to No. 10. Here is a curious freak of imagination based on fact: "*Look at this pile which on my return from abroad I find heaped on my table. I ought to have thanked you before for your generous lines—but look at the pile—some three feet high—and let that apologize for my silence—and believe me, tho' penny-post-maddened, yours ever, A. Tennyson.*" These words followed the drawing by Alfred Tennyson of a kind of pyramid in sections specifying the nature of the letters on his table: "Anonymous insolent letters": "Letters from America, Australia, from monomaniacs, etc.": "Letters asking explanation of particular passages": "Begging letters of all kinds": "Subscriptions asked for church building, schools, Baptist chapels, Wesleyans, etc.": "Newspapers gracious or malignant—magazines, etc.": "Printed circulars of poems asking for subscription": "Presentation copies of poems": "Printed proof sheets of poems": "MSS. poems": "Letters for Autographs" form the two sides of this curious and unique sketch.

People who pester a man of letters do not think of the vast aggregate made up of many single applications of various sorts. Each post used to bring to the house fifty or sixty letters. Mrs. Tennyson and Hallam Tennyson were far too much occupied with the task of wading through these piles of unsolicited correspondence. A letter is on my desk written by Mrs. Tennyson on January 18, 1867, one sentence of which reads: "I ought to have written before, but it is difficult

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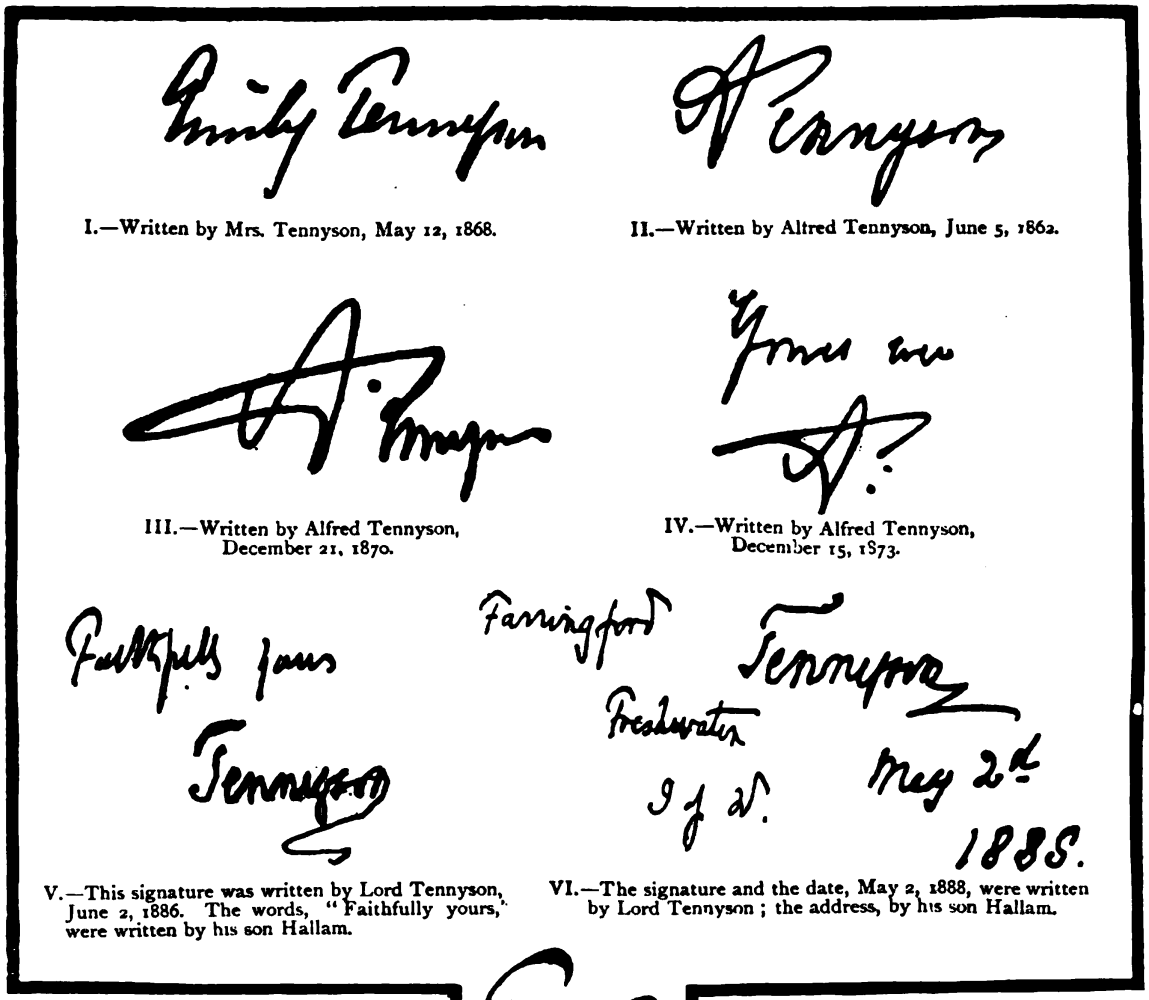


No. 10.—Written October 22, 1864. Age 55-56. A graphic description by Lord Tennyson of the pile of letters on his table: "believe me, tho' penny-post-maddened, yours ever, A. Tennyson." (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

to do all I ought; there is so much to be done."

Just think for a moment of the expenditure of time and energy which must have been caused by the writing of replies to these multitudes of letters, and for the future let those abstain from troubling famous men in this way who now appreciate—for the first time perhaps—what a really serious tax this letter-writing is. The now broken health of Emily Lady Tennyson was to no small extent brought about by the conscientious

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I.—Written by Mrs. Tennyson, May 12, 1868.

II.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, June 5, 1862.

III.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 21, 1870.

IV.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 15, 1873.

V.—This signature was written by Lord Tennyson, June 2, 1886. The words, "Faithfully yours," were written by his son Hallam.

VI.—The signature and the date, May 2, 1888, were written by Lord Tennyson; the address, by his son Hallam.

No. 11.—A comparison of signatures, etc., handwritings of his wife and his son Hallam. may be seen to exist in these three handwritings, letters, genuine and otherwise, of the Poet written by Alfred Lord Tennyson, with the Despite the many points of difference which mistakes frequently occur in connection with Laureate.



VII.—The signature of Hallam Lord Tennyson, written July 5, 1894

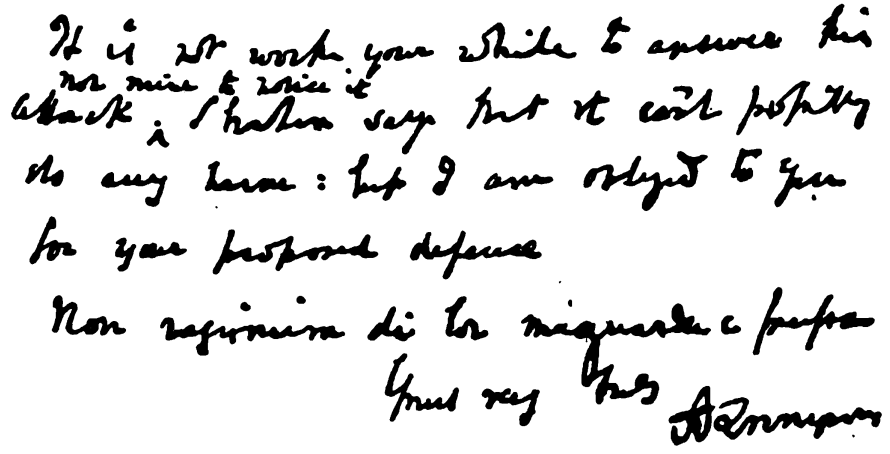
fulfilment of her duties in answering these worthless letters to her husband.

In No. 11 we have perhaps what is the most interesting illustration of this paper, and one that I hope will be useful. It is a comparison of three handwritings: Alfred Tennyson's, his wife's, and that of his son Hallam. The wife and the son frequently wrote in the name of the husband or of the father, and mistakes about Lord Tennyson's letters are common even amongst those who have some knowledge of autographs. When one sees a portrait of Lord Tennyson with a signature of his son facsimiled underneath, and letters facsimiled in widely-circulated journals as being those of Lord Tennyson, but which were not written by him, it is then time to set right the mistake—not to deal with the aspect of the case which arises when we note that a genuine signature is worth from £1 10s. to £2.

If any observant person will take the trouble to compare, for example, the "Tennyson" of I. and II. in No. 11, the signatures of VI. and VII., etc., he will see that they could not possibly have been written by the same hand. There is a certain general likeness between some of these specimens, but there remains no real likeness when we come to compare the movements which formed the letters of each of these signatures, etc.

No. 12 relates to a malignant attack upon Tennyson's reputation as a poet: "Make him out a third-rate poet," wrote the man who, in a disclosed letter, instigated the attack—a "slashing" attack was also advised by this gentleman. We see here how Alfred Tennyson quietly ignored the attack and refused the offer of his correspondent to defend him.

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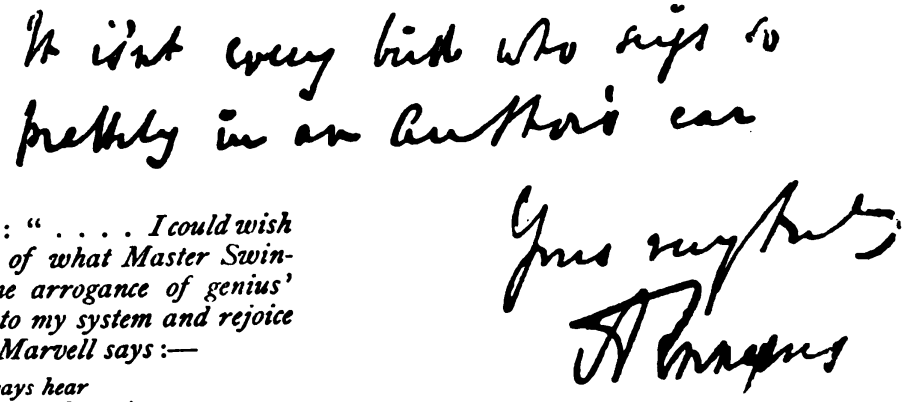


No. 12.—Written May 18, 1869. Age 59-60. The letter from which this has been taken refers to an attack upon Alfred Tennyson, printed in *Temple Bar*, and to a defence suggested by his correspondent. (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

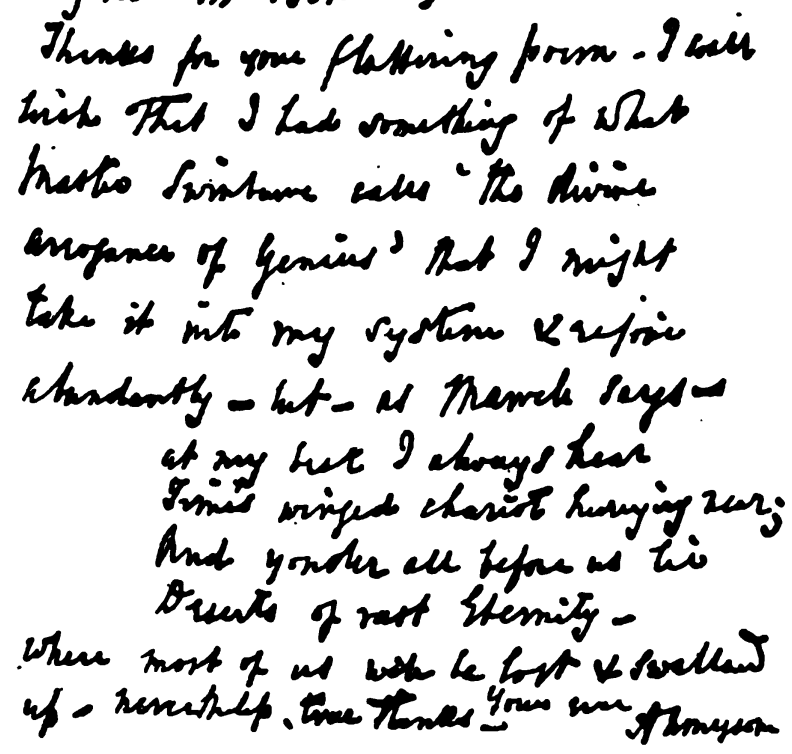
Is not No. 13 pleasing with its gracious words of thanks?

The best letter of the present collection is that shown in No. 14: "*. . . . I could wish that I had something of what Master Swinburne calls 'the divine arrogance of genius' that I might take it into my system and rejoice abundantly—but—as Marvell says:—*

At my best I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity—
Where most of us will be lost and swallowed up. . . ."



No. 13.—Written December 22, 1869. Age 60-61. Thanking Dr. Bennett for ". . . the music you make in my behalf . . . It isn't every bird who sings so prettily in an Author's ear." (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

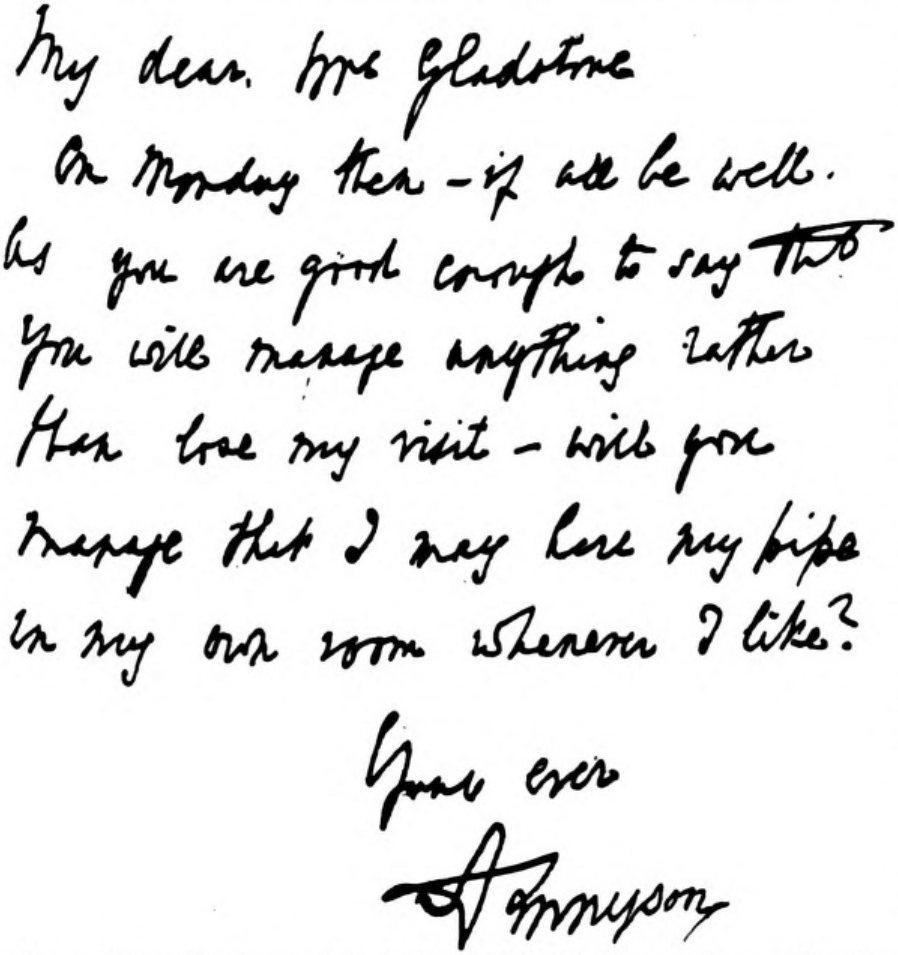


No. 14.—Written November 13, 1872. Age 63-64. (*Lent by Dr W. C. Bennett.*)

No. 14 has been pointed out as the best letter of the present collection, but many readers may consider that No. 15 has an interest equal to that of No. 14, although of a different kind. This letter was written to Mrs. Gladstone, and, coupled with the pipe shown in No. 16, it certainly has a unique interest. In the former letter Alfred Tennyson wrote as the poet—here, he wrote as the devotee of "My Lady Nicotine": "*Will you manage that I may have my pipe in my own room whenever I like?*"

This pipe was recently lent to me for reproduction here; and, by the way, in one of the papers recently there was a nonsensical statement that Lord Tennyson smoked only new "churchwardens," broke them after use, and threw the pieces into a basket—pure fiction, as any smoker of clays ought to know. An old clay pipe is a very pleasant pipe, but a new clay is unpleasant, even though it be soaked, as Lord Tennyson used to soak

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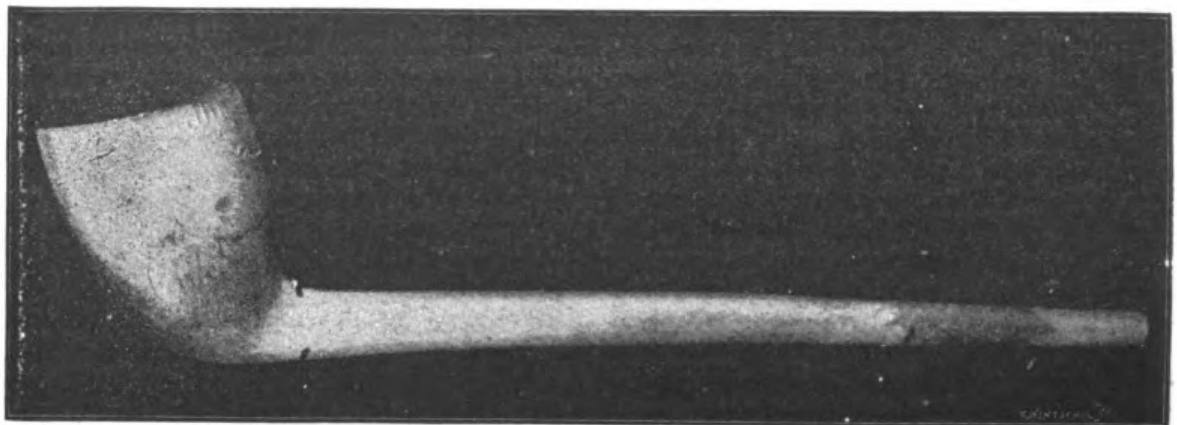


No. 15.—Written October 25, 1876. Age 67-68. The original letter, written at Aldworth to Mrs. Gladstone, is in the possession of Messrs. Noel Conway, 508, New Street, Birmingham. One of Lord Tennyson's pipes is shown in No. 16.

his, in some liquid spirit such as sal volatile, in order to remove the hot newness of an unused clay.

There is a pleasing group of signatures, etc., in No. 17. An interval of thirty-nine years came between the writing of I. and the writing of VIII., which was dated less than five months before Lord Tennyson died.

And now let me point out that the entire simplicity, and the absence of any striving for effect, which are so evident in these two signatures, are qualities that are shown again and again in the specimens of Lord Tennyson's handwriting which have been given in facsimile upon these pages. The *raison d'être* of this trait now pointed to appears to be evident. A truly great man has no need to pose—his nerve-muscular mechanism is not called upon for affected gestures—he has but to be himself, his natural *ego*, to be great, and to be recognised as great. A large proportion of the striving after effect, which is one of the distinguishing marks of mediocrities, comes from the inward recognition by them that they are in fact only mediocrities—and poor specimens at that. But some of us whom Nature has thus classed have an unfortunate desire to pass for more than the value indelibly stamped upon us, and, in such cases, there comes up a plentiful crop of the vulgarity and pretension that spoil so many of us—we do not dare to be natural



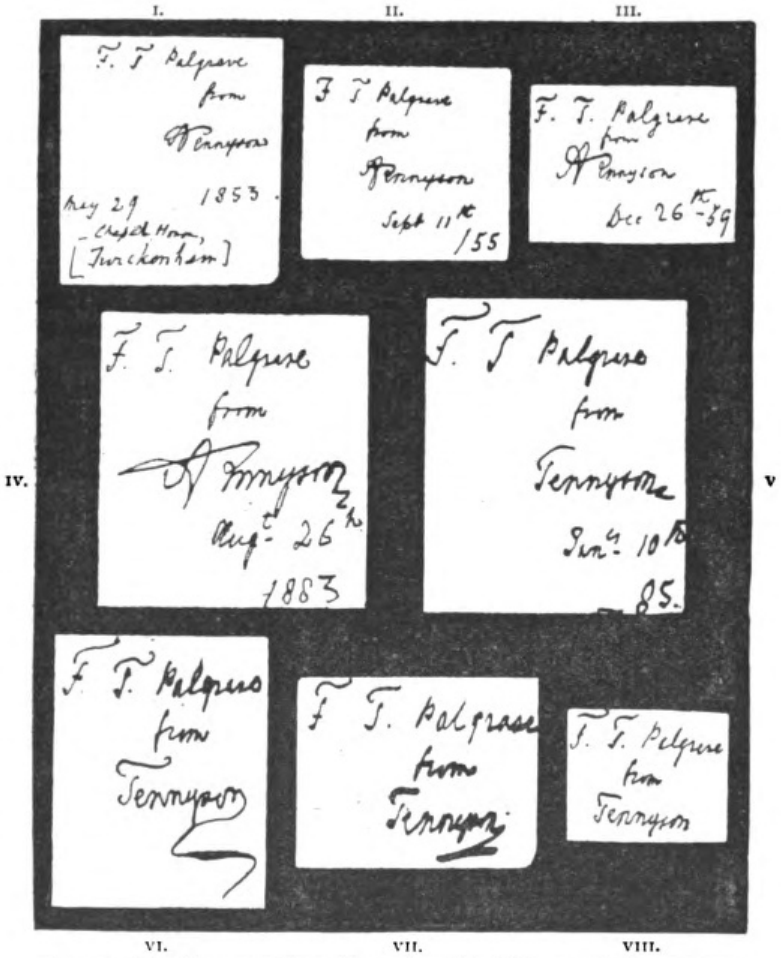
No. 16.—One of the last pipes actually smoked by Lord Tennyson. Slightly reduced size. The length of this pipe is five inches and three-quarters. This is one of the "Dublin" clay pipes which superseded the "Milos" formerly used by the Poet Laureate. Lord Tennyson would not smoke a pipe that had the usual projection underneath the bowl he used to break off such projections, for he said they spoiled "the Grecian simplicity of the pipe." Through all his life he smoked this sort of pipe.

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and simple for fear that people should underrate us. A gross error, which accounts for an infinity of snobbishness, which produces many inflated signatures quite different from those shown in No. 17, and which lessens the value of many excellent persons who are unable to realize that Nature's coinage cannot entirely consist of noble five-pound pieces.

I have now shown a collection quite unique of the handwriting of a man whom Nature coined great. Not after the minutely critical fashion that might properly be employed in the case of *X*'s writing sent in for a private opinion, but after the fashion of a man who, exhibiting things of beauty, contents himself with stray suggestions to a sympathetic friend: "See you this excellence here—I beg you will notice that exquisite touch there."

Ill indeed, and unmannerly, would be the act which should subject to miscroscopic examination the sensitive and nobly-simple nature of Alfred Tennyson.



No. 17.—Here is a very interesting series of Lord Tennyson's signatures, etc. The originals were written on the title-pages of eight volumes of Lord Tennyson's works (with one exception, first editions) when he gave them to his friend, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, at dates ranging from May 29, 1853 (I.—"Poems"), to May 12, 1892 (VIII.—"The Foresters"). The six other titles are: II.—"Maud." III.—"Idylls of the King." IV.—"Ballads and other Poems." V.—"Becket." VI.—"Teiresias," signature written in 1885. VII.—"Demeter," signature written in 1889. It will be noticed that VIII. was written at age 82-83, less than five months before Lord Tennyson died. (Reduced facsimiles.)

NOTE.—I thank—for welcome aid in a difficult piece of work—Miss Georgina Hogarth, Lord Tennyson, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Dr. W. C. Bennett, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. George Macmillan, Mr. Samuel Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, W.C., Mr. J. William Wilson, of Louth, Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 508, New Street, Birmingham, Mrs. Climenson, of Shiplake Vicarage, and Colonel Mansfield Turner.—J.H.S.

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The Training of Performing Animals.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

CHARLES JAMES FOX defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." If this be a true definition, we must accord to the trainers of animals a front place among the geniuses of the world. There is assuredly no profession in which more patience and painstaking work are required. We see the results from before the footlights. It gives us a moment's pleasure, and we think no more about its difficulties. What that result may mean we do not care. The weeks and months, and sometimes years, which it may have cost to produce that result we cannot be expected to take into account. The band plays, the trainer stands before us, smiling and graceful, no sign of care or anxiety upon his countenance. The animals go through their performances; there is no hitch, no difficulty: all is easy, well rounded off. So far from being astounded, we ask for more; like the audience which hissed Grimaldi, we want a new feature. Nevertheless, some of the more curious amongst us do occasionally ask ourselves how these results are brought about. The sensitive murmur the mystic word "cruelty," shudder, and put the whole matter out of their minds.

This notion that animals are taught to perform tricks by dint of cruelty, by blows and starvation, is among the most illogical fallacies of the day. We have learned that it is easier to teach children by kindness than by blows, yet we assume that monkeys must be flogged into a condition of abject fear before they can be got to do anything. We know that the whip is of but little use in the training of dogs, and yet we imagine that bears are taught to dance on red-hot sheets of iron.

On the other hand, the answer which the trainer invariably makes to our inquiries is scarcely satisfying. "Patience, patience, always patience," this is his formula, his magic; but it does not convince us. We cannot believe that a fox can be taught to jump over a duck by patience. Yet that is the only way: it is a laborious, an unromantic, prosaic method, but, nevertheless, it is the only one. Perhaps it would be more correct to say "patience and firmness, with a judicious mixture of kindness and severity." Just as revolutions are not made with rose-water, wild beasts cannot be made tractable without the occasional exercise of a little severity. But there is a great difference between severity and cruelty.

Take, for instance, the Siberian bears of M. W. Permané; they are the most amiable, friendly, and playful creatures in the world—to look at them with their master. But approach them by yourself when that master's back is turned, and you will have cause to regret your indiscretion, and will for the future make it your rule in life never to talk to a bear without being introduced. Bears are proverbially ill-mannered animals. These Siberian bears are really beautiful to look at. They have the most lovely coats, the most happy faces, and the most ungainly walk. To see them standing on a swing and "talking" to their master is really killing fun. The way they will sit down at a table and drink stout out of bottles is an edifying sight for any total abstainer to see. But perhaps the climax of comicality is reached when one of these unwieldy creatures has a lady's straw hat tied to his head and walks round the stage on M.



M. PERMANE'S SWINGING BEAR.

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M. PERMANÉ'S LADY BEAR.

Permané's arm, trying hard to kiss him all the time, and waddling about with all the gracefulness of any mature maiden lady of uncertain age among my acquaintances. That bear will shake hands with M. Permané like a thoroughly good fellow, but if you were to try to shake hands with him you would find his heartiness a little trying.

"How do you manage to train those bears?' I asked M. Permané, after witnessing the performance.

"By kindness," he said, "kindness!"

I looked at him; I did not wink, because I respected myself too much. "You do not mean to say so!" was all I said. I had just seen a specimen of the docility of one of these gentle creatures: he had stripped about half a yard of skin off the arm of a too trusting maiden lady.

"Yes," M. Permané continued; "it took me six months to train that one. You see, you have to catch your bears young. They get untrustworthy as they grow older. It is no use ill-treating them; you must be kind and gentle with them, but you must let them know that you are the master."

Presently I had an opportunity of observing how they were made aware of this fact. One of the bears became refractory, and manifested a strong disposition to run a-muck generally, but a few smart blows across his snout with a rattan speedily brought him to his senses. He shook his head after each blow, and uttered a strange, low, whining moan, but he reformed his conduct and became less bearish.

M. Permané, I also discovered, was in the habit of keeping his bears in good humour by feeding them perpetually during the performance with such delicacies as pleased their bearish palate. It was quite clear that the pleasures of anticipation—or, shall we say, hope?—had much to do with their training. But even hope is not a sufficient incentive unless the bear learns to know his master and to understand that the master can force him to do what he wants.

For this reason the bear must be caught young. M. Permané generally starts upon cubs about twelve months old. With these he romps about as though they were children, but he never allows them to get the better of him. As soon as the bear gets too old and begins to feel his strength, he can no longer be trusted, and has to be got rid of. Some bears will never learn anything at all, those that do learn all their tricks in play. The Russian bear is not only very intelligent, but exceedingly quick in his movements. There is a trick which one of these bears performs which it took M. Permané three months to teach. The bear gets on a see-saw, mounts a globe, which is hardly big enough for his four huge paws, and walks himself up the tilting plank on it, and then repeats the process backwards.

M. Permané teaches them this particular feat by placing the globe in a little hollow and then making the bear stand on it. The bear thus gets used to feeling it move under him. Then, little by little, he is made to move it in a groove on the level, and afterwards he has to work it up an inclined plane. And so, by slow stages, the clumsy cub becomes a skilled mountebank.

At no time are bears quite safe. They are so huge and strong, that even in play they often nip and hurt their trainer, but they occasionally turn on him in earnest, and if one has turned on M. Permané twice he gets rid of him. Performing bears are consequently expensive; their keep costs a good deal, so does their carriage from place to place, and then they have to be frequently replaced. But they are intelligent, and

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understand when they are being talked to. I have seen a bear look quite sorrowful and penitent after a scolding.

If bears are treacherous so are monkeys, but they are also affectionate and grateful. M. Nivin, the Hungarian, who is perhaps one of the finest trainers of monkeys in the world, always gets hold of his monkeys before they have changed their teeth, and nurses them through their teething. They are generally so grateful for his care that they will do anything for him afterwards. Nevertheless, even then they are sometimes treacherous, and M. Nivin showed me several nasty bites which he had had from one of his little pupils. When they are vicious they have to be thrashed, to make them understand the moral obliquity of their conduct. Monkeys differ: some are intelligent and learn quickly; some will never learn. The most difficult thing to teach a monkey is to make mistakes. This is very perplexing to the monkey mind.



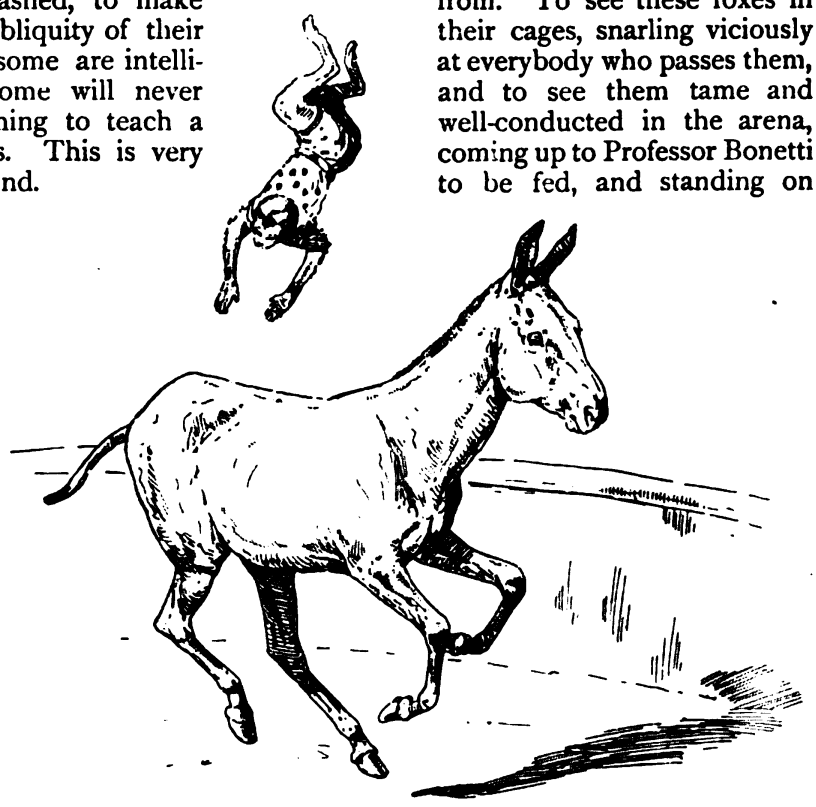
THE "BLONDIN" MONKEY.

Take, for instance, the "Blondin" monkey. This animal walks along a horizontal bar with his head in a sack. Before performing his trick, he is taught to throw the sack on the ground several times, and the difficulty is to make him understand when he is to refuse to do the trick and when he is to do it. There is always a look of anxiety on the monkey's face, which plainly betrays his uncertainty while he is throwing off the sack. By dint of great patience, however, he is eventually made perfect.

These monkeys are very amusing. I was looking at M. Gris's baboon, which rides a donkey, jumps through hoops, turns somersaults on the donkey's back, falls off, and climbs up again by the donkey's tail, all while the donkey is cantering round the arena. M. Nivin was talking to me at the time.

"You see that baboon," he said; "he is not doing a quarter of what he does during rehearsal. But he knows perfectly well that his master cannot thrash him before the audience, and so he can afford to be lazy. Monkeys are very human!" Perhaps the most amusing monkey is Clown Ruffin's jockey-monkey, who rides the porcine wonder. The way that monkey sticks on to the little pig's back, while the latter keeps squeaking as though it was being murdered, and jumps over miniature fences, is a sight for the gods. Occasionally the jockey falls off, but he gets on again in a jiffy, and the pig continues squeaking and jumping as if for its very life.

The most remarkable of animal trainers is, without doubt, Professor Bonetti, whose troupe of educated foxes, geese, ducks, fowls, ravens, and dogs are marvellous. His foxes jump over hurdles and through hoops, they jump over ducks and fowls, they feed with these birds, whom it is their nature to feed on, and they run about the arena with fox-hounds, whom they usually run away from. To see these foxes in their cages, snarling viciously at everybody who passes them, and to see them tame and well-conducted in the arena, coming up to Professor Bonetti to be fed, and standing on



THE BABOON CIRCUS-RIDER.

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THE JOCKEY-MONKEY.

used to play, and whom he used to teach, in spite of Buffon, to perform the most remarkable feats imaginable. His employer, it must be confessed, had little sympathy with young Bonetti's tastes, and one fine morning turned him neck and crop out of his business. His parents found him another employer, but he was an unprofitable servant, and it soon became clear that his destiny had not singled him out for the walk of life for which his parents had intended him.



PROFESSOR BONETTI'S TROUPE.

their hind-legs, like dogs, are two very different sights. One would scarcely believe them to be the same animals.

Professor Bonetti makes them ride a tricycle in the company of dogs and ravens, and winds up his performance with a triumphal procession, in which dogs and foxes are harnessed to a car and draw the feathered tribe round the arena. Foxes are particularly stupid animals to train, but Professor Bonetti makes them do what he likes. His watchword is patience. It took him six months to train these foxes. His methods are simple, but laborious. He is the original trainer of cats and mice and canaries, and has told me that the methods he applied in training them are the same as those he now uses with his foxes and his ducks.

Perhaps a short history of Professor Bonetti's beginnings may be interesting. He is a Dutchman, and was born at Amsterdam. His parents put him into a draper's shop to be a salesman. One day he read in Buffon's Natural History that cats, owing to their stupidity and obstinacy, could not be taught tricks. This surprised the young shop-assistant, who, instead of "penning stanzas when he should engross," was in the habit of spending all the time he could spare in a loft surrounded by a numerous company of cats, with whom he

In a large granary in Amsterdam he devoted himself to the training of cats. Mice and rats abounded in this place, and here one day he caught a litter of eight young rats,

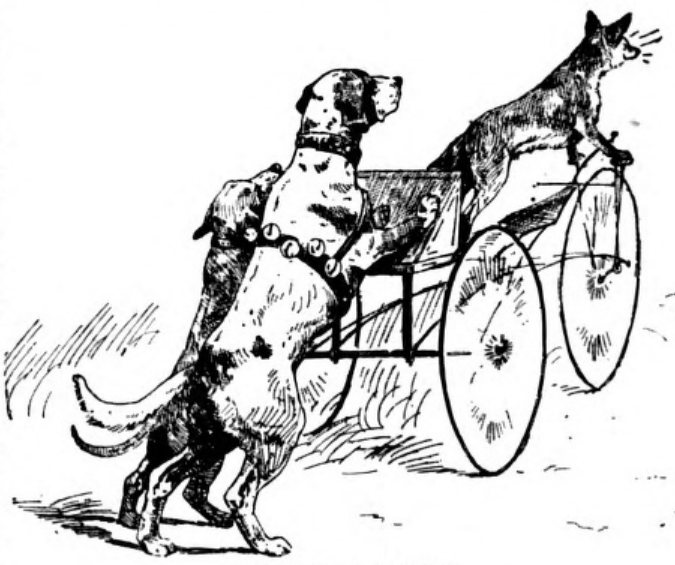


ONE OF PROFESSOR BONETTI'S FOXES.

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each no bigger than his little finger, and only about twelve days old.

These gave him an idea. He introduced them to his cats, and gradually the formal acquaintance ripened into confidence and friendship. Of course, on their first introduction, the cats betrayed their natural propensities, and made a grab at the little rats, but Professor Bonetti restrained them, and after a time they got to behave quite frankly and unaffectedly towards each other. Use is second nature.



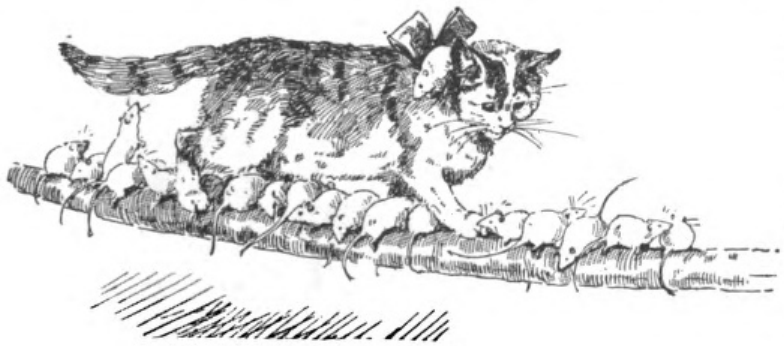
FOX RIDING A TRICYCLE.

The professor now increased his happy family by the addition of a canary. But the introduction of the bird was a work of difficulty. After a time the canary got confidence in the professor, and finally it got confidence in the cats, but it took time. Professor Bonetti never loses patience. Cats are intensely stupid, and will not understand what is expected of them. Nevertheless, to strike them or to seize them irritably only makes them more obstinate. When a cat once makes up its mind not to do anything, nothing on earth will induce the animal to do it.

Professor Bonetti never beats his pupils, but he also never allows them to beat him. He gently, but resolutely, insists upon their going through the tricks he wishes them to learn, and he never gets out of temper. One of the most difficult tricks to teach a cat is to make it jump through a hoop covered with paper. The method adopted is to make it first jump across a band of paper, and to increase the size of this band day by day until the cat has to jump through it. The professor then takes a hoop covered with paper, in which he makes a hole, through which he makes the cat jump. Each succeeding day the hole is made smaller until it reaches the vanishing point, and the cat makes a hole of its own. This one trick Professor Bonetti has often worked at for as long as five months. The jump through the flames is taught on the same principle, and takes just as much time.



A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.



CAT AND MICE.

Having taught his cats and mice and canaries, and brought them up to perfection, Professor Bonetti commenced to exhibit them in 1882.

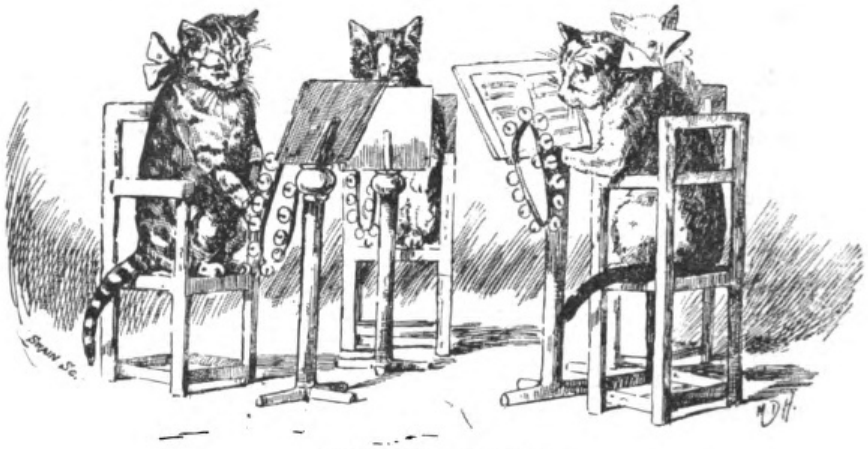
Since then he has done much in the way of the training of animals, but his last performance with foxes is the most remarkable of its kind. Yet the methods adopted in training these wild animals are in principle the same as those

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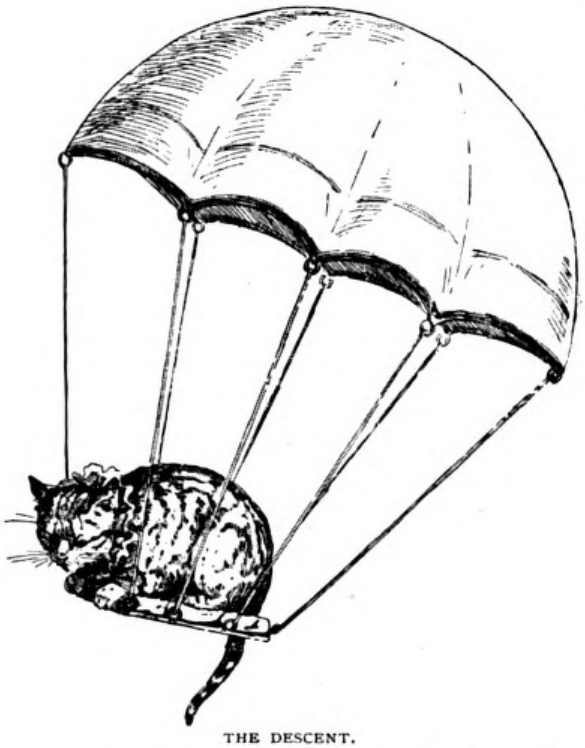
THE "BALDWIN" KITTEN CLIMBING UP TO THE PARACHUTE.

employed in the education of his cats. Violence and cruelty are of no use, they only confuse and frighten the animals. much as children are taught to read. When once the initial difficulty of teaching them to do anything is overcome, nothing is surprising. And yet some of their tricks we shall never cease to marvel over. Take, for instance, Professor Leoni Clarke's "Baldwin"



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Patience and firmness are essential. As with bears, so with monkeys, foxes, cats, and any other animals, the general idea is always the



THE DESCENT.

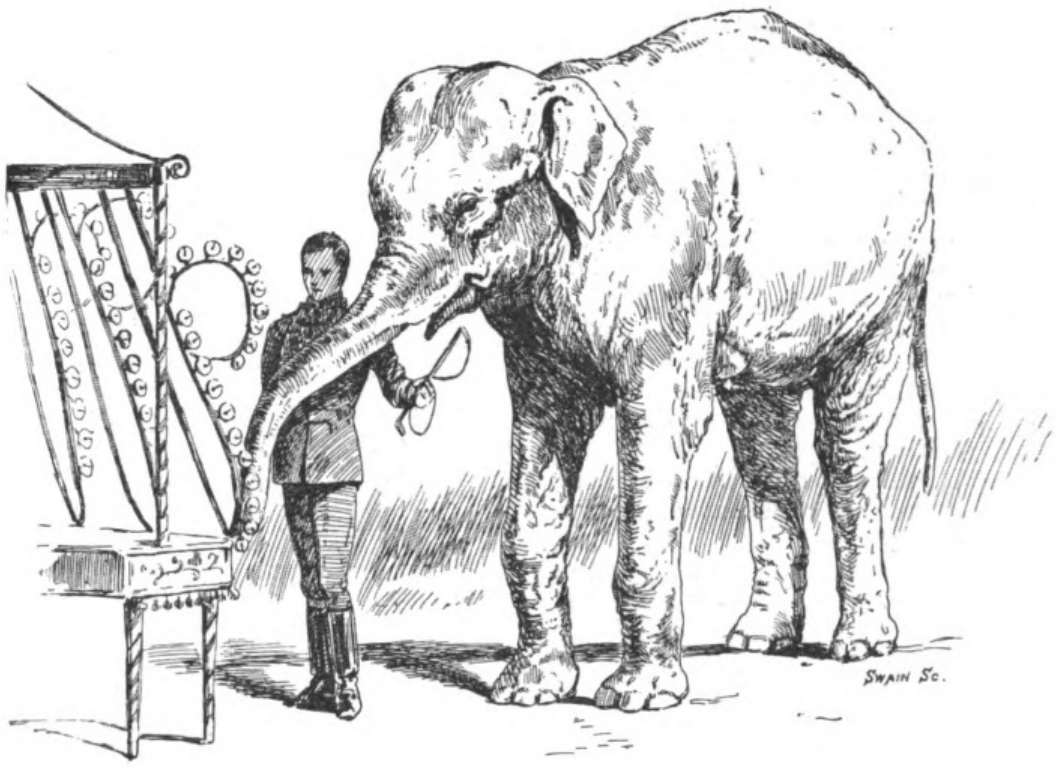
same. First accustom the animal to its trainer, let it feel confidence in him, and feel that he is master, and then commence the tricks slowly and gradually. It must not be expected that an animal can be taught a trick all at once; they must be taught very

kitten, which climbs up to the roof of the theatre or circus where the performance takes place, gets into a parachute of itself, and then drops down, to be caught by Professor Clarke. To see that kitten slowly climb the rope, and stop every now and then to pause, is most thrilling. There can be no doubt of its unwillingness to ascend, and when it reaches the top it hesitates before getting into the parachute; it seems to reflect and ask itself whether it would not be wiser to climb down again rather than trust itself to that apparatus; but it overcomes its natural unwillingness and gets in with an air of heroic determination which is most pathetic. That "Baldwin" kitten



A GAME OF SKITTLES.

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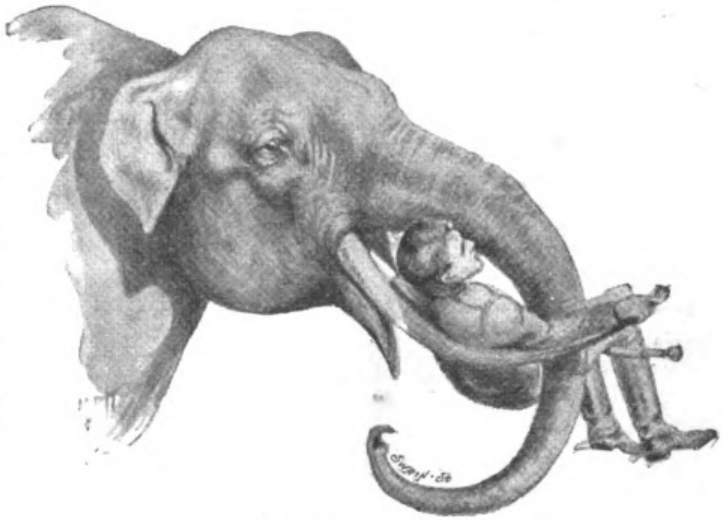
PLAYING THE BELLS.

M.D.H.

is one of the prettiest animal performers I have seen. No cruelty would have succeeded there. Professor Clarke's musical cats, who play "Home, Sweet Home" on sleigh-bells, are perhaps more cultured, but they are certainly less pathetic. The same may be said of his rats, who take their seats in a train and enjoy the excitement of a railway accident.

If cats are too obstinate to stand punishment, elephants are too big. How are elephants to be punished? Their skins are too thick, their bodies are too huge, they are too powerful, and they are too conscious of their power. Elephants can only be trained by kindness, but they are eminently sagacious animals; they understand and appreciate kindness, they resent deception. There seems no limit to what an elephant can be taught. He can be taught to play instruments, to sit on a chair, to carry his keeper on his tusks, to stand on his hind legs and on his head; but one thing he will not do, he will not walk through fire.

You can teach nearly all animals to jump through burning hoops, and walk under flaming arches, except an elephant. The training of these mammoths is, for all that, conducted on the same principle as the training of bears and cats. They must be caught young, they must learn to know and love their trainer. They must never witness an exhibition of temper, and they must feel



CARRYING THE KEEPER.

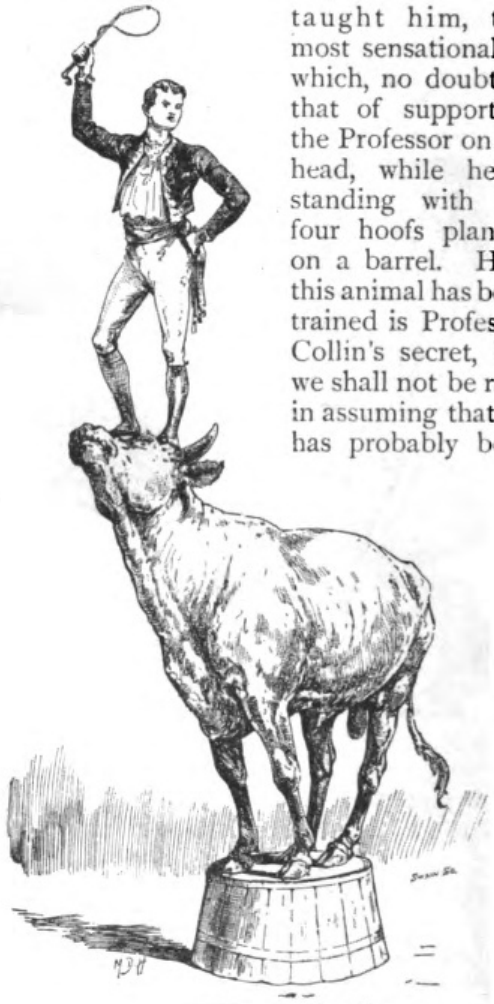
that their trainer is their master, and will insist upon their doing what he wishes them to do. This, indeed, is the whole secret of the training of performing animals.

When we turn from animals which, though often wild and stupid, are not absolutely

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untractable, and look at the performances of such furious brutes as bulls and lions, we find that the same rules hold good here. Cruelty with a lion will avail nothing. While he is wrestling with his keeper he must know that that keeper is in his power. Nor will starvation do; for if the animal be ravenous, not even the keeper will be safe. The king of beasts is not dainty, and will make his meal off the first quarry he can find. The lion must be captured when a cub, he must be fed by his keeper, whom he must be accustomed to regard as his playmate as well as his master, and while he must not be under-fed, he must as certainly not be too well fed, or he will get unmanageable, and moreover, like a bear, he is not to be trusted after he has attained a certain age.

Professor Collin's bull is another instance of the triumph of mind over brute force. It is beautiful to see this handsome and noble animal performing the tricks his trainer has taught him, the most sensational of which, no doubt, is that of supporting the Professor on his head, while he is standing with his four hoofs planted on a barrel. How this animal has been trained is Professor Collin's secret, but we shall not be rash in assuming that he has probably been guided very much by the same rules which have been followed with so much success by Professors Bonetti and Permané, and, in fact, by all trainers of animals.



PROFESSOR COLLIN'S BULL.



A WRESTLING LION.

The results obtained by these trainers prove conclusively that with patience and determination all things are attainable. They also teach us another and equally important lesson, namely, that cruelty to animals does not pay. Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to watch the performances of educated animals without a pang, and our admiration for their trainers will only be heightened.

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By F. Startin Pilleau.

I AM, as I think all who know me will readily admit, a peaceful man, and not one given to poking his nose into other people's business. I do not take any pride to myself for this, but at once admit that other people's affairs do not interest me, for, no matter how spicy a scandal may be, unless it be directly connected with sport of some kind or other, I turn a deaf ear to it. All mysteries and secrets I abominate, except secrets of the turf, and few even of these have sufficient hold on my memory to last over a good night's rest. Why, then, I ask, should I, of all people in the world, be the unwilling recipient of one of the strangest and most horrible mysteries it has ever been the lot of man to conceive?

True, I share the burden of the secret with one other man, my old friend Tom Farquharson; and it is, I fully admit, a considerable comfort to feel that he bears, equally with myself, the responsibility of the silence we have hitherto maintained respecting the extraordinary occurrence that I am about to relate, for, in consequence of what happened last week, we have, after considerable discussion, determined to lay the facts of the case before the public, taking care, of course, to suppress the real names of the people concerned.

Without further preamble, then, I will at once set forth, in as few and simple words as possible, the strange events to which I have referred.

It was on the 11th August last year that I travelled up to Scotland, in fulfilment of a long-standing engagement, to shoot grouse at Farquharson's ancestral place in Sutherlandshire; and when I add that I had been travelling, almost without stopping, ever since I left the Austrian Tyrol, in order to arrive at Tom's in time for the 12th, you will readily believe me when I say, upon my weary journey at last ending, I arrived at Inverstrathy Castle more dead than alive.

It was shortly after 8 o'clock p.m. when I got there, and the house party had just sat down to dinner; Tom, however, came out to greet me, and urged me to hurry up and join them as soon as possible. But I pleaded that I was dead-beat, and much too done-up to put in an appearance that night, so he considerately gave way to my solicitations; then, promising to send me up something to eat to my own room, he hurried back to his guests.

Inverstrathy Castle is a fine specimen of one of those grand old Scottish strongholds one reads of in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and, tired as I was, I greatly admired the magnificent collection of armour and trophies of antique weapons, grouped round the fine old hall, and up the sides of the broad, black oak staircase, the balusters and newels of which were carved with a boldness one seldom comes across in modern times.

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My accommodation, I found, consisted of two rooms: a large, but rather gloomy, bedroom, hung from floor to ceiling with rare old tapestry and furnished throughout with old oak, the ancient four-post bedstead, carved with quaint designs, being almost hidden in a deep recess; and a dressing-room opening out of it, in which, I was glad to see, a modern bath had been fitted up, of which I determined to immediately avail myself.

Having done so, and donned an old, and consequently comfortable, shooting suit, I sat down to a tempting repast, which one of the footmen had spread while I was enjoying my tub.

Since I have made up my mind to take the public into my confidence, I will not keep back anything, however unimportant it may seem, and I therefore at once confess that I partook freely of that cosy meal, and made short work of the bottle of Heidsieck the man had been thoughtful enough to provide. Then, having lighted a cigar, I drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and proceeded to finish a racy novel I had purchased on my journey.

Let me recapitulate: I was tired out by my journey; I had had a comfortable warm bath; I had eaten a substantial meal and swallowed a bottle of champagne; and I had then sat down in a luxurious chair in front of a cheerful fire. Is it remarkable that I fell asleep? I think not; I believe ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done the same. Anyhow, I fully admit, I did fall asleep and that my sleep was long, and sound, and undisturbed by dreams, as an honest, tired man's sleep should be.

How long I slept I cannot say, but suddenly I awoke with a start, in consequence, as I thought, of somebody bringing a dazzling light into the room, and before I could collect my scattered senses, the tapestry at the further end of the room was pushed aside and a lovely girl, in evening costume, with a most beautiful but terror-stricken face, rushed frantically in and fell on her knees on the hearth-rug just in front of me: and as she fell, I noticed that a curious, antique jewel, shaped like a heart pierced by an arrow, becoming unfastened, slipped, without her knowing it, from off her neck to the floor.

Startled by her sudden and unaccountable appearance, I was on the point of rising to her assistance, when, to my further astonishment, from precisely the same spot as before, the tapestry was again pushed aside, and a tall, handsome man ran into the room with a drawn dagger in his hand, which, before I had time to interfere, to my unspeakable horror, he plunged to the hilt into the heart of the poor girl.

With a yell of dismay I sprang from my chair to seize him by the throat, when, just as I got to him, to my amazement both he and his victim suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; nor could I discover the slightest trace of the tragedy I had seen take place before my very eyes. Long I stood, completely bewildered and dumfounded, and then, persuading myself I must have been dreaming, I undressed and went to bed.

Next morning, the remembrance of what had taken place the previous night returned to me in full force, and the first thing I did was to carefully examine that part of the room from which both the actors of the tragedy had appeared; but, though I found no difficulty in pushing aside the tapestry, I could not discover any trace of a door. I, however, found, somewhat to my surprise, that the wall was wainscoted to the height of about 7ft., not only at that end, but forming a high dado all round the room. I imagine therefore that Farquharson, or one of his predecessors, finding the room too dark and gloomy with so much black oak, hung the tapestry round the walls to brighten it up a bit.

While dressing, I debated with myself whether or not I should tell Farquharson what I had seen, but came to the conclusion that neither he nor anyone else would for a moment believe it could be anything more than a bad dream, engendered by my over-eating myself. Indeed, I was myself very much of the same opinion, and so dismissed the matter from my mind. Once, however, during the afternoon, when Farquharson and I happened to be alone together, I remarked how greatly I admired Inverstrathy Castle, and then casually inquired whether, by any chance, it were haunted.

"Haunted!" he replied, "why, of course it is. Who ever heard of an old Scotch castle that wasn't?"

But upon my pressing him further to tell me the history connected with it, he confessed he was unable to do so, and admitted that neither he, nor anyone else so far as he knew, had ever seen or heard anything of a supernatural nature. Here the conversation dropped as we resumed the business of the day.

We were a merry party that night at dinner, and it was close upon ten when, at last, Tom

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suggested we should join the ladies in the drawing-room; but as I had by no means recovered from the fatigue of my journey, which had been, moreover, aggravated by my disturbed night and the long day on the moors, I once more got him to excuse me, went straight to bed, and in a quarter of an hour, or less, was sound asleep.



"THE SELF-SAME YOUNG LADY RUSHED INTO THE ROOM."

I was undisturbed for a couple of hours or so, when, again, I suddenly woke up with a strange feeling of terror, which was by no means diminished by finding the room brilliantly illuminated by some unseen light. I sat up, wondering where on earth the light could come from, when the tapestry at the further end of the room was again pushed aside, and, again, the self-same young lady rushed into the room, and fell on her hands and knees on the hearth-rug; again I noticed the jewel she wore slip from her neck to the floor; and again the tall, handsome villain followed her, and once more plunged the cruel dagger into her heart; and then, as my heart stood still with horror and fright, the light was suddenly extinguished, and all was utter darkness.

At first, I freely admit, I was much too terrified to move, but at length I screwed up sufficient courage to fumble for the matches on the table by my bedside, and, after one or two failures, at last succeeded in lighting a candle; but, though I got up and carefully examined every nook and corner of the room, all was exactly as I had left it when I went to bed, nor could I find anything to account for the strange light I had seen. Once more I critically examined the panelling behind the tapestry, at the spot from whence I had seen the figures issue, but could discover nothing. With a trembling hand, I then turned up the large Persian hearth-rug, and there, at the very spot I had seen that ghastly murder committed, I fancied I could detect a slight difference of colour in the floor; but as it was of



"I FANCIED I COULD DETECT A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF COLOUR."

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oak, polished by centuries of rubbing, and almost as black as ebony, I could not be certain, in the inadequate light, if such were really the case or not, and I therefore determined to return to bed and examine it more carefully in the morning.

It was some time before I again got to sleep, which, under the circumstances, I think was scarcely surprising; nor is it to be wondered at that, when at last I did do so, I slept so heavily that it was an hour later than the time I had intended to rise when I again woke up. Jumping out of bed, I dressed as rapidly as I could, and then descended at once to the breakfast-room, forgetting, in my hurry, to pursue my investigations of the night before. Judge, then, of my amazement when the first person I saw, on entering the breakfast-room, was the young lady of my vision! I could not possibly be mistaken, for her beautiful face had indelibly photographed itself on my mind; besides, too, there, hanging on her neck, was the identical jewel I had noticed on the unfortunate girl I had twice seen murdered.

Of course I carefully scrutinized the rest of the company, fully expecting to discover, in one or other of them, the villain of the tragedy; but no one there in the least resembled him, and though many others entered the room afterwards, he was not among them. I came to the conclusion then that either he was not staying in the house, or else had already breakfasted and gone out.

After breakfast I took an early opportunity of telling Farquharson I wished to speak to him privately, and he at once led me to his own sanctum. I immediately asked him who the young lady was, and, after hearing my description, he informed me she was a Miss Craig, a distant cousin of his own.

"And I tell you what it is, my boy," he added, "if you're touched in that quarter you couldn't possibly do better, for not only does she come from a good old stock—in fact, her great-grandmother married my great-grandfather—but she is an heiress in her own right, for, though of course Inverstrathy Castle descended through heirs male to your humble servant, she is the sole survivor of the Craigs of Craigcrathie, a place second to none in Scotland, about forty miles from here in Ross-shire."

I hastily disabused his mind of any such intent on my behalf, and then briefly related to him all I had seen the two previous nights.

Of course, as I fully expected, he pooh-poohed, at first, the whole story; but I pointed out that it was very strange I should have immediately recognised Miss Craig, a lady I had never seen in my life before.

He admitted that was peculiar, to say the least of it, but, after a moment or two, added:—

"I tell you how it was, old fellow. You arrived here dead-beat, and evidently, while you were going to your room, you caught sight of Miss Craig—without, at the time, particularly noticing the fact. Nevertheless, her exceptional beauty made such an impression on your susceptible heart, that you dreamt about her. And now I come to think of it," he added, "I remember her being late on that occasion, for I recollect her coming into the dining-room just after I returned from seeing you."

"That may be," I replied; "but how is it I had the same dream, if dream it were, two nights running? Besides, too, I never saw Miss Craig at all yesterday, and surely I should have been much more likely to dream of one of the other ladies who were at dinner?"

"Perhaps so, but one can never account for dreams. You did not see Dora yesterday, because she kept her room the whole day with a violent attack of neuralgia. But if the coincidence of your recognising in her the victim of your tragedy tells in one way, surely the absence of your villain tells equally strongly in the other?"

"Well, perhaps you are right. At all events that is the rational, common-sense view to take of the matter; all the same, I wish you would make an opportunity to carefully examine my room with me."

"Why, certainly. Let's go at once."

We were crossing the hall to do so, when Miss Craig called out:—

"Oh, Tom, you're just the very man I want. Mrs. Fergusson is anxious to see the family ancestors, so do come with us and act cicerone, for I always jumble up the old people together, and Mrs. Morgan is so dreadfully prosy."

"Right you are," said Tom; "come along, Bob, you had better come too."

I was only too glad of the opportunity, for I am a bit of a connoisseur as regards pictures, and had often heard Tom expatiate on the treasures of his gallery, especially the Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas.

It is not necessary to go through all the gems of that magnificent collection; suffice it to say, they more than came up to my expectations, when, while I was lost in admiration of a splendid portrait of a Sir

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Donald Campbell, by Vandyke, I heard Tom call to Miss Craig, from quite the end of the gallery :—

"Come here, Dora, for a moment, and pay your dutiful respects to our mutual ancestress, the Lady Betty Colquhoun. I don't wish to flatter you, my dear, but, methinks, I can trace a distinct likeness between you ; allowing, of course, for the deterioration of the species."

"Deterioration yourself, sir," she laughingly replied. "I am sure it is much more marked in the male than in the female line. Is it not, Mrs. Fergusson ?"

Roused from my reverie, I joined the group, and found them looking at the full-length portrait of a young lady dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century. That the portrait was a speaking likeness of Miss Craig there could not be two opinions ; but what immediately struck me was, that the Lady Betty Colquhoun wore around her neck the identical jewel which Miss Craig was then wearing, and which I had also seen on the neck of the lady of my vision. Although I instantly spotted it I might have easily overlooked it, as it was partially hidden beneath a lace collar the lady was wearing, but the jewel had made such an impression on my mind that I recognised it in a moment, nor could I refrain from calling the fact to the attention of the others ; upon which Miss Craig said :—



"A SPEAKING LIKENESS."

"Why, what sharp eyes you must have ! I have gazed at Lady Betty hundreds of times, and yet never noticed it before. Evidently this is the identical jewel, for it is an heirloom in the family."

"Indeed !" I said, "and is there any legend connected with it ?"

"Oh, dear, yes !" she replied. "It is supposed that no harm can ever come to the owner so long as she is wearing it, and so, as I am very superstitious, I always keep it round my neck, even when I go to bed."

I then asked whether there were any particular history connected with Lady Betty, but both Tom and Miss Craig declared that, so far as they knew, there was not, but that, if there were, Mrs. Morgan would be sure to know it, as she was far better up in the traditions of the family than either of them ; Miss Craig adding :—

"You had better be careful to get the right side of Mrs. Morgan, if you want her to divulge state secrets, as she is a difficult woman to humour, and not always willing to impart the information she undoubtedly possesses."

Shortly after, we separated to pursue the ordinary avocations affected by people staying in a country house ; but I, still thinking of Miss Craig, Lady Betty Colquhoun, and the antique jewel, sought out Mrs. Morgan, and, after a little judicious flattery and Machiavelian diplomacy, for which I have ever been noted, turned our conversation to the picture gallery.

Long were the anecdotes she told me of pretty well every member of the family except the one I wished to hear about, till at

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last I had to ask her the direct question, whether there were any story or legend connected with the Lady Betty Colquhoun.

At first she was very reticent and tried to put me off, but when she found I pertinaciously returned to the subject, she admitted that her mother had once told her a strange tale with regard to that lady, but whether there were any truth in it or not she could not say. After a little more diplomatic handling, I at length got the story out of her, which, divested of her circumlocutions and embellishments, was shortly this :—

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the then Lord of Inverstrathy—one Ronald Farquharson—married the Lady Betty Colquhoun, although it was whispered she had already given her affections to the Laird of Carosphairn. Be that as it may, Ronald Farquharson seems to have had a highly jealous, passionate disposition, and they had been married but a few months, when it became a matter of common notoriety that scarcely a day passed without some desperate quarrel between them. Matters, however, were kept within the bounds of respectability for three years, during which time the Laird of Carosphairn seems to have been abroad; but upon his return, the relations between the Lord and Lady of Inverstrathy became still more strained. Although, some nine or ten months afterwards, a son and heir was born (whom their friends hoped might prove a bond between them, and be the means of a reconciliation), matters grew worse instead of better, and Ronald Farquharson was, more than once, overheard making the most disgraceful insinuations to the unfortunate Lady Betty.

At that time the castle was considerably smaller in extent than at present, the whole of the east wing, and part of the west, having been added in the early part of the seventeenth century, and Ronald and Lady Farquharson, it seems, occupied the identical room I was sleeping in.

One night, after the servants had gone to bed, the nurse, who was sitting up with the child on account of some infantine complaint, overheard her master and mistress having a more than usually serious altercation, and had just made up her mind to inquire what was the matter, when the noise quieted down, and she heard their voices no more. Next morning, however, her mistress had disappeared, and it was rumoured that, driven desperate by her husband's brutality, she had fled in the night to the Laird of Carosphairn, with whom she had eloped; at any rate, neither she nor the laird were ever heard of afterwards, and it was supposed that, endeavouring to cross to the Orkneys in a fishing smack, they had been wrecked during a terrible gale that was raging all that night.

I asked her whether the gallery contained any portrait of Ronald Farquharson as well as Lady Betty, but she informed me that, though undoubtedly there had been one, as the records proved, it had, unfortunately, perished, along with several others, during a fire which destroyed a large portion of the castle in 1639, soon after which the whole place had been renovated and enlarged by Angus Farquharson, the grandson of Ronald; the central portion, in which were the old state rooms, only being left untouched.

This was all I could get out of Mrs. Morgan, except that, when I cross-questioned her on the subject of the castle being haunted, she reluctantly admitted to having heard some idle tale of a lady, in a white evening costume, being seen about the place at midnight, but had never seen anything of the apparition herself.

Armed with this further information, I sought out Farquharson, and we, there and then, made a thorough examination of my room, but though we found an undoubted stain of something or other on the floor, under the hearth-rug, that was all the success we had, and Farquharson was more than ever convinced that my vision was nothing but a bad nightmare.

"I'll tell you what it is, old chap," he said. "If you like, I'll come and sit up with you here to-night, and see if this precious vision of yours recurs."

"Done with you," I cried, and we then joined the ladies in the hall for afternoon tea.

That night, after the ladies had retired to their rooms and we had played a few games of pool, Farquharson reminded us we were to make an early start the next morning to shoot over the outlying moors, and we all at once turned in, Farquharson going with me to my room, as agreed; then, producing a couple of packs of cards, he said :—

"Look here, my boy, as this is likely to prove a long job—for I don't suppose you'll be satisfied till two or three o'clock, unless anything happens in the meantime, which I'm quite sure won't be the case—we had better have a little *écarté;* so fill up your glass" (he had taken care to send the necessary materials to my room), "and cut for deal."

"All right," I replied. "A sovereign a game, as usual, I suppose?" and we at once commenced.

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Now, both Farquharson and I, without being gamblers, were keen card-players, this being by no means the first time we had sat down to a bout of *écarté*. We had played a dozen games or so, the luck so far proving fairly even, and had become so absorbed in our occupation that the real reason for our sitting up together had quite vanished from our minds, when, in the midst of one of the most exciting hands of the evening (the score was three all, I'd turned up the nine of clubs and Farquharson was playing "on authority," little knowing that I held king, knave, eight of trumps, as well as the king and another spade), just as I was about to say "I hold the king," preparatory to marking it and then trump the king of hearts, which he had already led, the light in the room suddenly increased to quite three times its previous brilliancy!



"WE BOTH STARTED ROUND."

We both started round just in time to see the tapestry once again pushed aside, and the beautiful girl, so like Miss Craig, yet also so like the Lady Betty, rush forward, with terrified face, and fall on her knees on the hearth-rug. Once more the antique jewel slipped from off her neck to the floor; once more the evil-looking scoundrel followed her into the room; once more he raised the naked dagger in his hand; and then, for the third time, I witnessed that horrible murder, without being able to stir a step to interfere. In a quarter of a minute or less it was all over, and the light had resumed its normal brilliancy; then Tom, shaking off his apathy, rushed forward to where the deed had been committed, calling to me to bring the lamp.

He hastily turned up the rug, exposing the same stain we had seen in the afternoon; but whether it was only our imagination or not I cannot say—it certainly appeared to us to be much fresher and redder than before.

"Well! What do you say to my vision now?" I asked. "Do you still persist in maintaining it was only a dream?"

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"Don't be an ass," Tom replied. "Of course I believe in it. How can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? I am, however, determined to trace the mystery to its source. Depend upon it, the Lady Betty never eloped at all, and that the whole story was a foul slander, concocted by her brute of a husband, who had murdered her in a fit of passion. Come, let us once more examine the panelling behind the tapestry."

This we did, but for a long time without any success, when, in stooping to hold the lamp in a more favourable position for Tom to examine the skirting, I placed my left hand against one of the stiles of the wainscoting to steady myself; and, as I leant against it, I fancied I felt a slight current of air issuing between the stile and panel. I called Tom's attention to it, and he struck a match and held it to the spot, when there could be no doubt there was a distinct draught of air blowing the flame away from the woodwork.

This was enough for Tom. "Wait here," he said, "till I get a few tools"; and off he went, returning a few minutes later with a centre-bit, crowbar, a couple of chisels, and a screw-driver. This last he managed to insinuate into the small crack we had discovered, and endeavoured to force away the panel from the upright. At first he could make no impression on it, but after he had worked it up and down a bit, he must have accidentally touched a spring, for the whole panel suddenly swung away from him, nearly precipitating him headlong through the opening it had disclosed. We found then that the panel had formed a secret door, opening directly on a flight of steep, stone steps, built in the thickness of the wall, up which a cold, damp air was blowing, drawn up, no doubt, by the heat of my room.

Excited by the success of our efforts, we at once determined to push our investigations further, so, snatching up the crowbar, Tom stooped through the doorway and began to cautiously descend the steps, while I followed after, lighting the way with the lamp. After descending thirty-three steps we reached the bottom, and found a passage stretching away in front of us. We followed this for 50ft. or 60ft., and then, to our disappointment, came to a dead stop; for either the passage itself had come to its natural ending, or else it had been purposely walled up.

After a careful examination, we came to the conclusion the latter was the case, for although it had been built to look as much as possible like the side walls, we found there were no through stones in either angle, both being straight joints; and, upon holding the lamp well up, we could see that in one place there was a space of a couple of inches or so between the top stone and the ceiling.

Tom hastily ran back with the lamp, leaving me in the dark, a situation I did not altogether relish. However, he soon returned with a chair, mounting which, he worked away with his crowbar until he dislodged a large stone, which fell with a startling thud on the floor. After the first few stones were removed the rest was easy, and, between us, we had soon made an opening sufficiently large to scramble through, when we found ourselves in a small chamber about 8ft. square, evidently an old dungeon.

At first we thought it was empty, but upon Tom poking his crowbar into a heap of rubbish which lay in one of the corners, a portion of it fell away, exposing, to our



"A PORTION OF IT FELL AWAY."

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horror, the hand and part of the fore-arm of a skeleton. We quickly set to work to remove the rubbish heap, and soon lay bare the entire skeleton, which, from its size, we concluded was that of a woman, and close to it, on the floor, we further discovered the hilt and a portion of the blade of what was evidently a dagger, the rest of the blade having been eaten away by rust. Solemnly we looked at one another, and then, without a word, made the best of our way back to my bedroom.

After we were once more safely in my room and had each mixed a stiff glass of whisky-and-water, Tom said:—

"You see, it is just as I thought. I haven't a doubt in my mind but that my worthy ancestor, Ronald Farquharson, murdered his unfortunate wife, whose skeleton we have just discovered; that he hid her in yonder dungeon, and himself walled up the passage to prevent his crime from being found out; and then set abroad the shameful story of her having eloped with the Laird of Carosphairn, to account for her absence. It is a terrible business; but, thank goodness, it can't have anything to do with poor Dora."

"And yet," I said, "the lady of the vision was undoubtedly like Miss Craig."

"Not more like her than the Lady Betty," he quickly returned.

"Perhaps not. Did you notice the face of the villain who murdered her?"

"No; from the position in which I was sitting, I could not see his face at all, but only his back; I am, however, perfectly convinced it must have been Ronald Farquharson. Don't you agree with me?"

"No, I certainly do not!"

"Good heavens! Why?"

"For a very obvious reason. Both the girl who was murdered and the ruffian who butchered her *were in modern evening costume!*"

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Tom, "so they were! How do you interpret that?"

"I cannot say. I don't know what to think. The whole thing is perfectly inexplicable to me."

"But if the vision were not that of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, what was it?"

"Ah, indeed, what was it?"

"Besides, too: how can you account for our finding the secret stairway opening from exactly the spot from whence they came? And, still more, the significant fact of our discovery of the skeleton and dagger in the walled-up dungeon?"

"I tell you I can account for nothing."

"Well! what's to be done?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I don't see what good we can do by spreading the tale abroad. I think it is a clear case where 'masterly inactivity' should be the order of the day. Let us keep the secret to ourselves, at all events for the present, and watch what happens."

We discussed it some time longer in all its bearings, and then, Tom agreeing with me, we fastened up the secret door and separated.

Next day Miss Craig left, and though Tom again sat up with me that night, nothing happened to disturb our *écarté*, and the day following I had myself to leave, having received an important telegram calling me back to London.

Nearly a whole year passed without anything occurring to remind me of my strange experience at Inverstrathy Castle. I had seen Tom frequently in the interval, and he had told me that, though he had more than once slept in the room I had occupied there, he had never again seen the vision. Again the 12th of August was approaching, when I was to join his party as before, when, one day, he called upon me to explain that, scarlet fever having unfortunately broken out in Inverstrathy Castle, he was compelled to put everyone off. That afternoon, I was walking down Regent Street, thinking how I could best re-arrange my plans, when, as I was crossing the Circus towards the Criterion, a gentleman overtook and passed me, and, as he did so, his walking-stick accidentally knocked against my arm. He turned round, politely apologized, and then hurried down Waterloo Place; but, slight as the glimpse was which I got of his face, I immediately recognised him as the villain of my vision.



"THE VILLAIN OF MY VISION."

At first I was so staggered I stood stock still, and was nearly run over by a passing cab;

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then, recovering my senses, I hastened after him, keeping him in sight till he turned up Pall Mall and went into the Megatherium Club, of which I am also a member. Entering after him, I saw him go into the smoking-room, and then I inquired of the hall-porter who he was. He informed me he was Sir Philip Clipstone, and that he had only recently returned from India. I immediately jumped into a hansom and drove to Tom's town house at Albert Gate, and, directly we were alone, I said:—

"Tom, I've just seen the villain of our vision!"

"Nonsense! I thought that had died a natural death."

"So I hoped, but this afternoon I undoubtedly met the identical man we saw murdering Miss Craig at Inverstrathy Castle."

"I wish you wouldn't persist in saying it was Dora. I'm more than ever convinced that it was a vision of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, and not Miss Craig at all."

"Possibly—though I don't think so myself. Anyhow, I saw the murderer, no matter who his victim was."

"Are you sure you weren't mistaken, or misled by some strong resemblance?"

"No; I tell you he was the very man. I could not possibly be mistaken. Remember, I saw the scoundrel three times, and his villainous face left far too great an impression on my memory ever to be effaced; and I tell you I saw him to-day while I was crossing Piccadilly Circus, and recognised him in a moment, although his face was naturally without that diabolical expression I saw on it at Inverstrathy Castle."

"What did you do?"

"Followed him, of course, and tracked him to the Megatherium Club, where I ascertained who he is."

"And who is he?"

"Sir Philip Clipstone."

"Good God! You don't say so?" said Tom, starting to his feet. "Why, although Dora never even heard of him till about two months ago, I received a letter from her barely an hour since, announcing their engagement! What's to be done?"

"What's to be done? Aye, there's the rub! Ought we, or ought we not, to inform Miss Craig, or Sir Philip, or both, of what we saw at Inverstrathy Castle?"

Long we argued the point; one of us, no matter which, thinking we certainly ought; the other equally convinced that we ought not. Neither could persuade the other to adopt his view of the case. Each was perfectly certain he only was right, and words grew high between us, even threatening to jeopardize the warm friendship that has existed since our school-days.

At last a happy thought struck Tom, that, changing of course the names of the parties concerned, and the *locale* of the tragedy, we should lay the simple facts of the case before the public, inviting expressions of opinion on this knotty point, from any who feel competent to give one.

I eagerly agreed to this suggestion, and I can therefore only request, gentle reader, that, after having carefully weighed the pros and cons, you will communicate your valuable opinion to the editor. But do not delay too long, for I hear Sir Philip, as is only natural, is pressing Miss Craig to name the happy (?) day. Should she or should she not, before doing so, be informed of the possible consequences of such an act? And if they do marry, will their conjugal life end in the horrible tragedy both Tom Farquharson and I saw enacted in my bedroom at Inverstrathy Castle?

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Caricaturists and Their Work.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

Mr. Dudley Hardy.

A MAN of the middle height, twenty-eight years of age, auburn-haired, grey eyes glancing at you through a pair of *pince-nez* that give much character to his face, a moustache smartly twisted upwards, a tremendously broad-shouldered, deep-chested, narrow-flanked man, brimming over with wit and humour, alive to his finger-tips: and this is Dudley Hardy.

A large studio, the walls of which are decorated by his skilful brush from floor to



DUDLEY HARDY.
From a Photo. by C. H. Cook.

ceiling, and from which bright-eyed houris from the far East, or young women absolutely up-to-date, smile briskly down upon the curious visitor; a few beautiful rugs and cloths artistically and carelessly flung around, treasures from many distant lands lying in rich profusion, a general and, truth to tell, a *mélange* of infinite untidiness, an indescribable air of Bohemian ease and unconventionality: and this is the place in which the clever young artist lives and moves and has his being. I notice hanging upon the wall an engraving of his beautiful picture, "*Sans Asile*": Trafalgar Square at night, and around the stately lions are crouched in varied attitudes the poor and destitute of a great city. A herculean labourer sleeps the wearied, restless slumber of the over-worked and underpaid; a powerful negro, in strange contrast to the little Cockney clerk beside him, gives character and movement to the scene; a tall, proud, beautiful woman, leaning against the pedestal of one of the lions, and whose face tells a sad story of poverty and suffering, gazes half sadly, half contemptuously, upon the mass of wearied and destitute humanity at her feet. A wonderful picture to have been painted by any man—marvellous it becomes when one learns that it is the work of a lad scarcely more than twenty years of age.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "of course it took me some time. I was walking home from the Savage Club one night, or rather early one morning, and I came across the Square. It struck me that the scene was worthy of reproduction. That night and for many nights I made careful pencil sketches and studies. I used to talk to the people, find out their histories, help them as well as I could, and so gradually I got into the spirit of the whole thing. Then I advertised



DUDLEY HARDY, AGE 9.
From a Photo. by Rowland Taylor, Edgware Road.

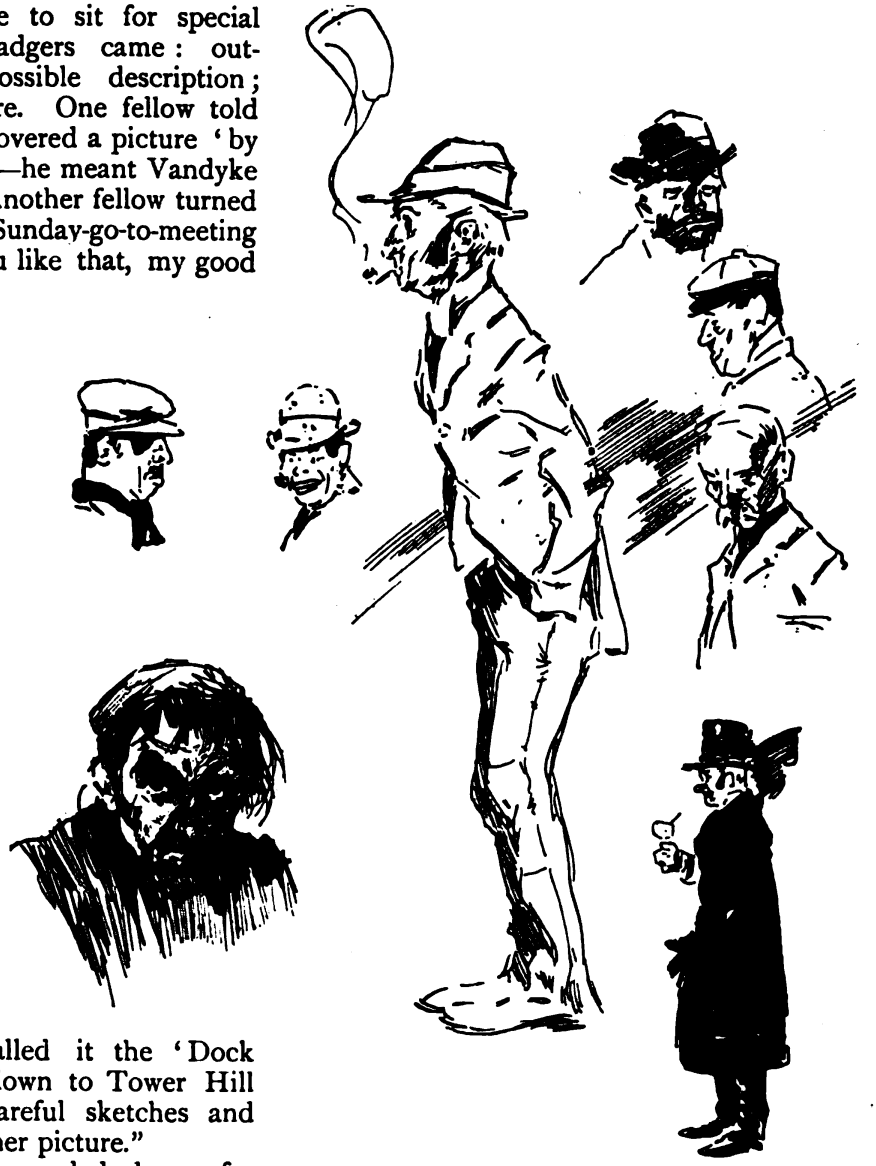
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for poor men to come to sit for special studies. Crowds of cadgers came: out-of-works of every possible description; and a queer lot they were. One fellow told me his mother had discovered a picture 'by a man named Wanduck—he meant Vandyke—worth £25,000!' Another fellow turned up very smart in his Sunday-go-to-meeting togs. 'I don't want you like that, my good fellow,' I said. 'I wanted you to come as ragged and dirty as possible.' 'All right, governor,' he replied, 'I'll soon make that right.'

"He walked off, and I, being rather curious to see what he was going to do, followed him. There he was, rolling in the mud and puddles! '*Sans Asile*' was exhibited in the Salon in 1889, and it has been on tour ever since. I was so pleased with this my first success in the 'Life of the Streets,' that I planned and painted another picture dealing with the same phase of life, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. I called it the 'Dock Strike.' I used to go down to Tower Hill every day and make careful sketches and studies, just as in the other picture."

"You are going in a good deal now for 'advertising' art," I remarked, as the celebrated "Yellow Girl" in *To-Day* caught my eye.

"Yes," he replied, "I am, and I don't see why I shouldn't either. It pays well, and, without any cant or high-falutin', I think you can educate the masses to a great extent by improving the art of the advertisement. By this means you can make the streets the Royal Academy of the masses. They appreciate good work as well as we do, after their fashion. To do these things effectively, I argue that you must have them as simple and flat as possible in outline, and paint them so that they present a big brilliant flash of colour that catches the eye in a moment. No background: just a flash of light and life as one flies by them in a cab or carriage. The first one I ever did was, as you probably know, this 'Yellow Girl' for Jerome's *To-Day*.



TYPES OF MODELS BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"'I want a striking figure illustrating a feature of to-day,' he said to me.

"I sketched a few then and there, and he chose the 'Yellow Girl.' I did it in a week, rising from a bed of sickness to do it. The very first girl I met when I went out after I got well was a regular 'Arriet in that very costume, of course much exaggerated, flying down the street with her 'brolly' stuck behind her, exactly like the picture. Then came the 'Gaiety Girl.'"

"Do you do them from models?" I asked.

"No; always done straight from my head. You very often in that way get more 'go' in them than you would working painfully and accurately from a model. I knock them out of my head first, *then* get a model and correct here and there, where necessary."

"Have you been long an artist?"

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"My father is one," he replied. "T. B. Hardy, the sea-scape artist."

"Ah!" said I. "I know his work well. We have some splendid specimens of his at the Savage Club."

"Precisely. I was brought up in art; never knew any other atmosphere. Sketched at school, but never showed any special



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE EARL'S COURT ROAD. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

promise until I returned from abroad. I was at Dusseldorf for two years under Müller and Krowenstein; then to Antwerp and worked under Verlat. Then to London and worked on the Press. My first paper was the *Pictorial World*. I acted as their special artist in the Soudan. I never got farther than Hampstead, though," he added, with an amused grin of recollections at the way in which he had "faked" up moving scenes on the battle-field, and harrowed the innocent and unsuspecting public by his pictures of desert warfare. "My mother wouldn't let me go to the seat of war, so I had to do as best I could."

Mr. E. T. Reed.

A very beautiful studio and a very æsthetic atmosphere, everything of the most perfect, greet the visitor to the now celebrated *Punch* Parliamentary caricaturist. He himself a young man, quiet, brown-bearded, with much charm of manner, and a pretty wit of his own; a son of Sir Edward Reed, the well-known naval constructor. Educated at Harrow, wide-travelled, trained for the Bar: capital preparation for the special artistic career which he has struck out for himself.

"I began my artistic career at twenty-two," he told me. "I studied for a while under Calderon and Burne-Jones — it is not generally known that Burne-Jones is a wonderful caricaturist. In 1889 I began



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

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E. T. REED.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street.



BY E. T. REED.

black-and-white work for *Punch*. Some of my first sketches were done in the Law Courts, and very often I have worked from Frank Lockwood's sketches. I am very fond of wig and gown, and the lighting of the Law Courts is very effective. The picture that first brought me out was the 'Slot-Policeman.' Then a sketch of Brighton Front; but social cuts are not much in my line. So I turned to the eccentric in art," and as he spoke he handed me the sketch of a skeleton, which he supposes is dug up many centuries hence—the skeleton of a bicyclist, which he calls "A Warning to Bicyclists," and which represents a gruesome figure, with bent back, tiny arms, and hugely-developed skeleton legs bowed over a bicycle. "Dr. B. W. Richardson referred to it the other day in a lecture on health and anatomy which he was delivering somewhere."



BY E. T. REED.

"What was the origin of your celebrated prehistoric sketches?"

"Well, I one day sketched a London cabby, who was supposed to have been dug up ages hence in the neighbourhood of the Cromwell Road. I showed it to Burnand, who was much taken with the idea: then came the primeval hansom. As soon

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A STREET ARAB. BY E. T. REED.

as I found I had to take up Harry Furniss's Parliamentary work, I did a sketch of a prehistoric Parliament. I got in as many portraits as I could. The picture was a great success; it was much talked of in the House, and, indeed, the *Daily News* devoted a whole leading article to its description. Curiously enough, I get a great many suggestions as to subjects for my prehistoric pictures from officers in India. Many of them are very artistic naturally; and I expect the wit and humour of a big mess provide them with ideas, which they very good-naturedly send on to me. Boys, too, are very fond



BY E. T. REED.



BANTERING A WITNESS. BY E. T. REED.

of the prehistoric subjects. I suppose," humorously added Mr. Reed, "it is an easy way of learning the history of those far-off times."

"What is your method of caricature, Mr. Reed?" I asked, as I glanced round the beautiful room, upon the walls of which hung photographs and portraits of the leading men and Parliamentarians of the day.

"Well," he replied, "I go for a man's *expression*, and I try and caricature that more than his features, for if you take only a man's features, and do him constantly over and over again, you find yourself in the end very far away from the original face. I go down to the House. I carefully study a man. Next morning I sketch him from memory or

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from very rough notes which I may have made in the House in my sketch-book."

"And who are your most difficult Parliamentary subjects?"

"Asquith, Morley, and Lord Rosebery. All clean-shaven men, all young-faced, all with great command of countenance.

"This is *not* personal," added Mr. Reed, with a smile, as he handed me the caricature of interviewing which is given at the beginning of this brief sketch of one of the cleverest black-and-white artists of the day.

Mr. Leslie Ward—"Spy."

Mr. Leslie Ward, educated at Eton, and in that wider Vanity Fair of which the clever paper in which his bright and "fetching" work appears is the faithful mirror, is the very youngest looking man of four-and-forty that I have ever met. He is the son of a well-known Academician, whose wife, Mrs. Henrietta Ward, was the painter of that touching picture representing Elizabeth Fry passing through Newgate in the last century. His studio in Pimlico is a gallery of the times, for here upon the walls you see depicted the best known men of the day, the most familiar faces in the Row, at the play, upon the Bench, or in either of the Services. Lord Lytton "as he used to stand before the fire before going to dinner."



CAPTAIN MACHELL. BY "SPY."

"He was a great friend of my father's," continues Mr. Ward, as he shows me a beautiful interior representing the dining-room at Knebworth. "That is almost the first picture I did. It practically determined my career as an artist. Here, too, is my sketch of Corney Grain and Grossmith—the Giant and the Dwarf"; and



W. S. PENLEY. BY "SPY."



A. W. PINERO. BY "SPY."

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MR. JUSTICE CAVE. BY "SPY."

I may remark they are both excellent likenesses, scarcely even caricatures, so cleverly has Mr. Ward caught the characteristics of each.

"What is your method in caricature?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I catch hold of the leading feature and slightly, very slightly, exaggerate. I don't mean facial or physical features exactly, so much as that characteristic by which each man is known best to friend and foe alike.

"Yes, that's a sketch of Dan Godfrey. As you see, it was snowing hard on that morning; he was conducting at the guard-mounting at St. James's Palace."

"Do you often get regular sittings?"

"Well, only now and again. Frequently I have to make the best of very poor opportunities. For instance, having learned that Canon Liddon walked regularly at a certain hour in the Broad Walk in Oxford, I lay in wait for him. Punctually to the moment he appeared. I followed him up and down so persistently that at last—taking me, I suppose, for a fervent admirer—he turned and bowed to me with a very pleasant smile. Cardinal Newman, too: I saw him get out of a railway carriage and run into the refreshment-room for a cup of tea. I flew to the same table, ordered a cup of boiling fluid, and studied him carefully all the time."

"But you can't sketch them at such times?" I objected.

"Oh, dear me, no!" he laughingly replied. "I make the vaguest notes: a line here, a dot there, anything to give me an idea, though they would be absolutely meaningless to anyone else. Then I come home to work out quietly what I have done. Now and again I get a regular sitting. Cardinal Vaughan was here, in this studio, for a long time."

"Some are good subjects, some are not!" was the rather obvious remark I made as I absently turned over the pages of an autograph book in which the name of almost every well-known man of the day was written.

"Why, of course. Indeed, I have got into a habit of dividing humanity into two classes—those made for *Vanity Fair* and those who are not."

"Do your subjects ever quarrel with your portraits of them?"



SIR J. STERLING. BY "SPY."

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"Well, no; hardly that. I remember when I had done a portrait of old Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton—old Goody, as we called him—he said, 'Surely that can't be me? I never stand like that.' But one day shortly after, he was walking down the 'High,' and catching sight of himself in a window, he said, 'Yes, that *Vanity Fair* man was right after all.' No, I never do women—stop a moment—with one exception: I once had a caricature in *Vanity Fair* of the fair Georgina Weldon. To make a portrait of the 'Master,' I used to attend his lectures at Balliol in cap and gown."

"Do your 'notes' ever fail you?"

"Very rarely. Sometimes a face will go altogether, and, do what I will to recall it, I fail, until it suddenly flashes quite vividly before me, often just as I am falling asleep. Needless to say, I record it at once. Yes, that's a fairly good one of Barnum. He was staying at the Métropole. I used to go there and have my breakfast at the next table to his, and so I managed to sketch him."

"What is the best caricature you have ever done, Mr. Ward?"

"Lord Haldon. I laugh myself when I look at it. You asked me just now if people were ever very angry. I remember one occasion. There was a certain old nobleman, a great friend of my parents. He said to me one day:—

"'Now, look here, Leslie, you have done sufficient of these dons and clerics; people want you to do some well-known society characters. Do me.'

"So I did a very fairly good caricature of him. He was furious. My mother met him shortly afterwards, and asked him to dinner.

"'No,' said he; 'I'll never enter your house again while your son is in it. I couldn't contain myself if I saw him.'

"Now and again people have written angry letters to my editor, inclosing a batch of photographs to show 'how they have been libelled,' but such cases are very rare."



HARRY FURNISS. BY HIMSELF, AFTER THE MANNER OF WHISTLER.

Mr. Harry Furniss.

To detail Mr. Harry Furniss's methods of caricature is to go over a very oft-trodden ground indeed. How he pursues his victims on horseback, how he runs them to earth in the House of Commons, how he has caught them stepping into a railway carriage, all unconscious of the keen eye and the rapid pencil, the never-failing accuracy with which each well-known peculiarity has been portrayed: have not these things been recorded a hundred times? Are not the methods of the clever little whilom artist of *Punch* known to the simplest dwellers in the farthest corners of our great Empire?

Therefore will I not take up the precious space allotted to me by the retelling of so oft-told a tale. Rather I will break new ground. He was on the very eve of producing his now familiar paper, *Lika-Joko*, and was up to his eyes in work when I went to see him for the purposes of this article.

"Ah," he said, as I entered the room. "Here I am, you see, a full-blown editor. I am forming quite new ideas on the subject of journalism."

"And what do you think of caricature?" I asked.

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"I have been asked that so often," he replied, "that it is difficult to say anything new on the subject. Now, however, I am not only a producer, but I am a purchaser, and I have some new ideas gained from my new experiences. I think at present that there is really more talent artistically in the ranks of the caricaturists than ever, but less judgment, by which I mean that caricaturists nowadays are chiefly copyists. They are led instead of leading. Take Phil May, for instance: an imitation of him and his style is fatal, because that facility of his, like all facility that is good, is only gained by experience and hard work; but it can be jumped at or imitated so easily that the imitator does not see his work shows even in a slight line a great want of excellence. Now, if a beginner imitates a different style—say, for instance, that he went in for pre-Raphaelitism—his work would always benefit, because, though he might fall short of



THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
BY HARRY FURNISS.



THE G. O. M. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED THROUGH THE R.A.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

the excellence of the master of pre-Raphaelitism, yet, their style being over-elaborated, he has to master many difficulties and, therefore, he gains experience. But whilst he is striving to keep afloat by grasping at the mere straw of impressionism he will probably sink, and his reputation, at all events, will never rise beyond mediocrity. And so you see your Dudley Hardys and your Phil Mays, however clever they individually may be, have anything but a good effect on those who are coming on. I am now speaking in the editorial chair, and in striving to get new men of talent I have first to show them that, although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, yet



THUMB-NAIL SKETCH. BY HARRY FURNISS.

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flattery costs nothing, and will fetch nothing, and no artist or literary man can sell his wares in an over-stocked market if he is a mere imitator and wants to sell imitations of others, too slight, really, even in the originals, and much more so without the appendix of a well-known name. Nowadays, people to succeed must be original, and the day is fast coming when the public will demand more substantiality than this mere facility, so rife at present."

Here is a funny story, though he did not tell it me himself, that went the round of the New York clubs when Furniss visited the States two years ago. Be it known that American journalists and American *flaneurs* affect to regard *Punch* as a production absolutely devoid of humour, and inasmuch as it is a paper written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," it probably fails to secure general appreciation in journalistic America, though in certain circles it is as popular in the great Republic as it is here. Two men were quarrelling violently in a club smoking-room.

"I tell you I saw a man sitting here an hour ago laughing over a copy of London *Punch*."

"Impossible!" replied his companion. "I don't believe there is a man in America who *could* laugh over London *Punch*."

The discussion waxed furious, and at last bets were made on the subject. Suddenly a thought struck the second man.

"What was the fellow like you saw reading *Punch?*"

"A little, sandy-bearded man, with a rather bald head and a big moustache."

"Ah!" replied his interlocutor, "now I see. *Why, that was Harry Furniss himself!*"



BY HIMSELF.

MR. PHIL MAY.

A CROWDED night at a well-known Bohemian club, a black-board in the centre of the room, a slight, clean-shaven, somewhat anxious-faced young man, with a quiet smile now and again lighting up his features, standing chalk in hand in front of it. A roar of laughter greets the appearance of a coster lover or a typical



BY PHIL MAY.

'Arriet upon the board; a few swift strokes, drawn by an unerring hand, and the two most popular actors of the day, Henry Irving and dear old Johnny Toole, are presented to the enthusiastic crowd. They disappear to make way in a moment for the features of some well-known politician. And yet a few years ago the young artist, celebrated throughout the world, was a strolling player, picking up a few precarious shillings here and there, sketching now and again the features of his comrades for display in the shop windows of the towns through which they might be passing. But excellent practice for the young Yorkshireman, whose work was so soon snatched up by the quick-witted editor of *St. Stephens' Review*. Then he passed to the full tide of life in Australia, and here every phase of existence was mirrored by his faithful pencil for the many readers of the *Sydney Bulletin*, declared in those days by



BY PHIL MAY.

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its admirers to be the most humorous paper in the world. For four years England knew him not, but in 1889, after a few months' hard study of the "Immortals" in Rome, he returned to his native land to crowd the illustrated magazines of every description with his brilliant work.

Though giving the appearance of great rapidity, yet in reality Mr. May is a most painstaking workman. As Mr. Spielman has well pointed out in a delightful article in the *Magazine of Art*, "he will watch his victim and sketch him with the most deliberate care and conscientiousness; he will even 'get him in bits' if it is necessary, and not infrequently, when he returns to his studio, the artist will find that he has the nose on one page of his note-book, the eye on another, and the muscles about the mouth on



A STUDY. BY PHIL MAY.

a third; and to obtain a likeness these must all be pieced together." And then models are procured, and each detail of dress and pose is worked out with the utmost care. And no less remarkable than the beauty and exactness of his work is the man's sense of humour.

Who does not recall the furious wife shaking her fist at the drunken lion-tamer fast asleep with his head pillowed on the paws of a magnificent lion, and crying out to him as she retires baffled from the scene, "*You coward*," or who has not smiled at the drunken loafer asking the barmaid if his friend had called in that night, and who, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, merely remarked, "*Was'h I with him?*"



MR. H. JACKSON. BY PHIL MAY.

"F.C.G."

For by those initials Mr. Carruthers Gould, the popular caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Truth*, and one of the few Radical members of the Stock Exchange, is best known the world over. More than one of the leading artists of the day have assured me that his skill in presenting an absolutely faithful portrait, even in an excruciatingly funny caricature, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is not absolutely unequalled by any other caricaturist known. He is, as the very clever portrait of him which is here presented shows—and which was done by his son, Alec Carruthers Gould—a tall, broad-shouldered, singularly genial man. He is possessed of very decided political opinions indeed.

"I could not be a caricaturist if I did not hold the most definite opinions on political matters," he once told me. "I am an out-and-out Radical. I have never had any regular artistic career, so that the faculty of personal caricature has simply eaten out through the shell.

"Almost the first victim I practised on when I was a boy was the borough gaoler. He lent himself well, and I am afraid I was ruthless. One thing that used to exasperate him to desperation was a back view of him, exactly like the hinder part of an elephant.

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By an arrangement of tail and head, which would slide up and down, I could present to him alternately the back view of himself or of the elephant. He went to the Mayor at last and complained of the persecution. His worship tried to pacify the complainant.

"'But, zur,' said my irate model at last, 'that bain't the worst of it, zur: why, he's been a caricatoorin' o' yew, too!'

"Which was perfectly true. The gaoler evidently thought that his worship would immediately order me off to the lowest dungeon under his control—but he didn't, for he was a kindly man. Here are one or two sketches illustrating this.



MR. CARRUTHERS GOULD. BY HIS SON.

"With regard to political caricature, my faculty as far as the drawing is concerned lies in the powers of grasping and recollecting the features which give the life-like expression to a face, and then I am able to work up to it, knowing exactly when I have succeeded or where I fail in catching the life. As for the political side, that comes from a close study of and interest in politics. Then the principal thing is to translate your idea into lines that shall tell the story or point the moral clearly and dramatically by itself.



HIS WORSHIP. BY F.C.G.

"One often hears of dashing off a caricature. That may sometimes be done by a happy inspiration, combined with a facility of draughtsmanship. But I find it necessary to work out the simplest political picture carefully and as systematically as if one were working out a problem in mathematics. There must be no weak point. Besides my political work I am very fond, when I have leisure, of doing and illustrating short children's stories. You can take a few specimens of this sort of work which I have done at different times. I have also illustrated for Fisher Unwin a translation of 'Brentanto's Fairy Tales.'"



THE BOROUGH GAOLER. BY F.C.G.

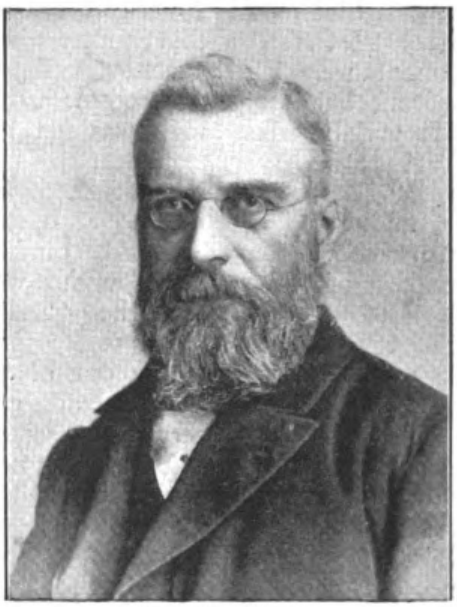
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The Bible: How it is Printed and Circulated.

By Harry How.

IT will be readily understood that in attempting to write a popular article on the Bible within the limits of a short paper, one is necessarily severely handicapped. The history of the Bible is almost as great as the Book itself; hence, for present purposes, the subject narrows itself down to one which cannot but appeal to the many rather than the few. How is this wonderful volume—for which Tyndale laid down the real foundation in this country in 1530—printed, and how is it circulated, and, if one may use the word, popularized in every speaking part of the globe? It is at once a matter of historical interest in the past, and commercial enterprise, tempered with religious convictions, in the present.

We have no trace of an English Bible earlier than the 14th century, when Wycliff made a complete translation of the New Testament into English in 1380. He subsequently—with the assistance of Nicholas de Hereford—made a version of the Old Testament previous to his death in 1384. Several other versions of the Bible followed, until the year 1611, when what is known as the Authorized Version was published under the sanction of James I. "Appointed to be read in churches," are the words on the title-page, and this Authorized Version held its own for more than 250 years, until the Revision commenced in 1870, and the Revised Version was given to the world on May 18th, 1885. Biblical students, however, are of the opinion that the 1611 version was never authorized, and that the word "Appointed" in reality stood for "pointed," that is, the chapters were "pointed": marked off, "to be read in churches."



MR. HENRY FROWDE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Whilst the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have a just claim to the copyright of the Revised Version, the copyright of the Authorized Version is in the Crown, by whom the authority to print is given by patent to the Queen's printers, and by charter a like authority to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Henry Frowde is the representative of the Oxford University Press, Messrs. Clay and Sons of the Cambridge Press, and Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode the Queen's printers. A special license must be obtained to secure the right to print the Bible in Scotland, whilst it is not on record that the Sacred Book has ever been set up in type in Ireland.

Bibles were undoubtedly printed at Cambridge earlier than at Oxford.

The first printer at Cambridge appears to have been John Siberch, who in the year 1521 published seven books. Some eight or nine years after this the printers' accounts contain an entry of proceedings taken against one Sygar Nicholson, a stationer of Cambridge, for being in possession of Lutheran Books. It cost the University a groat for faggots to burn them. Hence the inference is, that if Bibles were not printed, at least works of a religious character were circulated.

At the moment, however, we are more concerned with the Bible as printed and circulated today, and this involves a brief survey of the three great houses where it takes place, together with a glance at the work of one of the biggest Bible circulators in the world.

Oxford is probably the more important. The old Clarendon Press in Broad Street—it derives its name from Lord Chancellor Clarendon—was entirely erected out of the profits accruing from the sale of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." It is a strikingly impressive stone edifice, with fine Corinthian columns.

The business increasing beyond the capacity of this building, new premises on a much larger scale were erected in 1825–1834, in the suburbs of the city, and here

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THE OLD CLARENDON PRESS.

the Oxford edition of the Sacred Word is printed. The Clarendon Press is unique in its way, for not only does it make its own paper—the new Indian paper being one of its specially interesting products—but it casts its own type, makes its own ink, and finishes the leather for binding. In short, as Mr. Henry Frowde remarked to the writer, "we manufacture the book from the raw material."

Mr. Frowde has been associated with the Clarendon Press for twenty years. Whilst Mr. C. J. Clay and Mr. W. Aldis Wright represented Cambridge at the time of the Revision in 1870-1885, the Rev. Bartholomew Price and Mr. Frowde represented Oxford, and all the business arrangements were left in their hands. A very pleasant half-hour may be spent with Mr. Frowde, and he talks most enthusiastically of the Bible as we have it to-day.

His remark that he issued a million Bibles annually suggested the question as to whether the Bible maintained its standard of popularity.

"I think it is more popular to-day than ever," he replied; "the sale was never so great. I do not believe that all these advanced opinions of people of the Anarchist and Socialist class have done it much harm, though it may have lessened the reverence for the Book in some quarters. The demand is increasing, particularly in Sunday schools, which I think are worked to-day on a much more intelligent basis than heretofore. Yes, the Bible circulates everywhere—though I would say that there is little call for it in India, practically no demand in China, and very little in Africa. Very large numbers go to America. The American population is very mixed—still, they like our Bible. Whilst the Americans produce Bibles of their own, we print and bind many for them: their own are so full of printers' errors. As an idea to what extent the Scriptures are circulated in America, one religious paper gave away no fewer than 100,000 Oxford Teachers' Bibles in a season; and this is only one of a few."

It would appear, however, that the enterprising Yankee is not beneath stooping to a very low level in order to make profit out of the Sacred Volume. Authors complain of their novels being pirated—it will surprise many to learn that the Bible is one of the most pirated books in the States! The sheets are photographed one by one and reproduced, bound and sold. An examination of one of these Bibles, however, proves that they are often done in very slovenly style, for in many cases the type on one page has been photographed either larger or smaller than the type on the page opposite. The result is a very awkward and unprinter-like page. It is evident that the American knows the commercial value of the Bible.

Whilst the Revised Version of the New Testament was passing through the Press—for the New Testament was ready some four years before the complete Bible—several American firms sent their smartest men to this country with a view to obtaining advance sheets. A foreman at Oxford was offered £2,000 for an advance copy; but the foreman was not to be bought—indeed, it is stated on the best authority that as much as £5,000 was held out as a bait. But nobody nibbled at it, so much did everybody, from bishop to binder, realize how unpurchasable their honour was at this time. Our friend with the £2,000 in cash, however, was not to be easily turned aside. He determined to try one of the Revisers. He journeyed to Scotland, gained an audience with a certain Reviser, who showed him the precious volume, but never allowed his visitor to handle it. He departed, only to return one day later on with a dummy copy—a marvellously manufactured imitation—which he meant to substitute for the real book, when he knew the reverend gentleman would be out. He saw a daughter of the Reviser, but she guarded the book zealously, and the man went away £2,000 to the good and a New Testament to the bad.

Yet, whilst condemning this act one must credit our American friends with a remarkable stroke of enterprise attending the issuing of

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this particular portion of the Scriptures in its revised form. The Revised New Testament was issued to the public in this country on May 17th, 1881. Both the Oxford and Cambridge Presses had dispatched copies to America for publication there on May 20th. The extra edition of the *Times* of Chicago of May 22nd contained the whole of the Revised New Testament! It was not possible for copies to reach Chicago till late on May 21st, so the *Times* ordered the whole of the Book to be wired through from New York. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Romans were telegraphed from New York. This portion of the New Testament contains about one hundred and eighteen thousand words, and is probably the largest despatch ever sent over the wires. The remainder was printed from copies of the New Testament received at Chicago on the evening of the 21st May.

It might be interesting to chronicle the headlines in the *Chicago Times* which accompanied this remarkable production. They run :—

THE WILL.

WHICH IS MORE COMMONLY DESIGNATED AS THE NEW TESTAMENT,

AS IT BEQUEATHS ETERNAL LIFE TO THE HEIRS OF GOD.

IT IS THE CHARTER UNDER WHICH ALL BRANCHES OF THE CHURCH ARE ORGANIZED,

AND THE SOURCE WHENCE THE THEOLOGIANS DERIVE THEIR DOCTRINES.

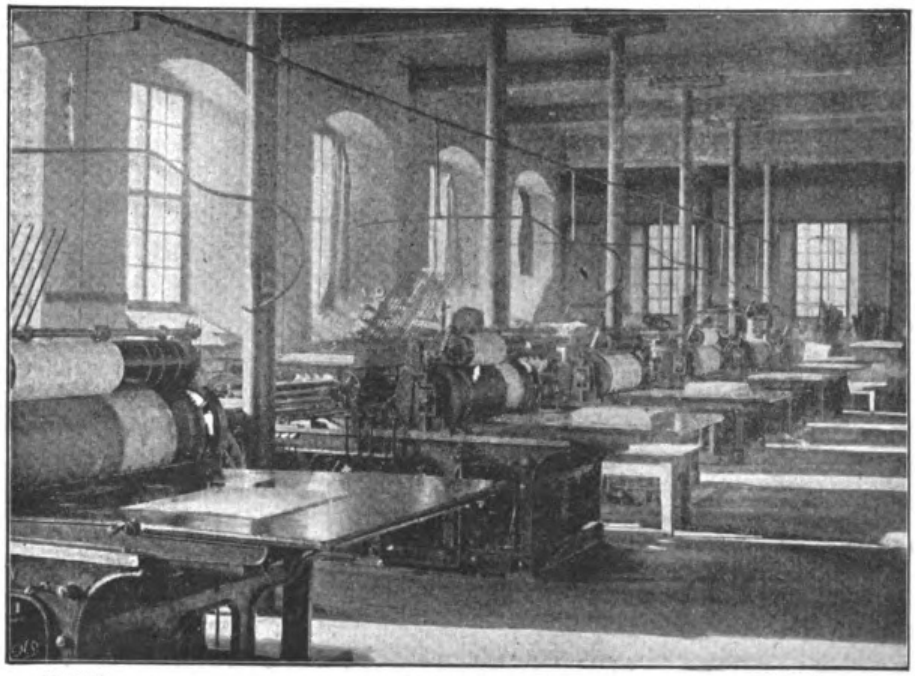
"THE TIMES" PRESENTS TO ITS READERS THE ENTIRE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT,

WHICH DOES NOT DIFFER RADICALLY FROM THE COMMON VERSION.

IN ITS RECORDS AND TEACHINGS IT IS NOT BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE,

AND OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIANS WILL FIND IT UNOBJECTIONABLE.

The entire Bible in its revised state was issued on Monday, May 18th, 1885, and it is a striking coincidence that this took place on the eve of the Jewish Feast of Pentecost, which commemorates the Revelation on Mount Sinai, when the law was first given to Moses. The work was undertaken by order of the Convocation of Canterbury; the Revisers gave their services—many of whom either resigned or died whilst the work was in progress—and the two Universities subscribed £20,000 towards the labour, by this means securing the copyright. The revision ook place in the Jerusalem Chamber, and it required a majority of two-thirds of the Revisers to alter the wording of the "Authorized" Version, and a bare majority to put their conception in the margin—the Old Testament Company sitting for a period of 792 days, of six hours each. Mr. Frowde stated that, so far as the Oxford Version went, previous to the day of publication 5,000 people were employed in binding alone; 10,000 people altogether had the handling of the Book ere it reached the public; one paper mill alone produced enough paper sufficient to put a girdle round the world six inches wide, using 375 tons of rags for this purpose, and if the paper were piled in sheets it would form a pillar eight times the height of



From a] MACHINE-ROOM, OXFORD. [*Photograph*

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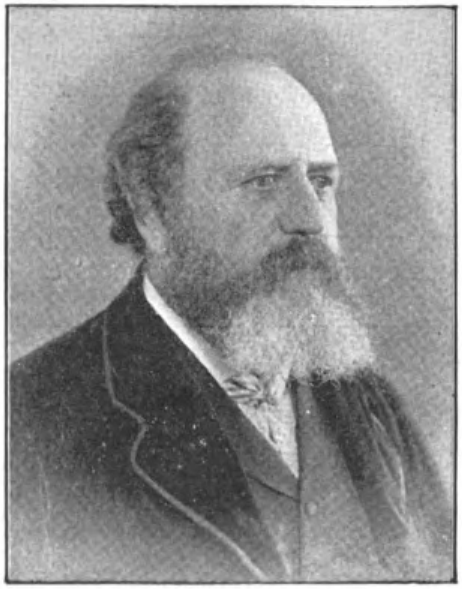
St. Paul's. A copy of the Revised Version was presented to the Queen, bearing the autographs of the Revisers then living, and the following inscription: "Presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. May XV., A.D. MDCCCLXXXV."

Whilst the Oxford University Press probably does the larger business in printing and publishing the Holy Word, the work of the Cambridge Press in Trumpington Street, Cambridge, and at the University Press warehouse in Ave Maria Lane, is very extensive.

The building is known as the Pitt Press, and was erected out of part of the surplus fund raised for the statue of Pitt, and completed in 1833. Since the year 1582—when Thomas Thomas was appointed—Cambridge has always had a University printer, and the present gentleman, Mr. C. J. Clay, M.A. of Trinity College, has now held that position for forty years, and his two sons have worked with him for ten and fifteen years respectively. It is interesting to note the numbers of Bibles and Prayer Books printed by the Cambridge Press from 1810 to 1850:—

1810.....	29,500
1820.....	28,750
1830.....	48,000
1840.....	195,000
1841.....	125,000
1842.....	41,250
1843.....	57,250
1844.....	38,000
1845.....	57,000
1846.....	78,000
1847.....	32,500
1848.....	76,500
1849.....	31,000
1850.....	31,000

These figures compare curiously with the fact that sometimes an edition of 500,000 penny Testaments is now printed at Cambridge. The penny Testament, however, is only one of many different types of Bibles printed at Cambridge. Perhaps, their most notable Bible of recent date is the Cambridge Teachers' Bible, which was published last year in several sizes. The Cambridge "Companion to the Bible" is bound with each volume. Mr. Clay stated that the articles in the "Companion" are written mainly by eminent Cambridge men, and the work is in the best sense representative of Cambridge scholarship at the present day.



MR. C. J. CLAY, M.A.
From a Photo. by P. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Mr. Clay also showed me an interesting facsimile of the Bible originally printed on vellum at Cambridge for the use of King William IV. It is a huge volume, magnificently bound. The great interest surrounding it, however, lies in the fact that its first eight pages were taken off the press by eight of the most prominent men of that day, namely, the Marquis of Camden (the Chancellor of the University), the Duke of Northumberland (the High Steward of the University), H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hardwicke, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The names are given in the order in which the pages were printed and autographed, and reproduced here.

Mr. Clay considers that the Bible has done more to strengthen and sustain our standard of English than any other book.

"It is," he said, "one of the earliest authentic records of the human race—hence I recommend it on that score, and should I feel led to make a birthday present of, say, half-a-dozen of the best books in the literature of the country to a young man, I would give him—and I place the books in order of literary and training value—the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray."

The Bible printing office of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode is at Shacklewell, North London. Here, in a single establishment, may be seen all the many processes a Bible has to go through before it is ready to be issued to the public. The various buildings, which compose one of the most complete printing offices in the world, cover close upon four acres of ground, and give employment to close upon a thousand people. They are, apparently, a long-lived race of printers at Shacklewell. The writer came across many "one-berth" men of thirty and forty years, whilst an old gentleman sits on guard near the strong-room — where are stored Bibles in plates and in type, a collection of immense value, formed

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PAGE OF SIGNATURES FROM KING'S BIBLE (CAMBRIDGE PRESS).

during about a century and a half — who has been in the employ of the Queen's printers for fifty-five years. It was at Shacklewell that the Bible which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Duke of York on his marriage was printed and bound. From here, too, came the specimen Bible which the late President Carnot accepted from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. It was printed in English, and the late President remarked on receiving it: "I am very pleased, but Madame Carnot will understand it better than I—she knows English so well."

It is proposed to print and bind a Bible from start to finish. We visit one of the composing-rooms first — here they are setting the type. The "readers" in the boxes —they correct the proofs —are interesting. Some of them have been reading the Bible for forty years, and one of their number can read it in every Continental tongue. The type, being set and corrected, is reproduced in electrotype plates (which the Queen's printers were the first to substitute for stereotype plates), and made up into "formes," comprising as many as 48, 64, or even 128 pages each. These are placed upon one of the many and various machines, to be printed. Extraordinary care is taken, not only to avoid errors, but to avoid even blemishes in the work at every stage, for Bible-work must be as perfect as human skill and watchfulness can make it. The first pages off the machines are carefully scanned—every page is examined: one man said that



From a] FOLDING AT MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S. *[Photograph.*

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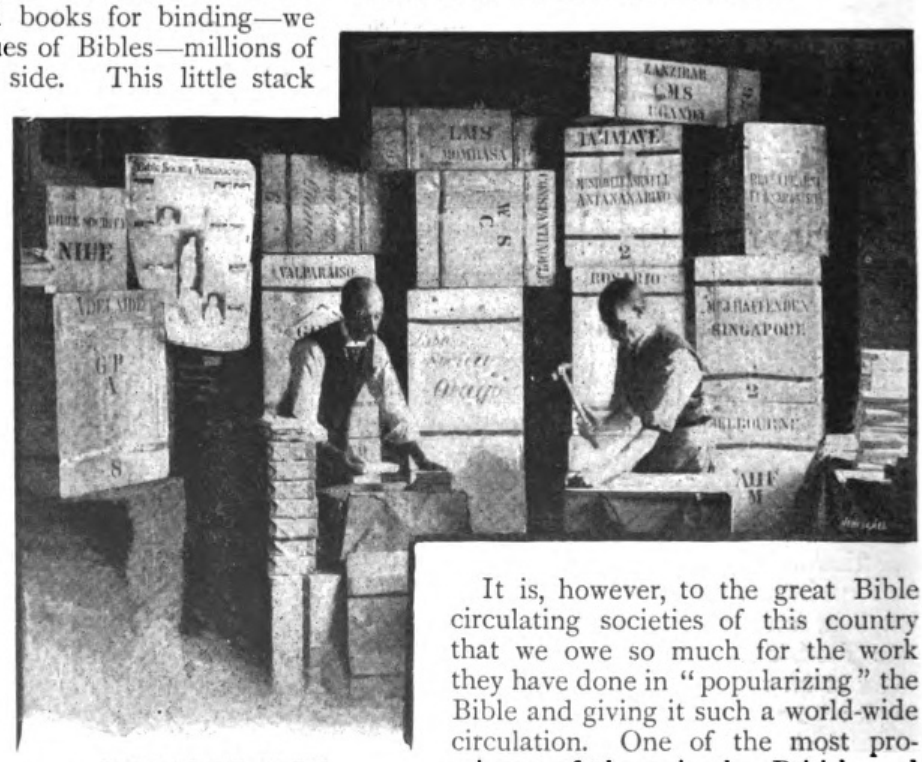


From a] BINDING THE BIBLE—MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S. [Photograph.

he could examine a ream—516 pages of the Bible—in a quarter of an hour, but that it had taken him thirty-nine years to attain to this state of proficiency.

Watch the paper being prepared and watered, hydraulicly pressed, for the machines —1,200 reams of paper are so treated every week. As we pass on to the "gatherers"—young girls who place the sheets in order to make completed books for binding—we walk through avenues of Bibles—millions of sheets are on either side. This little stack to the right represents 48,000 Testaments, and this small parcel of 45,483 Bibles is only representative of many more.

The folding is done by girls. The sheets are then rolled and passed on to the sewers, who stitch the sheets together. Thence the volume passes to the forwarder, who with a hammer curves or rounds the back and front of the book after it has been compacted by hydraulic pressure, and cut for the gilding of the edges—the last stage before binding. Fifty gluepots are bubbling over as we enter the room where the binding cases are being made, and workmen are busy stamping the words "Holy Bible" on the backs of the covers. The Bible being bound, it is thoroughly dried and matured, and issued from Shacklewell in fabulous numbers, in every variety of style and to all parts of the world by agencies, commercial and religious. It appears that, in proportion to its population, the Disestablished Church of Ireland absorbs the greatest number of Bibles, next to which Scotland in this respect exceeds all other countries, and that, so far as England proper goes, the greatest number of readers of the Sacred Book are to be found in the northern counties.



PACKING BIBLES AT THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. *From a Photograph.*

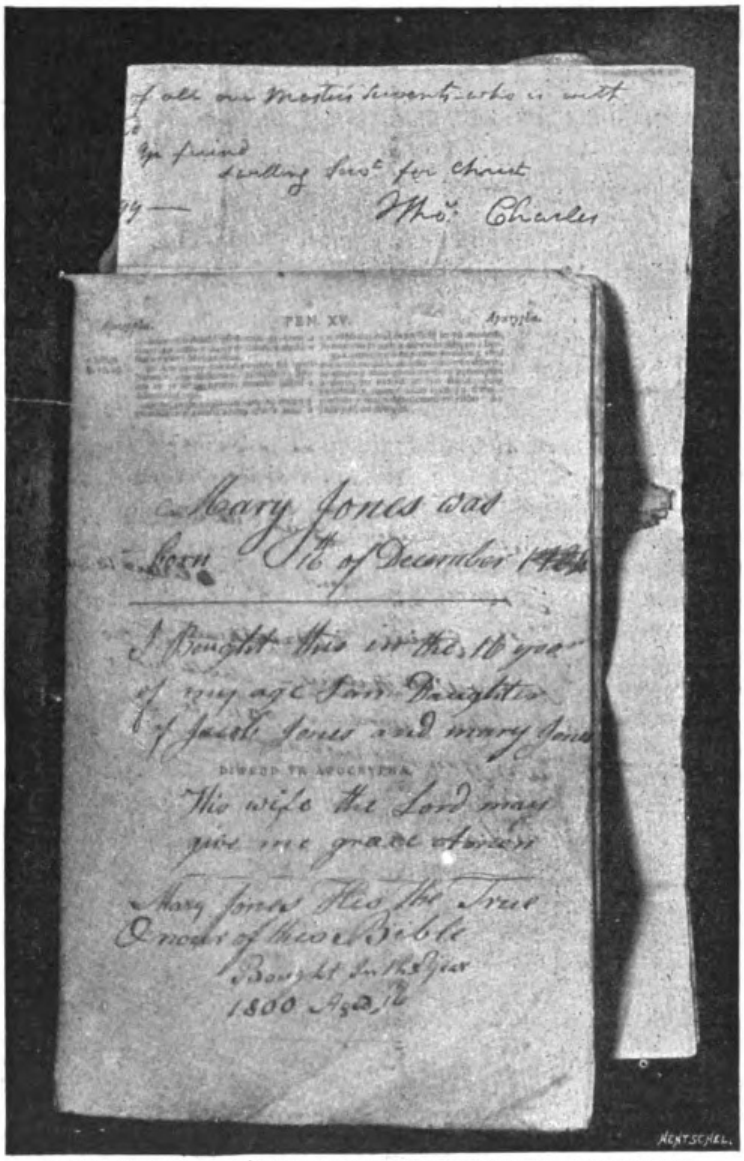
It is, however, to the great Bible circulating societies of this country that we owe so much for the work they have done in "popularizing" the Bible and giving it such a world-wide circulation. One of the most prominent of these is the British and Foreign Bible Society, which, up to

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the end of last year, has sent out no fewer than 139,559,008 copies since its formation in 1804! The story as to how the Society came to be started is most interesting.

Mary Jones was a little Welsh girl. She had set her heart on having a Bible, so she saved up her odd halfpence until she could purchase a copy for herself, and tramped twenty-five miles with a view to obtaining one from a Welsh minister. The original Bible bought by Mary Jones is still treasured, together with the signature of the Rev. Mr. Charles, of Bala, whose idea was really the germ of the present Society. Her visit set the minister thinking. A meeting was held. It was proposed that a society should be started for sending Bibles to Wales.

"If for Wales," exclaimed a visitor at the meeting, "why not for the world?" And now the British and Foreign Bible Society have the Bible, or portions of it, printed in 320 different tongues! The stupendous nature of this work will be better understood when it is remembered that there are not sufficient scholars in Britain to undertake the many problems involved in such a task. The whole thing amounts to a great and grand linguistic achievement. We re-



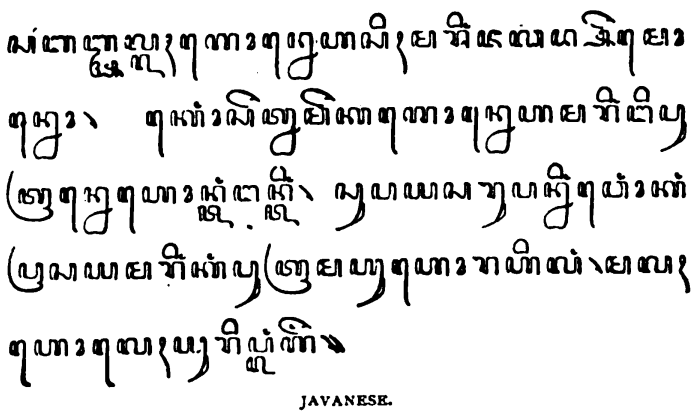
PAGE OF MARY JONES'S BIBLE AND SIGNATURE OF REV. MR. CHARLES.



From a] THE LIBRARY—BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. *[Photograph.*

produce a few of the most curious of these. The translation of those in Tinne, Javanese, and Burmese in English is "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and the other two specimens in Macassar and Jaski are Mark iii. verse 35.

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JAVANESE.

The process of preparing these versions for printing is a striking one. A missionary in some strange corner of the world proposes a version of, say, one of the Gospels. It is sent to London and examined by experts. When approved a small edition is printed to be circulated amongst experts, and to be submitted to the better-informed natives of that part of the globe where it is to be sent. The first foreign version was for the North American Indians, and was prepared by an Indian chief as far back as 1804. He translated the Gospel of St. John. The difficulties in the way of these translations are many. It took a long time to convince the inhabitants of one part of India that it was not necessary to prefix the word "Christ" with "His Excellency!" This and the following true incident are given by the writer with all reverence to the subject under treatment:—

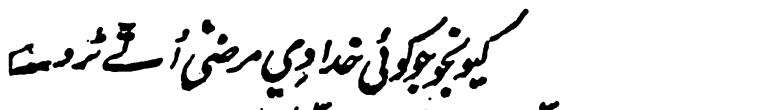
In preparing a version for the press for use in New Guinea one or two native assistants were called in to help in the translation of the Gospel of St. Mark. These gentlemen could not understand how Our Lord—whom they looked upon as like themselves—could possibly afford the time to think of children, so they translated the well-known verse as follows: "And He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and *kicked them out of His presence!*"

Of course this was quickly put right.

In the greater part of Africa, as in all savage countries, there is no alphabet at all, hence the natives have their Bibles printed in Roman characters, and are taught to read them.

How is the Bible circulated all over the world by this Society? By colporteurs—men who travel about with their packs on their backs, over mountains, through almost unknown valleys, and across deserts and huge tracts of countries in nearly every part of the known world, and it is interesting to note that, as the Rev. Geo. Wilson, the Literary Superintendent, assured me, no man is more ready to trade with a colporteur for a Bible than the Russian soldier, and in no part of the world are better facilities afforded to these Scripture travellers than in the same vast Empire.

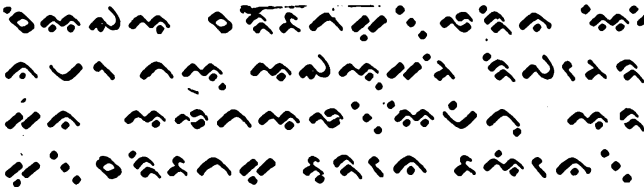
The library of the British and



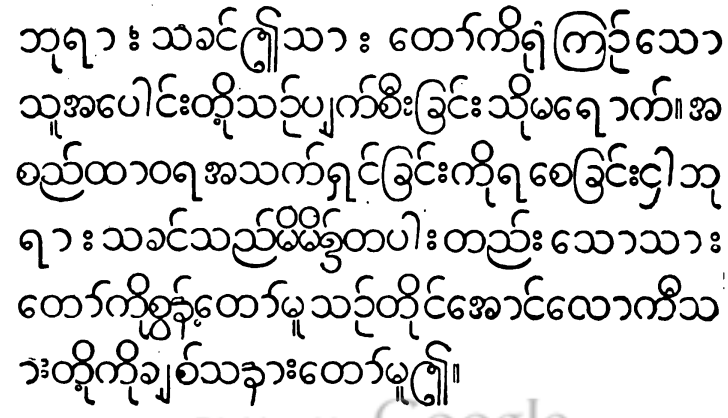
JASKI (MULTAIN).

Apeech zhahwaindung sah Keshamunedoo ewh ahkeh, ooge-oonje megewanun enewh atah tatabenahwa Kahoogwesejin, wagwain dush katapwayainemahgwain chebahnahdezesig, cheahyong dush goo ewh kahkenig pemahtezewin.

TINNE.



MACASSAR.



BURMESE.

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PAGE OF KING THEODORE'S BIBLE.

Foreign Bible Society has one of the finest collections of Bibles in the world—some facsimiles of which are reproduced in these pages—Bibles the possession of which has meant the stake to those who read the pages; Bibles in shorthand; Bibles in pictures; Bibles great and small. It is a handsome apartment, and as the Rev. William Wright, D.D., and I stood there looking over many valuable and never-to-be-replaced volumes, the visit of the late Cardinal Manning to this room was remembered, and Dr. Wright told me three memorable expressions used by the Cardinal, which now appear in print for the first time.

I happened to mention that, though I had met the Cardinal many times, he had never once mentioned the subject of *religion*, his last act to me being to give me a little crimson-covered book, bearing the title of "The Grounds of Faith"—a very suggestive action.

When Manning saw the portrait of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, he stood before it contemplatively for a moment, and then quietly said:—

"There's a man that England—aye, the whole world—should be proud of!"

As he was leaving the building a friend turned to him and asked:—

"Don't you think, your Eminence, that a good deal of the asperity has departed from religious controversy?"

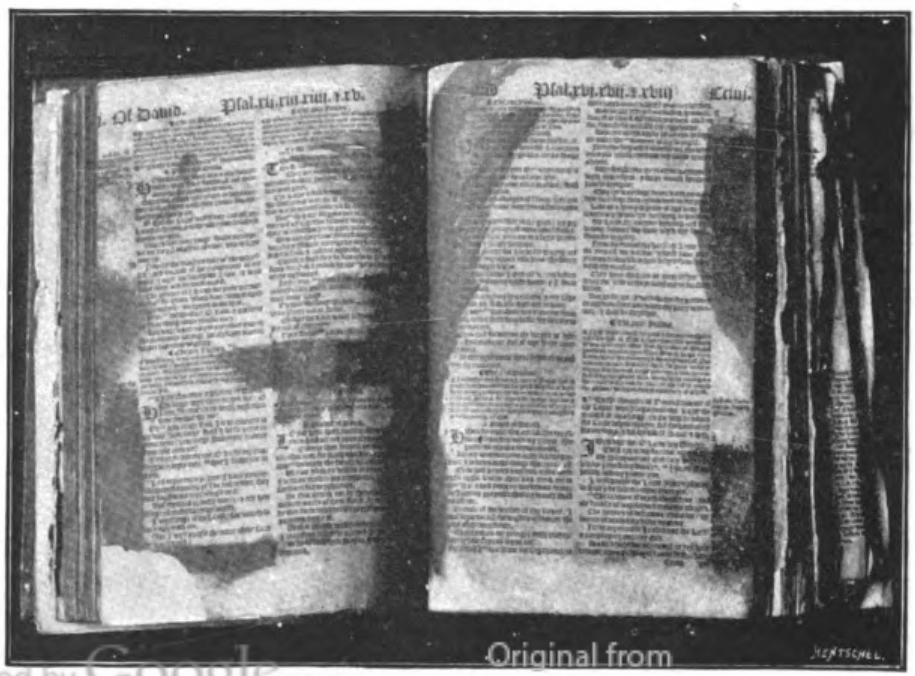
To which Manning replied:—

"The Spirit of God has been poured out upon us."

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable expression of all was that he used when entering the room where the valuable Bibles are kept.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is the sort of place I like. Plenty of light!" And then he added, quietly, "*I am accustomed to be in dark rooms!*" Before visiting the Library the Cardinal had called into the Depôt, where he purchased a copy of the Greek *Textus Receptus* and a copy of Henry Martin's Persian Testament.

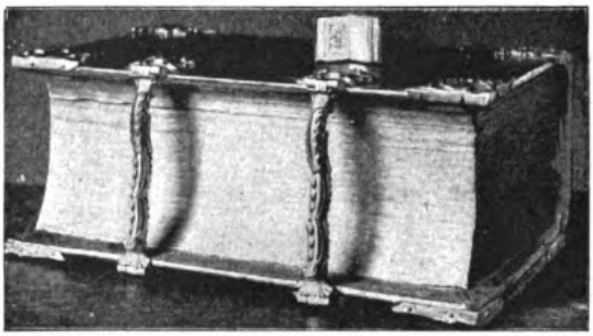
The greater part of the Bibles here formed part of the collection of the late Mr. Francis



ROGERS' BIBLE—SHOWING MUTILATED MARGINS.

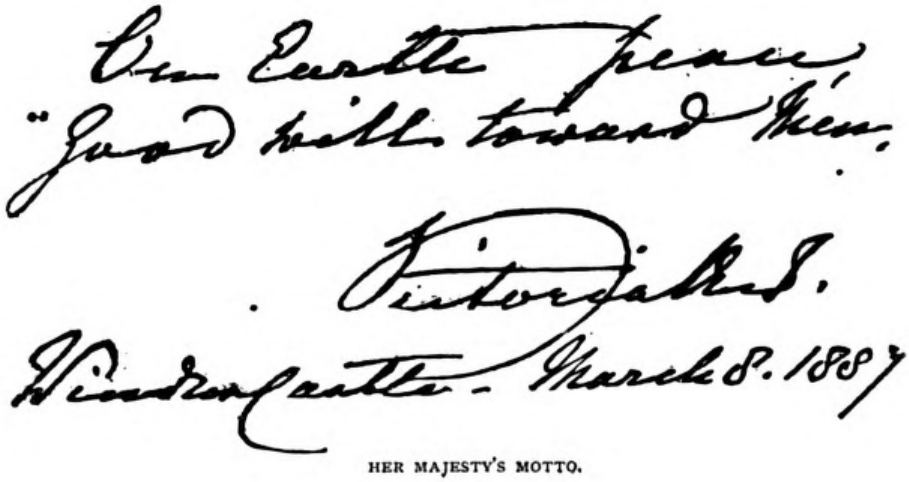
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Fry, and were purchased for £6,500, Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P., himself contributing £1,500 towards that amount. Amongst other versions of the Scriptures one is particularly interested in Tyndale's version and Coverdale's version, and the version printed at Geneva, which may be regarded as representing the democrat; the Bishops' Bible (1568) representing the aristocrat. A first edition of the Authorized Version of 1611 is here, and a well-preserved specimen of the first Bible printed on British soil by James Nycolson in 1537. Here is the Sacred Book said to have been used by Charles I.—elaborately bound in red and gold. A remarkable book is that brought out by Rogers — he called himself Mathews, by-the-bye. He was burnt for his pains, and his Bibles mutilated with a red pigment. His marginal notes were very accurate, but they were obliterated. A copy of Rogers' Bible—one of the finest in existence—is in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is worth £250.



OLD DUTCH BIBLE AND THUMB BIBLE, SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE.

There are also preserved here numbers of copies of the Scriptures in the various English dialects — Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, indeed, almost every county tongue is represented. These were the work of scholars who worked under the guidance of the late Prince Lucien Buonaparte. A curiosity in its way is a page from the Bible of King Theodore, found in the church at Magdala when the fort was captured by Sir Robert Napier in 1868. The illustration is in very brilliant colours. Near at hand, in a frame, is the Queen's text, chosen and written by Her Majesty for the edition of the penny Testament presented to State scholars in Australia in commemoration of the Royal Jubilee, 1887. It is peculiarly appropriate at this period of the year, and will fittingly close this brief article.



HER MAJESTY'S MOTTO.

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The Star of the "Grasmere."

By E. W. Hornung.

MY acquaintance with Jim Clunie began and ended on the high seas. It began when the good ship *Grasmere*, of the well-known Mere line of Liverpool clippers, was nine days out from that port, bound for Melbourne with a hardware cargo and some sixty passengers. There were but seven of us, however, in the saloon, and Clunie was not of this number. He was a steerage passenger. When, therefore, on the tenth day of the voyage I had occasion to seek the open air in the middle of dinner, I was not a little surprised to find Clunie practically in possession of the poop. As a steerage passenger he had no business to be there at all, much less with the revolver which I instantly noticed in his right hand.

"It's all right, my lord," he shouted to me hesitating on the top of the ladder. "I'm only taking a pot at the sea-gulls!" And he discharged his weapon over the rail, needless to say without effect, for we were close-hauled to a hard head wind, and pitching violently.

I looked at the man at the wheel, and the man at the wheel nodded to me.

"The third mate'll be back in a minute, sir. He's only gone for'a'd to speak to Chips."

"A minute's all I want," cried Clunie, firing twice in quick succession. "What does your lordship say? Too sick to say anything, eh?"

I need hardly say that I have no title, and just then I could not even claim to be a lord of creation, as I hung and clung like a wet towel to the rail. But such manhood as I had left was still sensitive to an impertinence, and I turned and stared as resentfully as possible at this insolent fellow. He was young enough, but I was younger, and I am sure we hated each other on the spot. At my look, at all events, his offensive grin changed to a sinister scowl, while I recollect making an envious note of his biceps, which filled out the sleeves of the striped football jersey that he wore instead of a coat. Perhaps at the same moment he was looking at my wrists, which are many sizes too small, for the next liberty the brute took was to pat me on the back with his left hand while he brandished the smoking revolver in his right.

"Cheer up," said he. "You'll be as good a man as any of us when we get the trades. Try sardines whole! When you can keep a whole sardine you'll be able to keep anything."

"The third mate'll be up directly," said the man at the wheel.

"He will so!" said I, starting off to fetch him; but as I reached the break of the poop, up came the captain himself, who had heard the shots, and in a very few seconds Mr. Clunie found himself in his proper place upon the main deck. He took his discomfiture very coolly, however, just nodding and laughing when the captain threatened to take away his revolver altogether. And I saw no more of the man for some days, because I was so cold on deck that I soon retired to the saloon settee, and so miserable on the saloon settee that I finally retreated to my own berth, where most of my time was spent.

For the voyage had begun very badly indeed. We were actually three weeks in beating clear of the Bay of Biscay, during which time we were constantly close-hauled, but never on the same tack for more than



"HE BRANDISHED THE SMOKING REVOLVER.

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four consecutive hours. It was a miserable state of things for those of us who were bad sailors. For four hours one's berth was at such an angle that one could hardly climb out of it, and then for four more the angle was reversed, and one lay in continual peril of being shot to the other side of the cabin like clay from a spade. Then the curtains, the candle-stick, and one's clothes on the pegs described arcs in the air that made one sick to look at them; and yet there was nothing else to look at except the port-hole, which was washed repeatedly by great green seas that darkened the cabin and shook the ship. The firm feet and hearty voices of the sailors overhead, when all hands put the ship about at eight bells, grieved me only less than the sound and smell of the cuddy meals that reached and tortured me three times a day. I think my only joy during those three weeks was one particularly foul morning on the skirts of the Bay, when I heard that all the ham and eggs for the cuddy breakfast had been washed through the lee scuppers. Ham and eggs in a sea like that!

Most days, it is true, I did manage to crawl on deck, but I could never stand it for long. I had not found my sea-legs, my knees were weak, and I went sliding about the wet poop like butter on a hot plate. The captain's hearty humour made me sad. The patronizing airs of a couple of consumptives, who were too ill to be sick, filled my heart with impotent ire. What I minded most, however, was the insolent demeanour of Jim Clunie. He was as good a sailor as our most confirmed invalid, and was ever the first person I beheld as I emerged from below with groping steps and grasping fingers. He seemed to spend all his time on the after-hatch, always in his blue and black football jersey and a Tam o'Shanter, and generally with a melodeon and some appreciative comrade, whom he would openly nudge as I appeared. I can see him now, with his strong, unshaven, weather-reddened face, and his short, thick-set, athletic frame; and I can hear his accursed melodeon. Once he struck up "The Conquering Hero" as I struggled up the starboard ladder; and once——

But that was not yet.

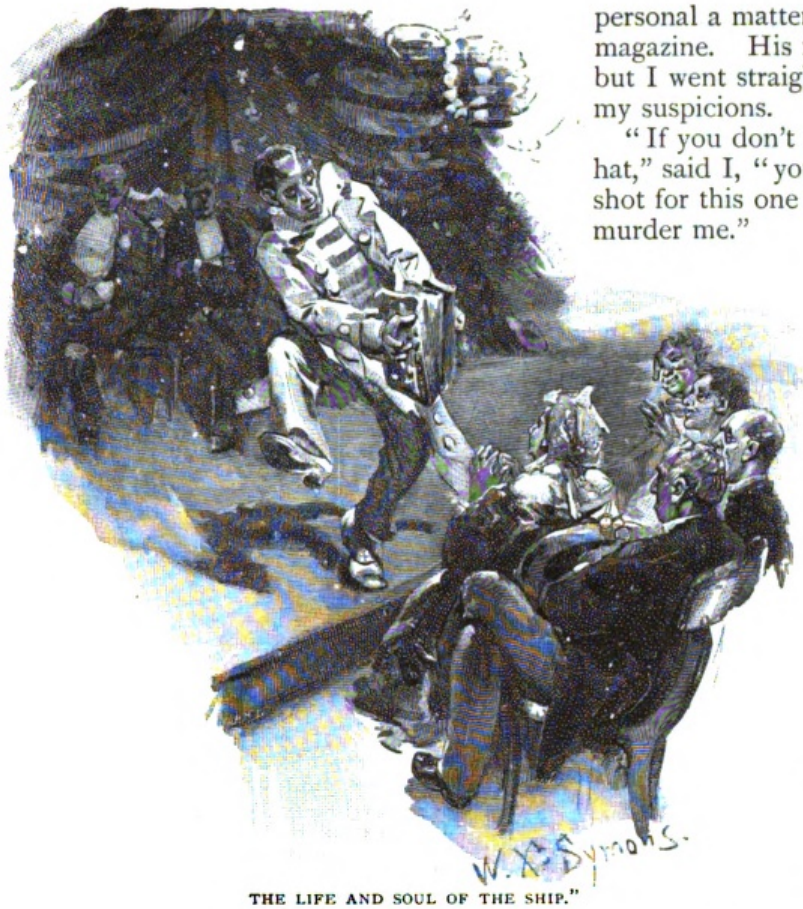
Those three weeks wore to an end. A fair wind came at last, and it came to stay. We took the north-east trades in 33° N., and thenceforward we bowled along in splendid style, eight or nine knots an hour, with a slight permanent list to port, but practically no motion. The heavy canvas was taken down, the ship put on her summer suit of thin white sails, and every stitch bagged out with steadfast wind. There was now no need to meddle with the yards, and the crew were armed with scrapers and paint-pots to give them something to do. Awnings were spread, as every day the sun grew hotter and the sea more blue, and under them the passengers shot up like flowers in a forcing-house. There was an end to our miseries, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. I never saw so many souls in spirits so high or in health so blooming. We got to know each other. We told stories. We sang songs. We organized sweepstakes on the day's run. We played quoits, and cards, and draughts, and chess. We ventured aloft, were duly pursued and mulcted in the usual fine. We got up a concert. We even started a weekly magazine.

Clunie took a conspicuous part in almost everything. He was the only man of us who was too quick for the sailors up aloft. When his pursuer had all but reached him, Clunie swung himself on to one of the stays and slid from the cross-trees to the deck in the most daring manner, thus exempting himself from further penalty. He afterwards visited all three mastheads in one forenoon, and wrote his name on the truck of each. We had our first concert the same evening, and if one man contributed to its success more than another, that man was undoubtedly Jim Clunie. He not only played admirably upon his melodeon, but he recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and Poe's "Raven" with unsuspected force and cleverness. People began to speak of him as the life and soul of the ship, and yet in the saloon we were getting to like him less and less. For though plucky and talented, he was also pushing, overbearing, and ready to make himself objectionable on or without the very slightest provocation.

He had sent in a contribution for the *Grasmere Chronicle*, which happened to be edited by the doctor and myself. We were prepared for a good thing, for the general aggressiveness of the man had by no means blinded us to his merits, but we soon discovered that these did not include any sort of literary faculty. His effusion was too silly even for a ship's magazine. It was also illiterate, so it really did fall short of our modest standard. We therefore rejected it, and that night I encountered Clunie in the waist of the ship.

"You call yourself the editor of the *Gras-*

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THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE SHIP."

mere Chronicle, don't you?" he began, stopping me, and speaking with the northern burr that gave some little distinction to his speech. I had noticed that this burr accentuated itself under the influence of emotion, and it was certainly accentuated now. So I looked at him inquiringly, and he rolled out his words afresh and rather louder.

"I am one of the editors," said I.

"Yes; the one that rejected my verses!" cried he, with a great many "r's" in the last word.

"No," said I; "I'm afraid we did that between us."

"That's a lie," said he through his teeth, "and you know it's a lie. You're the man! You're the man! And see here, Davidson, I'll be even with you before we get to—the port we're bound for. Do you know what that is?"

"Melbourne," said I.

"Kingdom Come!" said he; "and I'll pay you out before we get there."

The sun had been very hot. I felt sure that it had struck through Clunie's most unsuitable Tam o' Shanter and affected his brain. Nothing else could explain the absurd ferocity of his tone about so trivial and impersonal a matter as a rejected offering to our magazine. His face it was too dark to see, but I went straight to the doctor and reported my suspicions.

"If you don't prescribe that man a straw hat," said I, "you may order a sheet and a shot for this one; for I'll swear he means to murder me."

The doctor laughed.

"My dear fellow, it isn't that," he said. "It's much more likely to be whisky. He was as right as rain when he was with me an hour or two ago. He came to tell me what he was going to do for us to-morrow night at the concert. He means to bring the ship down this time, and I believe he'll do it. He's our star, my boy, and we mustn't take him too seriously. It'll never do to go and have a row with Jim Clunie!"

The doctor thought differently a day or two later. Meantime, he took the chair at our second concert, which was held the night before we crossed the line, and in his opening speech he paid Clunie what I considered a rather unnecessary compliment, which, however, the "star" certainly justified before our entertainment was over. He gave us a capital selection on his melodeon, then he sang to it, and finally he danced a breakdown to it in response to a double encore. But his great success was scored in the second part of the programme, when he recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram" with a tragic intensity which has not since been surpassed in my hearing. Perhaps the tragedy was a little overdone. Perhaps the reciter ranted in the stanzas descriptive of the murder, but I confess I did not think so at the time. To me there was murder in the lowered voice, and murder in the protruding chin (on which the beard was still growing), and murder in the rolling eye that gleamed into mine more times than I liked in the course of the recitation. The latter was the most realistic performance I had ever heard, and also the most disagreeable. Nor can I have been alone in thinking so, for, when it was over, a deep sigh preceded the applause. This was deafening, but Clunie was too good an artist to risk an anti-climax by accepting

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his encore. He was content, possibly, to have pulled the cork out of the rest of the entertainment, which fell very flat indeed. Then, in a second speech, our infatuated doctor paid a second compliment to "the star of the *Grasmere*." And by midnight he had the star on his hands: sun-struck, it was suspected, but in reality as mad as a man could be.

Some details of his madness I learned afterwards, but more I witnessed on the spot.

At six bells in the first watch he appeared half-dressed on the poop and requested the captain to make it convenient to marry him next morning. Our astonished skipper had lifted his pipe from his teeth, but had not answered, when Clunie broke away with the remark that he had not yet asked the girl. He was back, however, in a minute or two, laughing bitterly, snapping his fingers, and announcing in the same breath how his heart was broken, and what he did not care. It appeared that, with a most unlooked-for proposal of marriage, he had been frightening the wits out of some poor girl in the steerage, whither he now returned, as he said, to sleep it down. The mate was sent after him, to borrow his pistols. He lent them on condition the mate should shoot *me* with them, and heave my body overboard, and never let Clunie set eyes on me again. And in the mate's wake went our dear old doctor, who treated the maniac for sun-stroke, and pronounced him a perfect cure in the morning.

Nevertheless, he was seen at mid-day perched upon the extreme weather-end of the fore-t'-gallant yard-arm, holding on to nothing, but playing his melodeon to his heart's content. The whole ship's company turned out to watch him, while the chief officer himself went aloft to coax him down. To him Clunie declared that he could see Liverpool as plain as a pikestaff on the port bow, that he could read the time by the town-hall clock, and that he wasn't coming down till he could step right off at the docks. Our ingenious chief was, however, once more equal to the occasion, and he at last induced Clunie to return to the deck in order to head a mutiny and take command of the ship. When he did reach the deck, he rushed straight for me, the mate tripped him up, and in another minute he was wailing and cursing, and foaming at the mouth, with the irons on his wrists and a dozen hands holding him down. It appears that the two of them arranged, up aloft, to burn me alive as an offering to Neptune on crossing the line; to behead the captain and all the male passengers; and to make all females over the age of twenty-five walk the plank that afternoon. The last idea must have emanated from our wicked old chief himself.

They put him first in the second mate's cabin, which opened off the passage leading to the saloon. His language, however, was an unsavoury accompaniment to our meals, and it was generally felt that this arrangement could not be permanent. Though shackled hand and foot, and guarded day and night by an apprentice, he managed to escape, in a false nose and very little else, on the second afternoon. A number of us effected his capture on the main deck, but I was the only one whose action in the matter he appeared to resent. He spent the rest of the day in hoarsely cursing me from the second mate's berth. The next, we lost the trade-winds which had carried us across the line. All day we wallowed in a steam of rain upon an oily sea. But the damp of the doldrums seemed to suit the poor fellow in the second mate's cabin; at all events, his behaviour improved; and by the day after that (when we were fortunate enough to drift into the south-east trades) the carpenter's berth, in the for'a'd deck-house, was ready for his reception, with a sheet of iron over the door, stout bars across the port-hole, and the carpenter's locker securely screwed up.

It took Clunie exactly twenty-four hours to break into that locker. He then stationed himself at his port-hole with a small broadside of gouges and chisels, which he poised between the bars and proceeded to fire at all comers. The officers were fetched to overpower him, but he managed to break the third mate's head in the fray. Then, because they could not throw him overboard, they fixed a ringbolt in the floor of the berth, and handcuffed him down to that whenever he became violent. As we sailed into cooler latitudes, however, he became better and better every day. He gave up railing at every man, woman, or child who passed his port-hole; he even ceased to revile me when we met on deck, where he was now allowed to take the air with his right wrist handcuffed to the left of the strongest seaman in the forecastle. At this stage I fear he was the amusement of many who had latterly gone in terror of him, for he was very strong on mesmerism, which he fancied he achieved by rattling his manacles in our ears, while he was always ready to talk the most outrageous nonsense to all who cared

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"ALLOWED TO TAKE THE AIR."

to listen to him. His favourite delusion was a piece of profanity very common indeed in such cases; and his chief desire was to be allowed to row himself back to Liverpool in one of the boats.

"Give me the dinghy and a box of mixed biscuits," he used to say, "and I won't trouble you any more."

It was all very sad, but the violent phase had been the worst. His only violence now was directed against his own outfit, which he tore up suit after suit, swathing his feet with the rags. The striped football jersey alone survived, and this he wore in a way of his own. He put his legs through the sleeves because he had torn up all his trousers. And as his costume was completed by a strait-waistcoat, constructed by the sailmaker, it was impossible not to smile at the ludicrous figure now cut by this poor, irresponsible soul. He was no longer dangerous. The homicidal tendency had disappeared, and with it the particular abhorrence with which I of all people had been unfortunate enough to inspire him when he was still comparatively sane. We were now quite friendly. He called me Brother John, after a character in a comic song with which I had made rather a hit at our first concert, but the familiarity was employed without offence.

We had it very cold in our easting. We all but touched the fiftieth parallel. But we were rewarded with excellent winds, and we bade fair to make a quick passage in spite of our sluggish start. One wild, wet evening, I was standing on the weather side of the quarter-deck, when Clunie came up to me with his strange apparel dripping wet, his swathed feet dragging behind him like squeegees, and the salt spray glistening in his beard.

"Well, governor," said he, "do you remember refusing my verses?"

"I do," said I, smiling.

"So do I," said he, thrusting his face close to mine. "So do I, Brother John!" And he turned on his swaddled heel without another word.

Straight I went to the doctor.

"Doctor," said I, "you oughtn't to let that fellow go loose. I fear him, doctor; I fear him—horribly."

"Why?" cried he. "You don't mean to tell me he's getting worse again?"

"No," I said, "he's getting better every day; and that's exactly where my fear comes in."

The wind blew strong and fair until we were within a day's sail of Port Phillip Heads. Then it veered, still blowing strong, and we were close-hauled once more, the first time for eight weeks. Then it shifted right round, and finally it fell. So we rolled all night on a peaceful, starlit sea, with the wind dead aft and the mizzen-mast doing all the work, but that was very little. Three knots an hour was the outside reckoning, and our captain was an altered man. But we passengers gave a farewell concert, and spent the night in making up the various little differences of the voyage, and not one of us turned in till morning. Even then I could not sleep. I was on the brink of a new life. The thought filled me with joy and fear. We had seen no land for eighty-six days. We expected to sight the coast at daybreak. I desired to miss none of it. I wanted to think. I wanted air. I wanted to realize the situation. So I flung back my blankets at two bells, and I slipped into my flannels. In another minute I was running up the foremast ratlines, with a pillar of idle canvas, and a sheaf of sharp, black cordage a-swing and a-sway between me and the Australian stars.

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I had not "paid my footing" at the beginning of the voyage for nothing. I had acquired a sure foot, a ready hand, and, above all, a steady head. I climbed to the cross-trees without halt or pause, and then I must needs go higher. My idea was to sit on the royal yard, and wait there for Australia and the rising sun. It is the best spar for seeing from, because there are no sails to get in your way—you are on the top of all. But it is also the slightest, the unsteadiest, and the furthest from the deck.

I sat close to the mast, with my arm, as it were, round its waist, and it is extraordinary how much one sees from the fore-royal yard. There was no moon that night, the sea seemed as vast as the sky and almost as concave. Indeed, they were as two skies, joined like the hollows of two hands: the one spattered with a million moonstones; the other all smeared with phosphorus; both inky, both infinite; and perched between the two an eighteen-year-old atom, with fluttering heart and with straining eyes, on the edge of a wide new world.



"SIT TIGHT, BROTHER JOHN."

It had been a pleasant voyage. I was sorry it was over. Captain, officers, passengers and crew, it was probably my last night among them, and my heart turned heavy at the thought. They had been good friends to me. Should I make as good over yonder? It was too much to expect; these dear fellows had been so kind. Among them all I had made but one enemy, and he, poor soul, was not accountable. My thoughts stayed a little with Clunie, who had not spoken to me since the wet, wild night when he brought up that silly, forgotten matter of his rejected contribution. My thoughts had not left him when his very voice hailed me from a few feet below.

"Sit tight, Brother John," he cried, softly. "I'll be with you in two twos."

I nearly fell from the yard. He was within reach of my hand. His melodeon was slung across his shoulders, and he had a gleaming something between his teeth. It looked like a steel moustache. There would have been time to snatch it from him, to use it if necessary in my own defence. As I thought of it, however, his feet were on the foot-rope, and he himself had plucked the knife from his mouth. It was a carving-knife, and I could see that his mouth was bleeding.

"Move on a bit," he said; and when I hesitated he pricked me in the thigh. Next moment he was between the mast and me.

He thrust his left arm through my right; his own right was round the mast, and the knife was in his right hand, which he could hardly have used in that position. For an instant my heart beat high; then I remembered having seen him throw quoits with his left hand, and I heard the look-out man give a cough down below.

"We hear him," observed Clunie, "but he won't hear us unless you sing out. And when you do that you're a gone coon. Fine night, isn't it? If we sit here long enough we shall see Australia before morning. So that surprises you, Brother John? Thought I'd say Liverpool, now, didn't you? Not me, you fool, not me. I'm as sane as you are to-night."

He chuckled and I felt my forehead; it was cold and messy. But say something I must; so I laughed out:—

"Were you ever anything else?"

"Ever anything else? I was as mad as

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mad, and you know it, too. You're trying to humour me; but I know that game too well, so look out!"

"You mistake me, Clunie, you do——"

"You fool!" said he; "take that, and get out further along the yard."

And he gave my leg another little stab, that brought the blood through my flannels like spilled ink. I obeyed him in order to put myself beyond his reach. This, however, was not his meaning at all. He edged after me as coolly as though we were dangling our legs over the side of a berth.

"I've got a crow to pluck with you," he went on, "and you know well enough what it is."

"Those verses?" said I, holding on with all ten fingers, for we were rolling as much as ever; and now the black sea rose under us on one side, and now on the other; but Clunie had straddled the spar, and he rode it like a rocking-horse, without holding on at all.

"Those verses," he repeated. "At least, that's one of them. I should have said there was a brace of crows."

"Well, as to the verses," said I, "you were hardly a loser. Our magazine, as you may know, died a natural death the very next week."

"Of course it did," said Clunie, with an air of satisfaction which I found encouraging. "You refused my poem, so, of course, the thing fizzled out. What else could you expect? But I tell you I have a second bone to pick with you. And you'll find it the worst of the two—for you!"

"I wonder what that is," said I, in a mystified tone, thinking to humour him still more.

"I'll tell you," said he. "Just shunt a bit further along the yard."

"I shall be over in a minute," I cried, as he forced me and followed me with the naked carver.

"I know you will," he replied, "but not till I've done with you. To come to that second bone. You had a concert to-night, and you didn't ask me to do anything!"

My teeth chattered. We had never thought of him. I protested, and truly, that the fault was not mine alone; but he cut me short.

"How many concerts have you had without asking me to perform—me, the only man of you worth listening to—me, the star of the ship? Tell me that, Brother John!"

"I hardly know."

"Count, then!"

"I think about six."

"Curse your thinking! Make sure."

I counted with my clutching fingers.

"Seven," I said at length.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Then take that—and that—and that—and that!" And he pricked me in seven places with his infernal knife, holding it to my throat between the stabs in case I should sing out.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to give you a concert all to yourself. You're going to hear the star of the *Grasmere* free of charge. But get along to the point of the spar first; then you'll be all ready. What, you won't? Ah, I thought that'd make you!"

I had obeyed him. He had followed me. And now the knife was back in his mouth—the blood had caked upon his beard—and the melodeon was between his hands. He played me the "Dead March." I should not have known it, for I was past listening, only the horrid grin in his mad eyes showed me that he was doing something clever, and then I discovered what. I was now past every-



"THE DEAD MARCH."

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thing but holding on and watching my man, which, as I have since thought, was better than looking down. He was wearing his beloved jersey, and he had it the right way on. Upon his legs were a pair of thick worsted drawers; but his feet were naked, and his head was bare. It was his head I watched. His hair had been cropped very close. And the stars swam round and round it as we rose and fell.

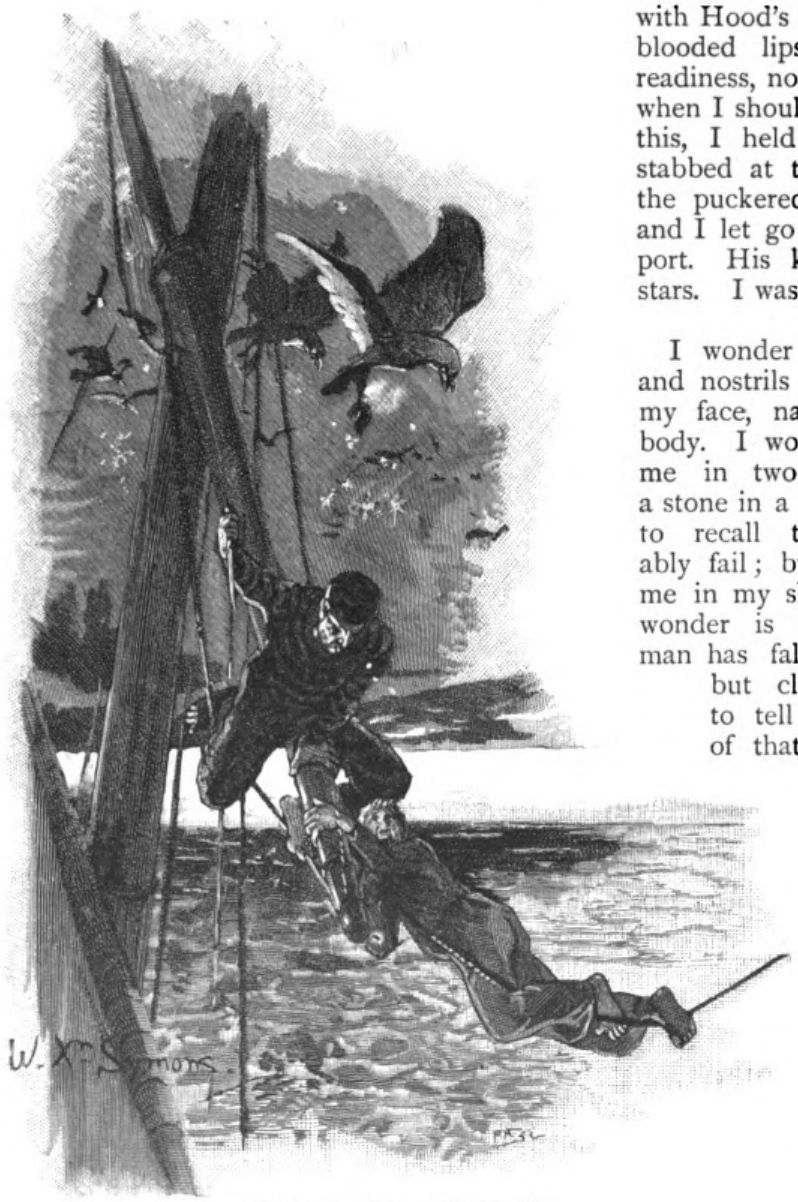
I heard four bells struck away down below, and repeated still more faintly from the break of the poop. It was two o'clock in the morning. As we dipped to port, Clunie suddenly lifted his melodeon in both hands, and heaved it clean over my head.

"Hear the splash?" he hissed. "Well, there'll be a bigger one in a minute, and you'll hear that. You're going to make it!"

His words fell harmlessly upon my ears. I had heard no splash. I was wishing that I had; the abyss below us would have seemed less terrible, then.

The next thing I noted was the monotonous and altered sound of his voice. He was reciting "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and making the ghastliest faces close to mine as he did so. But I, too, was now astride of the spar. My legs were groping in mid-air for the brace. They found it. They clung to it. I flung myself from the spar, but the lithe, thin ropes gave with my weight, and I could not—no, I dare not let go.

And yet I was not stabbed to the heart; for there was Clunie leaning over me, with Hood's stanzas still flowing from his blooded lips, and the carver held in readiness, not for me, but for the brace when I should trust myself to it. Seeing this, I held fast to the spar. But he stabbed at the back of my hand—I see the puckered white scar as I write—and I let go as we were heeling over to port. His knife flashed up among the stars. I was gone!



"I HELD FAST TO THE SPAR."

I wonder the rush of air in mouth and nostrils did not tear the nose from my face, nay, the very head from my body. I wonder the sea did not split me in two as I went into it like a stone in a pond. When I endeavour to recall those sensations, I invariably fail; but at times they come to me in my sleep, and when I wake the wonder is ever fresh. Yet many a man has fallen from aloft, and if he but cleared the deck, has lived to tell the tale. And I am one of that lucky number. When I came to the surface, there was the ship waggling and staggering like a wounded albatross, as they hove her to. Then they saved me in the pinnace, because I was still alive enough to keep myself afloat. But some may say that Clunie was as lucky as myself; for he had fallen a few seconds after me, and his mad brains splashed the deck.

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An Alpine Pass on "Ski."

By A. Conan Doyle.

THERE is nothing peculiarly malignant in the appearance of a pair of "ski." They are two slips of elm-wood, 8ft. long, 4in. broad, with a square heel, turned-up toes, and straps in the centre to secure your feet. No one to look at them would guess at the possibilities which lurk in them. But you put them on, and you turn with a smile to see whether your friends are looking at you, and then the next moment you are boring your head madly into a snow-bank, and kicking frantically with both feet, and half rising only to butt viciously into that snow-bank again, and your friends are getting more entertainment than they had ever thought you capable of giving.

This is when you are beginning. You naturally expect trouble then, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But as you get on a little the thing becomes more irritating. The "ski" are the most capricious things upon earth. One day you cannot go wrong with them. On another, with the same weather and the same snow, you cannot go right. And it is when you least expect it that things begin to happen. You stand on the crown of a slope and you adjust your body for a rapid slide, but your "ski" stick motionless, and over you go upon your face. Or you stand upon a plateau which seems to you to be as level as a billiard-table, and in an instant, without cause or warning, away they shoot, and you are left behind staring at the sky. For a man who suffers from too much dignity, a course of Norwegian snow-shoes would have a fine moral effect.

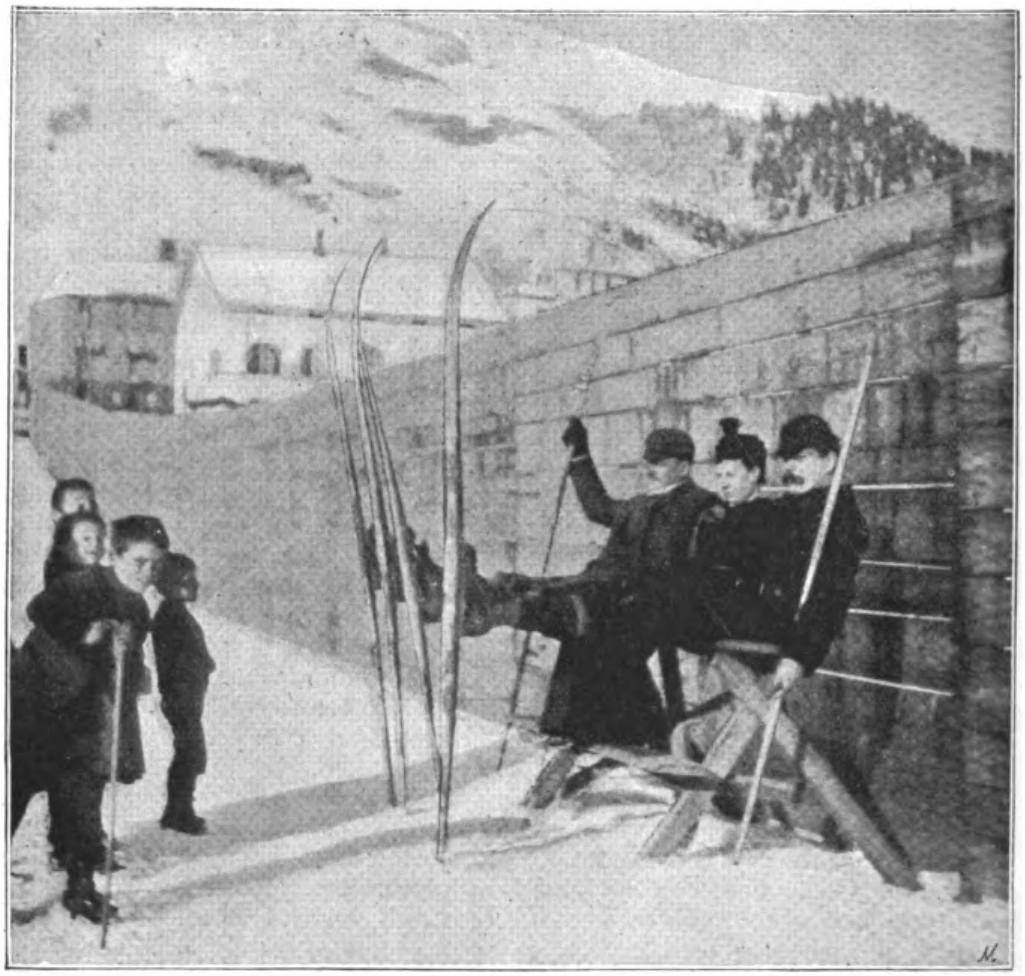
Whenever you brace yourself for a fall it never comes off. Whenever you think yourself absolutely secure it is all over with you. You come to a hard ice slope at an angle of 75deg. and you zig-zag up it, digging the side of your "ski" into it, and feeling that if a mosquito settles upon you you are gone. But nothing ever happens, and you reach the top in safety. Then you stop upon the level to congratulate your companion, and you have just time to say, "What a lovely view is this!" when you find yourself standing on your two shoulder-blades, with your "ski" tied tightly round your neck. Or, again, you may have had a long outing without any misfortune at all, and as you shuffle back along the road, you stop for an instant to tell a group in the hotel veranda how well you are getting on. Something happens—and they suddenly find that their congratulations are addressed to the soles of your "ski." Then, if your mouth is not full of snow, you find yourself muttering the names of a few Swiss villages to relieve your feelings. "Ragatz!" is a very handy word, and may save a scandal.

But all this is in the early stage of "ski"-ing. You have to shuffle along the level, to zig-zag or move crab fashion up the hills, to slide down without losing your balance, and, above all, to turn with facility. The first time you try to turn, your friends think it is part of your fun. The great "ski" flapping in the air has the queerest appearance, like an exaggerated nigger dance. But this sudden whish round



DR. CONAN DOYLE ON "SKI."

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A WAYSIDE REST. DR. CONAN DOYLE.

is really the most necessary of accomplishments, for only so can one turn upon the mountain side without slipping down. It must be done without ever presenting one's heels to the slope, and this is the only way.

But granted that a man has perseverance, and a month to spare in which to conquer all these early difficulties, he will then find that "ski"-ing opens up a field of sport for him which is, I think, unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the "ski"-ing season, in March and April. I believe that I may claim to be the first save only two Switzers to do any mountain work (though on a modest enough scale) on snow-shoes, but I am certain that I will not by many a thousand be the last.

The fact is that it is easier to climb an ordinary peak or to make a journey over the higher passes in winter than in summer, if the weather is only set fair. In summer you have to climb down as well as climb up, and the one is as tiring as the other. In winter your trouble is halved, as most of your descent is a mere slide. If the snow is tolerably firm, it is much easier also to zig-zag up it on "ski" than to clamber over boulders under a hot summer sun. The temperature, too, is more favourable for exertion in winter, for nothing could be more delightful than the crisp, pure air on the mountains, though glasses are, of course, necessary to protect the eyes from the snow glare.

Our project was to make our way from Davos to Arosa over the Furka Pass, which is over 9,000ft. high. The distance is not more than from twelve to fourteen miles as the crow flies, but it has only once been done in winter. Last year the two brothers Branger made their way across on "ski." They were my companions on the present expedition, and more trustworthy ones no novice could hope to have with him. They are both men of considerable endurance, and even a long spell of my German did not appear to exhaust them.

We were up before four in the morning, and had started at half-past for the village of

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A NOVICE TURNING—DR. CONAN DOYLE

Frauenkirch, where we were to commence our ascent. A great pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as can only be seen in the tropics or the higher Alps. At a quarter-past five we turned from the road and began to plod up the hill-sides over alternate banks of last year's grass and slopes of snow. We carried our "ski" over our shoulders and our "ski" boots slung round our necks, for it was good walking where the snow was hard, and it was sure to be hard wherever the sun had struck it during the day. Here and there in a hollow we floundered into and out of a soft drift up to our waists, but on the whole it was easy going, and as much of our way lay through fir woods, it would have been difficult to "ski." About half-past six, after a long, steady grind, we emerged from the woods, and shortly afterwards passed a wooden cow-house, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached Arosa.

The snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us a good grip for our feet, we pushed rapidly on over rolling snow-fields with a general upward tendency. About half-past seven the sun cleared the peaks behind us, and the glare upon the great expanse of virgin snow became very dazzling. We worked our way down a long slope and then, coming to the corresponding hill-side with a northern outlook, we found the snow as soft as powder and so deep that we could touch no bottom with our poles. Here, then, we took to our snow-shoes, and zig-zagged up over the long, white haunch of the mountain, pausing at the top for a rest. They are useful things, the "ski," for, finding that the snow was again hard enough to bear us, we soon converted ours into a very comfortable bench, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of mountains, the names of which my readers will be relieved to hear I have completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening now under the glare of the sun, and without our shoes



AN ADEPT TURNING

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ASCENDING IN ZIG-ZAGS.

all progress would have been impossible. We were making our way along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the Furka Pass fairly in front of us. The snow fell away here at an angle of from 50deg. to 60deg., and as this steep incline, along the face of which we were shuffling, sloped away down until it ended in absolute precipice, a slip might have been serious. My two more experienced companions walked below me for the half mile or so of danger, but soon we found ourselves on a more reasonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now came the real sport of snow-shoeing. Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots would do over ground where no boots could pass. But now we had a pleasure which boots can never give. For a third of a mile we shot along over gently dipping curves, skimming down into the valley without a motion of our feet. In that great untrodden waste, with snow-fields bounding our vision on every side and no marks of life save the track of chamois and of foxes, it was glorious to whizz along in this easy fashion. A short zig-zag at the bottom of the slope brought us, at half-past nine, into the mouth of the pass, and we could see the little toy hotels of Arosa away down among the fir woods, thousands of feet beneath us.

Again we had half a mile or so, skimming along with our poles dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our journey was over, and that we had only to stand on our "ski" and let them carry us to our destination. But the most awkward place was yet in front. The slope grew steeper and steeper, until it suddenly fell away into what was little short of being sheer precipice. But still, that little, when there is soft snow upon it, is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of these wonderful slips of wood. The brothers Branger agreed that the place was too difficult to attempt with the "ski" upon our feet. To me it seemed as if a parachute was the only instrument for which we had any use, but I did as I saw my



ASCENDING FOOT AFTER FOOT.

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companions do. They undid their "ski," lashed the straps together, and turned them into a rather clumsy toboggan. Sitting on these, with our heels dug into the snow, and our sticks pressed hard down behind us, we began to move down the precipitous face of the pass. I think that both my comrades came to grief over it. I know that they where as white as Lot's wife at the bottom. But my own troubles were so pressing that I had no time to think of them. I tried to keep the pace within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways, so that one skidded down the slope. Then I dug my heels hard in, which shot me off backwards, and in an instant my two "ski's," tied together, flew away like an arrow from a bow, whizzed past the two Brangers, and vanished over the next slope, leaving their owner squatting in the deep snow. It might have been an awkward accident in the upper fields, where the drifts are 20ft. to 30ft. deep. But the steepness of the place was an advantage now, for the snow could not accumulate to any very great extent upon it. I made my way down in my own fashion.



GLISSADING—STEEP SLOPE.

My tailor tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory, and will not stand a thorough scientific test. He will find samples of his wares on view from the Furka Pass to Arosa, and for the remainder of the day I was happiest when nearest the wall.



GLISSADING—MODERATE SLOPE.

However, save that one of the Brangers sprained his ankle badly in the descent, all went well with us, and we entered Arosa at half-past eleven, having taken exactly seven hours over our journey. The residents at Arosa, who knew that we were coming, had calculated that we could not possibly get there before one, and turned out to see us descend the steep pass just about the time when we were finishing a comfortable luncheon at the Seehof. I would not grudge them any innocent amusement, but, still, I was just as glad that my own little performance was over before they assembled with their opera-glasses. One can do very well without a gallery when one is trying a new experiment on "ski."

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By Harry How.

THE time of Pantomime is once again close at hand—the "Hear we are again!" of our old friend in motley is not far off. Within a week or so a thousand little hearts—aye, and old hearts, too—will be beating faster than their wont, a thousand pairs of eyes will be wider open than usual, and striving to take in all the glories of the Christmas carnival; but—and the inevitable "but" is the outcome of many an hour's watching of the youngsters at pantomime time—the things that seem to set the smaller minds a-wondering and thinking are: What must have been the size of the pig which grew that enormous leg of pork which the clown threw at the policeman's cranium? Which shop did that huge rib of beef come from? And who manufactured that long string of a hundred and one sausages, those funny heads, those birds, beasts, and fishes? Is that the real head of the Giant whom Jack killed? Was there ever such a lobster? How much could those oysters—a family of twelve could easily sup off one—cost a dozen? I propose saying something about them, for if the children are interested in them, where is there a *paterfamilias* in the land who is not interested in the meat question, too?*

Most of the items come under the category of pantomime "props." The majority of the principal theatres have a property-room, where the joints and fowls, the fish and sausages, are made—and a clever property-master can manufacture anything between a bunch of turnips and a white elephant. You want a string of sausages? Very well. They are made of bags stuffed with saw-dust and painted to colour. Or a pair of fowls?—they are constructed on exactly the same principle. Or you might feel inclined to go in for a gigantic cheese, like Old Stilt, a celebrated clown in the old days in the East-end of London. It would, in all probability, be made of wood and coloured accordingly. Old Stilt—like Simpson's—was famous for his cheese.

He had one with which he used to do a number of tricks—appearing and disappearing about it. And then the old fellow would suddenly sit astride it and murmur gently, "Stilt on cheese!"

"Well, give us a bit," the audience cried; and old Stilt would "cut" the cheese, when, lo and behold! there were all manners of little presents for the youngsters inside. A bit of a wag was Stilt.

Heads and the like, however, are—and only as they should be—made on quite a different plan from that which governs the concocting of chickens and sausages.

* Joke.

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MR. CLARKSON.
From a Photo. by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

It is quite an elaborate process — and there are few men more famous to-day for their really ingenious work, not only in this, but in the manufacture of all representatives of the animal kingdom, than Mr. W. Clarkson, the Queen's perruquier. Mr. Clarkson sends them all over the world—and has recently been revelling in the preparation of a Chinaman's head for the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime—a head which is in no fewer than fourteen pieces. I have heard of people with heads ready to split in two, but here again we are beaten by a foreigner! It is a consolation, however, to know that the Chinaman's head is only worth five guineas.

Now—to make a head. Procure a lump of clay, and gradually mould it with the fingers into something resembling the shape required. When this has been done to one's satisfaction, grease it well over, and take a cast in plaster of Paris. Let it dry. Grease the interior of the cast. Take layer after layer of papier-maché—first brown, then white, then a layer of linen to strengthen it, and work on in this way until of substantial thickness. The papier-maché is now dried in front of a fire, taken out of the mould, the rough edges cut off and joined together—for, of course, there are two sides to this particular head—dried again, and painted "to order." Now you have a head!

But there are heads and heads—and although the grinning ploughboy and the queer-looking Chinaman, all on a large scale, are perplexing enough to the juvenile mind in general, the proprietor of the giant's cranium is always the centre of the greatest curiosity. Why? He can open his mouth, move his eyebrows, and even wink with the left or right optic at will. Let us examine the interior of our old friend's head. See how simple it is: just a little mechanical arrangement. The wearer of the big head has three strings—one for the mouth, and one for each of his eyes. He has only to pull the right one to produce the desired effect.



PROPERTY HEADS.

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GEORGE CONQUEST'S GIANT'S HEAD.

There are also two loose strings with small weights attached. These govern the eyebrows, so that when the giant turns his head to look down on diminutive Jack, the force of the weight lifts up one of the eyebrows. Who would not be the proud possessor of another head, and a giant's at that, with eyes that will frighten away a tax-collector, and eyebrows that will lift your enemies into the middle of next week?—Price, to order—ten to fifteen pounds.

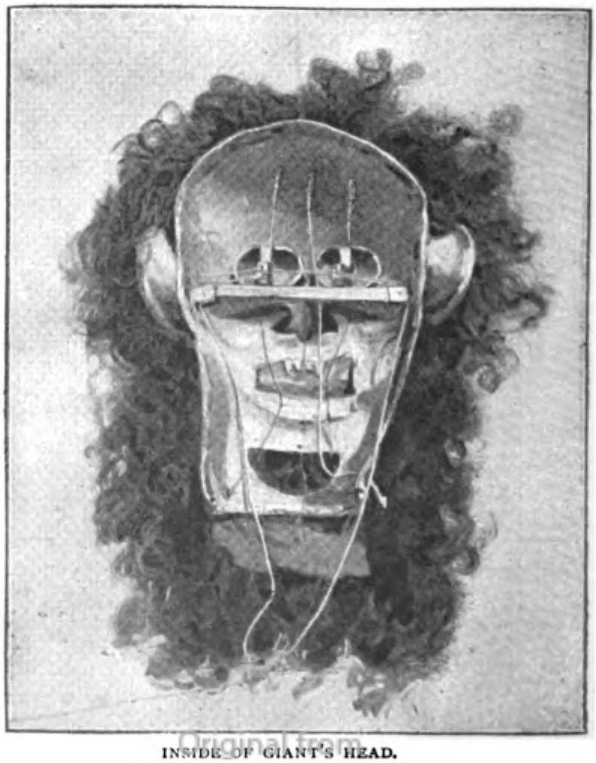
Richard Wyne Keene—he called himself Dykwynkyn—was one of the smartest makers of property heads in Chatterton's time at Drury Lane, when no pantomime was complete without scores of them, and Mr. Clarkson was the first to lessen the numbers of plain property heads when he made one in three pieces with mechanical effects for Mr. Harry Payne's father for use in "Ali Baba" at Covent Garden Theatre, whilst Mr. George Conquest may justly be regarded as probably the best-knownwearer of the famous huge shoulder ornament as sported by the Giant. Mr. Conquest has a very amusing experience to relate on this topic.

"I think one of the funniest things that has happened to me when playing a giant," he said, recently, when he learnt that a paper on "Pantomime Properties" was to appear in the Christmas Number of this Magazine, "was at Drury Lane, in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' The mask I was wearing measured about three feet from its crown to the crown of my head, and it had to be made very light, so that I could balance it. One evening, in the giant's kitchen scene, one of the comedians had to bring on my supper, which consisted of large property fowls, ribs of beef, legs of mutton, etc., and at the finish of the scene the business was that I got cross with my supper, and, with a heavy club in my hand, chased the cooks round the stage, who were all the time pelting me with the various articles of diet. I suppose I hit one of them a little too hard, so he had his revenge. He threw a leg of mutton at my mask, and knocked in one of the eyes,* which left a black hole, needless to say, much to the amusement of all—but myself. At this moment I did not exactly know what had happened, but I could hear something dangling about inside the head (of course I found out afterwards it was the eye hanging by one of the various strings that worked it), and as soon as the audience and cooks had had a good laugh at my eye's expense, a cook jumped up on the high table and said:—

"'George, I've knocked one of your eyes out! I'm so sorry, but I couldn't help it!' And then he stuffed his white cap into the hole that the eye had left, which of course looked more comical still.

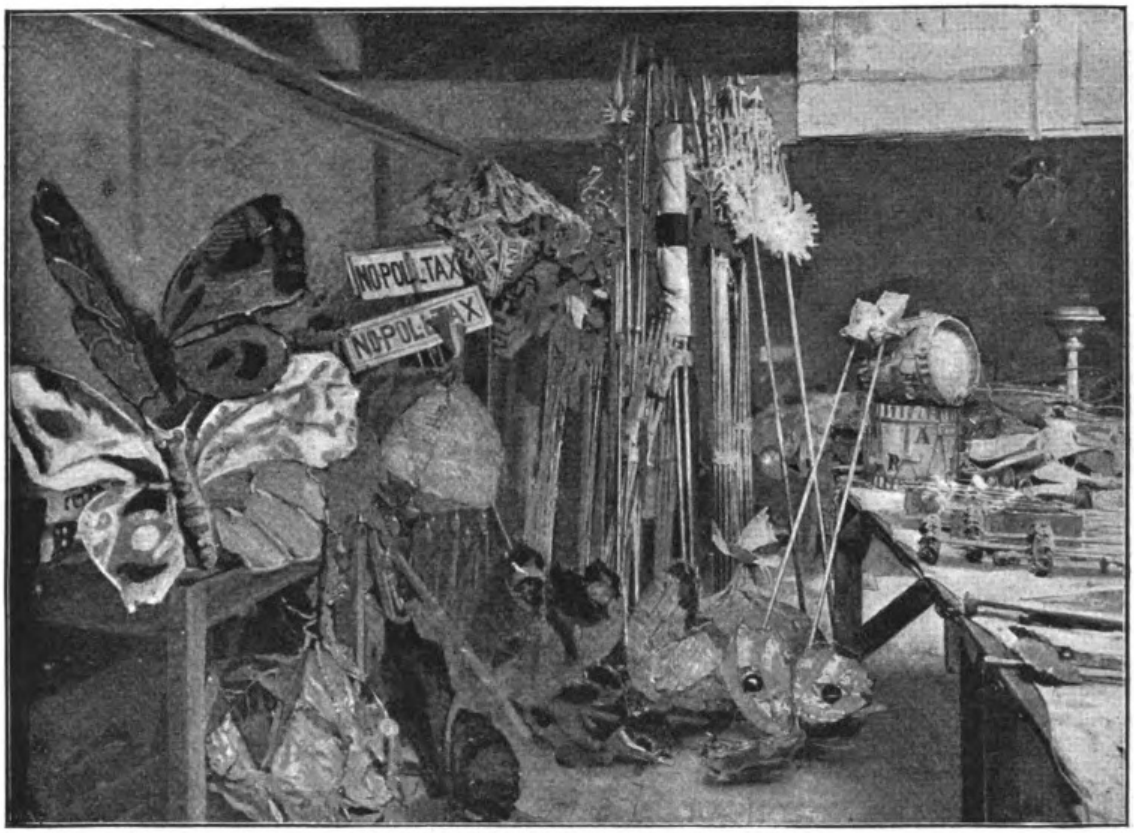
"When the scene was over and I took the

* No joke.



INSIDE OF GIANT'S HEAD.

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PROPERTIES FOR THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

mask off I was anything but pleased, as I had to go on in another scene a few minutes later. What was I to do? It would take quite an hour to repair the damage. At last a thought struck me. I sent for Clarkson — who, by-the-bye, made the mask— and got him to make me a black patch. So with a piece of cardboard and string I tied it over the damaged eye and went on the stage again, to the amusement not only of actors and orchestra, but of the audience as well."

The giant, however, does not always have it all his own way in the matter of heads. His may possibly be a bigger one than any of his fellow pantomimists, but his shaggy eyebrows are lifted when he is confronted with a



MOUNTED SAVAGES.

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DRESSING A LOBSTER.

practical illustration of the old adage—two heads are better than one. This is a very curious production of the property-maker's art — a single double one, so to speak. It consists of a large mask capable of containing two ordinary heads, and is used for a three-legged dance. Two dancers place their heads under the one mask, tie their two inside legs together, leaving their outside legs free. The late Fred Payne and the present Harry Payne were once engaged in this. The great beauty of their dancing was the remarkable time they kept — the two outside legs always beating—so to speak—together. One night by some means one or the other made a false step, and for some time the two heads inside the one were holding an argument as to whose mistake it was! Try to imagine it.

The savage-looking savages, mounted on the backs of a fine looking ostrich and decidedly benevolent countenanced elephant, together with the very enviable—to the juvenile mind — collection of miscellaneous properties for the transformation scene, and the oysters, mussels, star-fish, lobsters, etc., which are presented in these pages, are direct from Drury Lane Theatre.

The savage is always a necessary adjunct to any pantomime, and it is often a difficult matter to the old stager to realize, let alone to the younger pantomime-goer, that underneath that mask, which may be said to look "fit to kill," is often hidden away a curly little head, with the bluest of eyes and daintiest of mouths, enjoying the situation immensely and revelling in the soothing properties of a brandy-ball or an extra-sized bull's-eye. Of course, the manager has the "casting" of these non-speaking parts amongst the children, and their small characters and dispositions are frequently made known to the observer when the highly important subject comes up for consideration as to who should be this, who should be that, or who should be the other. That lad who looks like an up-to-date fat boy in "Pickwick" would give everything he has in his trousers pocket, even to the top with string included, to wear that cannibal's mask. And only because it suggests a glorious appetite for everything and everybody! But, the fish—they are positively scrambled for. These wonderful property marine delicacies were the cause of no small enjoyment in Sir Augustus Harris's last pantomime. Children are invariably called into requisition for "fish," and the property inhabitants of the ocean are, as a rule, made of cane-work, covered with canvas and papier-maché and coloured. Take the



THE LOBSTER DRESSED.

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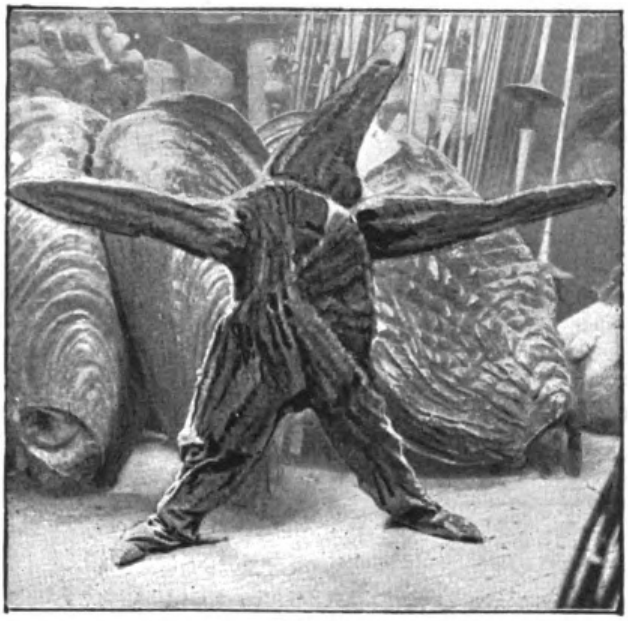


A MUSSEL.

aristocratic lobster for choice—most people would do so in preference to the more plebeian mussel. The lad who is intended for the lobster generally dresses in a tight-fitting red costume. The dresser puts the lobster-shell over him, hooks it at the back and front — wire is let in so that "the lobster" can see, and there is no escape until the youngster is released.

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the children and their little jealousies. A little fellow once petitioned a theatrical manager to let him be "a mussel," because they often had mussels for supper at home; he was very fond of them, and knew all about them! What manager could resist such a request? Distinctly different from this, however, is the wish of a young gentleman of a dozen years and of somewhat refined tastes.

"Please, sir," he said, one night after having appeared as a "whelk" for nearly three weeks, "can't I be something else? Charley Wiggins, the 'oyster,' is allus a-chaffin' me about my only being a penny a saucer, whilst he's a native and three and a tanner a dozen!"



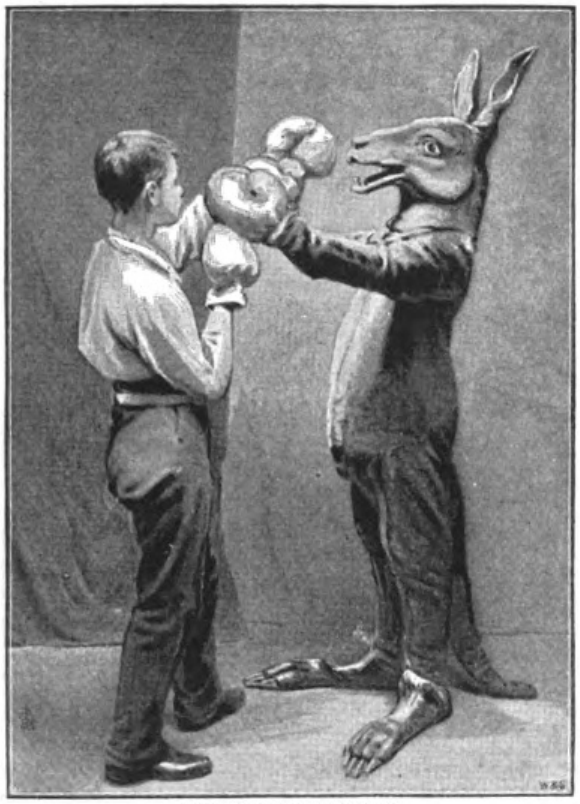
A STAR-FISH.

Next night the "whelk" had blossomed into a "cockle," and was perfectly happy when the manager assured him that he could laugh at Charley now, because cockles just then



A FISH OUT OF WATER.

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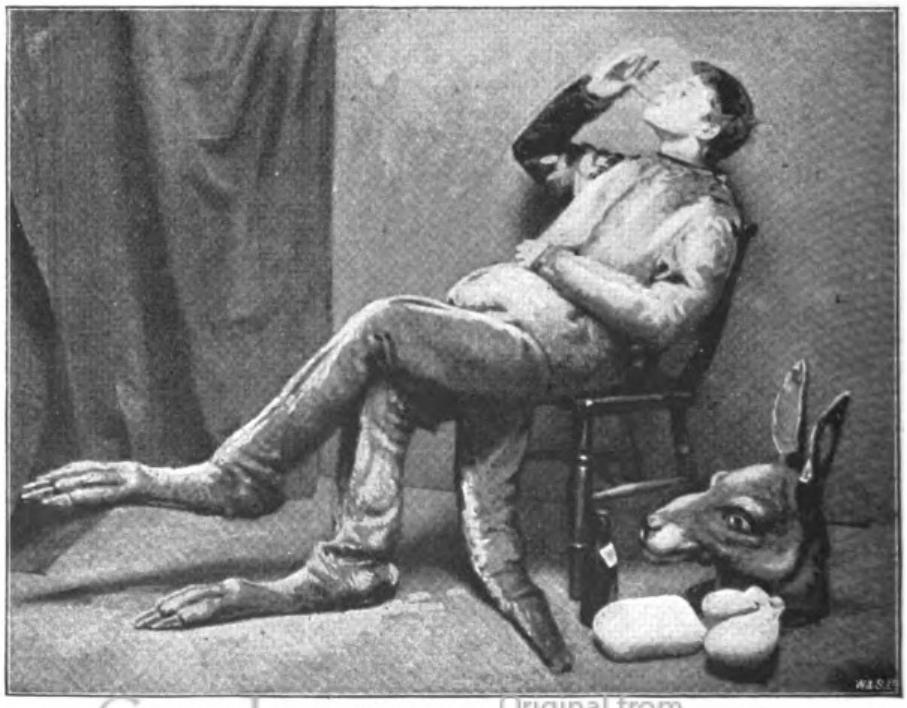


THE BOXING KANGAROO.

could not be bought at any price. They were out of season! Yet, apart from the legs of mutton, the ribs of beef, the bunches of carrots and turnips, the oysters and lobsters, the cockles and mussels, it will be a safe prediction to say that the heartiest laughter, the brightest eyes, the happiest hearts, will be found this Christmas when the kangaroo enters and gives his owner a terrible thrashing; when the lion wrestles, and Jumbo dances a hornpipe; when the donkey comes on and, seizing hold of the balancing pole, commences to walk the tight-rope; when that beautiful poodle dog barks and runs round the crimson plush of the dress circle, and the delighted youngsters know not whether to pat him on the back or draw back in dismay and clutch hold of their father's hand and wonder. Then what about that marvellous parrot in its "all the colours of the rainbow" plumage, and dear old Puss in Boots? Props, nothing but props—or rather clothes-props!—for there are human beings inside, and so we get our stage animals.

You can become a kangaroo—and a Boxing-Day kangaroo at that—for ten guineas. Here is the dress. It is made of a special skin and coloured; the feet and head are modelled; the eyes and mouth are mechanical, and the long tail is padded and run through with catgut so that the performer inside may convert it into a staff of defence if necessary. It is on record that a tail has been made of iron, so that the performer, who was a very clever acrobat, could, in the twinkling of an eye, rest his whole body on it and twist himself round like a Catharine-wheel. The "kangaroo" sees through the mouth. It takes but a few minutes to put the dress on. The boots have to be made particularly strong, with a long sole and a double joint.

I could tell a little story of a "kangaroo" who, in the course of one afternoon, thought his Australian majesty offended by his brother professional, with whom he boxed in the evening, and how he quietly waited until night had come and the curtain was up, and, when boxing on the stage, drew in a whisper from his "master" the words "I beg your pardon, old man," ere the "kangaroo" ceased



THE KANGAROO REFRESHES HIMSELF.

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THE WRESTLING LION.

his out-and-out drubbing. How the audience roared and the children shrieked and clapped their hands, for the "master" was the wicked man in the pantomime; but I refrain, for Hi! Hi! Hi! the wrestling lion is about to appear.

It is all right, little ones, don't stop laughing—don't let that terrible roar frighten you. You heard it at the Zoo? Of course you did. About four o'clock, wasn't it? Yes, that *was* a lion; but this, well—it's a man inside that shaggy coat of long hair, and he bought it for £20. So keep on laughing, and you elder ones *roar*, because, if you don't the "lion" will probably *growl* when he gets off the stage.

Perhaps the most remarkable property in the lion line ever made was a mane for a real, unadulterated lion some few Christmases ago. The lion, which appeared at Covent Garden Circus, will be remembered by many. His majesty lacked a mane, and the public are not partial to the kings of the forest unless they possess a mane—no mane, no majesty. The proprietor of the lion sent for Mr. Clarkson to supply what was wanting. Mr. Clarkson arrived between eight and nine in the evening, and the back of the stage, where the den was situated, was somewhat dark. The owner gave Mr. Clarkson a lamp, and bade him follow him into the cage to take the lion's collar measurement. An objection was naturally made to this proposal—introductions to lions are not necessary obligations in one's short life—so the owner took the measure. The lion's mane was made of an elastic material, so that it might be put over the head with ease, and prove a nice, comfortable fit. The lion at first did not take to his new neck appendage, but after a time it is believed he really became quite proud of his newly-acquired possession.

The elephant is a very expensive animal to make, and ordinarily costs from £25 to £30, though one has been constructed—at a cost of £40—of a size bigger than Jumbo, with a palanquin on top with accommodation for a quartette of people. These huge properties are principally made of basket-work, and covered with a felt resembling the skin of the "favourite at the Zoo." Two men are required to work an elephant—the one in front has the head on, whilst his elephantine companion is responsible for the well-



THE RESTING LION.

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being of the hind legs and the tail. The legs are in the form of baggy trousers.

The pantomime elephant, however, is not to be compared in popularity with the donkey. Here is a donkey that positively refuses to be whacked. How the real article must envy his imitator's spirit! The "property" Neddy is more often than not worked by one man, and some capital fun can be got out of him. Just a few words regarding the general "get up" of the costers' friend. The front legs have a wooden rest, which goes half-way up them. The performer puts the hind legs on like trousers. The



THE ELEPHANT COMPLETE.



THE ELEPHANT IN PIECES.

body fits over, and he is able to see through net-work let in the neck, with shaggy hair falling over to hide the aperture. With his hands he holds the rest in the front legs. By this means he can lift them up, fold them, and dance on his hind legs to his heart's content. And the ears—you can tell the character and disposition of any donkey by his ears. These are made loose, so that when the donkey turns his head



"NEDDY."

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A PROPERTY PARROT.



A POODLE.

his ears assume a curiously natural "expression." It should be said that the Brothers Griffiths have brought the stage donkey to its highest state of perfection—both mechanically and in realizing the "character."

Mechanism in Neddy is more to be depended upon than it was years ago in a pantomime at the Crystal Palace. It was in the "Forty Thieves," and just as *Ali Baba* —played, I believe, by old Mr. Payne—was going into the cave he would turn to his donkey and give the command to "shoulder arms!" At this the animal would shoot up his tail.

On one occasion, after *Ali* had given the command and expected it to be obeyed, there was no reply from the donkey's tail.



"PUSS IN BOOTS."

"Shoulder arms! Why this mutiny? Shoulder arms, you—you—donkey!"

And then a muffled voice was heard from within the interior of the faithful beast:—

"Very sorry—the tail's stuck!"

A parrot's dress is often covered with real feathers, at very considerable cost, whilst every hair in the dress worn by puss in "Puss in Boots" is worked on, hair after hair, and takes at least three weeks to make. The face is partly a mask and partly painted. This latter remark also applies to the "make-up" of a poodle dog. Mr. Charles Lauri is certainly the most famous poodle and cat we have, and is a past-master not only in reproducing their movements, but in the marvellous way in

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which he reproduces the face of the animal he wants.

Some time ago I watched him make-up and dress for a monkey, and as his methods



MR. LAURI IN "PRINCE SOLIEL."
From a Photo. by Eugene Pirou, Paris.

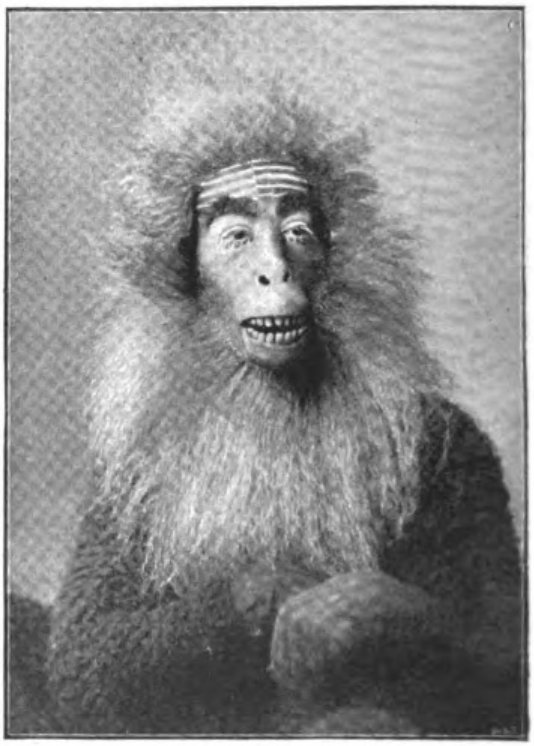
of working then practically govern his other remarkable animal studies, it may not be uninteresting to recount them here. The mask is an important item. This is put on the lower part of the face, so as to obtain the heavy, protruding jaw of the animal. It is made of a chocolate-coloured leather, with small straps. The movement of the eyebrows is obtained by a thread concealed in his heavy dress. The actor has a spring in his own mouth, which works the mouth of the animal and shows the two rows of ivory teeth.

First Mr. Lauri binds his ankles with a couple of strong, stout strips of linen. Then come the brown socks—there is a hole for every toe—the dress proper is put on, and combed out. Dressed entire, the face is the next thought. He "blues" both eyes all round, then with a mixture of lard and burnt umber —save where the mask is to come—he covers his face, not forgetting the hands and arms. A little blue is added to the brown on the face, and a few wrinkles are painted about the eyes in black and red Then the mask is put on—being strapped round the neck and over the head. Wig and whiskers complete the operation—and we have a magnificent monkey.

Mr. Lauri told me a capital story about poor old "Sally" at the Zoo. He and Sally were great friends—he used to follow her movements for hours together.

Sally had to go the way of all monkeys—she died, leaving many friends behind her, amongst the most regretful being some of the keepers, who told Mr. Lauri how sorry they were in not possessing a photo. of her.

"I've got plenty—I'll give you all one," he replied. And he kept his word. He



MR. LAURI AS A MONKEY.
From a Photo. by Van Bosch, Paris.

made up like Sally, faced the camera, and Mr. Lauri assured me :—

"Those keepers who have the photo. I gave them believe it is Sally to this day, so far as I know!"

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By Alice Williamson.

I SHALL never forget the first time I saw Sara Orme. It was at Foxborough Hydropathic, where I had been for several summers in succession; and where, though I was not precisely in my first youth, I was by way of being a belle.

I had heard old Lady Balfour say that her friend, Mrs. Gresham, was coming to the Hydro, and that she would arrive on a certain day, accompanied by a Miss Orme, whom Lady Balfour had never met. But I should not have given the matter a thought if, on the afternoon of their advent, I had not heard the people on the tennis-ground asking one another:—

"Have you seen Miss Orme? Have you seen the beauty?"

Then I pricked up my ears. I hate sensations, and especially dislike the fuss some of my fellow-beings make over a new face.

"No," I said, in answer to the question going the rounds. "Is there a beauty? Who is she? What is she?"

I was curious to know all particulars, and just what I might have to fear; but I was not pleased that Sir Evelyn Balfour should be within hearing distance and listening with some interest. Sir Evelyn stood at the head of the Hydro eligibles, and this was the second year he had accompanied his mother to Foxborough, where she had been ordered for her health.

"Beauty? I should think there *was* a beauty!" ejaculated Harry Marley, or "Marry Harley," as he was usually called, because of his penchant for proposing to every pretty girl he met. Not that he ever proposed to me—but that is a detail. "You never saw such a beauty off a Salon or Academy canvas! I caught a glimpse of her as she came in, and watched her writing her own name and an old lady's in the register. Of course, she turned out to be the Miss Orme who was to come with a Mrs. Gresham."

Two or three others besides "Marry Harley" had seen the vision also, it appeared, and there was a general interchange of impressions.

"Gorgeous auburn hair——"

"No, decidedly Titian gold — not dark enough for auburn."

"Brown eyes——"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, they were distinctly violet."

"Skin like an alabaster lamp, with a rosy light shining through. Exquisite figure, too."

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"How old?"

"Oh, twenty-one or two."

Such nonsense I never heard, and it was impossible to listen with patience. It never would have been tolerated, except at a Hydropathic. Everybody was particularly keen about tea, hoping for a glimpse of the new arrivals. But it was not vouchsafed, and therefore people were unusually prompt in responding to the dinner-gong.

As luck would have it, the only two vacant seats were at the long table, directly on my left, and, when the strangers came in, I had the full benefit of Miss Orme's profile. I never was so disappointed in my life. I did not consider that she had any pretensions to beauty. She was simply a little, thin, insignificant figure in white, with a deadly pale face, red hair, very wavy, and in great quantities, good enough features, a large mouth, with bright lips, very likely painted. Her eyes were greyish green, and the brows and lashes were so much darker than the hair, that I am positive they must have been dyed. She had an air of girlishness, but I should have pronounced her nearer twenty-six than twenty-one or two. The moment I looked at her I felt convinced that she was a woman with a history, and made up my mind that I would never rest till I had found it out.

It seemed that several people beside Lady Balfour had met Mrs. Gresham, who was said to be a *persona grata* in Bristol, or some other provincial town. After dinner, she and Miss Orme became the centre of attraction in the drawing-room, where even Sir Evelyn was drawn into the circle. Presently the foolish old lady made some doting remark about her favourite's voice, and Miss Orme was implored to sing.

"Not to-night, please," I heard her say. "To-morrow, when I am rested, if you care to ask me."

She had an air of thinking much of herself and her accomplishments, and a sudden upward glance from under her lashes, which was very effective with men.

Next night she did sing. She affected German songs, and her voice was a powerful contralto, but, in my opinion, it could not touch my own. However, it was much admired, and what with her voice and her queer eyes and hair, she sprang, in a moment, to the topmost pinnacle of success. Nothing was complete after that night without Miss Orme. She could not play tennis, and she must be taught. She could ride, and riding parties must be got up. She must learn golf, she must be shown the best places for sketching, she must teach people that wonderful skirt dance Mrs. Gresham said she had invented. She liked walking, and she liked picnics. Therefore, the male idiots at the Hydro vied with each other in planning excursions to dilapidated ruins, and tiresome walking parties. When Sir Evelyn Balfour began to be the principal instigator of gaieties in Miss Orme's honour, life for me at the Hydro ceased to seem worth living. I hated the girl, and she was certainly not fond of me, but it was not my *métier* to treat her discourteously, and we usually conversed fitfully at the table.

"Your accent is not like that of any county with which I'm familiar," I said one day, a week after the Gresham-Orme advent. "May I inquire what part of England is your home?"

She laughed. "I'm an American; didn't you know?"

"I had not guessed it. You don't speak like an American," I said.

"Possibly not like those you've met. We Southerners are not great travellers. I am a Virginian. My home used to be in Richmond."

"Richmond, Virginia!" I repeated. "A distant connection of mine went there to live many years ago."

I looked at her as I said this, and though her face was partially turned away, I saw a flush mount to her forehead. I felt sure she regretted telling me where she lived. I said no more, but I did not mean to let the matter drop there. I had not heard from my cousin's husband for a long while, but I knew that he was still in America, and I decided, as time was a great object with me, to be extravagant, and cable for particulars regarding Miss Orme's Richmond career.

My message was short, but I thought it might bring what I wanted, unless the name of Orme were an assumed one. It would be nine or ten days at least before I could have a letter in return, and it proved especially difficult to possess my soul in patience, as, during the interim, Sir Evelyn Balfour and Miss Orme were getting themselves gossiped about. My powerlessness to act made me desperate, and I took to questioning Mrs. Gresham. I learned little of any real value, but enough to understand that she had only known Miss Orme for a year or two, that she had taken a fancy to her from the first, and had, soon after, asked the girl to make her home with her. I guessed that the favourite was penniless, and

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was merely living in the capacity of paid companion to her patroness.

What I had heard, and what I suspected, I hinted to Lady Balfour, in a chatty, off-hand way, and even dropped a word or two to Sir Evelyn himself, but it was of no avail. Lady Balfour smiled, and Sir Evelyn frowned, and everything went on as before.

Last year, all had been widely different. Sir Evelyn had frankly confessed to being bored at the Hydro, where he would not have stayed for a moment, had it not been for his mother. I had endeavoured to make things pleasant for him, and sometimes I had fancied that I was succeeding passing well. He was a man of thirty-three, within a year or two of my real age, five years beyond my ostensible one. He had a fine old place in Hampshire, not a bad little house in London, and was getting himself talked about in Parliament as a brilliant and rising politician. He was handsome, too, in a dark, aquiline sort of way, and if I had not been a good-looking woman, with a little money of my own, I might have fancied that he talked to me because he had nothing better to do. But I hoped it might be more than this, and therefore his utter forgetfulness of me for Sara Orme was almost unbearable.



"I TORE IT IN A HUNDRED PIECES."

"Balfour's caught at last," said Harry Marley, to me, one day.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "We all know you've proposed and been refused, as usual, so you fancy every other man must be interested in the same quarter."

"I tell you they're engaged," he returned. "Never mind how I know it, but I do. It will be all over the Hydro by to-morrow."

I would not believe it, and hoped all things from my expected American letter. That very night it came, and I tore it in a hundred pieces, in my rage of disappointment. Something, it was clear, Henry Mason did know about Miss Orme, for, as he said, he had "no desire to injure a young woman who had never injured him or his, and therefore he would repeat no stories to her disadvantage."

I was bitterly angry with him for his disloyalty to me. No doubt I could have detectives employed to look up the creature's American record, but by the time I could learn anything, it might be too late. The very next day, as it happened, I was called upon to congratulate Sir Evelyn Balfour and Mrs. Gresham's *protégée* on their engagement. I was obliged to murmur something pleasant, praying meanwhile that the marriage might never take place. Indeed, I meant to move Heaven and earth to prevent it.

Two or three days after this announcement, which was made about the middle of August, a thing happened which roused my suspicions and renewed my hopes. A new guest arrived at the Hydropathic. He was young, rather good-looking; his name—Stanley A. Jarvis—was to be seen in the register; and he made his first public appearance at luncheon. His place was nearly opposite mine, and when he came in I felt, rather than saw, Miss Orme give a start, which ended in a species of shudder. I glanced at her, hastily. Her face was scarlet, from brow to chin. The flush died slowly, and left her even paler than her wont. Mr. Jarvis was smiling across at her and bowing.

"How do you do, Miss Orme?" he said, with a slight American accent.

She inclined her head in response. The surprise was plainly not a pleasant one to her, but for some reason she did not mean to deny the acquaintance.

"I heard you were here," the new-comer went on. "In fact, the news of your presence

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was one of the principal inducements which brought me to Foxborough."

I watched him as closely as I dared. He smiled a great deal, showing a long row of white teeth, and kept his keen, grey eyes upon her face. Miss Orme soon recovered her composure, however, answering all the remarks which Mr. Jarvis addressed to her during luncheon. Afterwards, in the garden, I heard him asking for an introduction to Mrs. Gresham. Later, Sir Evelyn Balfour joined the group, and she quickly made some excuse to walk away with her *fiancé*, leaving Mr. Jarvis to talk to Mrs. Gresham.

I concluded that the American was a man for me to cultivate, and found it very easy to make his acquaintance. Ostensibly, he was exceedingly frank, but it was all upon the surface. He was ready to talk agreeably on any subject save that of his acquaintance with Miss Orme.

I wondered, during the next few days, whether anyone beyond myself noticed the little drama unfolding before our eyes. Just what was the plot upon which the play was founded, I could not satisfy myself. Could it be the old, vulgar story of a deserted husband, come to claim his own? Or, if there had been no love story, what was the secret of the influence wielded over Sara Orme by this stranger? She disliked him intensely. Her eyes, her voice, when she looked at or spoke to him, told me that. It was difficult for her to be civil to him, and yet she was invariably civil.

Lady Balfour and Sir Evelyn were to stay on at the Hydro through the first week in September, but it had been decided that Mrs. Gresham and her companion were to leave at the end of August. Now, however, Mr. Jarvis having casually announced his intention to remain for some time longer, it appeared that the Gresham party had reconsidered their determination, and would not leave until they could travel southward with the Balfours.

"She won't leave those two men together here, unless she is on hand to keep them apart," was the decision I arrived at. I often saw Mr. Jarvis hasten to join Miss Orme, if she by any chance were alone for a moment, and once, when this occurred in the garden, I contrived to steal, unobserved, into a narrow path among the trees, leading behind the summer-house where they sat.

"You'd better think it over," Mr. Jarvis was saying, not in the conventional "acquaintance" tone a man uses to a lady.

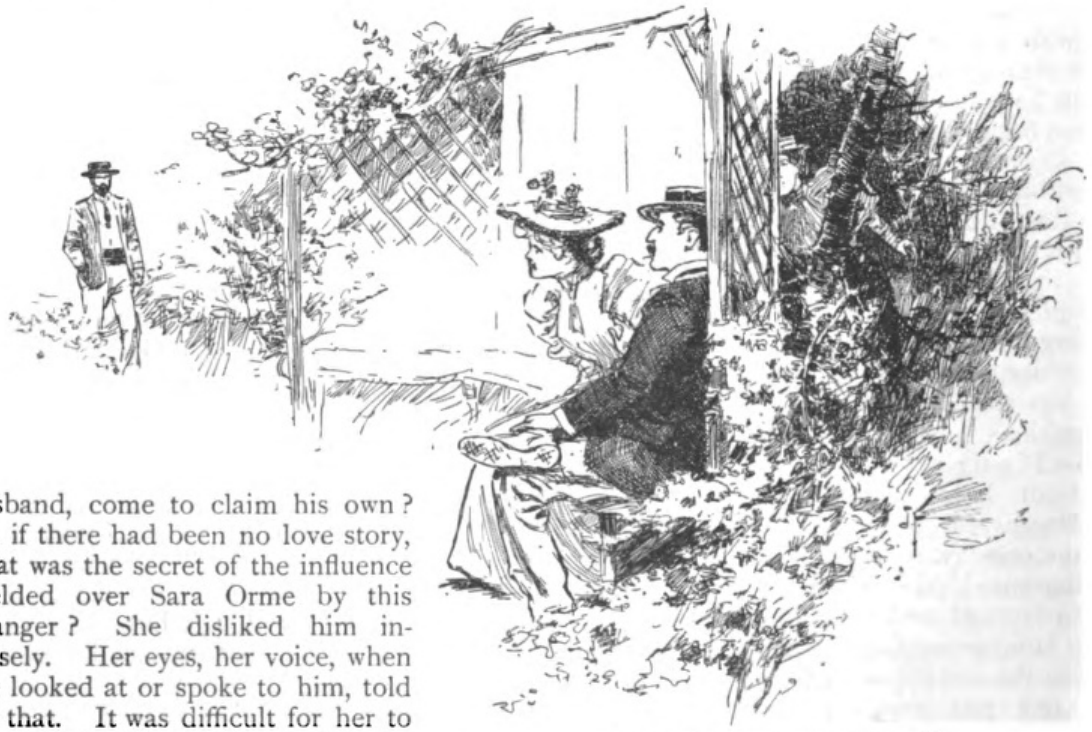
"I tell you it is absolutely impossible," the girl replied.

"You can ask her."

"It would be no use."

"Then you can fall back upon the other. You've got till the day after to-morrow to think of it, you know."

"Hush!" she exclaimed, "here comes Sir Evelyn."



"HUSH! HERE COMES SIR EVELYN."

What could they have been saying which her *fiancé* must not hear? What might she have till the day after to-morrow to think over?

I felt sure it was something serious, and

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on cogitating the matter, I remembered that, on the next day but one, we were all going to the Wellmere sports, an event of great importance, each summer, in the county where we were staying. Many conveyances had been chartered to take the various parties, and so popular was the festivity, that even the servants would slip away if possible.

Lady Balfour had promised to chaperon a couple of pretty cousins, who were coming from a distance in honour of the excursion. To my surprise, therefore, Miss Orme, at the last moment, pleaded a violent headache, and professed herself unable to join the pleasure party. At this Mrs. Gresham was for staying away also, but Miss Orme would not permit the sacrifice. She intended shutting herself in her own room for the day, and nobody could be of the slightest service to her. It would only make her unhappy if anyone stopped at home. Of course, Sir Evelyn was obliged to go and help his mother entertain the cousins, but he looked exceedingly blue at the prospect. He was not a man who found it easy to control his feelings, and I rejoiced in his discomfiture.

I felt sure that he would have good occasion for it later, for my prophetic soul whispered that Mr. Jarvis would also find a pretext for remaining behind, and had he done so, I would cheerfully have sacrificed the day's gaiety to the greater satisfaction of watching further developments. I prepared to slip unobserved from the ranks, but was amazed to see Mr. Jarvis driving away with a party of wealthy Australians, to whom he had been noticeably attentive for the past few days.

I could not even yet believe in the genuineness of Miss Orme's headache, though she certainly had looked very white and hollow-eyed the night before. But I could not see, under the circumstances, that it would advance my interests to remain at the Hydro, and I went away, albeit somewhat hesitatingly, with the rest.

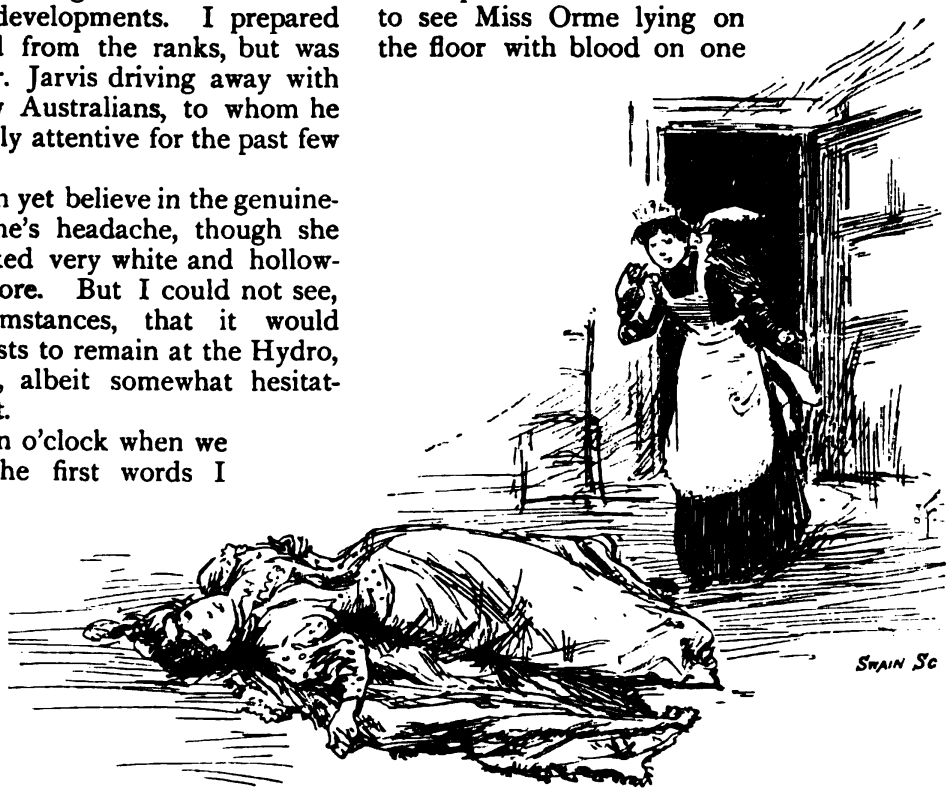
It was nearly ten o'clock when we got home, and the first words I heard, on re-entering the Hydro, were from one among a group of excited, trembling servants.

"Oh! ma'am, such a terrible thing's happened while you've been gone! There's been a dreadful robbery, and poor Miss Orme's nearly murdered."

All was confusion in a moment. Everybody was hoping, no doubt, that he or she had not been robbed, and in the anxiety and impatience to get at details, Miss Orme and her injuries might well-nigh have been forgotten, had it not been for the Balfours and Mrs. Gresham.

The robbery, it appeared, had occurred during the afternoon, nobody knew exactly when. Miss Orme had been the only guest left at the Hydro, with the exception of a couple of invalids on the floor above. Mrs. Gresham's maid, Bridges, had been instructed to await Miss Orme's orders, but had been told, soon after our party left for Wellmere, that she would not be required, and might go out for the rest of the day. Several other servants had given themselves the same permission, and the house was practically deserted save for a few people employed about the kitchen.

The cook had sent one of her subordinates to knock at the invalid's door about four o'clock, to ask if she would have tea, and, receiving no answer, had concluded she was sleeping, and had gone away. Perhaps an hour and a half later the servant had been carrying down a tray from the floor above, and noticing that Miss Orme's door was ajar, had rapped again, peeping inside, as there was no response. She had then been horrified to see Miss Orme lying on the floor with blood on one



"HORRIFIED TO SEE MISS ORME LYING ON THE FLOOR."

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of her hands, and on her white *robe-de-chambre*. She had thereupon screamed several times for help, but receiving none, had felt too frightened to stay where she was, and had run downstairs to the kitchen. Reinforced by the cook and a gardener's assistant, she had returned, when Miss Orme had been laid on the bed, and restored to consciousness by means of cold water and eau-de-Cologne.

On recovering, the young lady had asked if the thief had been caught, and it was not until this startling suggestion caused them to look round that the servants noticed the confusion in the room. All the drawers had been pulled out of the chest, and their contents scattered on the floor. The gowns had been taken from the wardrobe, and their pockets turned wrong side out. Several keys lay on the floor, Miss Orme's boxes were open, the dressing-table had been denuded of jewellery. Mrs. Gresham's room adjoining was in the same condition. Others, farther down the hall (belonging to the Australian people), and the Balfour's suite, had also been ransacked.

Nothing on any other floor, so far as the servants and a policeman from the adjacent village could ascertain, had been meddled with. Miss Orme had been going from one fainting fit into another, and thus far was quite unable to explain what had taken place. A doctor had been sent for, but one was away, and another engaged with a critical case, and the chemist alone had been obtainable. The servants' impressions of what had happened were very vague. One or two thought they had seen a stranger about the grounds, but on cross-examination decided it might have been the "gardener's young man."

Most of the guests at the Hydro were old habitués, and had been in the habit of leaving valuable possessions in their rooms, instead of giving them to the proprietor for safe keeping. The Australians soon ascertained that they had lost a case of almost priceless emeralds, a number of diamond rings and other ornaments, and a considerable sum of money, all of which had been kept in a writing-desk, broken open by the thief. Mrs. Gresham had been robbed of nearly £200 in gold and notes, a good deal of jewellery, and some magnificent old lace. Lady Balfour had also lost money and jewels, mostly diamonds in old-fashioned settings, and Miss Orme's beautiful solitaire betrothal ring had evidently been roughly wrenched from her finger. What else she might have lost would remain a mystery until she herself could speak.

Nobody thought of going to bed until long after midnight, and before that hour the leading doctor of the village had called upon Miss Orme, pronouncing that beyond a slight cut on her right wrist, and considerable nervous excitement, there was nothing much the matter with the interesting invalid. She was conscious when we separated for the night, but the doctor had left orders that she was not to be questioned until next day.

By the following noon, her statement had been given. It was Sir Evelyn who repeated it to me, and a very dramatic story it was which he had to tell. I could see that his admiration for his *fiancée* was increased a hundred-fold, and that, in his eyes, the world had never yet produced such a heroine.

"She waked from a long sleep," he said, "and was just looking at her watch, which was under her pillow, when a head, in a soft hat, appeared at her window, which opens, you remember, on to the roof of the front porch. She gave a little cry, but before she could repeat it the man had leaped into the window, and caught her round the throat. 'Make one sound, and you're a dead woman!' he hissed, putting the cold barrel of a pistol against her cheek.

"Then, she tells me, she thought of the money which Mrs. Gresham had just sent for (for a particular purpose), and all the valuable jewellery in the next room. For her own things she did not care, except for my ring—and she was just trying to slip it off, under the bed-clothes, when the brute suspected something, snatched her hand, and pulled the ring from her finger, nearly spraining it in her struggles to resist him. He took her by the arm, dragging her about the room with him, as he searched it, and then on into Mrs. Gresham's, next door.

"She knew that Mrs. Gresham kept nearly everything locked up in a big silver jewel box on the dressing-table, and it occurred to her that she might save it by throwing it out of the window, among the flower-beds, where the thief would not dare go and look for it. She had got it in her free hand, when he saw what she meant to do, and slashed her across the wrist, giving her the cut which bled so freely. She still struggled with him, and had nearly accomplished her purpose, when he pushed her with such force that she fell through the open door, and on to the floor of her own room, where she lay stunned. That is all she can tell of the affair."

"I wonder," I asked, with some malice, when he had done extolling his heroine, "why

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the thief should have chosen first to enter almost the only room which was occupied? He might have saved himself much time and trouble by taking an empty one, I should think."

"Don't you see," explained Sir Evelyn, impatiently, "hers was the only one he could get into from the porch, which is particularly sheltered among trees, and easy to climb?"

I assented, but the more I pondered the affair, the more I began to develop a theory of my own. That afternoon, a couple of detectives from London made their appearance, and I longed to mention the theory to them, but I had sense enough to know that the time was not yet ripe.

In the evening, Miss Orme was led by a sort of triumphal procession into the drawing-room, where she languidly held court. If she had been popular before, she was doubly so now. She was not only Sir Evelyn's heroine, but was lauded in that capacity by everyone else, and it was all so much gall and wormwood to me. I had the curiosity to ask if I might see the much-talked-of marks upon her throat and the cut upon her wrist. She languidly assented, but the traces of conflict were scarcely visible on her marble flesh.

"I shouldn't object to a few little hurts of this sort, for the mere pleasure of being a heroine," I remarked, with a laugh, and I did not miss seeing that the shot told upon the victim.

She flushed, until her eyes were suffused with tears, and Sir Evelyn looked daggers at me. I was politic enough to regret that I had shown my hand; but I had something to do before bed-time, and the general devotion to Miss Orme afforded me my opportunity. I knew that she could not get away, nor would others leave their "point of vantage" at her side, for some time to come. I ran upstairs, and knocked at the door of her bedroom. This was merely precautionary, as I was convinced it was unoccupied, but to my vexation, Mrs. Gresham's maid opened the door. For an instant I was nonplussed, but my presence of mind speedily returned, and I announced that Miss Orme had said I might come up and look through her stock of light literature

"Can I get you a book, ma'am?" asked the woman. I thanked her, but said I should like to choose something, and Bridges retired to Mrs. Gresham's room, nearly closing the door between. Just what I expected to find I scarcely knew, but I felt that it would be something which might aid my keen detective instinct toward substantiating my theory.

I crept softly about, ostentatiously closing a book with a loud "click" once in a while, and at length my researches brought me near the writing-table. Beneath was a scrap basket, containing some torn papers, which evidently had not been moved for a day or two. Hastily I ran my fingers through them until I came to an envelope—our own hotel stationery—without a post-mark, and addressed to Miss Orme in a hand which I felt sure was the same in which Mr. Stanley A. Jarvis's name was written in the register. I slipped it hastily into my pocket, feeling I had accomplished something; though I could find no trace of the letter which must have accompanied it. There was nothing which could assist me on the blotting-pad, though I took a small mirror to examine it, but close at hand lay a little pearl penknife. I carried it nearer the electric light, opened it, and saw that the larger blade was slightly stained with blood.

This most satisfactory piece of evidence I



"I TOOK A SMALL MIRROR TO EXAMINE IT."

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also annexed, and then proceeded to examine the locks of Miss Orme's two boxes. They were quite intact, though I remembered that it was said they had been opened by the thief. And Lady Balfour's and the Australian's had undoubtedly been forced. I wondered whether Miss Orme carried her keys about with her, but daring to prolong my researches no further, I took up a novel at random, called cheerfully to Bridges that I had found what I wanted, and went out.

Next morning at breakfast, Mr. Jarvis received a telegram, over which he ruefully exclaimed, announcing that he must leave for London that night. Another thread in the web! I knew that, if my theory were correct, I must do what I had to do within a few hours, or it would be too late.

About twelve o'clock, Fate threw an opportunity in my way. I had been pretending to read, in the summer-house, and was nervously taking myself indoors, when I met Sir Evelyn.

"Is Miss Orme in the garden?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I don't think she's left her room." (I had been watching her window.) "Shall I call her for you?"

"Thanks, don't trouble," he responded. "She said I should find her in the garden about this time."

He sauntered away, and I went upstairs to knock at Miss Orme's door.

"Come in!" her voice cried, and I entered. Her breakfast, almost untouched, stood on a tray, and she was not yet quite dressed. "Oh!" she exclaimed, vexedly, "I thought it was Bridges who knocked."

It was plain that I was not wanted, but nevertheless I entered, sat down, and began watching her as she dressed, confusing her, purposely, with my steady gaze. Her hands shook as she arranged the great coils of hair at the nape of her white neck, and she dropped her hairpins.

"Sir Evelyn asked me to tell you he is very anxious to speak to you, in the garden," I said, making no move to depart. Instead, I tried to draw her into talking of her late adventure.

She would say little, and half hid herself in the wardrobe, pretending to search for a frock. I saw the blue silk she had worn the night before lying across a chair, and an inspiration came to me. She took it up once, but I hastened to say something about the cut on her wrist and the loss of her engagement ring, and she laid down the dress, as though forgetting what she had intended to do.

We finally left the room together, and I made as though to go above to my own sanctum, but the instant she was out of sight, I darted down the passage, into her room, and in a second had turned the keys of both the doors. I seized the blue evening gown, and was fumbling for the pocket, when someone knocked.

"Please, Miss Orme," said the voice of Bridges.

I made no sound. The door was tried, and later, the one leading into the next room. I began again. Another knock. "Could I come in and make the bed?" from Anna, the chambermaid.

My hands grew cold as ice. My heart beat wildly. But I found the pocket. And the keys were there! I tried them in the boxes. They fitted. The crisis had come! I opened the small black box. Nothing there but a little under-linen, scented with violets. The next! I lifted a trayful of hats, and drew aside a clean damask towel. *My theory was right!*

There they all lay—the emeralds, the watches, piles of jewellery, brooches, and rings, amid soft heaps of lace, and in a paper box, sovereigns, silver, and bank-notes! My brain fairly seethed. My triumph was in my own hands. Her ruin was accomplished. How should I bring it about in the most public and disgraceful way?

I thought rapidly as I closed the trunks, and put the keys into my own pocket. It was not probable that Miss Orme would return to her room before luncheon, as it was now nearly one o'clock. When all the household was assembled in the dining-room—that would be my time to speak.

I could scarcely wait for the gong to sound, and yet I restrained myself and would not go in until I felt sure that everybody must be seated. Then I paused, at my own place, holding tightly to the back of my chair. I could look down on that red-gold head, which was so admired by all, so beloved by Evelyn Balfour—how I should drag it in the dust!

The topic of conversation was, as usual, the robbery.

"How are the London detectives getting on?" I asked.

"Pretty well," answered Sir Evelyn. "They say they have a clue."

"Only a clue?" I echoed. "What if I told you *I* had got the *thief?*"

Everybody laughed.

"I'm not jesting," I said. "It is absolutely true, as you will find, if you care to leave your luncheon, and come with me."

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Half afraid of a practical joke, wholly curious and excited, they all came, talking and laughing. We arrived at Miss Orme's bedroom door.

"The thief will be found here," I explained. Then, in a wild rush of passion, fed by my long-stifled craving for revenge, I darted to her box, flung it open, and losing my head a little, tore out the upper tray, and began flinging the stolen articles about the floor, as everyone crowded round me, or grouped at the door, bewildered and protesting.

"Hold her!" I screamed. "*She* is the thief! Don't let her escape! She planned it all—she wounded herself, she did everything to avert suspicion, but I tracked her. Here is the proof, and I have others beside. I know the whole story. It was for the man she loves—Stanley Jarvis, not Sir Evelyn Balfour. Let him come forward and defend her if he will!"

But he did not come. He alone was absent, and afterwards, when search was made, he had carefully disappeared. No one, however, looked for him at that moment. It was my hour of triumph. I laughed hysterically. Had I been proclaimed Queen of the World my happiness could have been no more glorious.

It had all happened in less time than I take in the telling. I had flown at my work like a panther, but as I flung jewels and money upon the floor, Sir Evelyn Balfour sprang to my side, and caught my hands with a grip which nearly broke them.

"You fury—you she-devil!" he cried, and I lived to hear the words. "You creep into the room of an unsuspecting girl, and plot to ruin her. But you are a fool for your pains! Don't you see, you are throwing suspicion on yourself?"

For an instant only I faltered.

"Who was here on the day of the robbery?" I asked. "Look at her! Is that the face of innocence?"

She seemed in a moment to have grown years older.

"Dearest," he pleaded, moving to her side, "defend yourself. You have only friends around you here, those whom this woman has tried to make your enemies."

Prone along the floor she fell, then, her face upon his feet. Had I loved her as he did, she would have seemed to me a fair, crushed lily, as she lay there grovelling, in her soft dress, and the yellow meshes of her loosened hair. But I only thought of her as a writhing serpent, and longed to see her ground under the heel of scorn.



"HOLD HER! SHE IS THE THIEF!"

"I *can't* defend myself," she moaned. "I'm guilty! Oh, God, I'm guilty!"

Sir Evelyn stood as though frozen into stone.

"I did it because I loved you, and to keep your love, and that no disgrace might fall upon you through me. It was the only way. I tried to think what to do, but I was going mad."

"I don't understand," said Sir Evelyn. I think he had forgotten, then, that they two were not alone.

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"He made me do it," she sobbed. "Jarvis! It was what you would call blackmail. He said I must get money for him. He knew my life. I was his aunt's companion, in Richmond, after my father died. They had quarrelled, and she made a will leaving her money to me, instead of to him. She used to take chloral, and one night, soon after, she died of an overdose. He had me accused of her death, but nothing could be proved, and, indeed, I was innocent. The will was disputed, and he got the money, but now that he has spent it all, he found me out, and followed me, saying my story should be published, and people should know me as a woman who had been tried for murder, unless I paid him at least a thousand pounds. I could not bear to think that your wife should be the heroine of a scandal, and yet I could not give you up. There was something else, too. From my poor mother I inherited a morbid craving to take things which did not belong to me. I had it as a child, but I tried earnestly to overcome it, and that man's aunt helped me, and was kind to me. I thought I was cured. But he reminded me of the past, and a way of getting money, which he said would be easy for me. Perhaps it was easier than it would have been for another woman. I thought I might save myself by taking the things from people who were rich, and would not really care—you and your mother and Mrs. Gresham would not have grudged them to me in my despair. My own jewels had to go too, to prevent suspicion, even my beloved ring. But when it was done, and I had lied, and everyone had said kind words, not knowing, I felt that I could never marry you. I meant to go away with Mrs. Gresham, and then to hide myself, or die."

Her voice broke. Until then her words had rushed convulsively forth like a mountain torrent, but now they ceased, and she either fainted or seemed to. I shall never forget Sir Evelyn's face as he stooped and lifted her head upon his knee.

"Before you all," he said, in a strange, solemn voice, "I claim this dear, repentant sinner as my love, and my wife, when I can make her so. What there is to forgive I do forgive. Is there anyone here who wishes to complain against her, to the world—any of those whom she has injured, in her trouble?"

"Not one!" many voices answered. Mrs. Gresham came forward and laid her hand on her companion's hair. Others began to steal silently away. And so I had schemed in vain. This woman, to put whom in prison I would have sacrificed my right hand, was to go free, and be forgiven. Those two would go abroad and be happy, in spite of the newspapers. As for me, my services for the public weal were likely to receive no recognition better than an offer from a well-known detective agency (which did arrive, when the facts became known), and which, as I have no longer an object in life, I may accept.



"HE STOOPED AND LIFTED HER HEAD UPON HIS KNEE."

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Brides.

By Edward Salmon.



STUDY of the marriage customs of the world, as described in a multitude of works of travel, and of miscellaneous papers written, or lectures delivered, by travellers, carries one inevitably to the conclusion that the English bride has most reason for including in her trousseau the kindly smile, the cheerful spirit, and the brightening eye which Thackeray made Mr. Brown, in his letters to his nephew, hope that Mrs. Bob would bring with her on her wedding-day.

The Anglo-Saxon bride, even at the end of the nineteenth century, stands almost alone in regard to the degree of freedom with which she may treat Master Cupid when he enters into her life. Her heart is in the main a fortress at her own disposal. She may hand the keys of the gate over to whom she lists, and she yields them up almost invariably with the honours of war. That is to say, she alone almost, among brides, is permitted an independent voice in the matter of her life's partner. At its worst, in England, America, and the British Colonies, the interference of parents and friends is of a less serious character than that which disposes for good or ill of the French, Portuguese, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, or, indeed, any other maiden whose forebears were not British.

In no other country is it given to girls to experience the exquisite joys known to the English maiden when first the man for whom she has conceived a liking asks her to be his, and she alone of the brides of the world can regard her position on the nuptial day with entire self-respect and unqualified hopefulness. She stands on the threshold of a new world. The future is all sunshine, tinged, perhaps, with the smallest cloud of doubt, barely realized, but there all the same, which only enhances the glad anticipation of a *rôle* in which she will be her husband's equal in all desirable respects, in some his willing slave, in others his tender tyrant, in all his mate.

With the appearance of the bride of England everyone is familiar, and to describe her at length is entirely unnecessary. Whether she is the daughter of a duke, of a millionaire, of a tradesman, or of a domestic servant matters little. The marriage customs are pretty much the same. Bride and bridegroom meet for the first time on the wedding-day at the church; there are the bridesmaids, the parent or guardian to give away the bride, the best man, the simple ceremony, the departure from church amid showers of rice, the breakfast or reception, and the honeymoon trip, inaugurated with the aid of an old slipper.

A sight, however, which comparatively few people have witnessed, though it is to be seen often enough, is a costermonger's wedding. As with their social betters, the worthy folk make the day one of festivity and rejoicing. In this respect the affair differs little from an ordinary holiday, on which they bedeck themselves in all their best, and eat, drink, and generally make merry. The novelty of the thing is the conduct of affairs at the altar. Bridegroom and bride have spared no resource of alleydom to insure the most presentable appearance possible. His billycock hat is turned well down at the ends of the brim and well up at the sides; he wears a velveteen coat with numerous pearl



A COSTER BRIDE.

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buttons, flannel shirt and gorgeous necktie, and trousers which fit closely about the thighs, and from the knee downwards are suggestive of a giant candle-extinguisher. She wears a large hat with a feather or combination of feathers which for size a Duchess of Gainsborough might envy, a long black jacket, a bright red dress, and a white kerchief round her neck. With the swinging gait characteristic of costermongerland, the pair make their way up the church, followed by their friends, most of whom take their places in the pews.

The one feature then wanting in a usually solemn ceremony is solemnity. The bride especially seems to regard the affair as a grand joke, and in the middle of it all thinks nothing of turning round and giving her friends behind the most knowing of winks. They in their turn do not wait for the conclusion of the ceremony to commence pelting the bridal pair with rice. Dismissed by the clergyman after a while, the bridegroom marches off, leaving his bride to follow. They both give and receive coarse but good-natured chaff, though the bridegroom seems for the moment somewhat over-absorbed in a consciousness of his own importance.

Whatever else may be asserted of the costermonger's bride, it cannot be said that she does not know her man. They have probably spent years in each other's company, and in this way are more fortunate than brides in many countries which pride themselves on their civilization. The French bride has often no knowledge of the bridegroom beyond, perhaps, what she has gleaned at a few most cursory interviews, and what her parents are condescending enough to tell her in ordinary conversation.

Marriages in France are arranged by parents and friends, who pick up all possible information about the antecedents and connections of the opposite side; and if gossip proves satisfactory, a meeting is decided upon—this sometimes taking place at a theatre. The young man is told how the lady will be dressed, and that she will be seated in a certain place. He will gaze upon her to his heart's content—or otherwise—and will signify subsequently his approval or disapproval. In the majority of cases, one would be pretty safe in saying that they are allowed to meet and exchange a few words before the final decision on either side is given.

If they approve of each other, the young man is invited to his bride's home; the contract is signed in a day or two, a ring is given, and, according to a writer in the *Figaro* a few years ago, the young man dines with his future parents-in-law every night until the wedding, which takes place probably just as soon as the trousseau is ready. The bridegroom is supposed to make his *fiancée* very handsome presents, and these, together with the gifts from friends, are exhibited on the day on which the civil marriage contract is signed. On this occasion, which is merely formal, and consequently quiet, the bride wears a dress of rose-colour—symbolic, perhaps, of a period when everything should be *couleur de rose*.

On the following day the religious ceremony is performed. This, says our authority, may be marked by "as much pomp as you please. The bride wears a white satin dress, with lace veil over her hair, and a wreath of orange blossoms, the face being uncovered." Little opportunity as the two thus bound together have had of learning something of each other's views and character, the restrictions on their intercourse have not been reduced to the absurdity which obtains in Portugal, Spain, and among the races sprung from them in South America.

It would, from all one can learn, be considered the height of impropriety to allow a young man and maiden in, say, Lisbon to meet and talk together. The method of courtship is consequently unique. A couple by some means or other conceive a mutual liking—though probably they have never spoken, and the extent of their knowledge is such as can be acquired by staring rudely at each other as they pass in the street. The attachment having become a reality, the girl takes up her position regularly at her window; whilst the swain takes his stand on the street pavement opposite. He executes all sorts of dumb but no doubt eloquent signs, his devotion sometimes assuming the more poetic form of the serenade. In Portugal this happens before he has made any proposal; after he has put the fatal question to the girl's parents and been accepted, he is allowed to come to the house quietly until the wedding-day.

In Mexico this absurd custom is carried to even more absurd lengths. After the betrothal, the Mexican bridegroom, according to one chronicler, spends his time largely in twiddling his fingers at his bride from the pavement and making romantic faces. Even if he lives in the same house he has to go into the street to carry on his love-making. Yet with all this precautionary nonsense, when the two meet at a ball no one

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places any serious obstacle in the way of their dancing every, or nearly every, dance together.

The bridegroom in Mexico finds marriage a very costly business. He is expected to buy the trousseau, and he is fortunate if he can satisfy the extravagance sanctioned by custom and prompted by ardent passion. Young men from the country are said to be often seen in the city of Mexico purchasing all sorts of finery for the ladies of their choice, and the spectacle they present as they constantly consult the measurements, which they carry with them, for all sorts of garments, would be amusing to English eyes.



A PORTUGUESE WOOING.

It is generally assumed that the days of wife capture are past, but "either as a stern reality or as an important ceremony," as Sir John Lubbock tells us in the "Origin of Civilization," "it prevails in Australia, and amongst the Malays, in Hindustan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamtchatka; among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Tierra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and the Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the Negroes, in Circassia, and, until recently, throughout a great part of Europe."

In the Scottish Highlands and in parts of Ireland simulated capture is said to be still part of the marriage ceremony, whilst in Wales we have it on the authority of Professor Rhys that *quasi*-capture obtains. Once, when a boy, he assisted at one of these entertaining functions. He arrived at the bride's house early, and the door was locked and barred and preparations were made to resist attack. When the bridegroom appeared, admittance was refused, and a long parley, conducted in verse, ensued between the father and his would-be son-in-law. At last he was permitted to enter, but no bride was to be found. She had been disguised by her friends so effectually that she was unrecognisable. Leaving the house later for the church, the road at some distance forked, and the bride and her father carefully took the wrong road in an attempt to escape, but the friends of the bridegroom were on the alert, and speedily brought them back.

If one may judge by other chroniclers, however, the Welsh bride is seldom anxious even to pretend that she wants to get away. Directly she meets a man she cares for she begins to oil her hair—one sign that she loves—and on the wedding morn, among the lower order, the bride and bridegroom parade the streets in their Sunday best, accompanied by the groomsmen and the bridesmaids.

Pretty much the same description is given by George Sand of a wedding in provincial France as is given by Professor Rhys of what he has witnessed in Wales. The bride and her friends, we are told, shut themselves up in the house and barricade it, in view of the coming of the man who would carry her off to another roof-tree. When he arrives, admittance is summarily refused, and he uses every artifice known to diplomacy to induce them to let him in. He assures them that he and his friends are weary pilgrims, or that they seek refuge from the police, who are on their track. But the wary defenders see through the ruse, and there seems nothing for it but

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to attempt to take the place by storm. Pistol shots are fired, the door is hammered vigorously — men shout, women scream, and confusion reigns supreme. But still the defenders hold on, until at last the attacking party announce that they have brought a husband and presents for the bride. On this they are admitted, when the fight begins anew for "possession of the hearth," in which the bridegroom is naturally and necessarily victorious. The bride is his, and the marriage ceremony is proceeded with.

In parts of Germany, again, the capture of the bride has to be effected before she is finally won, and Mr. Baring-Gould, in his account of "Germany Past and Present," has referred to the chasing of the bride in the Black Forest as a relic of the custom of primitive times. In the Fatherland the bride not only receives a ring but gives one, and values the band of plain gold all the more highly if her husband has been sufficiently thoughtful to have her name engraved within it. Among the better classes this is usually done as a matter of course. A pretty custom which obtains in some parts of northern and central Europe is the wearing of the virginal crown. In Norway especially the bridal crown is the thing for which most girls live, and the custom prevails so generally that in the rare cases where the bride is unable to purchase her own crown and outfit, they are provided by the Church for the purposes of the ceremony.

In barbarous or semi-barbarous lands capture is seen in more or less serious form, and where the bridegroom does not actually use brute force, the bride is yet afforded an opportunity of escaping a hated union by outdistancing him in a race, in which she is given a start that insures her winning if she cares to.



A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

An amusing variant on the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta is to be found in the neighbourhood of Singapore. Marriage there is a very easy affair, depending almost entirely on the arrangement made with the parents of the girl. If the tribe lives on the bank of a lake or stream, she is placed in a canoe, and started off some time before the would-be husband is allowed to enter another. These contests must often be very exciting. If the girl is anxious not to be caught she need not be. If, on the other hand, she wishes to be married, she may yet give her lover a smart run, and only slow down sufficiently to let him overtake her in the end. When no stream is near, Mr. J. Cameron, in his account of Malayan India, says that the race is run on land, under the same conditions, but in this there is nothing exceptional.

A race for a wife is among the commonest

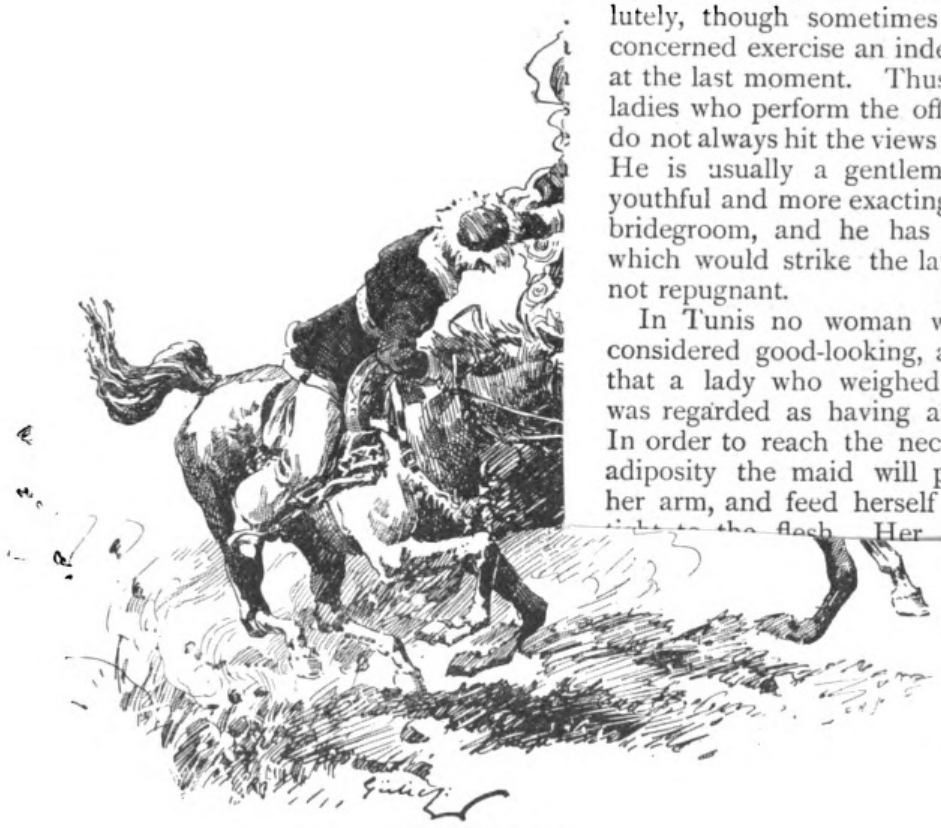


A SINGAPORE BRIDE.

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forms of a survival of the system of marriage by capture. It is to be seen in Lapland, where the maiden is not asked to say "Yes" or "No" to the suitor, but with her friends goes to an open space and plays the part of Atalanta. If she loves or is anxious to marry, the young man will not lose an undue quantity of breath ere he catches her.

Among the Kirghis in Central Asia it is the custom, according to Eugene Schuyler, to place the bride, armed with a formidable whip on a fleet horse. She is then pursued by



A KIRGHIS BRIDE.

the young men who aspire to her hand, but if she does not like the one who gets nearest to or closes with her, she uses the whip on him as mercilessly as she has used it to urge her animal forward, and it is pretty safe to predict that the man who captures her is the man for whom she cares most. In several other parts of Asia it is customary for the bridegroom to secure his bride by force and run off with her. Her friends make a mock attempt to regain possession of her, but the raid of the bridegroom is rendered successful by the loyalty of the friends who stand stoutly by him.

For wanton cruelty in the capture of a bride we must go to Greenland. There we find something more than simulated violence

why they should not continue their union, a divorce is granted, the bride returning all the presents she has received from the bridegroom.

In the East, marriages are arranged very largely by go-betweens, who are either professional or friendly counterparts of the matrimonial agent not unknown to Englishmen. There is, however, a material difference. The agent in England brings two people together, and leaves them to make the momentous decision. In the East the go-betweens settle matters more or less absolutely, though sometimes the parties most concerned exercise an independent judgment at the last moment. Thus, in Tunis the old ladies who perform the office of go-betweens do not always hit the views of the bridegroom. He is usually a gentleman at once more youthful and more exacting than the Western bridegroom, and he has notions of beauty which would strike the latter as peculiar, if not repugnant.

In Tunis no woman who is not fat is considered good-looking, and it is recorded that a lady who weighed twenty-five stone was regarded as having attained perfection. In order to reach the necessary standard of adiposity the maid will put bangles round her arm, and feed herself up until they are tight to the flesh. Her husband does not [illegible] from her husband. Sometimes her grief is sincere, and a sensitive European would certainly not know whether it was so or not. He might be tempted to interfere, in which case he would probably find himself opposed by the bride as well as bridegroom. In order that the apparently miserable woman might really be compelled to remain in her new home, the barbarous custom used to exist of branding her feet so that they were too painful for her to walk. By the time they were well she could with propriety declare herself resigned to her position.

In Greenland it is easy to tell who is married and who is not. The Esquimaux women gather up their hair into a huge tuft on the top, tying it with a ribbon, the colour of which denotes their position. A maid wears red, a married woman blue, a widow black; a widow anxious to remarry,

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to attempt to take the place by storm. Pistol shots are fired, the door is hammered vigorously — men shout, women scream, and confusion reigns supreme. But still the defenders hold on, until at last the attacking party announce that they have brought a husband and presents for the bride. On this they are admitted, when the fight begins anew for "possession of the hearth," in which the bridegroom is naturally and necessarily victorious. The bride is his, and the marriage ceremony is proceeded with.



A NORWEGIAN B

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black and red ; a widow too old to remarry, white.

For the bride and her friends to regard marriage as an occasion for sorrow rather than rejoicing is not uncommon. A few years ago a paper by Mr. E. Colborne Baber, describing, among others, the marriage ceremonies of the independent Lolos, who inhabit an almost unexplored corner of Western China, was read before the Royal Geographical Society. Marriages for their children are contracted by heads of families in the market-places, just as cattle are bargained for. The wedding ceremony of the Lolos is elaborate and suggestive. The bridegroom, if he is a Blackbone — that is, an aristocrat—and is marrying a girl of his own social station, invites the bride with her relations to a banquet spread on the hill-side. After the feast the bride goes home with her friends, and it is only after the third wedding breakfast that the happy pair are united. Presents are interchanged, the family of the bride receiving the larger number. Mr. Baber quotes the following account of the ceremony as coming from a source which may be relied on :—

"The betrothal is ratified by a present from the husband's family of three vessels of wine and a pig. On the wedding morning the parents of the bride assemble their friends, and the ceremony is opened by the bridesmaids with the melancholy song : 'In spite of all the affection and care your fond parents have lavished upon you since the day you were born, you must now desert them. Never again will you sit beside them at work or at meals. You will not be nigh to support them when they grow old, nor to tend them when they feel sick. You must leave them, and go away to the house of a stranger.' Whereunto the bride responds, also in song, broken with bitter weeping : 'Leave them I must, but not by my desire or fault. They must bear with my absence. My brothers and sisters will support them. I go to my husband, and my duty will be to help his parents, not, alas ! my own. But if any trouble befall my dear father and mother, I shall pine to death : I am sure I shall. Seldom can I visit them ; but when they are sick let them send for me, and I will come, I will come.'"

Mr. Baber then describes the general sorrow, which may be simulated or real. Whilst the bride is being arrayed in her richest garments and choicest ornaments, a wailing prayer is started by her friends to the effect that the bridegroom may not prove unkind to the dear girl. Tears flow freely, and in the midst of the lamentations the male friends and relatives of the husband rush in and seize the bride. A scene of great confusion ensues as she is carried off. She is then mounted on a horse, and taken to her new home. Sometimes the friends of the bride repel the attack, employing for that purpose heavy sticks and other weapons, which inflict on the bridegroom's party blows that they will not forget for many a day. Another custom said to obtain among some of the tribes in this part of the world seems, as Mr. Baber says, too grotesque to be credible. The bride is placed by her parents on the upper branch of a large tree whilst the elder ladies of the family cluster on the lower branches. The bridegroom literally storms the tree. As he attempts to climb up the trunk, he is vigorously opposed by the defenders ; and it is easy to imagine the fight he has ere he can touch the foot of the girl, and so establish his right to claim her as his bride.

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We have seen how, in some cases, brides have to be captured by simulated assault, and in others by racing. In the Malay Archipelago there is another very curious custom. In Sumatra, the large island which lies to the north-west of Java and the south-west of Singapore, the bridegroom is expected to give evidence of his intention to be generous to his wife. This is supplied by means of a giant balance placed in front of the bride's house. One scale belongs to the bridegroom, and the other to the bride's parents. On the wedding-day the latter put their presents into their scale. The bridegroom brings his later. His *fiancée* is said to watch the scales from a place of concealment, and only goes to him when his gifts outweigh her parents'. His good-nature is universally applauded, and the union of the happy pair is celebrated with feasting and dancing.



A BRIDE OF JAVA.

In Java the marriage ceremony is short, but the feasting long. The explanation of this is that a marriage with the Javanese is only the equivalent of an engagement with us. After the ceremony bride and bridegroom do not live together for three months, during which they have the amplest opportunities of learning whether they care for each other. If either side can advance any good reason why they should not continue their union, a divorce is granted, the bride returning all the presents she has received from the bridegroom.

In the East, marriages are arranged very largely by go-betweens, who are either professional or friendly counterparts of the matrimonial agent not unknown to Englishmen. There is, however, a material difference. The agent in England brings two people together, and leaves them to make the momentous decision. In the East the go-betweens settle matters more or less absolutely, though sometimes the parties most concerned exercise an independent judgment at the last moment. Thus, in Tunis the old ladies who perform the office of go-betweens do not always hit the views of the bridegroom. He is usually a gentleman at once more youthful and more exacting than the Western bridegroom, and he has notions of beauty which would strike the latter as peculiar, if not repugnant.

In Tunis no woman who is not fat is considered good-looking, and it is recorded that a lady who weighed twenty-five stone was regarded as having attained perfection. In order to reach the necessary standard of adiposity the maid will put bangles round her arm, and feed herself up until they are tight to the flesh. Her husband does not see her till after the marriage ceremony, which is purely official; and if the go-between were desirous of giving the poor



A BRIDE OF TUNIS.

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young man a great shock, or sending him into a serious rage, she could probably not take a better course than to arrange that the face he should look upon when his bride uncovers contains only the amount of flesh seen on that of a European girl. The Tunisian maiden, in a word, fattens herself up for the matrimonial market precisely in the same way as a farmer fattens his pigs and his poultry with a view to fair day.

As in Tunis, so in Morocco—the selection of the bride is left to the mother or some female relative. Few sights in Morocco are more queer than a wedding such as that of which Mr. Stephen Bonsal gave a full description in his book on Morocco eighteen months ago. He formed one of the crowd which watched the ceremony as performed in Tetuan. An old Soudan woman led a white mule carrying a large box, like a pigeon-house, to the home of the bride. The box was taken into the house, the bride got into it, and the old woman staggered under its weight back to the mule. It was then bedecked by young girls with Spanish brocades and Fez silk, whilst the bride's sister attached bangles, anklets, and pearls to the corners. A procession was formed, the lights in the bride's house were extinguished as a token of sorrow at her departure, and the procession moved away to the refrain of a wedding march, whilst from the house-tops women yelled "Yo, yo, yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye." On reaching the bridegroom's house, the box was carried inside, and the bride arranged on a divan, so that she might present the most attractive appearance possible on the entrance of the husband who would see her face for the first time.



A SOUDANESE BRIDE.

In China, again, the bride is supposed to be unknown to the bridegroom, and all arrangements between the parents of the contracting parties are in the hands of their representatives. The Chinese girl is betrothed very often in her babyhood, as is the Indian girl; but whenever the betrothal takes place, she is henceforth regarded as married. Chinese and Indian women cannot remarry, so that, if the husband dies before he has taken the girl to his home, she is doomed to a lifelong widowhood without ever having been a wife. In China, bride and bridegroom meet for the first time in the court of the bride's father's house, when they both make a profound obeisance, and kneel down and worship the heavens and the earth—a proceeding regarded as symbolic of the unity of the marriage tie. There is great rejoicing, and the two spend a considerable portion of the rest of the day in visiting each other's friends.

The preliminaries observed in Japan resemble those which obtain in France. A go-between selects, in a general way, the bride or bridegroom, as the case may be, and arranges for an interview at his own house, or some friend's, or at a picnic, or a theatre. This mutual inspection, as it is called, is the only opportunity the two have of knowing whether there is any chance of their liking each other. If either does not approve of the other's bearing or appearance, the negotiations are supposed to cease forthwith. As a matter of fact, the girl has

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little or no voice in the affair. She has to take whoever may be found for her. The marriage ceremony is simplicity itself. There are no bridesmaids, the only persons present being the go-betweens and a young girl. The latter hands the bride and bridegroom a two-spouted cup containing native wine. One drinks from this and hands it to the other, the sharing of the wine out of the same vessel being held to symbolize the readiness of the couple to share life's joys and sorrows.

After the ceremony, which usually takes place at the bridegroom's house, there is feasting and general merriment. The bride is supposed, according to Miss Bacon, who recently published a very full account of Japanese girls and women, to be equipped by her parents with writing-desk, work-box, trays, tables, chop-sticks, bed-furnishings, and sufficient clothes for all times and seasons to last the best part of her lifetime. The old people show their regard for her in the quality and quantity of the things which go to make up the trousseau they provide. If she is divorced she takes away with her all she brought, and, unfortunately, the beautiful symbol at the marriage ceremony is so meaningless that divorce is terribly frequent in Japan.



A JAPANESE BRIDE.

Sometimes, no doubt, happy marriages are contracted, but it would probably be found in these cases that the go-between had been a good-natured soul who had utilized the opportunities of the position to bring two devoted hearts together. There is little to make life bright for the Japanese wife. She is the servant of her husband and of her mother-in-law. In this respect she resembles the majority of wives in the East. Thus the Armenian bride goes through a ceremony which is as hypocritical as the Japanese. She and the bridegroom bend forward till their foreheads touch, and the priest pronounces them to be one body. Strings are tied round their heads, and they partake of the loving cup. But there is no equality between the two, and Mrs. Bishop has told us in her last book of travel how the Armenian bride becomes a member of her father-in-law's house, and is so much a slave that, until she becomes a mother, she is compelled to remain silent. She may look forward to the time when she will enjoy the privileges of a mother-in-law herself, as do most women in the East, but remembrance of what they went through does not seem to affect their conduct towards their sons' wives.

Between the Jews and the Japanese there are at least two points in common. Weddings are as often as not the outcome of the genius of a professional match-maker, and at the ceremony both bride and bridegroom drink from the same vessel. Here, however, the likeness ends. The Jewish wedding, whatever the status of the parties, is always a more or less imposing affair. In the synagogue is erected, on four poles, a canopy, the drapings and decorations of which are sometimes magnificent, sometimes simple. The bride is escorted by women, and the bridegroom by men. They

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A JEWISH WEDDING.

are led to the canopy by their respective mothers, or their nearest relations. A glass of wine is given them by the Rabbi, which they sip. The Rabbi pronounces his benedictions, they both drink again of the wine, symbolizing their desire to share whatever life has in store for either, the bridegroom places the ring on the bride's finger, saying: "Behold, thou art wedded unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel"; the glass from which they have a minute before drunk is placed on the floor, the bridegroom puts his foot on it and crushes it, those present cry "Good luck," and the happy pair conclude this portion of the day's programme with a kiss.

The practice of aiming things at the bride and bridegroom by way of insuring them luck in after-life is not confined to ourselves. Rice-throwing plays a principal part in the marriage ceremony of the Parsees. A white sheet is hung along the middle of the apartment in which the wedding takes place, and bride and bridegroom are for a time separated by it. Presently it is removed, and each attempts to be first in throwing a handful of rice at the other. They then sit side by side, and the priest enters upon a long oration concerning their mutual duties. He holds rice in his hand, and frequently emphasizes his rhetoric by sprinkling it over them. Rice-throwing on the part of the newly-wedded is a sign of affection: on the part of the priest it signifies a hope that life may be prosperous for them.

With us rice is supplemented by the oldest of old slippers, and the nearer the latter goes to the bridegroom's head the greater the guarantee of good fortune; the Romans use, or used, nuts; at Anacapri, in Italy, it is recorded of a wedding which took place in the clouds — that is, high up on the mountain—that as the bride left the church, her friends pelted her with comfits; whilst Mrs. Bishop tells us that in Syria, as the bride is taken by her friends away from her own village to her husband's, he gets on to the roof of a house near which she must pass, and carries with him a store of apples, "which, after signing himself with the cross, he throws among the crowd." If he succeeds in hitting the bride, it is deemed a sign of good luck.

It was an apple with which Eve, somewhere in this part of the world, tempted Adam. The Syrian young man to-day reverses the early order of things, and aims the fruit at his bride's head instead. May his success ever be as potent for good as Eve's was for ill!

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AN APRIL SHOWER*

A LITTLE COMEDY IN ONE ACT.



ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GRENET DANCOURT BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

CHARACTER : STELLA (Aged Eighteen).

SCENE : *A small drawing-room prettily furnished. A door at the back of the stage. To the right a mantelpiece with a clock upon it. To the left a writing-table with notepaper, pens, and an ink-bottle. At the rise of the curtain,* STELLA, *in a smartly made evening frock, is seen walking up and down. She stops suddenly and looks at the clock.*

STELLA : Seven o'clock ! No ! nine minutes past seven ! (*Sits down. Emphasizes the words*) I'll wait another moment more ! (*Gets up quickly.*) It's he ! (*After listening at the door*) No ! it's not he ! It's the wind ! (*Looks at the clock.*) And now it's quite ten minutes past seven ! I declare it's eleven minutes past ! (*Sighs.*) How slowly the time passes ! (*Listens.*) Hush ! (*With irritation*) It's the wind again ! I shall have a portière put over the front door to keep out the wind. (*After a time.*) A quarter past seven ! He's just a quarter of an hour too late—a century it seems when one is waiting ! (*Turns towards the door and speaks in a supplicating voice*) Do—do make haste and come, Reggie ! (*Turns to the audience.*) His name is Reggie. (*After a moment.*) Whose ? Why, my husband's name. My Reggie ! Whom else could I be waiting and longing for like this ? (*Looks at the clock.*) Seventeen minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) You don't know him ? Very well, then ! Do you know a man named Apollo ? Of course you do. Very well, then ; Reggie is just

* Acted with great success by Mademoiselle Réjane.

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exactly like him! I'll show you his portrait. He has a charm, besides, which is all his own. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-two minutes past seven! (*To the audience*) It was I who discovered Reggie; all by myself. We were staying last March at Biarritz. I went on to the sands one afternoon to try and find some shells for the little school-children at home. I was kneeling on the beach—I had dug my hand right down into the sand—(*shows her right hand*)—this one, you see. All of a moment I felt something taking hold of my fingers. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-five minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) Thinking it was a crab, I screamed and jumped up. A man, quite a young one, was standing there. He was blushing horribly—so was I. The sky was looking so blue, and the sea so green. Ah! There are certain moments in one's life one cannot forget! (*Her voice changes.*) A voice broke the silence—his voice. "I beg ten thousand pardons—I mistook your fingers for, I cannot say what! Pink coral, perhaps." He was crimson with blushes. "And I took yours," replied I, stammering a good deal, "for a *crab!* And my name is Stella." "Mine is Reginald," he replied, stammering in his turn. "An only daughter," I added, not knowing what to say. "An only son," he murmured. "Ah! Thanks!" So we bowed, and each went our way. We were both as pale as pale could be. (*Looking at the clock.*) Half-past seven! You guess the rest? A month later we met at a London ball—quite by chance. It was my first ball, and grandmamma was very cross about my going at all, because I wasn't really quite eighteen. Well, he was introduced to me by Mrs. Alistair. And the end of it all was, that only a month ago we were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Such a lovely wedding! Such smart frocks! As I came down the aisle, everybody said "How sweet!" I was glad of that, for Reggie's sake, you know! My cheeks were whiter than my dress (the longest train you ever saw, and embroidered all over with pearls). I felt very odd, but very happy. Reggie's tooth was aching. I must say it over again: there are moments in one's life one can't forget! (*Looks at the clock. In a meditative tone.*) Only married a month! And—(*adds quickly*)—but we shall always love one another. He's so good and kind, there's no doubt about it! Always so gentle. (*Confidentially*) When we're alone I call him "Dearest!" and he calls me "Darling!" (*With sudden agitation*) How strange, he hasn't returned. This is the first time since our marriage he has been late in coming home. Usually at seven o'clock punctually—not a minute later. I hear him put his key in the lock, and then I am in his arms, or he in mine. It doesn't matter which—it just depends. How is it that to-day——? (*walking up and down*) Oh! dear! how dreadfully worried I am! (*To the audience*) What? Detained? How? By whom? Not by his chief—(Reggie is private secretary to a Cabinet Minister, who values him very much)—because I have just remembered that he is going down to the country to-day. By someone else, then? Who could it be? (*After a moment*) Ah! you see, I can find no excuse for him; that's the worst of it! (*To herself*) If I had not told him we were to dine with mamma at the Savoy to-night, I might have thought—but he knows it as well as I do! He knows I had this new frock made on purpose! So—(*her voice falters*)—it does suit me well, doesn't it? A little large in the waist, perhaps——(He ought to know how impatient I should be.) I will have it taken in at least two inches —— He ought—(*looks at the clock*) Oh, dear!



"IT DOES SUIT ME WELL!"

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The time! I feel inclined to put back the hand; but that's no use! (*She thinks she hears a sound, and runs to the window.*) Here he is! No! It's a cart. A cart! Perhaps he has been run over. (*Covers her face.*) Faint, crushed, mangled! with a leg broken, an arm broken. (*Runs to window again and looks out.*) Stop, stop! (*This to a passing coachman.*) Dear me! I must be mad! Nothing has happened, after all. (*To the audience*) He has met a friend, perhaps, who has asked him to walk in the park! But, no, he hates the park. Perhaps—No! Not that or——(*Dismisses the thought.*) No! Not likely, at all! In fact, it's not this, not that, not a cart, not a broken arm, nor anything I can think of, unless it be the terrible truth, which I had better realize at once—that he is beginning to love me less. (*She brushes away a tear.*) Yes! now I know he has had enough of me, of our little home, of our happiness, of my love for him! A month—that's long for a man—and then! Oh! How wretched I am. (*Knocks her foot impatiently on the floor.*) Idiot! (*Listens.*) That's he!——No! not yet! (*Turns to the door.*) When you come in I shall just show what a bad time I can give you. You shall see what I can say, and *do*, when it comes to the point. (*To the audience*) The first real fight between us—oh! there are moments in one's life very, very terrible to bear! But only let me be calm, sensible, dignified! What attitude, now, should I really take? How speak? How look? It's very difficult to know. But, then, it's my first attempt. If my mother were here, she would tell me exactly how to manage it all! Why! she thinks nothing of three scenes a day with father! (*Smiles.*) Poor man! (*Her voice changes.*) Let me see. (*After a moment.*) No!——Yes, yes! That's it! When he comes in I'll look very grave—majestic; my face shall be as rigid as marble. He, longing to make friends, will say: "Excuse me, darling, for being so late, but——" Then I shall interrupt him, and say—(very coldly): "You are at liberty to come home at whatever hour you choose!" He will say: "I must tell you what kept me," and I shall answer: "I do not even care to know." Then he will ask: "Is Darling vexed with her Dearest?" and I shall answer (again very coldly): "I am not your Darling, and you are not my Dearest." He will try to give me a kiss, but with an imperious gesture I shall wave him aside. After that he *might* laugh, and I am afraid I might too! Somehow I can't help laughing whenever he does. (*Laughs irresistibly to herself.*) Though it's awfully silly..... (*After a pause*) Perhaps a sad and resigned air would have a greater effect. A lamb led to the slaughter—like this!



A SAD AND RESIGNED AIR.

"Yes, dear, you are free, quite free. I don't reproach you." And so on—and so on. Seeing me take the whole thing so sadly and so gently, I daresay he will try to comfort me, but I won't let him. But, now, supposing I were to see, on the other hand, what personal violence might do. If I were to accost him—(*Draws herself up, and raises her arm*)—"You wretch! I shall show you I am not the simple-hearted child you think me." (*Lets her arm fall.*) But, no! He wouldn't let me do it! And perhaps he might return the blow. One can never be sure of a man! Let me think of something else! (*To the audience*) What do you say to my having hysterics? (*Points to a spot on the floor.*) There! on the floor, with my fair hair falling over my shoulders; my eyes rolling, my teeth gnashing; sighing, sobbing, screaming, foaming at the mouth. Mamma, I know,

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was very fond of trying hysterics a few years ago, although she has given them up since, for they tired her so much, and papa said he had got used to them. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty minutes to eight (*Resolutely*) I shall decide upon hysterics! (*Puts up her hand as if to take down her hair.*) But, no! I should have to do up my hair all over again, and in rolling on the floor I might spoil my frock. Besides, sobbing and crying, I might get my eyes red for dinner at the Savoy. A simple faint ought to be enough—at any rate for the first time. (*Throws herself into an arm-chair.*) There! That's better! Here I shall remain cold, pale, languid, dying, dead! He will come in, rush up to me, ask me a thousand questions, and he'll find me lifeless! Then he'll be beside himself, call aloud for the servants, go down on his knees before me, dash cold water on my marble white forehead. (*Gets up quickly.*) But, then, my poor, unfortunate frock! What a pity that dinner stands in the way! (*After a moment.*) Suppose I pretended to be mad! They say nothing is so much like madness as perfect sanity. Only Reggie might take advantage of me by sending for a doctor — a specialist. A man who doesn't love his wife is capable of all that's bad. It isn't only that he doesn't love me—I wouldn't mind that—but I believe he positively dislikes me—detests me! I'm certain of it. I have the proof. (*In a tragic voice*) I must resign myself to my fate. Nothing remains to me but to bear the misery he brings upon me. *No!* I won't bear it. I'll go home. (*Thinks for a moment.*) I know now what I will do. I will send for mamma, and let her make a terrible scene. Then, when he is quite annihilated, she shall take me away with her—far, far away from this sad home, where I have borne so much and suffered so terribly. (*Change of tone.*) I will write. (*Sits at writing-table.*) "My own dearest mother." (*Looks at the clock.*) Ten minutes to eight. "It will soon be four days"— I'll put a week — (*writes*)—"It is just a week since Reggie left home, and he has not yet returned." (*Leaves off writing and listens.*) Hush! Listen! (*With a cry of pleasure*) It's he! It really is *he!* (*Puts her hand to her heart.*) Oh! There are moments in one's life which make up for all! But what shall I do? (*Tears up the letter.*) First I must tear up this letter. (*Hesitates.*) Shall I faint? Perhaps not. No! I'll just run and give him a kiss, and faint another time! (*Runs quickly out at the door.*)



CURTAIN.

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Penmanship.

BY GEORGE CLULOW.

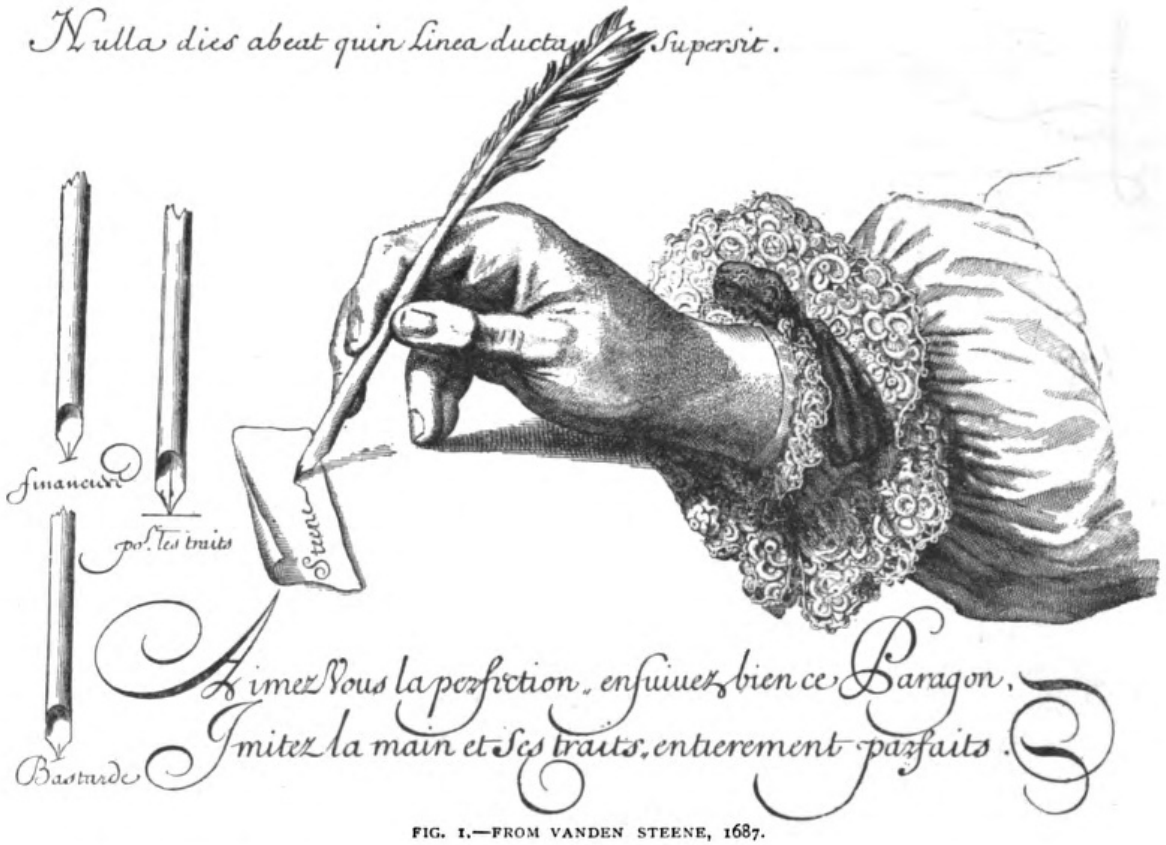


FIG. 1.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

WHEN Sir Andrew Ague-cheek was counselled by his friend Sir Toby to write his challenge in a "martial" hand, and to taunt his opponent with the "license of ink," did he write in "Longobarda," "Bastarda," or "Cancelleresca"? — for so were some of the various forms of the Italian "hand" distinguished. An idle speculation this, perhaps, but it leads us to the subject of penmanship, and to recall the time when writing ranked as a gentle craft, and to illustrate by the evidences which remain to us the fact that it is worthy of being called a "fine" art.

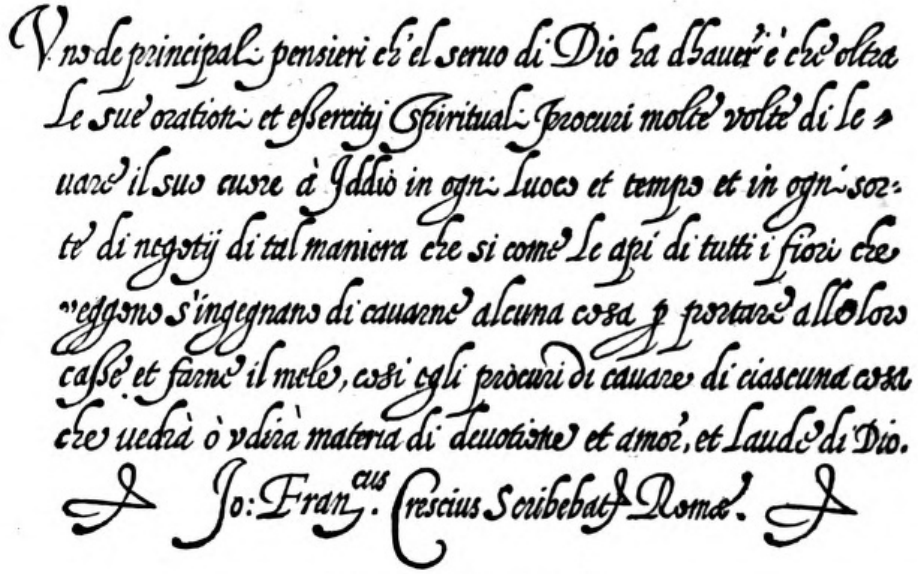


FIG. 2.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

Writing, which of all perpetuative methods of conveying information from age to age may be said to best give immortality, has failed, curiously enough, to bring to us the name or period of its inventor, and we have no reply to the couplet which inquires :—

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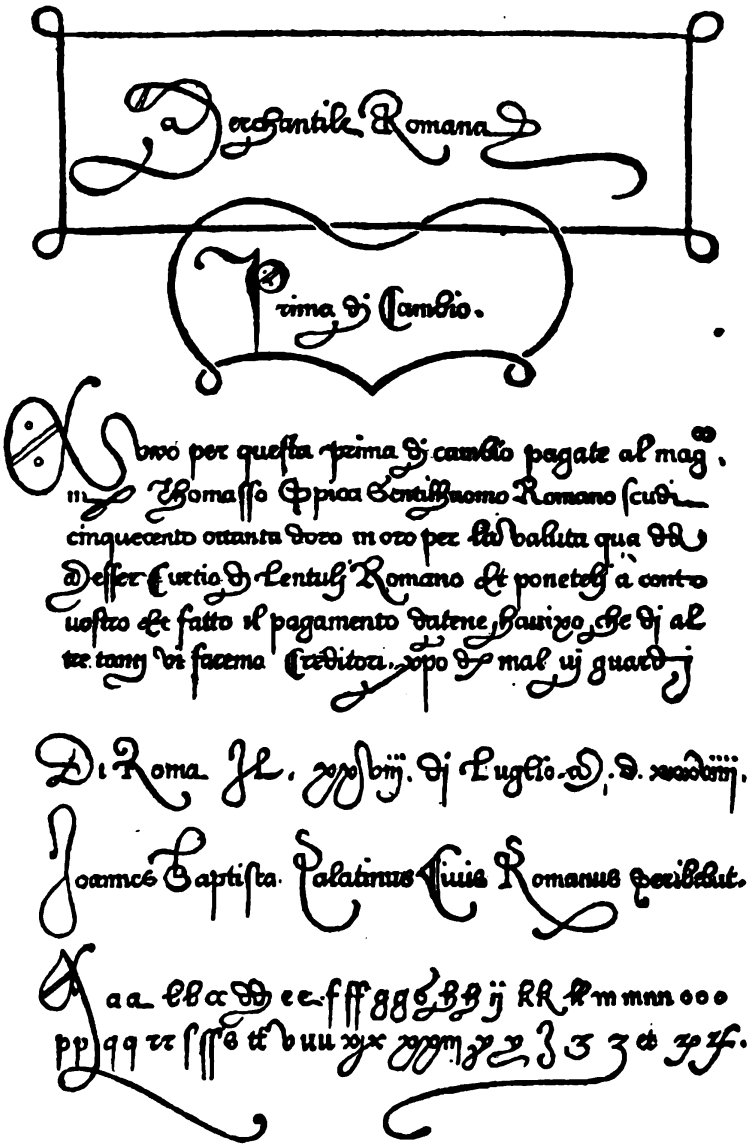


FIG. 3.—FROM PALATINUS, 1539.

Whence did this wondrous mystic art arise
Of painting speech and speaking to the eyes?

Nahum Tate, Queen Anne's poet laureate, disposes of the puzzle enigmatically in his definition of the art as "the Pallas and Pandora of mankind."

Penmanship—universal as it is in every condition of life and in every land, indispensable in every social relation, and in the business of the world—has fallen away from the high position which it once held among the refinements of educated people, and no longer has place as a fine art. Notwithstanding the spread of education, and the careful administrative efforts to ensure it, it is remarkable that the writers who aim at anything beyond legibility are, if we may measure opportunity by accomplishment, a decreasing quantity, and we have the curious paradox that the higher the education—taken in its general sense—the more certainly do we find writing degenerating from the beauty of form and grace of line of which it is so capable, and which is found in the handwriting of our forefathers.

It is singular to note that, during the first hundred years after the discovery of the art of printing, as it advanced so the art of writing languished—the reproduction of MSS. books by means of the copyist being checked and finally abandoned; his occupation was gone, and fair writing became rare.

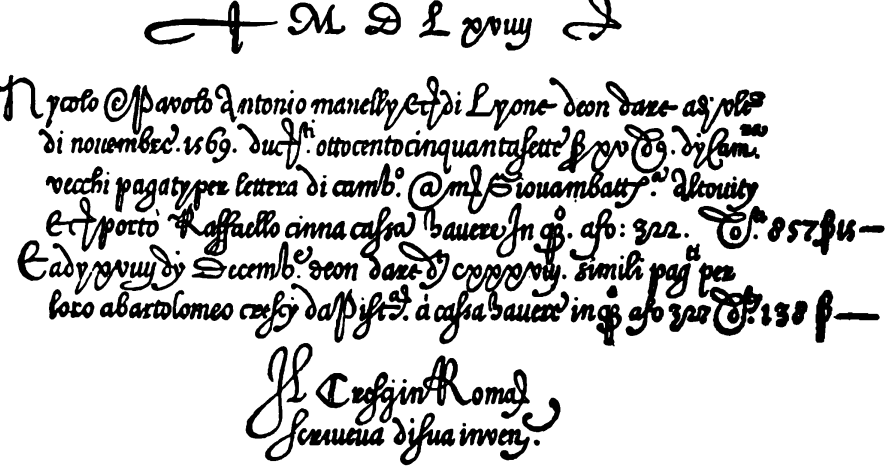


FIG. 4.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

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The subordinate place which writing has taken for the last half-century in the scheme of education, especially in the public schools of England, has led us to lose sight of how important a personage the writing-master was in the preceding three centuries — when he was a man of broad learning, and with a calling of deserved dignity and honour. In these later times, the wider range of teaching, under modern systems, has caused, it may well be unwisely, the partial neglect of one at least of the first items in the education of our forefathers, items which in popular speech have been grouped as "the three R's"—accuracy of spelling being sacrificed to euphony. Good writing was important enough to occupy the mind of the philosopher, John Locke, for we find him in the midst of his efforts towards the establishment of civil and religious liberty designing, in 1688, a set of writing copies for the use of the children of his friend, Benjamin Furley.

Letter-writing in the modern sense appears to have been of very rare usage in England before the sixteenth century, for nearly all the letters which are preserved in the archives of our country prior to that period are written, not by the hand of the person whose signature they bear, but by that of the private secretary or public scribe; and before the spread of a methodized education, this profession of public scribe lived, and has in the Sister Island still some survivors. In France and Italy, and actively so in Spain, it is yet a recognised and necessary means of communication among the unlettered.

Now let us look at the evidences which the copy-books of the last three centuries supply, of what the art of writing may be made, and see how in the rush and haste and utilitarianism of to-day we have lost the charm of form and ingenuity of design which belonged to the writing characters of three centuries ago. The school copy-books of to-day have ceased to display the beautifully varied styles of writing which were then the delight of the writing-master and the recreation of the pupil. When we look over a collection of old copy-books, the thought must come that many of these older examples, and particularly those of the sixteenth century, might again be brought into the caligraphic education and recreative teaching of our



FIG. 5.—FROM VESPASIANUS, 1556.

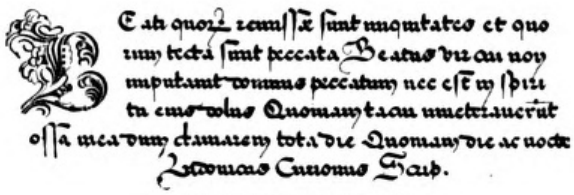


FIG. 6.—FROM CURIONE, 1602.

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FIG. 7.—INITIAL A—ALBRECHT, 1732.

schools. In drawing, freedom and accuracy of form are the first elements in the training of the hand, and in teaching the art of writing there might be almost insensibly secured in this way these first steps to successful graphic imitation. Turn to Fig. 3 of the examples here given, a reproduction of one of the copies of Johannes Palatinus, written, as the copy tells us, on the 28th July, 1539, where he describes himself as "Civis Romanus," a title of which he was doubtless proud; and that he was so of his personal appearance we may, perhaps, assume, for to his book he prefixes his portrait. Note the precision of form in alliance with graceful fancy in what was the ordinary mercantile character of the time, legibility and grace, hand in hand. Again, see (Fig. 5) the richly-ornamented copy from the copy-book of Vespasianus, a Neapolitan monk, whose beautiful set of writing copies was printed in 1556. In these early examples we see how carefully and thoughtfully decoration has been applied to the art of letters. Italy led the way in the production of models for writing, and, for nearly a century, gave the style to the writing-masters of other countries. The earliest English master, Peter Bales, to whom has been given the title of "Restorer of Fine Writing in England," from whom we have in 1590 the "Writing Schoolmaster," was evidently familiar with the work of his Italian *confrères*, and copied where he could not improve. After the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, living at the same time in Rome, Venice, Naples, Siena, Florence, and other Italian cities, and some examples of whose work are shown in Figs. 2, 4, and 6, writing copies were produced somewhat abundantly in England, France, Spain, Germany, and the Low Countries, but Italy was still pre-eminent in this as in other arts. The use of fanciful design as decorative adjuncts to the actual copy—birds, animals, insects, and the human figure, produced for the most part by the pen in continuous free-hand lines—culminated in the copies of Morante, a Spanish teacher of writing, and the specimen of his work, Fig. 9,



FIG. 8.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

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FIG. 9.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

shows power of design and clever application in a high degree; the example by him, Fig. 12, is equally good in its way.

The impulse given to the liberal arts under the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. included penmanship, and France boasts of a group of excellent masters, one of whom, Barbedor, was in the *entourage* of the King, and had the rank of "Secretaire de la Chambre du Roy." There are many fine examples of this period which have a distinctive special character in the use of vigorous, broad, and luxurious flourishes, revelling in freedom of hand and pen, as is seen in the example by Moreau, Fig. 11.

In the earliest of these charming copy-books we find the copies used as a means of inculcating moral lessons and worldly-wise counsel, in addition to hints on the methods of the art which they served; and in the seventeenth and next century we find the writing-master appearing as a poet, moralist, and religious teacher. That "ingenious" penman, Mr. Edward Cocker, who was arithmetician as well as writing-master, and to whom we owe the "according to Cocker" of schoolboy slang, was not less amusing in the poetical efforts shown in his copies than he was admirable in the style of the writing set for imitation; but we cannot but respect

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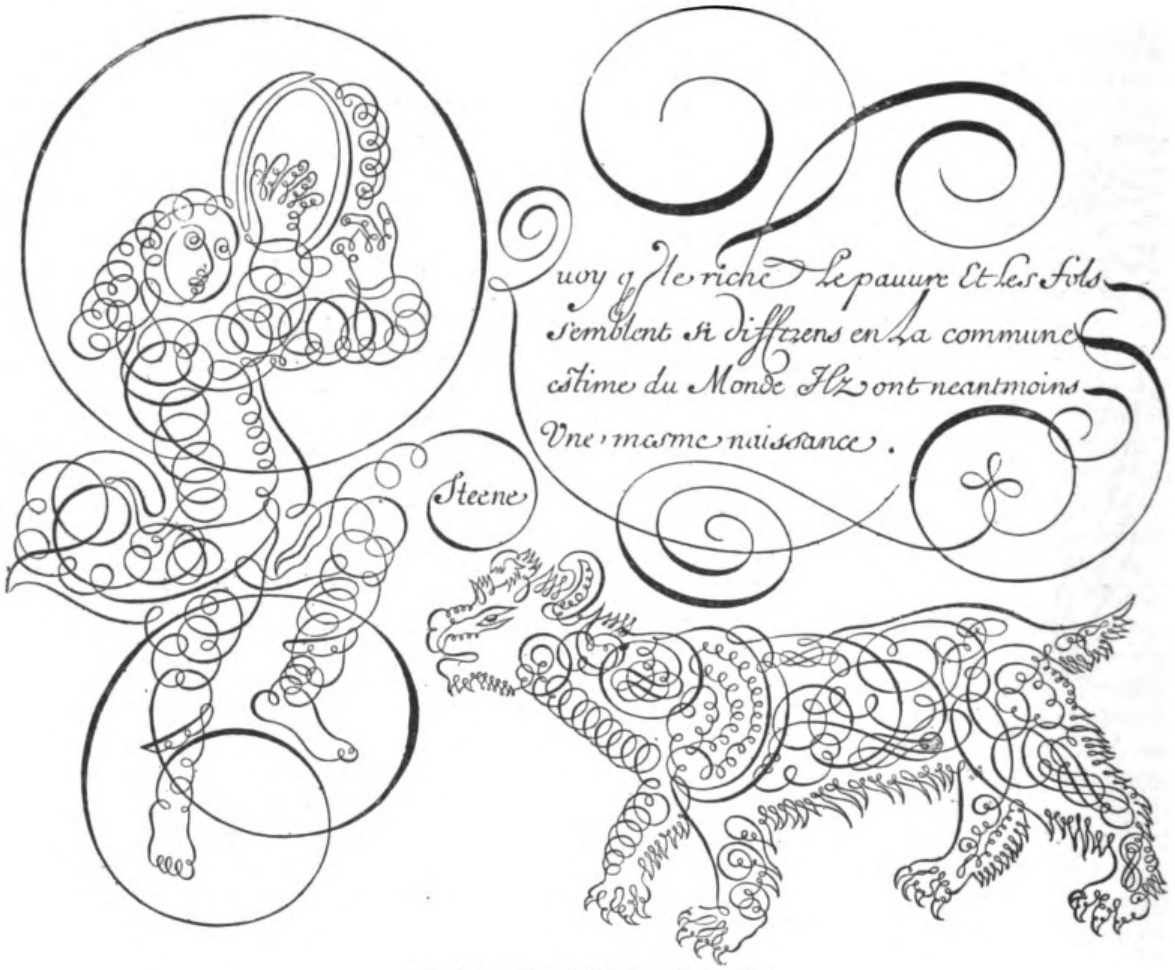


FIG. 10.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

the healthy spirit and firm faith in the teaching which he imparts. His work is dainty and decorative, and, as a whole, is the best of his period.

Germany had its special school of writing-masters, who appear to have worked independently of the models of the Italian masters, though we can trace their large indebtedness to them. While there is ample facility of design shown in their copy-books, they lack the grace and charm of their westward and southern neighbours. Nuremberg produced the best of them, but from other parts of Germany we have good examples. At Lubeck, in 1647, Arnold Möller issued his "Scriebstubelein"; and in variety and painstaking treatment they afford a fair example of the German copies of the first half of the seventeenth century. From the Nuremberg master, Albrecht, we have a clever series of initials, of which the letter A (Fig. 7) is here shown, and they



FIG. 11.—FROM MOREAU, 1632.

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FIG. 12.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

are worth study as showing the possible elaboration of penmanship. Our readers may perhaps remember an example of his work in a former article upon "Playing Cards." A very notable writing-master of this period was Vanden Steene, of Ghent, who, in 1687, issued his "Schrijf-const," and where, with much originality of his own, he has worked on the methods of the Italian and French masters. In Figs. 8 and 10 we have representative examples of his copies, which show the freedom and fancy with which he worked. The illustration at the head of this article is from his book, and shows the position of the fingers in holding the pen, and the "nibs" necessary or best suited for writing the different "hands" set for imitation. In his, as in the other copies we have mentioned, there is found the same effort to educate the mind as well as the hand by useful maxims of daily application and of eulogy of the art of penmanship.



FIG. 13.—PORTRAIT OF JOHANNES FRANCIA PALATINO, 1539.

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Wolf-Solange.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARCEL PRÉVOST.

STICK in hand, our bags slung over our shoulders, we three had been walking all the afternoon in the beautiful Forest of Tronsays, which covers half the Saint-Amand district and half the Nevers district. The end of our tramp for that day was the village of Ursay, near the bank of the Cher, a little place huddled up in an arm of that valley which divides the forest in two; there we dined with an old friend of mine, a doctor, whose small connection was scattered over five or six neighbouring parishes. Dinner over, we seated ourselves in the open, in front of the house, and meditatively smoked our cherry-wood pipes.

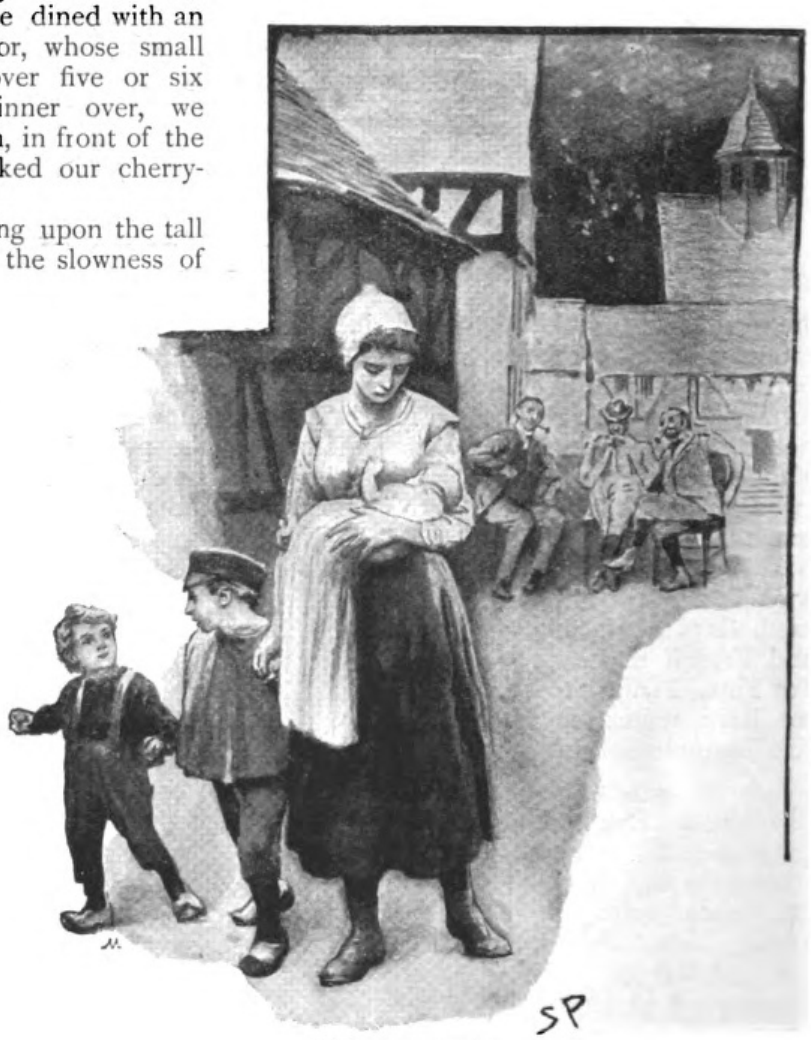
The shadows were gathering upon the tall tree-tops all around us with the slowness of a June evening; here and there a cloud of swallows was to be seen; from a little steeple, just visible above the roofs of the houses, rang out the nine o'clock angelus, in slow, measured tones, an interval of silence between each stroke; and in the distance could be heard the barking of the farm dogs as they called to and answered each other.

A youngish woman, dressed in a short skirt of red material, with a white bodice, came out of a house close by and went towards the river; she was carrying a baby in long clothes on her left arm, and holding with her right hand the chubby fist of a little boy, who in turn was grasping the hand of a younger brother. When she reached the bank of the River Cher, the young mother sat down on a big stone and nursed the baby, while the two boys quickly undressed and tumbled into the water, where they splashed about and threw water over one another with shouts of laughter.

"There's a picture which would have a tremendous success in the Salon," said one of my companions, who was an artist. "See how the light falls upon her! And what a splendid pose! How well the red skirt shows up on the dark background!"

"Are you looking at Wolf-Solange, young gentlemen?" asked a voice behind us.

It was our host, who had been detained inside by the arrival of a patient, and who now rejoined us. Of course, we asked him who Wolf-Solange was, and how she came by such a strange name, and, in reply, he told us the following story:—



"WOLF-SOLANGE."

"Wolf-Solange, whose proper name is Solange Grillet, maiden name Tournier, was the prettiest girl all around Tronsays ten

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years ago. Hard work in the fields and maternal cares have left their mark upon her, but she is still pretty for a woman of thirty, as you can see.

"At the time the adventure happened which earned for her the nickname of Wolf-Solange, she was still single. Her parents were tenants of the small farm of Rein-du-Bois, about eight or nine miles from here, near Lurcey-Lévy. Although poor, she had no lack of suitors, even among the well-to-do young men of the neighbourhood; but the only one she encouraged was a certain Laurent Grillet, to whom she had taken a fancy when she was a mere girl and they used to tend sheep together.



"EVERY EVENING LAURENT LEFT LURCEY-LÉVY."

"Laurent Grillet was a foundling; his fortune consisted of his strong arm only. Solange's parents, not seeing the advisability of marrying their daughter to a man just as poor as they were, especially when she had several much better chances, forbade Solange to meet her lover; but the parents' injunction was unheeded, and as they lived in the same village and the forest was close by, the opportunities of meeting were numerous and easy. When the Tourniers discovered that the lovers still saw each other, and perceived that neither soft words nor blows had any effect upon Solange, they came to a weighty decision: they would send her out to service at Ursay, on the model farm of M. Roger Duflos, our Deputy.

"Perhaps you think that this step put a stop to the lovers' meetings? If so, you are quite mistaken. The only difference was that they had to see each other at night. As soon as it was quite dark, the young people slipped away from the respective farms on which they worked, and, taking a short cut to save time and to avoid the high road, met in the forest, unknown to anyone.

"It was in 1879. The summer and autumn passed in this way, then came the winter—and a terrible winter it was! The Cher was full of pieces of floating ice, and finally it froze right over; the high trees of Tronsays bent under the weight of the snow; the forest was deserted, the roads having become almost impassable; and we saw what had not been seen for many a year—wolves!

"Yes, young gentlemen, wolves. They prowled about the outlying farms of Lurcey-Lévy and Ursay, alarming the good people who lived on those farms, and were even seen in the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, an out-of-the-way little place close to the forest. Wolf-hunts were organized to kill them, and fifty francs was paid for a wolf's head. I myself saw three—two full-grown ones and a young one—on the opposite bank of the Cher one morning when I was on my way to Saint-Amand in my cart.

"But neither the hard winter nor the wolves prevented Laurent and Solange from meeting at night in the forest; in spite of all dangers they continued their nightly expeditions. Every evening Laurent left Lurcey-Lévy, his gun under his arm, and walked through the snow-covered forest with a blithe, fearless step; Solange, on her side, slipped away from Ursay at nine o'clock; and they met at a glade called 'The Walk,' about a mile and a half from here.

"On Christmas evening they met as usual,

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but just as Laurent reached the glade he slipped upon the frozen ground, and fell in such an awkward way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him up, but was unable to do so; she could only drag him to a young elm-tree and set him up with his back against the trunk.

"'Stop there, my poor Laurent,' she said, wrapping her own cloak around him, 'and I will run to the doctor at Ursay; he will come and fetch you in his cart.'

"She started off on her way to the village, and had turned the bend in the road, when she heard the report of a gun and a cry for help. She ran back to her lover, whom she found ghastly pale with pain and fear, one hand convulsively clutching his gun, which was lying on the ground.

"'What is the matter, Laurent, dear?' she asked, anxiously. 'Was it you who fired?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Soon after you had left me I noticed a strong smell, and when I looked up I saw an animal with glaring red eyes, and as big as a great dog. I believe it was a wolf.'

"'Did you fire at it?'

"'No, I couldn't lift the gun, you know, on account of my arm. I pulled the trigger as it rested on the ground to frighten the brute, and you see he is gone.'

"'Will it come back?' asked Solange, after a moment's reflection.

"'I am sure it will!' answered the young man. 'You'll have to stop here with me, Solange; if you don't, the beast will eat me.'

"'Very well, dear,' said Solange, 'I'll stop with you. Let me have your gun.'

"She took up the weapon, shook out the discharged cartridge and put in a fresh one, and they both waited anxiously.

"Two hours, perhaps more, passed. The moon, still invisible, had risen above the horizon, for the sky reflected a confused light, which became brighter each minute. Laurent was feverish—he shivered and groaned; Solange, benumbed with cold, standing up with her back against the tree, began to get drowsy.

"All at once a kind of whine or howl, like that of a dog chained up at night, made her jump. In the semi-darkness she saw two fiery eyes: it was the wolf.

"Laurent tried to get up and take the gun, but the pain was too great, and he fell back again into a sitting position with a groan.

"'Make ready, Solange,' he cried; 'aim straight between the eyes, and don't fire too soon.'

"Solange raised the weapon to her shoulder, took aim and fired; but the kick of the gun made her miss the animal. Nevertheless, scared by the report, it fled along the road and was quickly out of sight. A little while afterwards they heard it howling in the distance, and it was answered by others.

"The moon now emerged from behind the trees and lighted up the whole of the forest, and a terrifying sight met the eyes of the lovers. Within gun-shot were five wolves, seated on their hind-quarters, like dogs, across the path; while another, bolder than its fellows, was slowly making its way towards Laurent and Solange.

"'Listen to what I tell you, Solange,' said Laurent. 'Take aim at the one which is coming towards us; if you can manage to knock him over, the others will eat him and we shall have a rest while they are doing it.'

"The wolf continued to advance slowly; they could see its red eyeballs, its bones showing through its dull, ragged-looking coat—so thin was it through hunger—and its open mouth with the tongue hanging out.

"'Rest the butt of the gun well in the hollow of your shoulder,' said Laurent. 'Now let him have it!'

"Bang! The wolf gave a jump in the air and fell dead without a sound; the others rushed away as hard as they could, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"'Run to the wolf, quick, Solange!' exclaimed her lover. 'Drag it as far up the road as you can; there is no danger, the others won't come back yet.'

"She ran towards the dead wolf, but he called her back when she had gone a few steps.

"'We ought to cut off the head, you know, so as to get the reward.'

"'Have you got a knife?' she asked.

"'Yes, here in my belt.'

"It was a hunting-knife, with a short handle and a wide blade. She took it and, running to where the animal lay, she cut off its head and dragged the carcass by one foot over the slippery ground as far away as she could, and returned to Laurent with the head.

"What Laurent had foreseen took place. The wolves, frightened at first by the death of their companion, came back—all five of them—when they smelt blood. By the light of the moon the two young people saw the group of wolves struggling, fighting, and rolling over one another in their efforts to get a full share of the prey, of which they devoured every scrap.

"Laurent began to suffer terribly from his

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"THE WOLF GAVE A JUMP INTO THE AIR."

broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were giving way under the strain, was vainly endeavouring to struggle against fatigue and drowsiness; twice the gun nearly fell from her hands.

"Having finished their meal, the wolves began to come nearer to the young people. The girl fired once, twice, at random in their midst, but her frozen fingers trembled, and the bullets went wide of the mark. At the report of the gun the brutes scurried away along the road for some short distance, where they stopped for a few minutes, and then came back.

"Laurent and Solange knew that it was all over with them then, and that they must perish. The girl let the gun fall to the ground, but not for an instant did she think of abandoning her wounded lover and saving herself by flight. She lay down upon the frozen ground by his side and drew one end of her cloak, which she had wrapped him in, over her own benumbed limbs, and putting her arms round him, she laid her head against his cheek; thus, outwardly frozen by the cold and inwardly burning with fever, they both waited for death.

"Strange fancies took possession of their disordered minds as they lay half-unconscious: it was once again summer time, and they were wandering through the forest decked with summer verdure, enjoying the lovely June evening; then the trees and hedges became suddenly bare, and the forest covered with snow, upon which stood out clearly a mass of moving forms with blazing eyes and gaping mouths—a mass which grew larger every minute, and drew nearer to them to devour them.

"But, fortunately, neither Laurent nor Solange were destined to die in that awful manner. Providence—I believe in Providence, my boys—ordained that on that very morning I was returning through the forest in my cart from Saint-Bonnet-le-Désert, where I had been to attend an urgent case. I was driving, while my servant, holding a loaded gun ready in his hand, was on the look-out for wolves. No doubt the bells on my horse frightened the brutes, for we did not see a single one. When we reached the tree, at the foot of which the lovers were lying, my horse shied, and so drew my attention to them; I jumped out and, aided by my man, lifted the poor things, unconscious and stiff with cold, into the cart, covered them with everything we had in the way of rugs, and made my way as quickly as possible to Ursay. I did not forget to take the wolf's head with me.

"It was about seven o'clock, and the day was breaking, when we reached the village. We were met by a large party, consisting of the men employed on the farm of M. Roger Duflos, and about half the people of the village, who, uneasy at the disappearance of Solange, were going in search of her. And

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"I JUMPED OUT."

it was in that large kitchen where you have just dined that Laurent and Solange, restored to consciousness, and seated in front of a flaming beech-wood fire, told us what they had passed through during that dreadful night."

"Well, doctor, I suppose they got married after that?" we asked.

"Of course," replied the doctor. "The will of Providence is at times so clearly shown in the course of events, that it does not require any gift of second sight to perceive it. After the adventure of the wolves, the parents of Solange consented to her marriage with Laurent Grillet. The wedding took place in the spring, and the fifty francs reward which they received for the wolf's head paid for the bride's dress."

We all remained silent. It was now quite dark, the twinkling stars were reflected in the deep, blue water of the Cher, and the thick mass of trees stood out like mountains upon the horizon.

We saw Wolf-Solange dress her two boys and come towards us on her way back to her home, the child asleep in her arms and the others walking by her side as before. As she passed us she smiled at the doctor, who smiled in return, and wished her a cheery "Good evening, Solange!"

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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a] AGE 14. *[Pencil Drawing.*

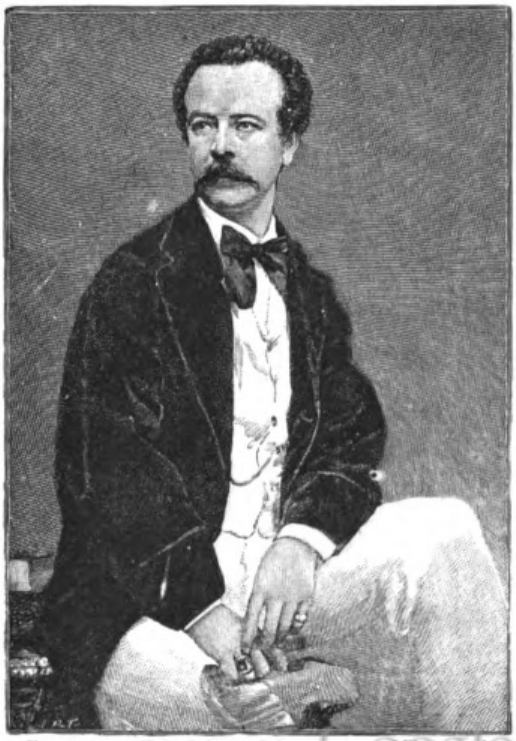


From a] AGE 42. *[Photograph.*

M. WORTH.

BORN 1825.

MONS. WORTH was born at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and the King of Fashion is therefore not, as is generally supposed, a Frenchman, but an Englishman. He was employed for some time at a well-known firm in Oxford Street, London, and thence proceeded to Paris. M. Worth has made dresses for all the Queens of Europe, with the single exception of Queen Victoria. A further account of M. Worth and his establishment occurs on another page of the present number.



From a] AGE 30. *[Photograph.*



From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

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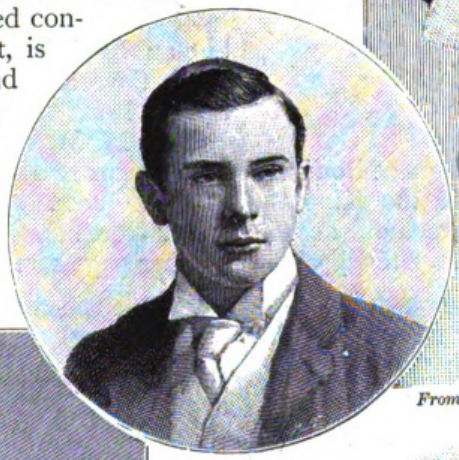


AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

BORN 1868.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS, whose recent marriage to Lady Margaret Grosvenor (of whom we give portraits on the next page) excited considerable interest, is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. He was educated at Wellington College and at Sandhurst, and is a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, the uniform of which is shown in our fourth portrait.



AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co.



From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Byrne & Co.*



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Whalmough Webster, Chester.

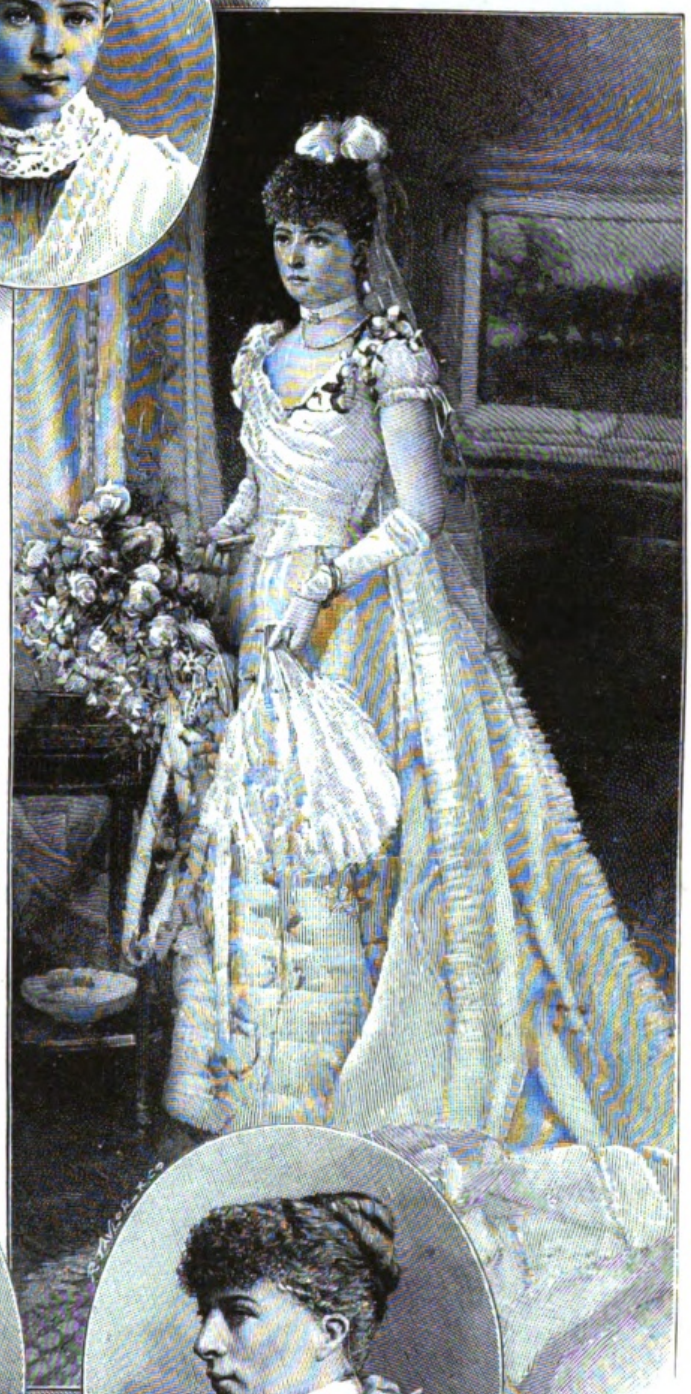
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AGE 12.
From a Photo. by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.





AGE 14.
From a Photo. by G. W. Webster, Chester.



PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK
(LADY MARGARET EVELYN GROSVENOR).

WE have pleasure in giving here portraits of Princess Margaret of Teck, the bride of Prince Adolphus, and daughter of the Duke of Westminster.



AGE 16.
From a Photo. by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Whatmough Webster, Chester.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

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From a] AGE 17. *[Photograph.*

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

BORN 1841.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon, was educated at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1867. After holding various curacies, he was, in 1870, appointed Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, where he remained until 1879, when he became Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, W. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877, Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1878, and was made Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in the same year; he was also Select Preacher at Oxford in 1882, Bampton Lecturer in 1887, and received from the University of Oxford an honorary D.C.L. in 1889. In 1882 he was appointed to a vacant canonry at Windsor. On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth, in 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon, a post since held by him with great credit. For more particulars we have pleasure in referring our readers to an excellent Illustrated Interview with his lordship, which appeared in our issue for January, 1893.



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Mayland, Cambridge.



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Sam Sims, Greenwich.



From a Photo. by] AGE 41. *[Samuel Walker.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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The Synagogue in Bevis Marks.

By Sir Francis Montefiore, Bart.

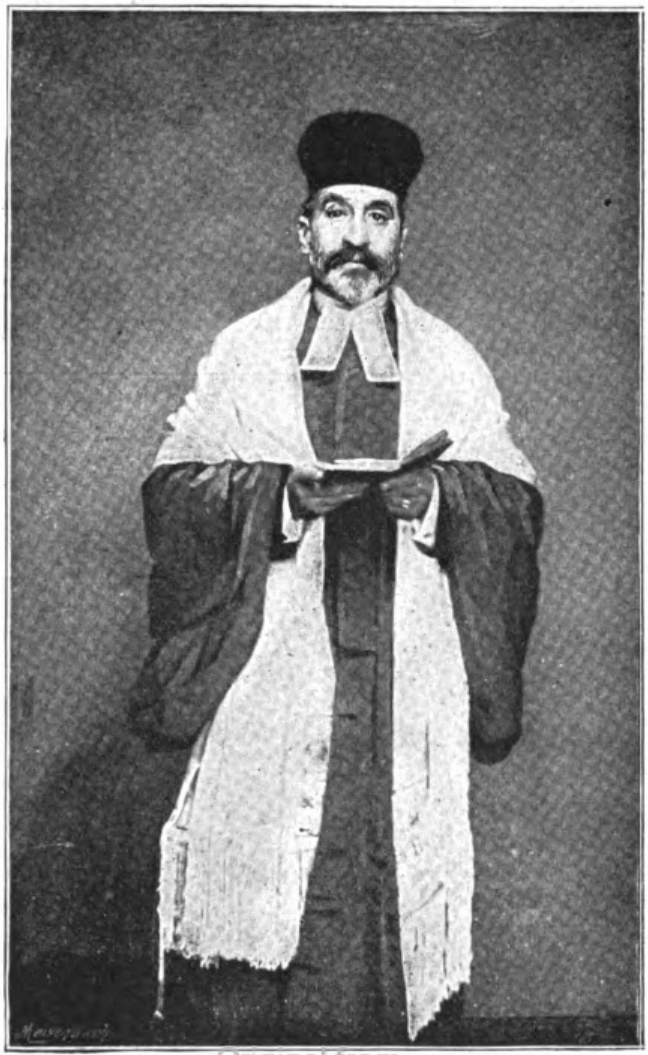


THE ENTRANCE TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

THE ruthless destruction of ancient historical buildings which has lately taken place in the City of London, and the threats of a like fate which hang over no small number of those which remain, cannot but give pain to all antiquarians. This vandalism, however, has had the effect of drawing attention to many interesting memorials of the past which are yet left; and of all these, perhaps one of the most noteworthy, though possibly the least well-known, is the Synagogue in Bevis Marks, the chief place of worship of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews.

The Israelitish nation, whose sacred ceremonial observances are the most ancient in the world, are so united in religion and philanthropy, that the public are not generally aware that they are divided into two communities, namely, Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese, and the Ashkenazim, or German congregations. And though they do not differ in any dogma, and though their Litany is, in most respects, identical, yet they are entirely separate, being divided by those strong barriers, birth and tradition; the Sephardim being the patricians, and the Ashkenazim the plebeians of the Jewish people; for while the former, who in the Middle Ages were one of the most learned and cultivated of communities, had oftentimes been not merely the trusted financial and political advisers of kings, but even their honoured friends; the latter, at that period, dwelt chiefly in confined quarters of German cities, and occupied themselves in dealing in worn-out garments and various small commodities, and, it is to be feared, were for that reason sometimes looked down upon by the more refined Sephardim.

At the present time, of course, old prejudices and barriers are being daily swept away,



REV. S. I. ROCO, MINISTER OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

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From a Photo. by] SCROLLS OF THE LAW. *[F. Hars.*

the money markets of the world, have sprung from the Ashkenazim. But the Sephardim are fully compensated by being privileged to escape, perhaps on this very account, much of that jealousy and persecution which oftentimes pursue their better endowed co-religionists.

The Synagogue, which is situated behind a row of buildings in Bevis Marks, is inclosed on three sides by a courtyard, which, though the building is in a noisy and crowded part of the City, helps greatly to maintain that quiet and seclusion which are so necessary for a House of Prayer.

The building itself, which is 80ft. long and 50ft. wide, though externally plain, being devoid of all decoration, has a very imposing appearance. On entering the sacred edifice, the most striking object is the Ark, which is at the east end. It is a large receptacle, which contains the scrolls of the law. These are taken out and read on the Jewish Sabbath, and also at other times. They are covered with mantlés of brocaded silk and velvet, and are surmounted by gold or silver bells. Some of the mantles are very beautiful, and are generally the gift of a member

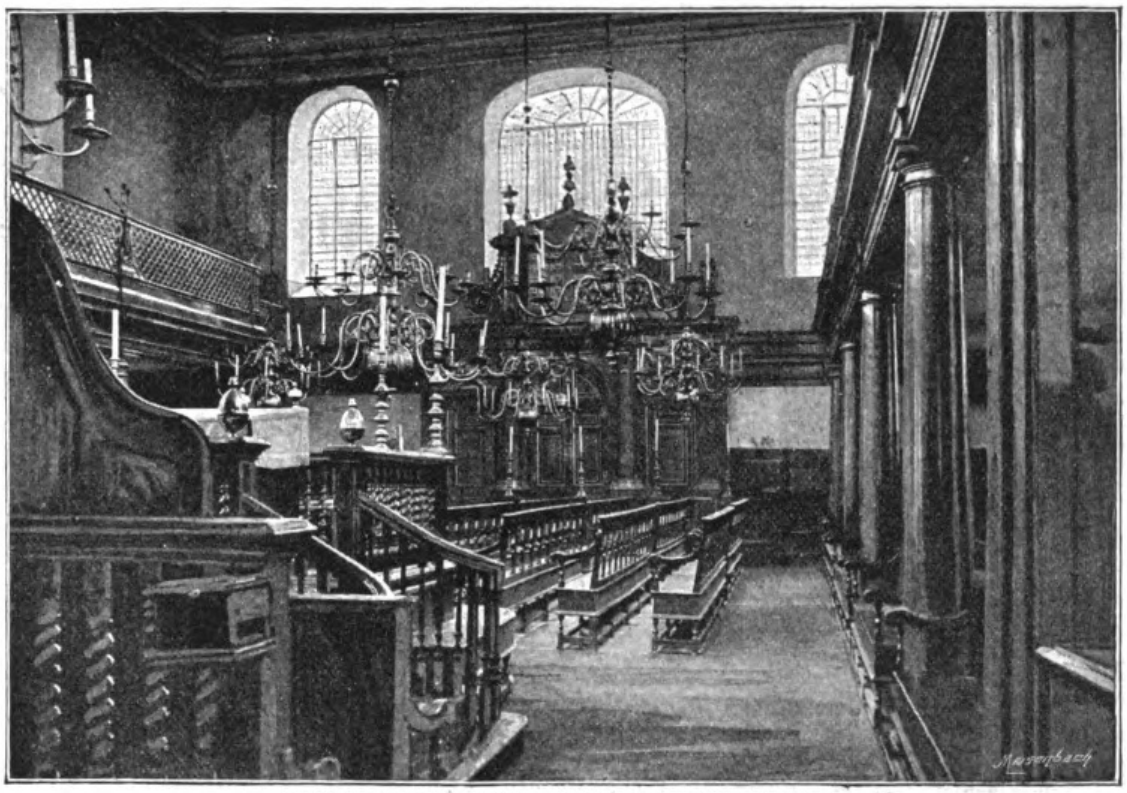
and, indeed, the excellent secretary of the Bevis Marks Synagogue belongs to the German community, which have become not merely of great numbers and importance, but likewise as well educated as their Portuguese brethren; nevertheless, a distinction still remains between them.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that nearly all the great "money kings" of the present day, many of whom are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and whose fortunes frequently sway



PICTURE OF THE DECALOGUE IN SPANISH AND HEBREW.
From a Photo. by F. Hars.

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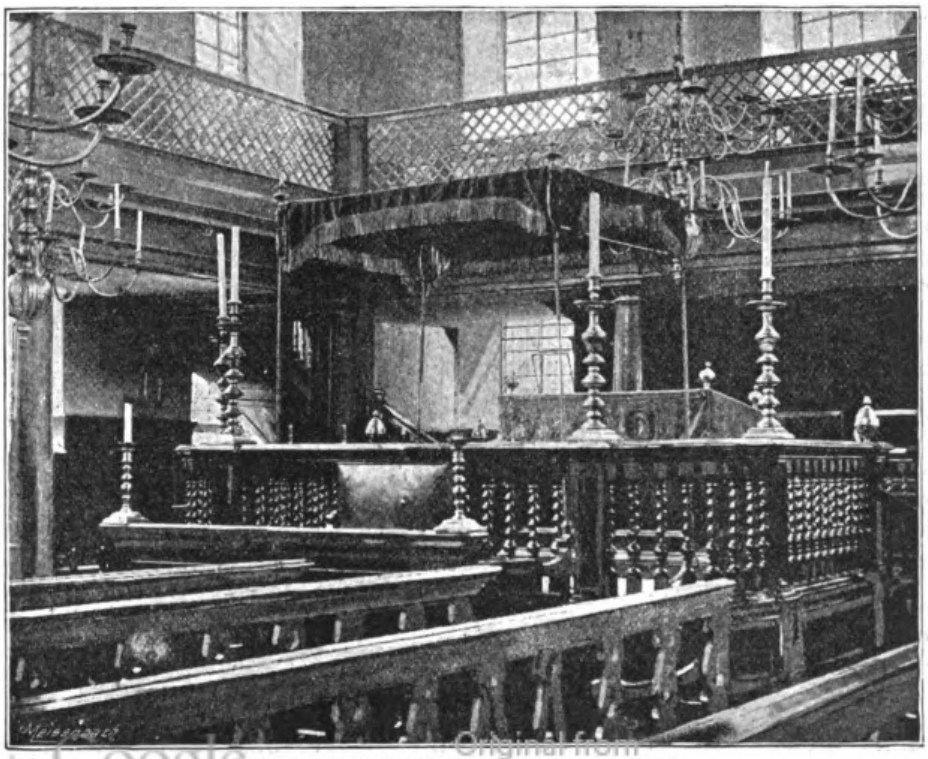


INTERIOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE—LOOKING TOWARDS THE ARK.

of the congregation. The Ark itself is inclosed by two large doors of oak richly ornamented with gold; and before these doors hangs the sacred lamp, which must always be kept alight.

In the centre of the Synagogue is a reading-desk, so large that a dozen persons can easily be accommodated in it, and it is here, under a silk canopy which is specially erected for the purpose, that the wedding ceremony takes place. The choir is stationed immediately behind the reading-desk, and it is worthy of note that the singing is unaccompanied by any organ or harmonium, for, ever since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem instrumental music has been prohibited in the ordinary services of all orthodox synagogues.

Round the walls are the seats which are

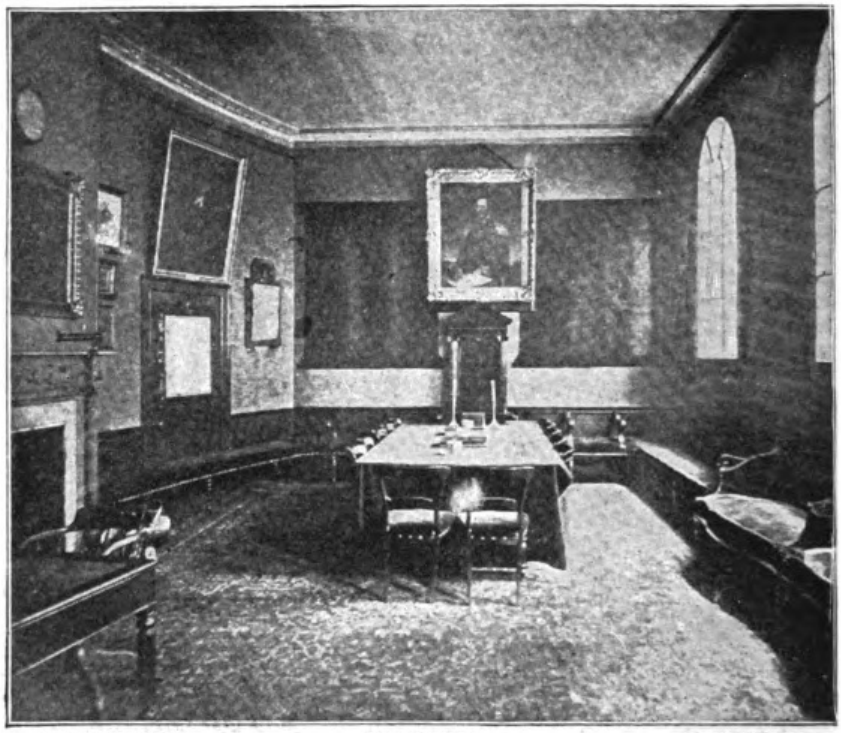


THE READING-DESK AND THE WEDDING CANOPY.

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THE REGISTER OF THE BIRTH OF BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.



From a Photo. by] THE VESTRY. *[F. Hars.*

occupied by the male portion of the congregation, as women are not permitted to take part in the service, but sit by themselves in a gallery which runs round three sides of the building.

This Synagogue is the only one in the United Kingdom which is not lighted by lamps or gas. Large wax candles, which are specially manufactured for this purpose, are used, and are fitted into very curious old brass chandeliers, some of which originally came from Holland, where there had been an older congregation of Sephardim Jews.

Until quite lately the Synagogue was almost entirely surrounded by its own buildings—such as the vestry-room, readers' houses, almshouses, and schools; but the necessity for procuring funds has unfortunately made it needful for some of these to be removed to where land is less valuable, and now warehouses are being erected on the site. Of all the removals, the loss of the vestry-room is perhaps most to be deplored, for it was replete with interesting associations—nearly all the benefits which English Jews now enjoy originated within its walls.

It contained several valuable portraits of men who had been connected with the Synagogue, and also a very curious and excellent picture representing Moses and Aaron supporting two large stone slabs, on which is written the Decalogue in Spanish and Hebrew.

These paintings are all to be hung in the new vestry-room, where also will be put the very interesting old registers in which have been carefully recorded the births of all the members of the congregation, including that of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

This is the first regular Synagogue which was built in England after the re-admission of the Jews under Cromwell, though it was not erected until the reign of Queen Anne; and the Sephardim congregation were justly proud of being allowed, at a time when bigotry and intolerance were still rife, not merely to build a place of worship, but to build it with the approval, and even the

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help, of the reigning monarch; for the Queen presented the Synagogue with a beam, which is said to be preserved in the ceiling at the present day.

The land on which the building was erected was at first leased from Sir Thomas and Lady Ann Pointz; later on, it was converted into a freehold. It ought to be mentioned that the builder was a Quaker, who, when his work was completed, restored the money which he had made out of his contract, he being, as he said, unwilling to make any profit out of a temple erected to the glory of God.

For some years it was the only Synagogue in London, and was used both by the Portuguese and by the German congregations. But as the latter were not admitted to any religious honours, and as the only office which any one of them was allowed to fill was that of beadle, it is probable that they were not satisfied with their position when they had increased in wealth and numbers, for they then built a place of worship of their own.

Some years ago there was great danger of the Synagogue in Bevis Marks being pulled down; for many members of the congregation had moved away from their old houses in the neighbourhood, and were desirous of building a place of worship nearer to where they lived; and, as a further justification for this proposed act of vandalism, they alleged that scarcely any worshippers attended there. But, when the matter was thoroughly investigated, it was found that, not only were the congregations far larger than had been supposed, but that many, though residing at a distance too great for them to be able to attend, opposed the scheme on the ground that the building wherein their fathers had so long worshipped, and which was so intimately connected with much that was most interesting in their history, ought to be regarded as sacred. Happily, in this case as in many others, the threatened danger to the building has resulted in greatly strengthening its position; and there is now little doubt that it will henceforth for generations remain the chief Synagogue of the oldest community of the British Jews.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.
From a Painting by S. Hart, R.A.

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Athletes of the Year.

Their Performances and Methods of Training.

ENGLAND, at the present time, may be said to be able to hold her own in all branches of athletics. Men have come to the front during the season just past who, pitted against the best of Continental or Colonial athletes, would be able to more than hold their own. Our Universities lead the van amongst kindred institutions, as witness the defeat of Yale by the Oxonians during last summer. On the flat, coming farther afield, we have such athletes as F. E. Bacon, Sid Thomas, C. A. Bradley, and E. C. Bredin; on the cycle track we have Green, Shorland, and Watson; in cricket we have Brockwell; on the football field Sandilands, and many others who might be enumerated; and on the links Taylor, the professional champion, is a leader amongst leaders. C. B. Fry, again, the triple Blue, is an exponent of rare excellence in almost every branch of sport that might be mentioned; and although the sculling championship is held by a New Zealander, yet, seeing that he has definitely settled in his English home, we could place in the field a recognised team second to none. In the descriptions which follow we have traced the records of the leading athletes of 1894, while much that is interesting may be learnt from the individual methods and manner of preparation.

F. E. Bacon.

A truly formidable list of championships is that held by F. E. Bacon. Born at the pleasant little hamlet of Boxted, near Colchester, in 1870, he is now in his 24th year. But although he may yet be expected to improve upon his performances already effected, it may be mentioned that he holds the titles of one mile champion of England, 2 miles Northern Counties champion, ¾-mile steeplechase champion 1892–93, mile Essex champion, 10 miles Ashton champion 1892–93, 1,000 yards Scotch record holder, one mile Isle of Man record holder, 1,000 yards champion 1892, Essex cross-country champion 1892, 10 miles Northern cross-country champion 1893, 4 miles champion of England, and 1, 2, and 3 miles Scotch record holder, where in the mile, which he covered in 4min. 18 1-5sec., George's previous time was beaten. At an early age he commenced running, locally at first, and then in 1891 he came prominently before the public. His best performance, however, was that in the 4 miles scratch race, at Stamford Bridge, where he met the best men of the day—Sid Thomas, Crossland, Watkins, and Pearce. Running grandly, he had the measure of his opponents from the start, and sprinting ahead at the finish he succeeded in tieing George's record of 19min. 39sec. dead for the full distance. The same men he again met and defeated at Ashton-under-Lyne in a 5 miles race in 24min. 25sec. dead, while another of his best performances was the carrying-off of a 3 miles handicap, in which the limit man was in receipt of a start of 300yds. This year he has only competed in two of the championships, the mile and the 4 miles. He won both, and was, in fact, defeated in but one scratch race up to the end of the regulation athletic season. It may be added that Bacon is a pleasantly-mannered young fellow, standing 5ft. 8½in. in height, weighing, when "peeled," 9st. 3lb. He has this season won 36 first prizes and 11 seconds, while the value of the trophies secured during the whole of his career he places at £1,850. He has, strange to say, no special method of training, running at practice half a mile for a mile, or 2½ or 3 miles for a 5 miles race.

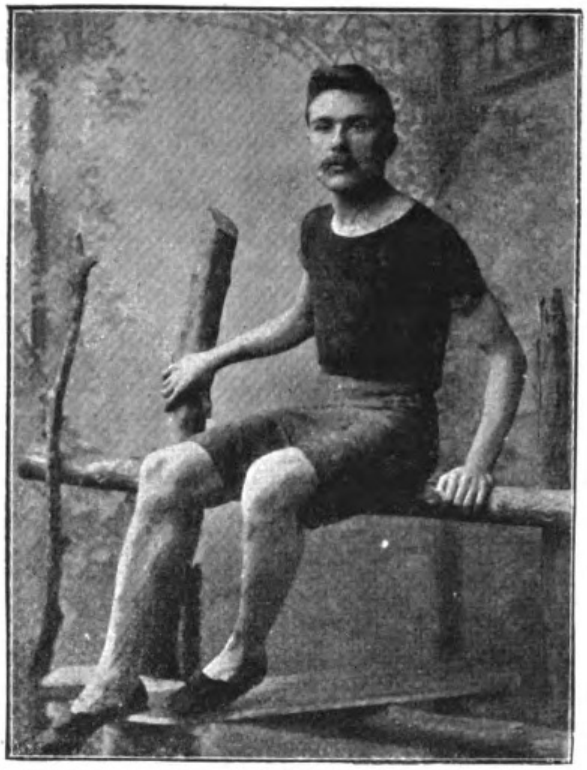


F. E. BACON.
From a Photo. by G. C. Melville, Manchester.

Sid Thomas.

Little wonder, indeed, that Sid Thomas discovers by this time that training is somewhat irksome. He has been upon the path and remained in championship form far longer than any of his contemporaries. Born at Chelsea, in July, 1868, he is thus in his 27th year, and, although slight in form, is

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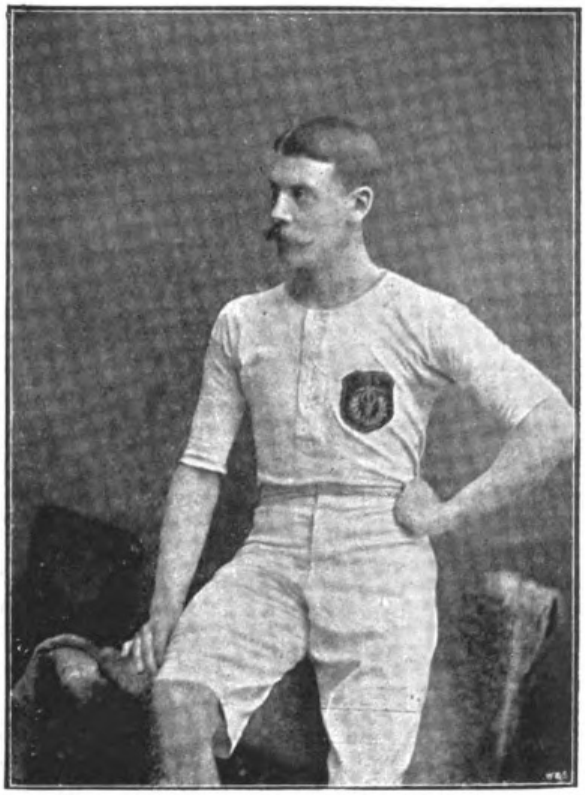


SID THOMAS.
From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Putney.

one of the "wiriest" runners that has ever donned a shoe. The 10 miles amateur championship of England has fallen to his lot on four occasions—in 1889, 1892, 1893, and this season—he securing a win twice at Stamford Bridge, at Birmingham last year, and on the last occasion, it is almost needless to add, at Huddersfield. In 1889 Thomas was both the 4 miles amateur champion of this country and 10 miles champion of America. He has also won two of the cross-country championships of the South of England, in 1888 and 1889. But in 1892 Thomas eclipsed all his previous performances, by establishing world's record for the 15 miles, at Stamford Bridge. The little Chelsea crack has also established fresh records for the 1½ miles in 6min. 53 3-5sec., 3 miles in 14min. 24sec., 4,000yds. in 10min. 58 1-5sec., and 5,000yds. in 13min. 43 3-5sec.

E. C. Bredin,

The quarter and half mile champion, was born at Gibraltar, in March of 1866, his father being a colonel in the Royal Artillery. Educated at Wellington College, and later at Frank Townsend's, the famous Gloucestershire cricketer, he was thus thrown into an athletic coterie at an early age. His first prominent appearance, we find, was as far back as 1886, when he won the 150yds. level race at the L.A.C. meeting, beating such fliers of the day as A. J. Gould, J. D. Bassett, and E. H. Pelling. After this he was abroad for nearly five years, at first in Canada and then in Ceylon, but upon his return in 1892 he started training at once. On July 9th of the same year he set up new figures at Paris in the 400 mètres, beating the previous records created by C. G. Wood and M. Remington. The Welsh quarter and the Midland Counties championships also fell to his lot, while he finished up the season by creating the British record of 1min. 11 4-5sec. for 600yds. Last season, on May 13th, in the quarter-mile handicap at the L.A.C. meeting, he accomplished the fastest time for the distance ever made on the circular track from scratch, while he tied world's record for 600yds. at the Civil Service sports a little later. On July 1st he won the quarter-mile championship in 49 1-5sec., and the half in 1min. 55¼sec., the latter being the fastest time ever made in the championship, and a week later he established Scotch records for the quarter and half mile. In July of this year he again ran in, and secured, the championships for the quarter and half mile. On July 22nd the English champion was a competitor in the International meeting at Paris, where he experienced not the slightest difficulty in



E. C. BREDIN.
From a Photo. by Lambert & Co., Bath.

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annexing the scratch quarter and the handicap half. His method of training, it may be added, is to run a varying distance every day when fine, sprinting as fast as possible, and on one occasion going 300yds. at top speed and on another 1,000yds. slowly.

A. Ovenden.

Never was Ovenden, the popular L.A.C. sprinter, running in better form than he has displayed up to the close of the present season. He was born at Tunbridge Wells in 1866, stands 5ft. 9½in. in height, and with a long, raking stride, gets over the ground at a tremendous pace, while he is one of the smartest of short distance runners to get off the mark at the crack of the pistol. His first race was run at his local place when only 15 years of age, in 1882, and encouraged by the success then achieved, he was after that very frequently in running costume. In 1892 he joined the L.A.C. Prize after prize was confiscated in rapid succession, while, in the summer of 1892, he literally cleared the board at the Berlin meeting of August 14th. Unfortunately, he has met Bredin and Bradley in many of the leading events, his best performance being the 50 3-5sec., accomplished in the 1893 championship of 440yds. at Northampton. During the season just concluded he has secured the 220yds. and 120yds. challenge cups of the L.A.C., and defeated Fry in the L.A.C. *v.* Oxford University match of March last.



A. OVENDEN.
From a Photo. by Searle Bros., Brompton Road, S.W.

C. A. Bradley.

To win the 100yds. championship four years in succession is the great ambition of this gentleman. Three years he has already done so, but this feat, it may be mentioned, has been effected by W. P. Phillips and J. M. Cowie. Should Bradley succeed in his attempt, he says that he will retire from the path altogether. At the present time he ties with A. Wharton in the 100yds. English record of 10sec. dead, and is also upon an equality with W. P. Phillips in the 120yds. with 11 4-5sec. He holds, moreover, the Scotch records for 120yds., and last year at the St. Bernard's meeting at Edinburgh he won the 120yds. handicap off scratch, doing 11 7-10sec.; this performance being equal to 3yds. inside 12sec., or beating even time by the same distance. The Huddersfield flier has been running since 1890, and in that time has won £1,500 worth of prizes. He has won outright the Bradford Cup, valued at £50, in the 100yds. scratch race, and has also made the Manningham Vase his own property, the Armley Cup, the Wortley Vase, and also the Bingley Cup, the aggregate value of these being 255 guineas. Other smaller races he has carried off without number, and against all comers, having taken part in 54 scratch races and proving successful in the whole in succession. When training, Bradley is in the open shortly after eight o'clock every morning, and practises bursts over the full distance about four times each day.

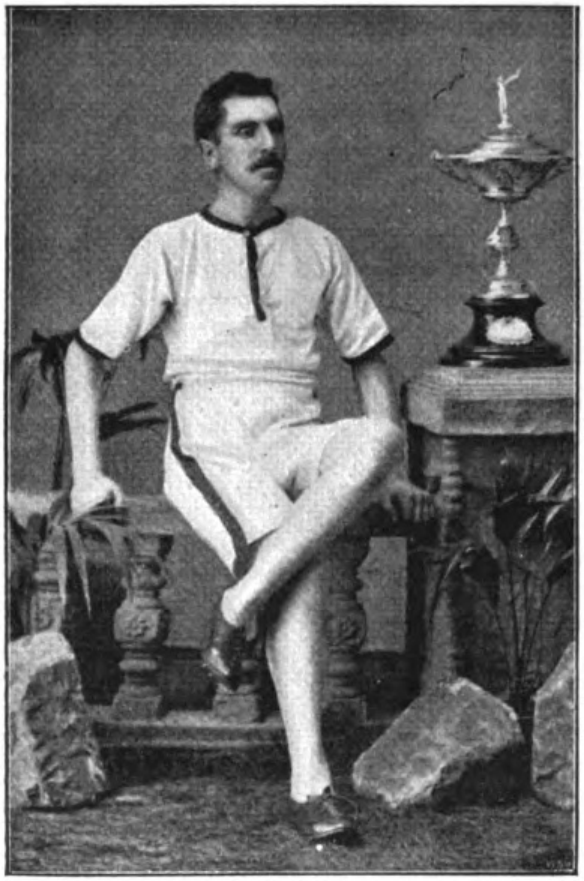


C. A. BRADLEY.
From a Photo. by Sellman & Co., Huddersfield.

Charles Pearce.

A plucky runner is "Charlie" Pearce, one of the veterans of the path of the present time, and who has held the titles of Midland Counties, Railway, English 4 miles champion, and World's 4 miles grass record holder. His first appearance was on Whit

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CHARLES PEARCE.
From a Photo. by C. Katterns, Northampton.

Monday as long ago as 1876, at that time he being 15 years of age. In 1890 he carried off the 4 miles Midland Counties championship, and since then has been in the forefront of matters athletic. On July 1st of last year he secured the 4 miles championship of England, and then, after several meetings had been arranged and run off, he met and defeated Sid Thomas over a distance of 5 miles, on November 25th, at Northampton. That concluded the season, but early in the present year he was first home in the inter-club race between the Birchfield Harriers and Northampton. Hannah, the Scottish champion, he met and defeated at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on May 5th, 4 miles being the distance, while Sid Thomas went down before him again in a 2 mile race at Southampton during the Easter meeting at that place. Other races also fell to his lot, it being calculated that the worth of his trophies must now amount to over £800, of which over £150 was won last year, one of the latest of his achievements being the carrying-off the 1,000yds. championship of Berks, Bucks, and Oxon. Breaking down badly in the National, he was thus unable to defend his title of 4 mile champion this year, and now states that he will give up cross-country work.

C. R. Thomas.

Born at Merthyr Tydvil on May 28th, 1873, C. R. Thomas, the Welsh champion, is thus in his twenty-second year. His rise in the athletic world has, however, been of a somewhat meteoric character. In 1892, Thomas left his home for Reading. At that place, as is well known, there is a capital running track on the local athletic club ground, and, acting upon the advice of his friends, the new arrival lost no time in getting into training. On August 12th, 1893, we find him set against C. A. Bradley at Cardiff. But it must be admitted that Thomas on this occasion courted defeat. His medical man had advised him not to run, yet he was only beaten by the champion by a couple of yards in 10sec. dead. The season was concluded by his winning the 100yds. Welsh championship by at least 4yds. in 10 1-5sec. This year Thomas has been equally successful. Taking 13 races (9 handicaps and 4 scratch), he has won 6 first prizes in the former, 2 in the second, and a second when running far from his usual form. On June 8th



C. R. THOMAS.
From a Photo. by W. D. Dighton, Cardiff.

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he effected what was a really great performance. Competing in a 120yds. handicap at Alresford, on a grass track, but down a slight slope, he was timed by Mr. C. Herbert, the hon. sec. of the A.A.A., to do 11 4-5sec., tieing with the records established by W. P. Phillips, at Stamford Bridge, in March, 1892, and by C. A. Bradley at Edinburgh last year. Going into South Wales later in the season, he again carried off the championship; his time being returned at 10 1-5sec. for the distance. The style of the Welsh crack is beautifully easy, with a long, "loping" stride. He has no hard-and-fast rules respecting diet while in training. His practice consists of three or four bursts of 50 or 60yds. each day, with a club mate ahead in order to draw him out, while, more than anything else, he attaches the greatest importance to pistol practice.

Max Wittenberg.

THE performances effected by this speedy young runner are of a startling character. In fact, up to April of this year he did not attempt to train seriously. But by that time his successes in numerous events of a minor character, his friends considered, justified his preparing to meet C. A. Bradley, the 100yds. champion. So he proceeded to train, still attending to his business during the day. On April 28th he was a competitor at the Essex Beagles' sports, where he ran into second place in the 100yds. scratch and third in the 120yds. Possessed of a tremendously long stride, and endowed with the faculty of getting off the mark at the pistol shot, there were those who, after these performances, did not fail to predict a long series of successes for him. In this they were not disappointed. He has run in eighteen first-class races since that time, securing eight firsts and ten seconds, his trophies amounting in the aggregate to the value of £91 18s. Very soon the question was floating round: Would he defeat Bradley in the championship? In this, however, he just failed. The Huddersfield crack jumped off with the lead at the start, and, holding his own to the finish, won by about a yard. But when once started there was apparently but a slight difference in the relative speeds of the pair, and with Bradley at his best and Wittenberg steadily improving, it is quite an open question as to which will win the coveted honour in the hundred of 1895. Wittenberg has not much to say respecting his methods of training. He uses dumb-bells and club exercise freely, while stamina is obtained by means of long walks. Prior to a big race he devotes considerable time to pistol practice during the earlier hours of the day, running 30 or 40yds. at top speed some half-a-dozen times. Then he closes his work by going right through the distance in which he would compete.



MAX WITTENBERG.
From a Photo. by R. Moffitt, Accrington.

C. B. Fry.

OF all-round athletes, the Oxonian, C. B. Fry, is admittedly the best. Not a branch of athletics, jumping, sprinting, cricket, football, and even golf, but what he excels in. Of somewhat over medium height, not an ounce of tissue upon his body is wasted. Watch him as he prepares for a jump, or when upon the football field. With eye gleaming brightly and every muscle at its full tension, he is beyond question one of whom any college may be proud to call its own. Wadham, however, secured him by something approaching a fluke. Originally he intended going up to Cambridge upon his leaving school, but at the crucial moment fell ill. Upon his recovery, he was persuaded to try for one of the Oxford scholarships, and being successful in his endeavour, there he has remained ever since. At present he intends embracing the scholastic profession, but, despite all his study, he yet finds time for the necessary amount of training. With respect to his perform-

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ances, he stands at the head of his *confrères* in the long jump; has acquired his place in the Association football team of his University; while now he intends taking up the Rugby game and attempting to acquire a position in the O.U.R.F.C. With Blackheath he will play occasionally at three-quarter, and has played at centre-forward and back for the Casuals this year.



C. B. FRY.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

H. A. MUNRO.

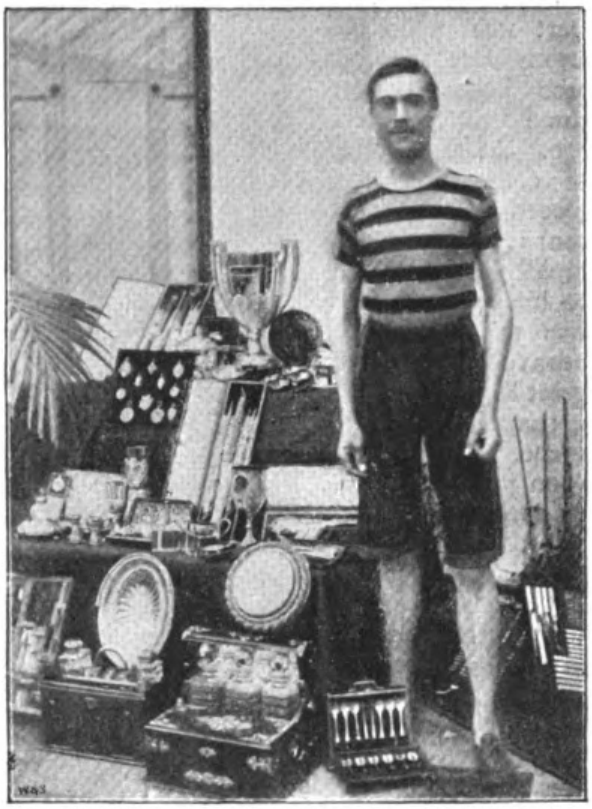
ONE of the best runners ever numbered amongst those who have brought the hospitals well to the fore in matters athletic is H. A. Munro. A glance at his long, lanky form as he toes the mark at the start, and his raking stride, which carries him over the ground at a tremendous pace, proves to even the most casual observer that he is one of those who are practically in condition at any time of the season. But he has peculiar ideas with respect to training. "Any man can cover a distance if he but goes slowly at it," he says, and in his practice he invariably sets himself the task of getting his pace up considerably. The greater portion of his training is done by the daily walk to and from his duties, about two miles, while when training for path racing he runs upon the track some three times a week. Curiously enough Munro commenced his athletic career as a jumper and sprinter, two branches which he has now apparently forsaken for races over longer distances. In this branch of sport he is practically unapproachable by his *confrères* in the hospital ranks. Since leaving the University he has represented the Lea Harriers three times in the S.C.C.C.C., and secured the 10 miles championship of that club in 1891, 1892, and this year. For the last four seasons he has been first man home in the United Hospitals' 10 miles challenge cup race. He has thrice finished first for the Hospitals *v.* Oxford, and once *v.* the Lea Harriers, and for four years has annexed the mile and 3 miles at the United Hospitals' sports. His best times are 14min. 56 4-5sec. for the three miles, and 4min. 34 1-5sec. in the mile, run a little later in the same afternoon. Against Oxford in 1893 and this year he carried off the 3 miles in 15min. 9sec. and 15min. 1sec. respectively.



H. A. MUNRO.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young, Regent Street, W.

GEORGE MARTIN.

ONE of the most popular of athletes is George Martin, ex-steeplechase champion of England. Born at Pimlico, in 1873, he is just now at his best. At an early age, however, he gave evidence of being very fast over a varied course, running his first race at Cobham, Surrey, in 1890. His first championship was taken part in while he was a member of the Essex Beagles. Soon after starting something went wrong with his shoes, and at the half-distance both dropped off. Nothing daunted, Martin continued to keep up the pace. At the finish, however, he



From a] GEORGE MARTIN. *[Photograph.*

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was forced to be content with second place. Last year he was successful in the 2 miles championship, decided at Northampton. He also carried off the 1,cooyds. at Leeds, while he was second to Sid Thomas and Willers in the Ranelagh Harriers' 3 miles contest, in which fresh records were established. This season he trained chiefly at Paddington, but failed unexpectedly in the championship. He got off badly at the start, and, never regaining the ground thus lost, was beaten by A. B. George. This, however, must have been something approaching a fluke, for, a fortnight later, when running at Stamford Bridge, Martin turned the tables in a ¾-mile steeplechase, while he also ran second to Harry Watkins in the 4 miles at Windsor, and second to Pearce at Wembley Park, after securing the steeplechase event off the scratch mark.

J. GREEN,

THE holder of the whole of the N.C.U. championships of 1894, with but one exception, may best be described as a veteran rider. Born in the little Northumbrian village of Barrington on November 8th, 1867, he is now in his 28th year. His start was made on an ordinary, the first race being ridden some thirteen years ago. At that time, of course, he was placed upon a long mark, but very rapidly he came back to his men, and he was well-nigh upon scratch when the great Robert English appeared upon the scene. The latter soon joined the professional ranks, and a little later Green, who had become a scratch man, deserted the track, considering that he would not race again. Then came the safety type of machine, and within a short time he was back again, this time turning his attention principally to trick riding. It was impossible for that to last, however, and from that time up to the present he has won races absolutely without number. In 1891 he won the 5 and 10 miles N.C.U. championships of the Newcastle Centre. In 1892 he placed the 5 miles championship of the same body to his credit, while last year he accomplished a similar performance in the 10 miles race, and was placed second in the 25 miles championship. Coming now to the present season, he has won a perfect shoal of handicaps and scratch events which might be mentioned, while he broke up his field at Birmingham in the 5 miles N.C.U. championship, open to the world. This performance he repeated in the Metropolis on the occasion of the 25 miles race, while he was also first past the judge in the International team race, England *v.* Scotland, at Glasgow. His latest achievement was in the 50 miles championship at Herne Hill, where he not only won with a bit in hand, but also broke the then world's record for the distance, amateur or professional.



J. GREEN.
From a Photo. by Barrass, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A. J. WATSON.

THIS gentleman is one of those who have had considerable difficulty in the present season with the licensing authorities of the N.C.U. He was as fit as possible early in the season, but owing to the absence of the necessary permit, was debarred from riding in many of the leading events of the year. His career upon the path, however, dates from as far back as 1886. Winning several club championships, in 1890 he essayed several appearances upon Metropolitan tracks. A unique experience awaited him, for, coming down heavily in one of his races, he sustained a broken jaw. The sporting papers reported him dead, yet he was so far alive as to ride in and win a half-mile handicap after this fall. A family bereavement kept him off the path

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A. J. WATSON.
From a Photo. by R. Lang Sims, Brixton Road, S.W.

until last year, when he embarked upon what he might term "training." This embraced regular living, and a fair amount of practice every day. He carried off the 5 miles championship of the N.C.U., and a little later the England *v.* Scotland race of the same distance, on that occasion defeating, amongst others, Harris, Vogt, and Sanger. Totalling his wins up for the season, he placed thirty-five firsts in scratch races to his credit, while smaller events almost beyond number fell to his share. His defeat in the 5 miles N.C.U. championship of this year may be fairly attributed to the license trouble already alluded to, for, although he secured the second place, he was scarcely in form to ride. Up to the end of September, however, he had secured 40 firsts, while he was equally successful in his Continental tour, winning 22 prizes in a space of three weeks.

J. Rowley.

The pastime of cycling, taken up as a hobby more than with a thought of racing, was the case with the subject of this brief record. At the start of his career, some twelve years ago, Rowley confined his attention solely to touring in England and upon the Continent. But at length he was bitten by the then prevailing fever. Four years ago he took up speed cycling seriously, and in company with Mr. H. Arnold he attacked the 12 hours tandem tricycle record then existent. In that undertaking the pair proved successful. Emboldened by this success, Rowley next went for and placed to his credit the tricycle times for 50 miles in competition, while he also earned the distinction of being the first three-wheeler to reach the goal in the North Road C.C. race of 1892. In that year he commenced training upon the track, and carried off the one mile (tricycle) championship of London, while the blue ribbon event of the Stanley C.C. also fell to his share in 1891–92–94. The tricycle championships of the same club he also secured for three years in succession, in 1892–93 and this season. His great effort was, however, made in the N.C.U. championships of this year, where he proved successful in the one and the 10 miles. Beyond these events enumerated, Rowley has also been successful in many of the smaller events, but, strange to say, he has no particular method of training.



J. ROWLEY.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

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F. T. Bidlake

MIGHT be fairly considered to be the pioneer in long distance tricycling. That is to say, he has established record after record from 1889 onwards. But it must not be thought that he goes in for training pure and simple. "My idea of preparation," he says, "is to take plenty of long rides at an easy pace, getting fit meaning, in my case, being in a sound condition of health." Bidlake first started riding in 1883, and was the first tricyclist home in the North Road 24 hours races of 1888–90–91–92–93. In 1889 he broke the record for 100 miles upon the road, doing 6 hours 55min. 58sec. on a solid, a time which stood until the introduction of pneumatics. He also rode from York to London on the same machine in 18 hours 28min. In 1890 he ran fifth in the North Road 24 hours race, with a score of 289 miles on his three-wheeler, while he was also the first tricyclist in the North Road open 100 miles. Coming now to 1891, he was a competitor with Shorland in the North Road 24 hours, being third at the finish. Meanwhile his York to London record had gone by the board, but in 1892 he again reasserted his supremacy, scoring 15 hours 28min. in June and 13 hours 19min. in September. This brought him up to last year, when, on one occasion, he rode 333 miles in one day, on a tandem in company with M. A. Holbein, and then in the Cuca Race for that year he ran into second place to Shorland. In August of 1893 he also rode second to the present holder of the trophy just mentioned in the North Road 24 hours, getting over 331 miles, while his most prominent performance of this year has been the breaking of the 50 miles tricycle record on the road with 2 hours 22min. 55sec.



F. T. BIDLAKE.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

Lewis Stroud.

A GENERAL favourite, "hail fellow, well met," is Lewis Stroud with the whole of the members of the cycling fraternity. He has been riding for many years now, both upon the path and the road, securing a multitude of prizes from either. But, although he carried off the 50 miles amateur championship last year, this season he has found himself unable to devote sufficient time to training, so acted wisely in standing down from the contest, which was won, as already related, by Green, the Northumberland flier. In his principal engagements of last year he carried off, with but one exception, the whole of the first prizes for races in which he competed. On June 17th he ran second in the mile tricycle N.C.U. championship, and third in the 5 miles championship. At Paddington, in the 50 miles Local Centre N.C.U. championship, he was the first to pass the post in 2 hours 35min. 8 1-5sec., while five days later he reduced all tricycle records from 2 to 10 miles. He rode second in the mile London Centre N.C.U. championship on July 29th, and then after a provincial tour came back to the "battens" once again. On this occasion (September 22nd) he set up fresh times for a mile and intermediate distances upon his three-wheeler; the day following he established another record for the flying quarter, and twenty-four hours later not only did he successfully assail tricycle records from 2 to 22 miles, but also made an hour's record of 22 miles 180yds.



LEWIS STROUD.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

Frank W. Shorland.

BORN at Orton, in Northamptonshire, in 1871, Frank W. Shorland, winner of the Cuca Cup, is at the present time practically in his prime. He started riding about ten years ago, then bestriding an ordinary. As soon as the safeties came into vogue he exchanged for a Facile, and then again to a Humber, upon the latter type he having won the majority of his races. But it is to the road that we must turn for the greater number of his successes. A member of the North Road C.C., he first came prominently before the public when he was 18 years of age, in establishing a record of 160¾ miles for 12 hours. In the 24 hours' club race of 1890

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he met and defeated G. P. Mills, while the same race he placed to his credit in 1891–92–93. Last year it will be recollected he came down heavily, spraining his shoulder, and being rendered almost unconscious by reason of his fall. He pluckily remounted, however, after a rest of a few minutes, finishing in a manner surprising to witness. To him also belongs the honour of having been the first rider, English or foreign, to cover 400 miles in one day, a feat accomplished in 1892 on the occasion of the first race for the Cuca Cup, the exact distance covered being 416 miles 1,615yds. Last year he increased the distance to 426 miles 440yds., and this season he made the trophy his absolute property. His method of training may be very briefly summarized. Riding winter and summer alike, he is fit and well at all times, while when engaged in a race he depends upon boiled rice, eggs, and lemons to bring him through.



FRANK W. SHORLAND.
From a Photo. by Edgar Seamel, Crouch Hill, N.

C. C. Fontaine.

A very slight description will be sufficient for the gentleman who has earned the distinction of securing, probably, the last of the great 24 hours' road races. An American by birth, Fontaine has experienced a varied career. Prior to taking up the pursuit of the wheel he was engaged as a wire-walker at various variety theatres. But his friends persuading him to train, he rapidly developed staying power of a high-class order. He came to England, and the inevitable "boom" followed. He was credited with riding trials of an extraordinary character, until at length, when it was seen that he had entered for the Cuca Cup race of 1894, followers of form commenced to wonder whether he would succeed in defeating the redoubtable Shorland. The latter was decidedly nervous himself respecting the result of the meeting, but at an early stage of the race it was evident that Fontaine would not stay at the pace which was set by the champion. Eventually he retired, and then nothing further was heard of him until he got up in and won the 24 hours' race of the North Road C.C. decided in September last.



C. C. FONTAINE.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

A. A. Zimmerman.

Who does not recollect the visit of the speedy American wheelman to these shores some three seasons ago? Without question he was the one rider *par excellence* when he first descended upon the English tracks. Born some twenty-four years ago, Zimmerman is just now at the heyday of his prime. Long, lanky, and with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him, the subject of this brief sketch is enabled to get a tremendous amount of power into his tread in consequence of the almost abnormal development of the muscles of his legs and thighs. Regrettable in every way was his last visit to England as an amateur. His license was refused by the N.C.U. upon grounds which provoked considerable discussion at the time. Consequently he was unable to ride against the leading amateurs and to defend the championship titles which he held. Then he returned again



A. A. ZIMMERMAN.
From a Photo. by Edgar Seamel, Crouch Hill, N.

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to America, and the next we heard was that he had thrown in his lot with the professional element. Amongst the latter he has cleared the whole of the principal prizes in races for which he has entered, while some three months ago he visited England again, riding at Herne Hill, Sheffield, and other places. But professional racing does not "catch on" here, and the natural inference is that he will make his headquarters at Paris.

A. W. Harris,

"The Little Leicester Lad," as his friends delight to call him, has made a place for himself in the hearts of all those who may love the sport of wheeling for its sake alone. Of a medium height, and of a spare and wiry form, he rapidly worked his way to the front, especially in 1892. He then won almost the whole of the races in which he competed, adding trophy to trophy, until their aggregate value must have reached close upon £2,000. But at length the N.C.U. came down upon him with the license question, and although he survived yet another season, he at length took the header into professionalism pure and simple. Since then he has toured throughout the length and breadth of the Continent, but he has made his home at the Velodrome Buffalo, Paris. At that track he has during the season just passed ridden races without number with varying degrees of success; and in company with Zimmerman, Wheeler, Bander, and other leading cash prize men, visited England once again at the end of last summer. On the safety, however, he cannot be said to have been very successful, but as a tandemite, among the recruits of that machine, he is coming rapidly to the front.



A. W. HARRIS.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

R. R. Sandilands.

Of a somewhat ungainly form upon the field, yet possessed of a rare turn of speed, the old Westminster boy, R. R. Sandilands, is a prolific goal-scorer. He was born in 1868, and went to Westminster in 1882. His first Cup tie was played when at school, in the final for the London Cup between the Old Westminsters and the Casuals. From 1888 up to the time the fixture was abolished he played for the South *v.* North, while he has also secured his International cap against Wales in 1892, against Ireland in 1893, and again against the Principality in the earlier part of the present year. Unfortunately, for two years after leaving school Sandilands was ineligible for London Cup ties, owing to his residing in Kent, but since then he has played consistently for the "Pinks." For the past four years he has also played pretty regularly for the Corinthians, and occasionally he has taken a place in the Casual team. Ever a dangerous man, his greatest number of goals in a single match was scored against the Army for the Corinthians last year. On that occasion he beat the goal-keeper no fewer than seven times.



R. R. SANDILANDS.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.

J. Taylor,

The professional golf champion of 1894, is another exemplification of what dogged resolution will accomplish. Born at the pretty little Devonshire village of Northam, some 24 years ago, at an early age he acted as caddie upon the famous links at Westward Ho! Mr. Horace Hutchinson and other leading gentlemen were at that time constantly upon these links, and to the first of these Taylor acknowledges he owes many a useful hint. But soon after entering his teens he met and defeated Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and then determined to turn his attention to the game as a profession. In this he has made rapid strides, having beaten both Douglas Rolland and Andrew Kirkaldy.

Brockwell.

The most prominent cricketer of 1894 is admitted on all hands to be Brockwell, the young Surrey professional. But the success attained was not secured without season after season of unremitting attention to the game.

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Take 1893 as an instance. In that year he secured an aggregate of 699 runs only, with an average of 22 per innings. This year his aggregate amounted to 1,491, with an average of 38·23. Taking the season right through, he has played for his county 45 innings, in first-class cricket, of course, while he has carried out his bat on six occasions, his highest total for an innings being 128. Centuries, however, he has run up on five occasions: 107 *v.* Gloucestershire, on May 17th; 108 *v.* Essex, on June 18th; 103 *v.* Yorkshire, on June 25th; 128 for South *v.* North, on August 2nd; and 106 (not out) *v.* Notts, on August 6th. On the reverse side of the sheet, however, comes the pair of spectacles annexed against Leicestershire, on July 19th.



J. TAYLOR.
From a Photo. by H. Philpot, Croydon.

like character of which he is possessed are considered, it will be admitted that we are justified in our assertion. Born at Auckland, New Zealand, in September, 1868, Sullivan is now in his 27th year. He stands 6ft. 1in. in height, measures 42in. round the chest, and, when fit and well, his rowing weight is 11st. 12lb. He first started sculling at 13 years of age, and in 1888 or 1889 he met M'Kay, the then amateur champion of New Zealand, whom he conquered. In 1891 he met and defeated George Bubear upon the Nepean with ease, while on only one occasion since he joined the professional ranks has he suffered defeat, that being at the hands of Stansbury, when he rowed for the championship of the world. It may be mentioned, however, that Sullivan holds the



BROCKWELL.
From a Photo. by Richard Thomas, Cheapside.



TOM SULLIVAN.
From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Putney.

Tom Sullivan.

The English championship of the sculling world could have no better holder than Tom Sullivan. That perhaps may sound somewhat ambiguous, yet when the geniality of the man himself, his unfailing good humour and good nature, and, more than all, the thorough sportsman-

records for both the Parramatta and Nepean rivers, the only two recognised waterways of Australia. For the latter his time is 19min. 15sec. for the full championship course, and the former 18min. 41½sec. His last great race was against Bubear on the Thames for the championship of England and the *Sportsman's* challenge cup, in which he won as he wished.

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Secret Hiding-Places.

By James Scott.

MANY an old tale of the "Once upon a time" type was heightened in interest by the narration of some incident connected with the secret hiding of a runaway thief, or of the imprisonment of an unfortunate captive. There is no doubt that several of these startling episodes were founded on fact, as revelations made during the demolition of many an old building serve to testify.

I have collected many particulars appertaining to the interiors of old houses, and have been rewarded by becoming acquainted with several interesting items. In some instances I have been compelled to personally complete details of certain parts—for instance, in connection with the ingenious hiding-place explained in Figs. 1 and 2, I had, until recently, a page of a very old book in which was a drawing of the plan Fig. 2, and a few descriptive remarks, other information probably being contained in pages not in my possession. But just as a single bone is sufficient for the scientific anatomist to base the appearance of the whole skeleton upon, so my knowledge of woodwork has enabled me to realize the full extent of the construction of parts not thoroughly explained to me.

The hiding-place to which I have just referred must have been a truly effective, albeit uncomfortable, one. A cupboard, apparently a fixture of the room, and resembling Fig. 1, would be the first thing, no doubt, to attract the attention of any inquisitive searchers for a "wanted" man. But I calculate that, although the runaway may have happened to be concealed within the chamber behind it, the human hounds must have failed to detect, or even to suspect, his presence. Let us follow the man from the time he prepares for hiding himself. First, he would open the door of the cupboard. Then, by pulling the right-hand side of the cupboard forward, he would be permitted to draw one of the interior backs of the cupboard partly outward (as shown in Fig. 1) behind the space provided by reason of the first side having been shifted. These parts are shown in plan Fig. 2, A being the right-hand side and B the inside movable portion of the cupboard. It will be noticed that B also carries a part of the fellow-back with it.



FIG. 1.

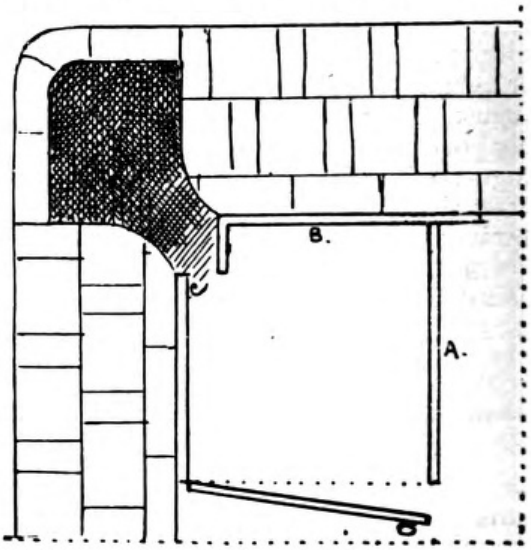


FIG. 2.

This exposes a gap, through which a man might readily squeeze, rather uncomfortably, perhaps, yet still effectively. He would ultimately find himself in a close cavity constructed in the wall and shown by the shaded portion of the diagram. Previous to making his entrance he must have closed the door as well as possible. Springs assisted in connection with the remaining portions. It was a very easy matter for him to replace the movable back, and by doing this it enabled the outer or right-hand side to spring back of its own accord, concealing even the edge of the interior side or back. The shelf shown would be merely laid upon a strip of wood fastened to the right-hand side of the cupboard, in order to permit proper working. Suitable panelling, no doubt, served to hide the crevice which must have existed at point

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c, Fig. 2. It is safe to assume that little chance of discovery would offer itself to the searchers, for tapping would reveal nothing, unless one of them happened to strike right up in the corner, which would hardly be the case. How the self-made prisoner fared for a supply of requisite air, history telleth not, but I suppose that some provision must have been made in this direction.

A very effectual hiding-place is that interpreted by Fig. 3. A recess is allowed to exist in the solid wall, immediately above the



FIG. 3.

mantelpiece. It is secreted from view by means of a looking-glass, hinged in such a manner as to be capable of being easily and quickly opened as a door, permitting sharp ingress into the cavity. The position of the runaway, self-imprisoned in a space of this form of construction, must of course have been extremely irksome and almost intolerably inconvenient. But probably the balance of favour between such a mode of escape and capture was sufficient to induce but little complaint by the prisoner against his bare quarters. The awkward situation might have instilled a ray of joy into him on a wintry day, supposing the grate beneath him to have contained a liberally endowed fire; but I am inclined to believe that, as a rule, the fugitive must have experienced warmth or heat in a most burdensome degree. The chimney, of course, must have been specially constructed to meet such an emergency.

By being artful enough to scratch a tiny portion of quicksilver off the back of the mirror, the man would have been enabled to observe, through the small peep-hole thus formed, the movements of the enemy, and be accordingly prepared for a conflict, if inevitable.

It is safe to assume that very few, if any, of the searchers would have suspected the existence of this cavity. They might have taken the precaution of tapping the surrounding wall, but, of course, their efforts by that means to discover the place of concealment would have proved unproductive.

Turning now to a third form of deception, we see that (Fig. 4) it was possible for a runaway to raise a heavy panel and pass through into a cavity containing a narrow flight of stone steps, where he could securely hide himself for a length of time, according to his discretion. The cunning rogue, whilst remaining within his hard prison, was possessed of facilities for observation, as will be readily comprehended upon referring to the hole in the wall, usually covered by the old Dutch clock, which was so hinged as to permit of its being bodily turned from the wall from within the place of concealment.

To create the impression that nothing was hollow in the walls of this apartment, sacks of some kind of material, or horizontally fitted boards, may have been used on the other side of the opening; although I must admit that the very bulk and solidity of the panel itself would have sufficed for the purpose of causing but little echo calcu-

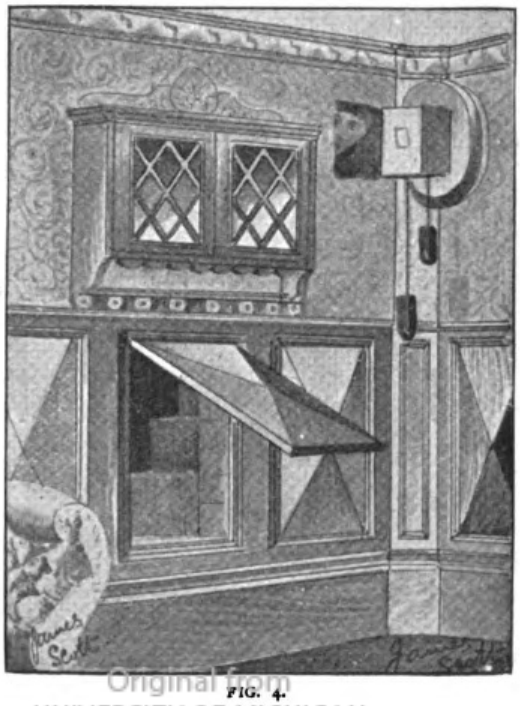


FIG. 4.

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lated to arouse suspicion upon being tapped by an inquisitive detective.

No doubt, if the existence of the cavity had been suspected, great difficulty would have been experienced in discovering the secret by which admission was gained thereto. A sliding panel in the back of the cupboard attached to the wall permitted the owner to reach one end of a bar which passed behind the movable panel and down into the skirting board surrounding the room. When this bar was lifted to a certain height, it permitted the panel to be raised.

A cavity somewhat analogous in construction and idea to that illustrated in Fig. 3 is that drawn in Fig. 5. A massive gilt frame, containing a portrait or view, was securely nailed to the wall, which was solid and compact in all portions save that immediately behind the area covered by the painting, where existed a deep recess containing a seat. The entrance to this confined and undesirable residence was effected by the very simple method of raising the painting individually, as represented, which fitted into grooves along the sides of the frame containing it. Very likely, to aid the deception and avoid possible discovery, the top edge of the painting was gilded, and would, when the painting was lowered and firmly secured in place, be flush or level with the top straight portion of the frame.

If anyone became suspicious respecting this picture, and tapped it, it would produce a hollow sound similar to that emanating from any class of painting when so knocked; therefore the inquisitive one might not submit his suspicion to any further test. But it is very improbable that a hunter would think of striking a picture, but would remain content with sounding the remaining portion of the wall, which would, of course, fail to reveal the existence of the cavity.



FIG. 5.

An effectively contrived hiding-place is explained by the drawing Fig. 6. The run-

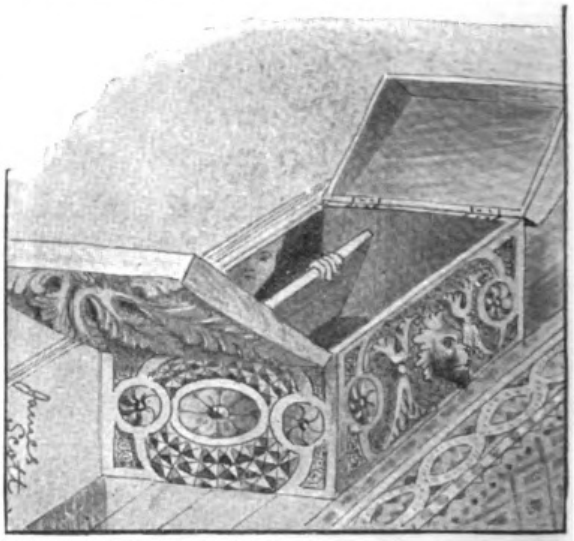


FIG. 6.

away would remove the contents of the heavy oaken chest, and then open a flap which communicated with the space below the floor. A confederate would refill the box, after having securely replaced the trap-door. A notable feature of this invention is that, should the searchers suspect the existence of a trap-door, they would be greatly deceived in their endeavours to find it, supposing that they failed to do so when examining the interior of the box. The skirting of the wall on this side of the room is really capable of sliding backwards and forwards, within grooves, between the flooring and the wall above. The chest fits close up against it, and is united to it, so that when the box is drawn either to the right or left hand side, the skirting travels with it, and, of course, fails to reveal any connection with the space beneath the floor. Allowance is made at the other ends of the skirting for this curious mechanism, and those ends therefore travel in spaces built in adjacent walls.

The skirting would be, of necessity, very evenly painted and free from marks, and likewise travel noiselessly, otherwise it would lead to exposure. By the judicious use of curtains and drapery, its motion might be

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concealed. In order to prevent the possibility of the pursuers lifting it—or, rather, trying to do so—it would be constructed of excessively heavy wood; and to also avoid the chance of its being pulled frontwards, the edge of a very thick carpet would be tacked to the floor in such a way as to contact directly with it.

The sixth article (Fig. 7) on my present list has the appearance of a huge sideboard or cabinet. The trap-door is situated within it, and really forms the bottom of the cupboard. When lifted, it would admit a man to the space beneath the floor by means of a



FIG. 7.

hole through the latter. For the purpose of avoiding chance discovery, the article would be intentionally heavy, so much so, that two or three men could not possibly remove it. It might even be screwed to the floor.

A very safe hiding-place is that built within a staircase (Fig. 8). There is no doubt that all cupboards beneath stairs would be keenly examined by those in pursuit of a runaway, and that all suspicious contrivances not neatly concealed would be of little avail for the purpose desired. But, as will be understood from the description of this particular form of deception, no one would think of being extra inquisitive after having made a cursory inspection of the place. A portion of the stairs lifts up bodily on hinges, and permits quick entrance to the secret cavity below. The self-made prisoner is then enabled to easily reclose the movable steps, which are supported firmly upon a thick strip of wood affixed to the wall, etc., and are capable of

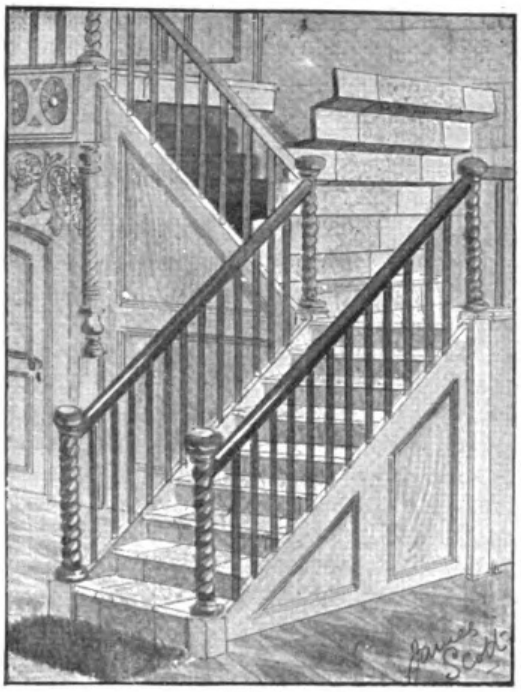


FIG. 8.

being securely locked together from within the space.

A false flight of steps is fitted below those which meet the eye; and the object of their presence is, of course, to deceive any searchers who might examine the interior of the cupboard situated underneath the stairs, and who would then see what they would naturally imagine to be the undersides of the genuine stairs. The deception is further increased by the fact that the same number of steps meet the eye both outside and within the cupboard; that is, of course, referring to those parts alone with which we are more immediately concerned. Were the searchers to undertake the measurement of the stairs, etc., they would become acquainted with the facts I have pointed out; but it is safe to assume that they would

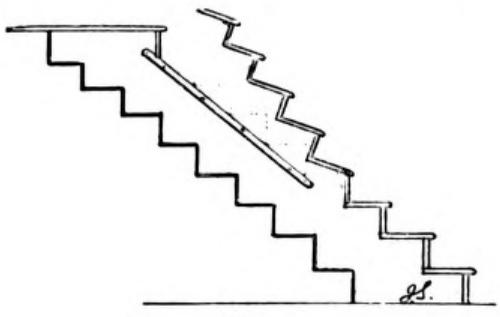


FIG. 9.

accept the evidence of their eyes as conclusive (Fig. 9). Tapping upon what they believed to be the underside of the proper

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stairs would produce a hollow sound; but as a similar response must be expected when legitimate stairs are tapped, that point would not be considered a valuable clue. The quarters would be truly uncomfortable, as the necessities of the position would demand that the prisoner should lie at full length in the cavity. Perhaps, however, some provision was made whereby slight relief was afforded.

It appears that the schemers of the past did not confine their ingenuity solely to devising contrivances within doors, as is exemplified by the water-butt depicted in the adjacent illustration. This form of reservoir is fast disappearing, and is being extensively replaced by the more healthy and cleanly zinc tank. It must have been a cute man who devised the article to which I am now drawing attention. In sketch, Fig. 10, I show a man entering the butt from its bottom end whilst the tap is pouring forth a volume of its contents. Notwithstanding the simple character of the invention, I fear that but few people would guess the form assumed by so innocent and genuine-looking an article. It was evidently a large one, and perched high up with the intention of preventing a person from taking a peep into its interior. By turning on the tap, and observing water issue forth as a result, the searchers would, no doubt, feel satisfied that no one was concealed within the butt. If they were not fully convinced, they would further test the matter by reaching at arm's length, and inserting a stick in the butt; and would, I am sure, when



FIG. 10.

they discovered that the stick became wetted, believe they were right in discarding the idea that the butt was used as a secret hiding-place.

Now let us follow the artful fellow who is intent upon gaining admission into this perfectly cool, albeit badly ventilated, retreat. First, he would release a hinged half of the bottom end of the butt, and a portion of the supporting plank (Fig. 11), and would raise himself into a conical cavity as illustrated

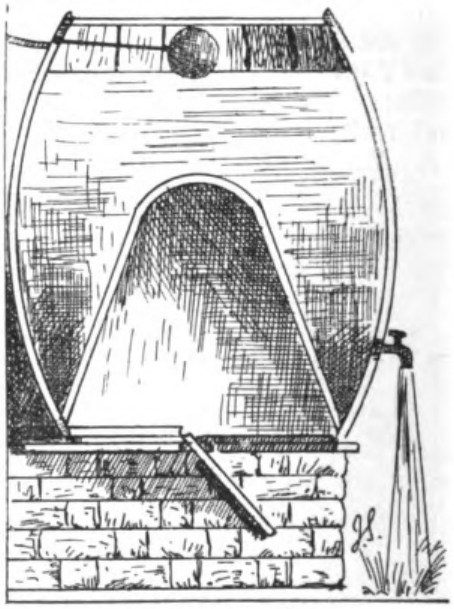


FIG. 11.

in the diagram, wherein he would squat on his haunches for a period according to that suggested by discretion, after having closed the trap-door. The water entirely covers the cone, but could not possibly touch the secreted man, unless by accident. The top of the cone is at too low an elevation to encounter the chance insertion of a stick, used as a medium to ascertain whether the upper part of the butt contained water. Altogether considered, I am inclined to give more points in favour of the effectiveness of this particular kind of prison than to any of the others described by me, which have been selected from a large number as being the most interesting and curious among them.

The arrangements delineated in Figs. 6 and 7 might also have served as a means of ingress to the apartment of a traveller, whom a villainous landlord of an isolated inn might have felt desirous of visiting, during the night, with hostile motives.

It must be remembered, too, that although probably being greatly availed of by highwaymen and other wrong-doers, these and other secret hiding-places may have been found extremely useful to religious men during the times of persecution, which every noble-minded man must regret were once so paramount.

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"*A Miracle.*"

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, BY ALYS HALLARD.

I.

IT was the day before Christmas, and early in the morning, when two important events took place, exactly at the same time. The sun rose—and M. Jean Baptiste Godefroy also!

Now, in the depth of winter, after a fortnight's dull, wet weather, the Parisians were certainly all very glad to see the sun again, and there is no doubt about the matter, the sun does play a very important part in this world of ours, and in olden times people acknowledged the fact, and under the names of Osiris and Apollo they worshipped him as a god, whilst not two centuries ago he reigned in France in the person of Louis XIV. Now, M. Godefroy, the wealthy financier, director of the celebrated Trust Company, manager of ever so many more important companies, member of Parliament, Officer of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., etc., was not a personage to be ignored or disdained either.

We have no means of knowing what the sun's opinion of its own merits is, but we do know that, no matter how high an opinion it may have of itself, M. Godefroy had at least quite as high an estimation of himself.

In consideration of these facts, then, we feel that we are quite justified in saying that on the morning in question, at about a quarter to eight, these two important events took place: viz., M. Godefroy and the sun rose! Both of them had great power and influence, and in getting up they made use of their authority, but not at all in the same way as each other. The sun began his day in the most charming manner, for he was in a very good humour.

During the night the sleet had covered with powdered sugar the great, bare plane-trees along the Boulevard Malesherbes, where M. Godefroy's house was situated, and the sun, who is a veritable magician, amused himself by transforming this sleet into sprays of pinky coral; and whilst he was doing this he threw his bright, cheerful rays on all the passers-by whom the necessity of earning their daily bread had obliged to turn out at this early hour. The sun is very impartial when distributing his favours: he smiled just as cordially on the clerk who was hurrying to his office, shivering in his thin overcoat, as on the little dressmaker on her way to work, or the workman in his blouse with his dinner tucked under his arm, or the tramway conductor pulling his bell, and on the poor man at the corner of the street who was roasting chestnuts for his stall. The sun had a smile for them all, for he is always so glad to make people happier.

M. Godefroy, on the contrary, woke up in a bad temper. The evening before he had been out to a formal dinner, and he was consequently suffering from indigestion. By the very way in which he pulled his bell that morning, his valet Pierre knew what to expect, and on leaving the kitchen he said to the cook: "We are in for it to-day. The old man's in a deuced bad humour."

Pierre then went upstairs, knocked respectfully at his master's door, entered the room



"PIERRE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT."

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on tiptoe, drew back the window-curtains, lighted the fire, and prepared everything that was necessary as quietly and respectfully as the acolytes prepare the sacred things on the altar before the priest officiates at the mass.

"What's the weather like?" asked M. Godefroy abruptly, whilst he was dressing.

"Very cold, sir, but bright. There is quite a change, and we shall have a fine day, I think."

While sharpening his razor M. Godefroy drew back the curtain, looked out, and on seeing the Boulevard bright with sunshine, he made a grimace which was the nearest thing he could do to a smile. Oh! it is all very well to be reserved before one's servants, and one knows it is bad form to show one's feelings before them; but in the very middle of winter the sight of sunshine does cause us an agreeable sensation that it is difficult to dissimulate. There was a poor apprentice lad sliding on the frozen gutter at that moment, and he too was smiling, but if anyone had called attention to the fact that the sight of the sunshine had caused the same feeling of happiness in M. Godefroy's mind as in the apprentice lad's, the great financier would have drawn himself up in surprise and in disgust. However that may be, certain it is that M. Godefroy remained at the window a whole minute watching the passers-by as they marched briskly along.

Such folly, however, only lasted the one minute. To stand at the window smiling at the sunshine is all very well for women, children, poets, and the lower classes. M. Godefroy had other fish to fry, and his programme for that day was very full indeed. From half-past eight till ten he expected at his office several gentlemen who, like himself, had no time to waste, and who consequently rose early in the morning. They had a lot of business to discuss—business of which the end and object was *to make money*.

After a very early luncheon, M. Godefroy would have to drive to the Stock Exchange, in order to have a few words with some more gentlemen who resembled himself very much, and who also got up early in the morning in order to—*make money*.

On leaving the Exchange, M. Godefroy had next to rush off to a certain committee-room, where he would find a long table with ink-pots and some more men of his own type. At this meeting he would preside, and the topic of conversation and discussion would again be various ways and means of—*making money*.

After this he had to put in an appearance at several other committee and sub-committee meetings gathered together around tables covered with green baize and ink-pots. The men he would meet there were also of the unsentimental type, not given either to neglecting any occasions of making money, but who were kind enough and generous enough to sacrifice a few of their valuable hours in order to assure into the bargain the welfare and glory of France.

This, then, was the programme of M. Godefroy's day, on the morning of which our story opens.

Our hero therefore shaved himself with great care, trimming with precaution his grey fringe of a beard, which gave him such a respectable look, and inspired the confidence of his electors in Auvergne. He arrayed himself in a morning suit of perfect cut, and then went down into his office.

The procession of unsentimental men had already commenced to arrive, each one of the number preoccupied with the great and important subject of the best and quickest way in which to increase his beloved capital. When all were there they began to discuss eagerly several enterprises which were on foot, particularly a railway which was to be laid in a distant country, then a huge manufactory to be started somewhere near Paris, and a mine in South America.

Of course, there was no question whatever as to whether there would ever be many passengers to be transported by the new railway; it was of no consequence, either, whether sugar or nightcaps should be made at the manufactory, neither did it appear to affect all these men whether gold or tin should be got from the mine. Such questions as these were trifling and quite secondary; but what did occupy M. Godefroy and his colleagues was the profit that would be made on the shares of these various enterprises during the first few weeks, for, later on, the said shares would probably not be worth much.

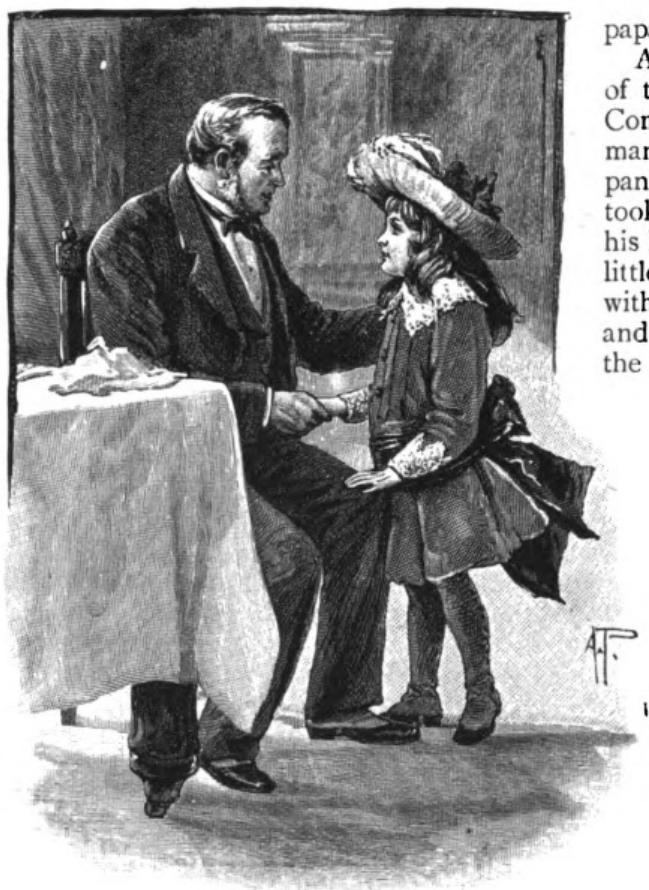
The important discussion lasted until ten o'clock precisely, when the gentlemen all departed, and the director of the company conducted his last visitor politely to the door. This said last visitor was a moneyed man who was highly esteemed by the public, as is often the case, whilst if things were as they should be, he would have been living at the expense of his country at Poissy or at Gaillon—at any rate, for a certain period of time fixed by a learned man who arranges for his countrymen to leave their business sometimes and take a change of air and scenery, whilst occupying

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their leisure moments in the wholesome employment of making a certain kind of basket-work or brushes and other articles, which are sold cheap for the benefit of the public.

The director, after shaking hands with this worthy member of the company, went into his magnificently-furnished dining-room and sat down to luncheon, with the most correct of correct footmen stationed at the back of his chair. M. Godefroy ate very sparingly, for, in spite of a strong dose of bi-carbonate of soda, he had not yet forgotten his fit of indigestion. As soon as dessert was served the door opened, and a little boy, dressed in blue velvet, entered, accompanied by his German governess.

This visit of his son Raoul took place every day at exactly the same hour, whilst M. Godefroy's carriage waited at the hall-door to bear him off to the Exchange. The illustrious money-maker therefore devoted a whole quarter of an hour every day to his son, whom he adored in his way. He would like to have spent more time with his child, but one cannot neglect business, of course.



"DOOD MORNIN', PAPA."

At the age of forty-two M. Godefroy had imagined himself in love with the daughter of the Marquis de Neufontaine, a penniless aristocrat whom he had met at the club, and who was only too delighted to become the father-in-law of a man who would pay his gambling and other debts. Mlle. de Neufontaine was seventeen, had been educated in a convent, knew absolutely nothing of the world, and had nothing for her dowry but aristocratic prejudices and romantic ideas.

M. Godefroy was the son of a grasping provincial lawyer, and belonged essentially to "the people" in spite of his advancement on the social ladder. Quite unintentionally therefore he wounded his young wife's susceptibilities upon every occasion, and undoubtedly had she lived her life would have been one long martyrdom, but on the birth of Raoul the young mother died. M. Godefroy was devotedly fond of his little boy for various reasons—first, he was his only child; then Raoul was a descendant of the families of Godefroy and De Neufontaine; and, above all, the great financier could not help feeling a certain amount of respect for his offspring when he remembered that the boy would one day be a millionaire.

Raoul was therefore brought up like a young prince, and cut his first teeth on a rattle with a solid gold handle. Unfortunately, however, his father could only spare a quarter of an hour for him each day; the rest of the time the child had to spend with those who were paid to serve him.

"Good morning, Raoul."

"Dood mornin', papa."

And the director of the famous Trust Company and of so many other companies and societies took the little boy on his knee, stroked the little, childish fingers with his great hand, and positively kissed the little face several times, and forgot!—the rise and fall of the stocks, the tables of green baize with the large ink-pots, around which such important affairs were going to be discussed. Yes, he positively forgot all about the vote he was going to give at the House, and which depended entirely on whether he obtained the various favours that he had demanded, and which he himself had promised his electors.

"Papa, tell me, will the little Noël put me somethin' in my shoe to-night? It is Ch'is'mas to-morrow."

"Why, yes, if you are a good boy," and the important member of Parliament made an

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inward note of the fact that he had to buy some Christmas presents on his way home.

"Raoul has been good, has he not?" M. Godefroy asked, looking at the nursery-governess, who simpered and blushed, and finally giggled. M. Godefroy, however, appeared to be quite satisfied with this kind of answer to his question.

"It's very bright and fine to-day, Fräulein; you had better take him to the Park Monceau, but be sure and see that he is well wrapped up, for it is very cold."

The governess answered by another imbecile smile, thus reassuring M. Godefroy upon this essential point, and the great financier kissed his little boy again, and then got up from the table just as the clock was striking eleven.

Pierre was waiting in the hall to help his master on with his fur-lined overcoat.

M. Godefroy got into his carriage, and Pierre closed the carriage door respectfully; then, returning to the house for a second, came out again, and hurried off to have a game at billiards at a café just near, where the groom of the baroness who lived in the house opposite was already waiting for him.

II.

THANKS to the speed of his beautiful bay horse, which, through the intervention of his own coachman (who was a personal friend of the horse-dealer), he had paid £40 too much for, M. Godefroy arrived at the Exchange in good time, presided at the various committee meetings which were held at the green baize tables, and towards five o'clock gave his vote at the House; for he had obtained the various small favours he had demanded, and could, therefore, afford to do his country a good turn.

Feeling very well satisfied with himself and with his day's work, he now thought of Raoul and his Christmas presents, and on getting into his carriage he told his coachman to drive to a well-known toy-shop, where he invested in a famous wooden velocipede horse, a huge box of soldiers, all resembling each other like brothers, and a dozen or two other magnificent toys.

On the way home he thought of Raoul and his future. Raoul should certainly have all that money could get for him. He should be educated like a prince, and, indeed, might be one, for in these days the aristocracy of money is the only one thought much of. If he, himself the son of a country lawyer, who in his early days had often dined for a shilling at a wretched little restaurant in the Quartier Latin, if he had managed to get so far up on the social ladder, and had married the daughter of a marquis, what, indeed, was there that Raoul could not aspire to? Raoul, who was so handsome, who, on his mother's side at least, was of noble descent; Raoul, whose education should be watched over so carefully, who had been taught foreign languages from his very cradle; Raoul, who next year was to learn to ride, and who, when he was older, should have his mother's name joined to his present one, Raoul Godefroy de Neufontaine!

What a career, what a future was before this boy who had thus been born to a fortune!

And M. Godefroy, democrat as he was (and there are plenty like him who, in their simple-mindedness, dream of restored monarchy, for all things are possible in France), held visions of his son marrying into the Faubourg St. Germain—a favourite at the Palace, living on the steps of a throne, and with a coat-of-arms on all his silver and on his carriage! Oh, folly—folly!

Thus mused the *parvenu* whose one idea was—money and position, as his carriage, filled with magnificent Christmas toys, bore him to his stately home. He forgot, alas! that this same Christmas was the fête-day of a very poor child, the son of a wandering couple, and that this same little child was born in a stable.

On arriving and ringing his bell the door flew open, and M. Godefroy entering the hall was greeted by all his domestics, whilst the German governess was seated on a chair weeping piteously.

M. Godefroy had a presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sternly.

Pierre, with pity in his eyes, looked at his master, hesitated a second, and then began, 'Master Raoul——"

"My child!"

"He is lost, sir. His governess—he's been lost ever since four o'clock!"

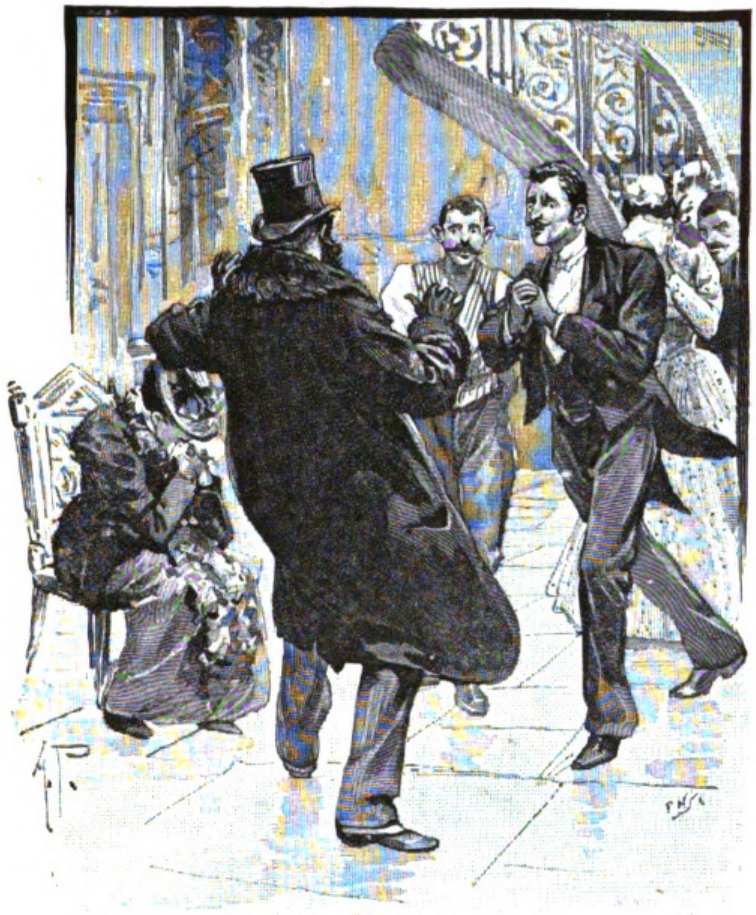
The dismayed father stepped back, tottering like a soldier struck by a shell, whilst the servants began to explain. It appeared that the nursery-governess was in the habit of meeting her lover when she went out with Raoul, and this afternoon she had been too much taken up to notice that the child had strayed off by himself.

M. Godefroy strode forward, and standing before the weeping girl, demanded:—

"Tell me instantly where you were when you lost him."

The wretched girl could scarcely speak for

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"HE IS LOST, SIR."

her sobs, but finally, with the help of the servants, the father gathered that the child had been lost near the fortifications, and that the police had been informed.

M. Godefroy went back to his carriage and drove straight away to the Prefecture. All the Christmas toys were still in the carriage, and the poor father at the sight of them almost broke down. "Oh, Raoul! Raoul, my child, my child!" he murmured, and then, clenching his hands tight, he leaned back and everything seemed so empty to him now. What good were all his riches, his position, his fame? What was anything to him without his boy?

At last the carriage stopped at the Prefecture, but the offices were all closed. He gave a sovereign to the *concierge*, and told him to go and tell the Prefect that M. Godefroy, the member of Parliament, must speak to him instantly. The sovereign worked wonders, and before long M. Godefroy found himself in the presence of the Prefect, a very imposing-looking man with an eye-glass.

M. Godefroy at once told his trouble, with tears in his eyes. The Prefect, who had children of his own, entered into the story with interest and sympathy.

"You say that the boy was lost at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And that he is not at all precocious for his age; does not speak distinctly; would not know his address, and does not even say his own name distinctly?"

"Alas!"

"It really is terrible; but, there, you must not lose courage. It was near the fortifications? I will telephone to our office there at once."

The wretched father was left alone for a few minutes, which seemed to him hours.

Presently the Prefect returned, smiling. "He is found." M. Godefroy rose from his chair and, grasping the Prefect's hand, shook it with gratitude. "He is fair, is he not, and rather pale? Dressed in blue velvet?"

"Yes, yes; that is Raoul."

"Well, he is quite safe, with a poor fellow who lives not so far away, and who came not long ago to say he had found him. His address is: Pierron, 16, Rue des Cailloux, Levallois-Perret. You'll get there in less than an hour.

"But," added the Prefect, "you won't find your child in a very aristocratic abode. The man who has found him is a costermonger. That does not matter, though, does it, as long as he is found?"

No, indeed! nothing mattered, provided he were safe, and M. Godefroy thanked the Prefect heartily, and would have embraced the costermonger on the spot, if he had been there. Yes, it is positively a fact! M. Godefroy, director of so many important companies, and Officer of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., would have embraced the plebeian costermonger, if he had been there.

He went down to his carriage, gave the order to the coachman, and then stepping in, lay back against the cushions thinking. Oh! he realized now how much his son was to him, and on that cold Christmas Eve, as the carriage rolled along, the rich millionaire thought

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no more about the wealth he would heap up for Raoul.

No! He was deciding that he would send for an old aunt of his, whose Norman accent and cotton cap would undoubtedly scandalize his domestics, but who he knew would look after his boy like a mother.

Drive faster, coachman, faster! This master of yours, whom you have so often driven to important meetings, is in a greater hurry than ever to-night, and yet there is no money to be made this time.

How long the Boulevard Malesherbes seems, and now the fortifications, and then, after the handsome houses and the wide roads, a dreary, deserted looking part.

At last, at last, the carriage stops, and M. Godefroy, by the light of his carriage lamps, sees a low, plaster-built cottage, more like a hut even than a cottage. It is the number indicated, though, and must be where this Pierron lives.

The door opens immediately, and a man appears. He has only one arm, and the left sleeve of his woollen vest is doubled and fastened up. He glances at the carriage, and then says to M. Godefroy:—

"Are you the little chap's father? Don't be afraid, sir; there's no harm come to him." Then, leading the way in, he put his finger on his lips, and said: "He's asleep, though."

III.

It certainly was a wretched place that M. Godefroy had come into. By the dim light of a small lamp, which smelt very strongly of petroleum, he could see a dilapidated chest of drawers with one drawer missing, a round table on which was a half-emptied bottle of wine, three glasses, some cold veal on a little plate, and on the bare, whitewashed wall a chromo of the Exhibition of 1889, with the Eiffel Tower in dark blue.

The workman took up the lamp and walked on tiptoe to the bed in the corner of the room, and there M. Godefroy saw Raoul lying by the side of a bigger boy, who had thrown his arms round the child's neck as though for protection.



"M. GODEFROY SAW RAOUL LYING BY THE SIDE OF A BIGGER BOY."

"They could not keep awake any longer,"

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whispered the workman, "and as I did not know when anyone would come to fetch the little chap, I just let them get into my bed. Zidore always has his own little one, but I thought they'd be better together in mine, and a night on two chairs wouldn't do me any harm for once in a way."

M. Godefroy hardly heard anything the man was saying, so earnestly was he looking at Raoul's little pale face side by side with the sunburnt, healthy one of the workman's child.

"Is he your son?" at last he asked.

"No, sir; I'm not married, and never shall be, you see, because of my accident. A waggon went over my arm. No, this little chap was the child of a poor work-girl, who made bead wreaths for the cemeteries, and that's a poor trade to depend on. She brought up her lad till he was five, and then came her turn to go to the cemetery herself; and the neighbours bought her a wreath. I just took to the lad, sir, that's how it was. He's seven now, and quite a little man. On holidays and after school he goes round with me and holds the scales, and helps to push my barrow: for it isn't very easy for me now I've only got one wing, you see. It was Zidore that found your little lad, sir."

"What, that child?"

"Yes, he's quite a little man. He was coming back from school, when he saw the little fellow in front of him crying like a little fountain. Zidore began to talk to him and comfort him, but he couldn't make out what your little lad said. He'd say some German and some English, but he couldn't tell his name, nor where he lived. All the people round said he'd better take him to the police-station, but Zidore thought that would frighten the little chap, so he just brought him to me. I went round to the station and said we'd got him, and when I got back the two were good friends. They had a bit of supper together and then went to bed. There doesn't look as though much troubles them, does there?" said the man, smiling at the sight of the two young faces.

It was strange what was passing in M. Godefroy's mind. On his way in the carriage he had intended to give a good reward to this poor workman—a good handful of the gold he got so easily by presiding at those green baize tables with their ink-pots. But the curtain which hid the life of the poor man from this rich one had been lifted, and he had had a glimpse of the courage and the generosity of the poor who are so charitable to each other. He was struck with the pity of it: that poor work-girl making her bead wreaths in order to bring up her little boy; this poor maimed man adopting the orphan child; and then, too, the intelligence and the refined feeling of this little street Arab who would not hear of the younger child going to the police-station lest it should frighten him. No! he would not give just a handful of gold here, he would do more for the workman and his boy.

Ah! if those same men who had paid M. Godefroy a visit that very morning to discuss business matters with him could have seen him at that moment, they would certainly have been greatly astonished. The great financier was actually asking himself whether, after all, the only good of money was to sell at a profit the shares and obligations he had bought at a discount. M. Godefroy was thinking, too, that there must be other orphans than Zidore in the world, and more maimed workmen than Pierron. At length he turned round to the latter and said:—

"I cannot tell you what a service you have done me, and you may be sure I shall not forget it. For the present I am going leave you just a trifle to go on with," and M Godefroy proceeded to dive into his pocket, when the workman, with his one sound arm, stopped him.

"No, sir; oh, no! Anyone would have done just the same as we did. I don't mean any offence in refusing, sir; but I have been a soldier, sir, and got my Tonquin medal, and I don't care about eating bread I haven't earned."

"As you will," said the financier; "but if you have been a soldier and got your medal, something must be done so that you get better work than pushing a cart about. Anyhow, you won't refuse it if I can get you some post?"

The workman smiled; it was not the first time he had been promised this, and those who had promised had forgotten about it: probably the financier would also forget.

M. Godefroy felt the man had not much faith in his promise.

"Anyhow, for Zidore, you will let me help him?"

"Ah! yes, that I will!" answered Pierron. "I often feel that it is a shame he hasn't got more chances, for he is wonderfully clever, and at his school all his teachers praise him——"

Pierron stopped short, and M. Godefroy read in the expression of his face his distrust, and felt he would do anything to convince the man that he would be as good as his word.

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"Now," said the workman, "I suppose we'd better be putting your little boy into your carriage, for he'll be better, for sure, in his own bed than here. There's no fear that he'll wake up. They sleep sound at that age. Ah! but we must put his shoes on first."

M. Godefroy saw the man look across at the fireplace, and there, before the dying fire, he saw two pairs of children's shoes — the little, elegant ones of Raoul and the rough, clumsy ones of Zidore; and in each of the shoes were a toy and a packet of sweets.

"Ah! don't take any notice of that, sir," said the workman, half ashamed. "Zidore put the shoes there, and both the children believe in the little Noël who comes down the chimney. I heard them talking about it; so, when I went to the police-station, I just bought that rubbish and stuck in their shoes. I thought if your little lad had to stay here all night he'd have *something* in the morning, at any rate."

Oh! if M. Godefroy's colleagues and admirers could have seen the hard, cold, calculating business man at that moment, they would have thought the end of the world had come, for —*M. Godefroy's eyes were filled with tears!*

Without a word he turned and went out of the little room to the carriage at the door, and then, returning with his arms full of the presents he had bought for Raoul, he put them all in front of the little shoes, and then taking the workman's hand and shaking it, he said:—

"These were the Christmas presents I had got for Raoul. Let him stay here all night, and let the two boys wake up together and share them. You'll believe me now, won't you, when I say that I'll look after your little lad? You've taught me a lesson, my man — a lesson I shall never forget."

This was the miracle accomplished one Christmas Eve in Paris in the very midst of our nineteenth century selfishness, and in spite of modern doubt and scepticism, I cannot help attributing this miracle which happened to M. Godefroy, the great financier, to the influence of that little Child who came into this world nearly nineteen hundred years ago with His message of peace and good will to men.



"RETURNING WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF PRESENTS."

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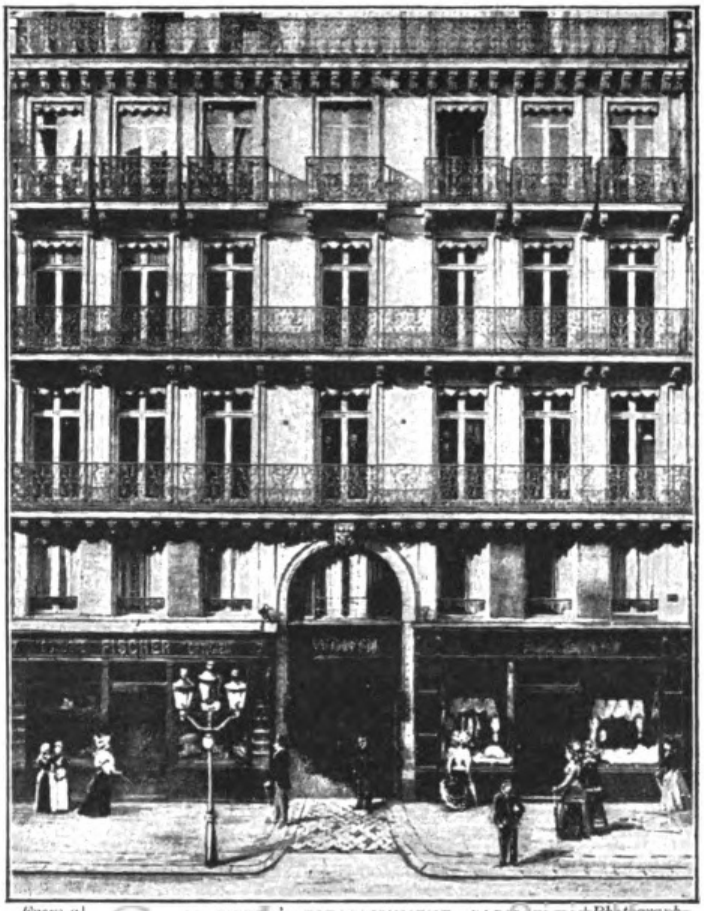
Paris Dressmakers.

By M. Griffith.

HAVING determined to call upon the Oracles of Paris Fashions, and question them as to their reminiscences of the beautiful women that their creative genius has rendered irresistible, I began with the establishment of M. Worth.

The dear, picturesque old veteran was deep in consultation when I entered. It must have been on a question of trousseau that he was laying down the law; for the group surrounding him consisted of an elderly lady, a pretty young one, and a very bored-looking young man. M. Worth was dressed in a dark, loose dressing-gown, relieved with touches of blue, and the right-hand side bottom corner was lifted up and drawn through a button-hole a little above the waist; on his head he wore a mitre-shaped cap of black velvet. Sometimes his gown is richly trimmed with fur. The rooms where clients are received are many in number, but plainly furnished, with counters for measuring material, and the floor is covered with carpet in imitation of tiger skin, in grey and black, with scarlet bordering. Several young ladies are dressed in the latest style of morning, visiting, dinner, and reception toilettes, and are paraded in turn, this way and that, before clients, to enable them to judge of the effect of the garments when worn.

M. Worth was born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, in 1825; his father was a solicitor, with a good private fortune, which he lost in speculation. At the age of thirteen, young Worth went to Swan and Edgar's, in London, and remained there for seven years, during which time he did all the work of an ordinary apprentice. Having heard much of French fashions, he determined to go to Paris, but on his arrival there was for some time out of a situation; ultimately, however, he succeeded in getting into Gagelin's, where he remained twelve years. This firm was noted for silks, which were woven by workwomen in their own homes. There was at this time no house in Paris which sold material and made it up as well, and this combining of the two branches struck M. Worth as a good idea, and he obtained permission from his principals to try it. This he did, beginning with cloaks; and a train that he designed gained a medal in 1855. The firm refused to take him into partnership, although he had been the means of introducing a profitable and novel feature into the business, so he determined to start for himself. This he did at his present premises, 7, Rue de la Paix, in 1858. He began by employing fifty hands, and he now employs about twelve hundred, and turns out between six and seven thousand dresses and between three and four thousand



From a] M. Worth's Establishment—Paris. [Photograph.

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From a] M. GASTON WORTH. [Photograph.

cloaks a year. M. Worth is assisted by his sons; M. Gaston Worth taking sole charge of the counting-house, and M. Jean Worth the technical part of the business, in which he bids fair to be a worthy successor of his clever father.

"Who," I asked, "are your best customers?"

"Well," was the reply, "we send model dresses to all parts of the world, but I think Americans are the best clients."

"Have you many Royalties on your books?"

"Yes, we have supplied every Royal lady in the world, I think, except Queen Victoria."

"What is really the origin of a fashion, M. Worth?"

"Well, it is difficult to enter into all the details which influence changes of style; but briefly I may say that, when a manufacturer invents any special fabric or design, he sends me a pattern, asking if I can make use of it. That fabric may require a severe style of dress, or if light and soft, is adapted for draperies, puffings, etc. If the material pleases me, I order a large quantity, to be specially made for me, and design my dresses accordingly. A purchase by a large firm of a great quantity of material influences other firms, and that material, and the style it is best suited to, becomes the fashion. Then, again, the stage has great influence over fashion."

"How do you arrange your designs?"

"All my models are first of all made in black and white muslin, and then copied in the material and colouring which I select. Our silks are specially woven for us, and our jet fringes cannot be got elsewhere."

"And your favourite figure to design for?"

"Ah, that's telling; but one of my ideals is Mrs. Brown-Potter's. I consider her one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen." Here M. Worth presented me with a large photograph of Mrs. Potter as *Cleopatra*, which costume he designed for her.

"Are your materials very expensive, M. Worth?"

"Not for the quality. We have them up to £12 a yard; but, then, they are of the finest quality, such as no other firm supplies."

"Have you made many stage dresses?"

"There is hardly an actress of note in the world we have not supplied; but we do not make a speciality of theatrical costumes."

I was surprised to find that ladies of fairly



M. JEAN WORTH.
From a Photograph.

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From a] DRESS DESIGNED BY WORTH FOR MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS "CLEOPATRA." *[Photograph.*

moderate incomes can visit the Worth house and order simple costumes, but of good material and perfect style, for the same price as they would pay any other first-class firm; but you can also order a gown that, trimmed with fur, or exquisite lace, is a veritable work of art and an heirloom.

Among the costumes in course of execution were some for the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, and many great ladies also, whom they have never seen or measured.

A stranger would be specially struck with the constant, attentive supervision over all departments by M. Worth and his two sons; the unpretentious appearance of the reception and fitting rooms; the beautiful finish and refined daintiness of all the work, and the daring originality which every model exhibits, which only a creative, artistic mind could possibly think of. Above all, all the work-rooms that I was freely permitted to visit, as well as the kitchen, where the food is cooked for the many employés, show the care and forethought of the master for those who work for him.



From a] SAME DRESS—BACK VIEW. *[Photograph.*

At the top of the house is a

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From a] A CORNER OF THE YOUNG LADIES' ROOM—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

studio, where all the models are photographed; and looking over the albums of costumes, extending back for many years, I had the pleasure of examining the most interesting ones, those especially typical of the most eccentric phases of female dress.

M. Worth's beautiful country seat is at Suresnes.

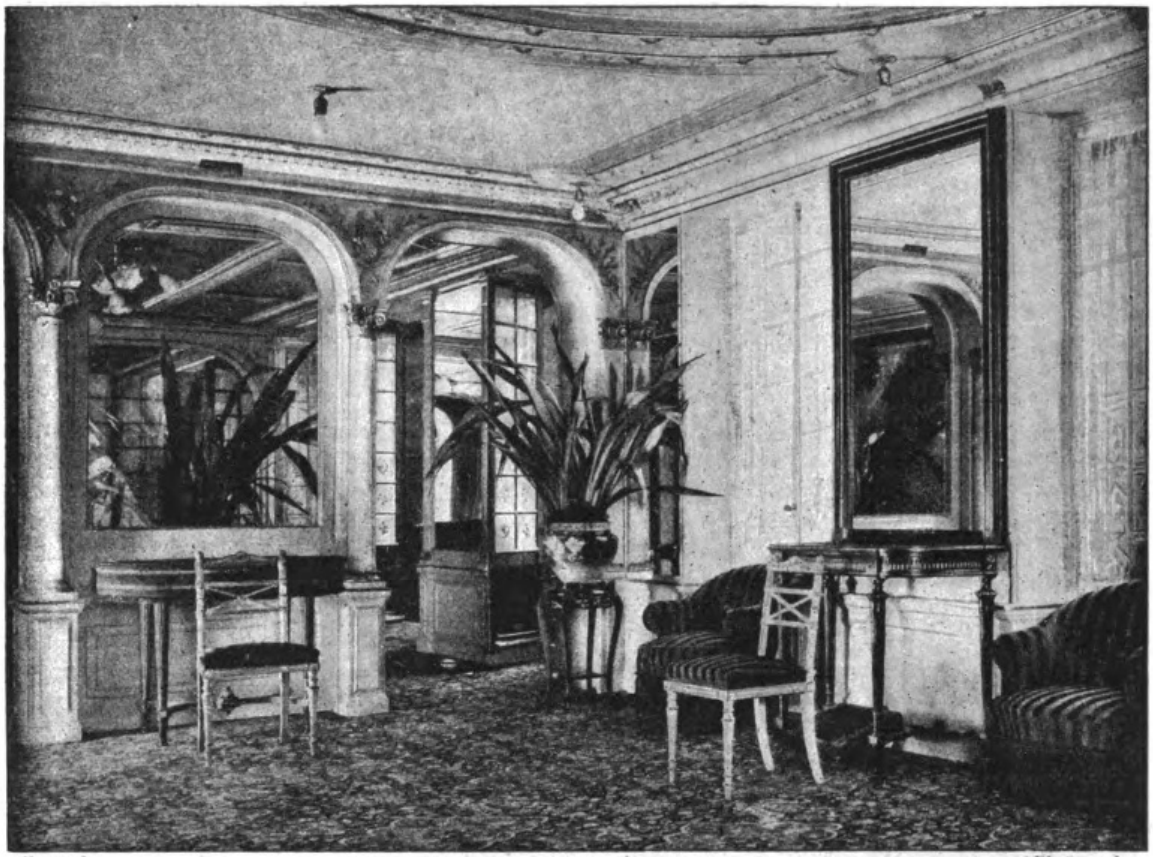
My second oracle was M. Felix, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He very cordially welcomed me, and allowed me to wander about his beautiful salons at will.

One salon is in the style of Louis XVI., with panels of green brocaded velvet, alternating with console tables, surmounted by long mirrors, made on the models of those in Trianon: the decoration is white and gold; the couches and chairs are covered with green striped velvet and satin, and huge pots filled with ferns and palms stand on pedestals. A gallery leading from the first salon to a second has four large panels, painted by Louise Abbéma, representing Sarah Bernhardt in "Ruy Blas," Croizette in the "Caprices of Marianne," Ada Rehan in the "School for Scandal," and a fancy costume of the period of Louis XV. These panels are exquisitely painted, and illustrate some of M. Felix's choicest designs in fancy dress. The Grand Salon has panels of old tapestry, coloured glass ceiling, draperies of plush, and long mirrors framed in mahogany. Every room is lighted with electric light, and the groups of palms, screens, and harmonious colouring of carpets, furniture, and walls make delightful surroundings for trying the effect of beautiful gowns and fabrics. M. Felix is a charming man, of polished manners, who personally superintends his vast business, and is bringing up his children in the most sensible way.

"I have apprenticed my son," he said, "to a large business house, where he has to begin at the very bottom of the ladder and work his way up, as I had to do."

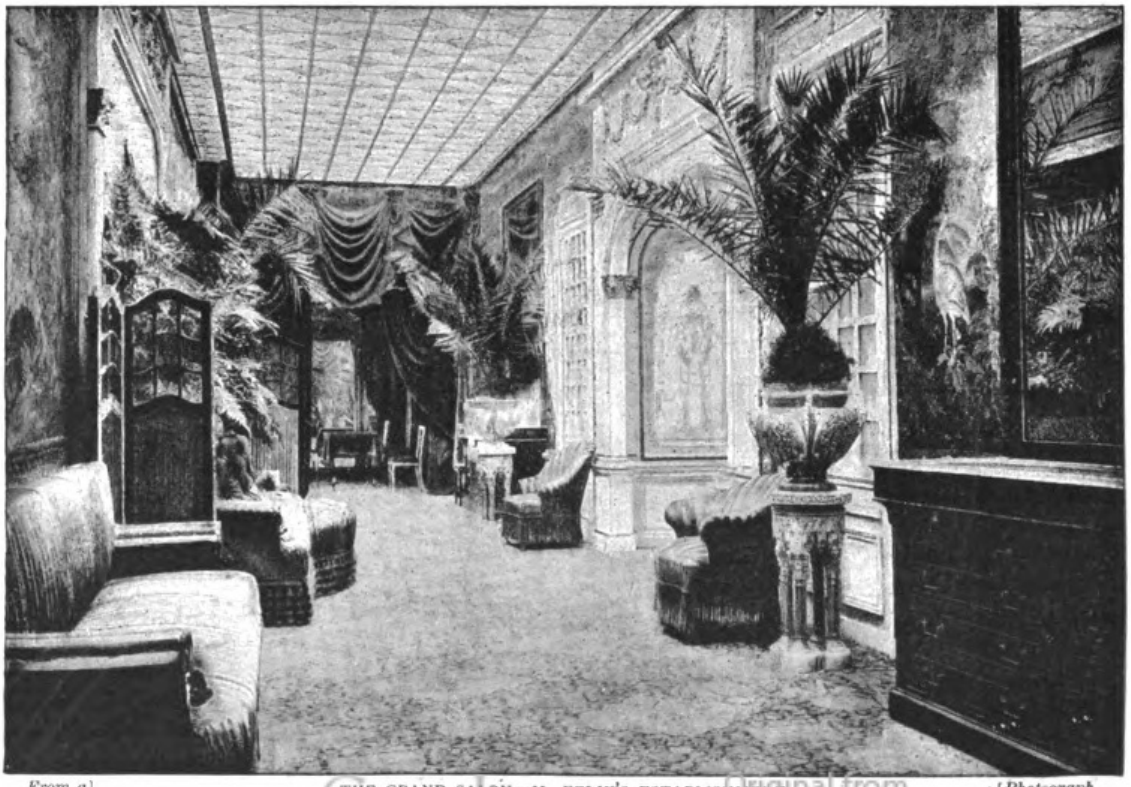
I learned a little more about him a few days later when I was present at a charitable fête given by him in aid of a Home he has founded for the children of those employed in business in Paris as cutters and dress-

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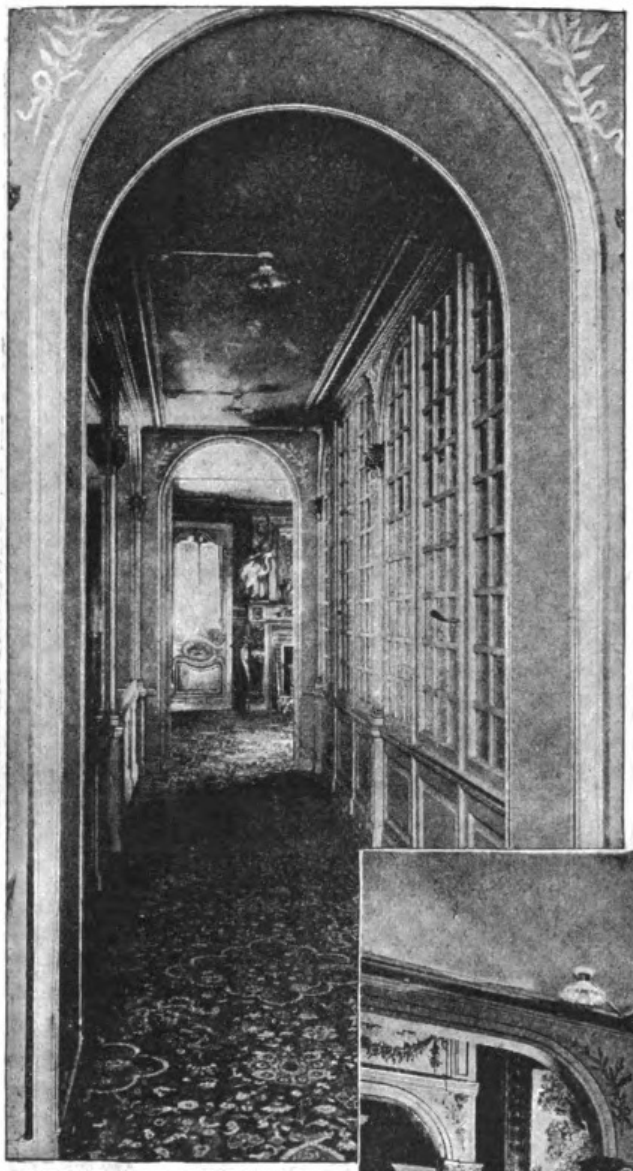
From a] THE FASHION HALL—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

makers. Mme. Carnot, who took a great interest in this charity, was present, and the fine show-rooms looked lovely, filled with all kinds of pretty satcnels, cushions, and a thousand and one dainty trifles made from odds and ends, and looking so fresh and



From a] THE GRAND SALON—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT. *[Photograph.*

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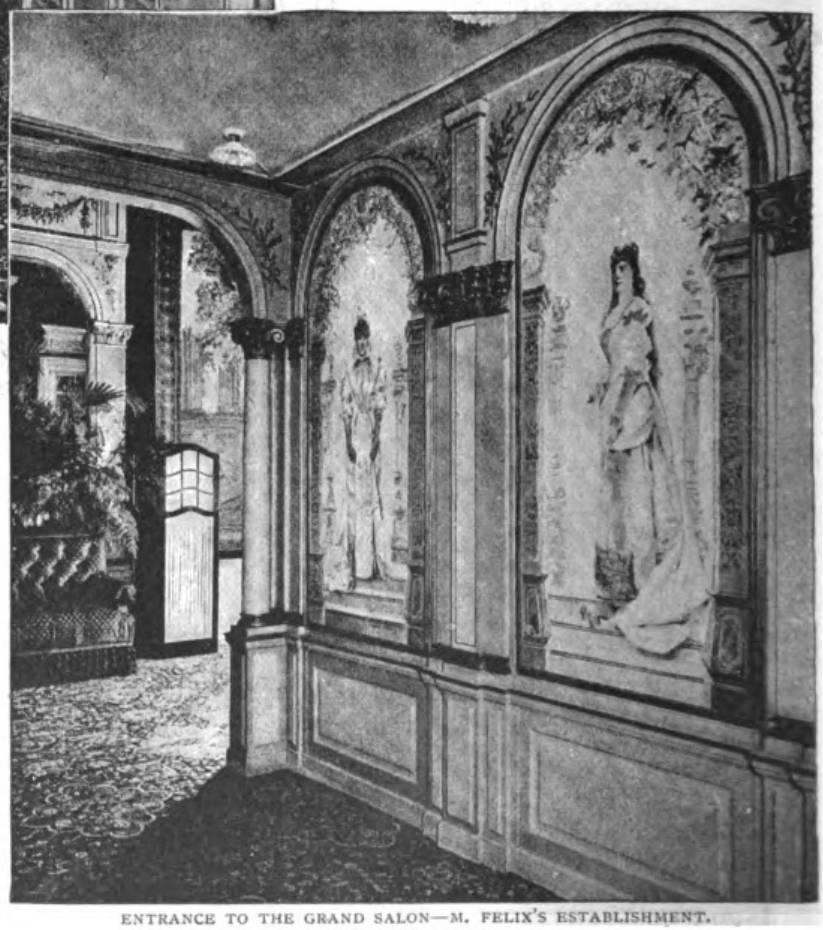


ENTRANCE TO THE TRYING-ON ROOMS.
From a Photograph.

fairy-like that it seemed that human hands could never have touched them. These things were to be sold for the benefit of the Home, and Mme. Carnot, her kindly face beaming with sympathetic benevolence, was a purchaser to the extent of a hundred and fifty pounds.

I wandered slowly from room to room, and was struck by the beauty of the girls presiding over each department, as well as by their dresses, which were the latest models. One blonde, tall and slender, with masses of red gold hair, into which were twisted strings of pearls, wore a gown of apple-green velvet and chiffon, with a scarf-like trimming of shrimp pink. This firm is noted for quiet elegance of style and novel combinations of colours, and they number among their clients many of the best-dressed women in Paris, as well as a large foreign *clientèle*.

My last visit was to Morin and Blossier, in the Rue Daunou, the list of whose patrons reads like a volume of Debrett. This firm was for ten years in Vienna, and only started in Paris in the spring of 1883. The business premises are five stories high; the first and second floors are used for show and fitting rooms, and the other three floors for offices and work-rooms. There is nothing special to be said about the decoration or furniture, the latter, in one room, being covered with yellow velvet, and the windows of stained glass. The head of the firm is a man of about forty years of age, a thorough artist, but very modest withal. It is from this house



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND SALON—M. FELIX'S ESTABLISHMENT.
From a Photograph.

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that the Princess of Wales and her two daughters get their gowns, also the Queen Isabella of Spain, the Queens of Naples, Denmark, and Greece, and the Empress of Austria, besides innumerable Grand Duchesses, foreign princesses, countesses, and the leaders of London society. They recently supplied Mrs. Vanderbilt with a ball-dress of yellow satin, with garniture of real lace, which cost the modest sum of four thousand pounds. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dudley, Lady Granville Gordon, the Duchess of Devonshire, and many, many others are dressed by this noted firm.

Although we do not now indulge in, or permit, unseemly scantiness in a woman's dress, there is still room for improvement. A story is told about a gentleman going out to dinner, and, being asked by his wife on his return what the ladies wore, he replied: "I don't know, my dear; I did not look under the table." This is still true in some cases, but, on the whole, our taste is improving, and some of our fashions are nothing but copies of beautiful old pictures; and, whatever may be said about the extravagance of the modern woman, there is a reverse to this medal, as to all others.

For the last ten years has brought a revival of almost forgotten industries; whole villages are employed in copying old patterns and stuffs, in lace-making and beading, that otherwise would be reduced to pauperism. The whole world is laid under a tax in order that woman may have a fitting setting for her beauty of face and person. Great artists think it no degradation to design her dresses, or to furnish patterns for materials, that, by their artistic excellence, will enhance her charms. However the silly few may rave about adopting male costume, on account of its greater comfort and convenience, the majority will never forswear the robes and chiffons which so well become them.

We are living in a happy age, a time when we can wear anything becoming and befitting the season and place. At the same "At Home" may be seen Empire gowns, Spanish jackets, Greek robes, tailor-made dresses, and tea-gowns belonging to no particular period, and all charming and delightful in their variety; and Fashion's oracles, in the shape of Worth, Felix, Laferrière, and Morin and Blossier, are public benefactors as long as they keep in view the aim of a perfect dress, which is "the most fitting attainable applicability."



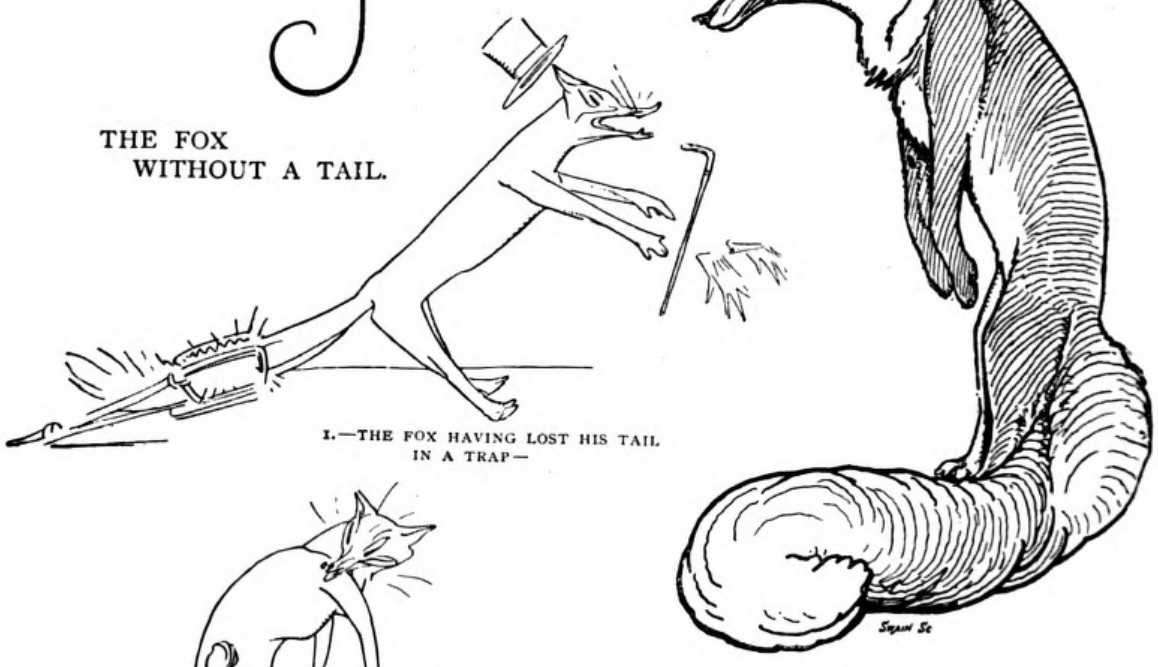
DRESS DESIGNED BY MORIN AND BLOSSIER FOR SARAH BERNHARDT AS "THEODORA."

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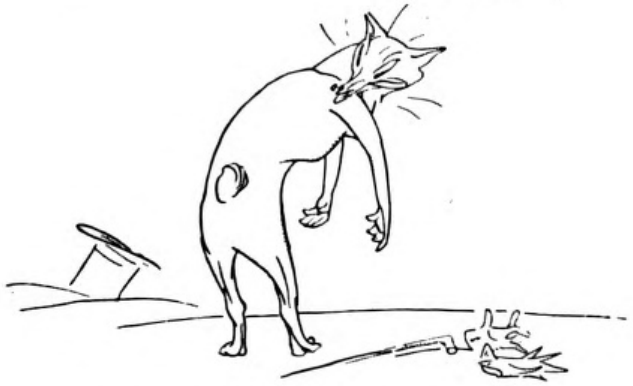
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

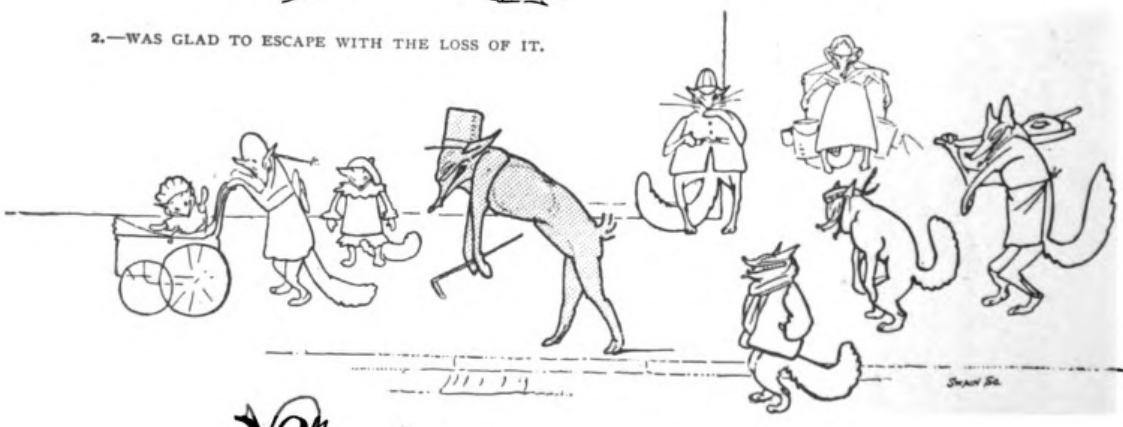
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.



1.—THE FOX HAVING LOST HIS TAIL IN A TRAP—



2.—WAS GLAD TO ESCAPE WITH THE LOSS OF IT.





3.—BUT HE FOUND HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF SO MUCH UNFLATTERING ATTENTION, THAT HIS LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO HIM

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4.—HE THEREFORE RESOLVED TO CALL AN ASSEMBLY OF FOXES AND PROPOSE TO THEM, AS AN AGREEABLE AND BECOMING FASHION, THAT THEY SHOULD ALL CUT OFF THEIR TAILS.



5.—AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH HE LOOKED ROUND WITH A BRISK AIR TO SEE WHAT CONVERTS HE HAD GAINED—



6.—WHEN THE OLDEST FOX IN THE COMPANY AROSE AND OBSERVED: "MY FRIEND, IT TOOK A STEEL TRAP TO CONVERT YOU TO THAT OPINION, AND NO OTHER ARGUMENT WILL SERVE FOR US."



7.—AND THIS IS HOW THE ORATOR WENT HOME.

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THE OX AND THE FROG.



1.—AN OX GRAZING—



2.—CHANCED TO SET HIS FOOT AMONG A FAMILY OF YOUNG FROGS.

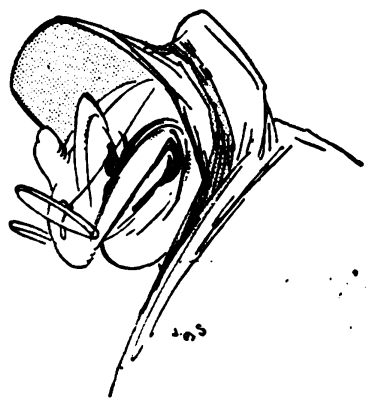


3.—THE REST INFORMED THEIR MOTHER WHEN SHE CAME HOME OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED, TELLING HER THAT THE BEAST WAS THE LARGEST CREATURE THEY EVER SAW IN THEIR LIVES.



4.—"WHY, WAS IT AS BIG AS THIS?" SAID THE OLD FROG. "OH, A GREAT DEAL BIGGER," SAID THEY. "YOU WILL NEVER REACH SUCH A SIZE IF YOU TRY FOR EVER!"

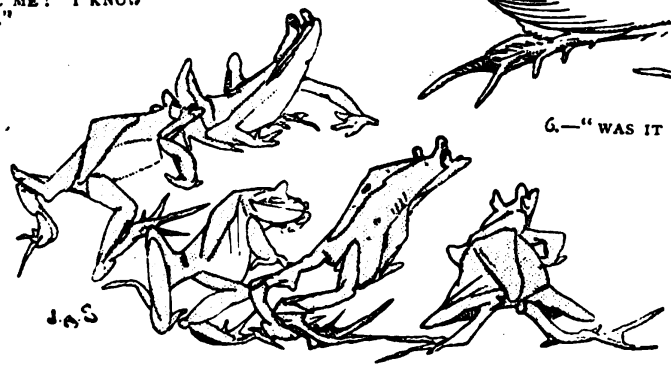
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5.—"OH, DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW I CAN."



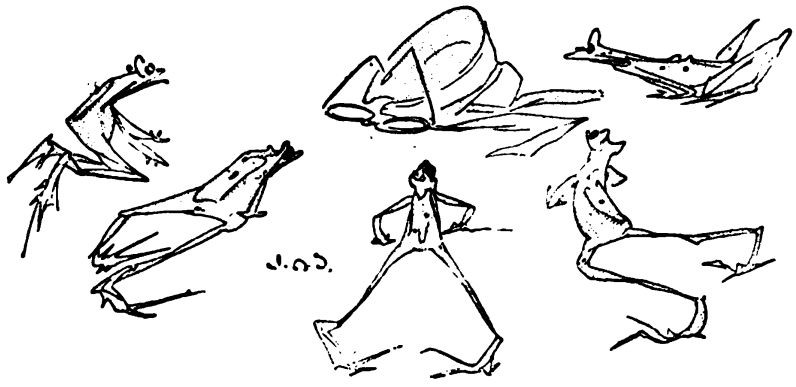
6.—"WAS IT AS BIG AS THIS?"



7.—"OH, VASTLY BIGGER!"



8.—"THEN WAS IT AS BIG AS THI——"



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A Fairy Story for Children.

THE VIZIER ALI-BEN-HASSAN, Prime Minister of the Calif Amgiad, was one day walking in the country in the environs of Bagdad. Since the morning he had met with nothing but vexations. In the first place, he had slept ill. Then his first-born, his son, Noureddin, had left his home the previous evening, and had returned, after sunrise, shamefully tipsy; clearly indicating that he was leagued with the evil-livers of Bagdad, and had infringed the wise law of the Prophet, forbidding the use of wine and strong liquors.

Then, again, the servant intrusted with the duty of accompanying his daughter to the bath had, on her return, confided to him that, for the fifth time in as many days, a young man, with a self-satisfied air, had, as if by chance, thrown himself in their way; and that, in passing, Amine, under pretence of arranging her veil, had, on the contrary, deranged it in such a manner as to allow this good-looking stranger to behold her radiant visage; a proceeding which, on the part of a Mahometan young lady, constituted a grave departure from the rules of good conduct.

Already considerably put out of temper by all these worries, Ali had gone to the sitting of the Council. There he had found himself in the presence of the Calif Amgiad, and the Calif Amgiad had received him anything but pleasantly.

A short time before, a sedition had broken out in a neighbouring province. Ali, after having severely repressed it, had not thought it worth while to bring the matter before his glorious master. But the Minister's enemies had not been equally reserved, and the Calif had vehemently reproached his Minister: firstly, with having allowed a sedition to break out in his kingdom; secondly, with having hidden the fact from him; and thirdly, with

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having put it down by force, instead of by persuasion—which, indeed, *is* preferable, but, unfortunately, does not always prove successful.

On quitting the Council, Ali bore with him this impression—always painful to a statesman—that his credit was considerably shaken.

He had no sooner returned home than his wife had quarrelled with him, accusing him of niggardliness in the sum he allowed her for her dress, declaring that the wife of the governor of the palace was better dressed than she, and affirming that, in fact, she had nothing to put on. Ali bowed his head before this storm, and ordered his servants to serve him a collation, in the hope of finding in the pleasures of good cheer a compensation for the vexations of his public and private life; but, by an unlucky chance, his cook that day omitted every dish of which he was fond.

Desperate, Ali quitted his house, left the city, and strayed into the country. There, at least, he might fret and fume at his ease.

"Truly," he muttered, as he went along, "there are days when one would like to make an end of one's existence. Of what use to one is life?—nothing but to make one angry with everything!"

Meanwhile, a burning sun was scorching the road on which he was walking; and it was not long before he felt an irrepressible desire to find shelter somewhere. But in vain he looked for a shady corner. At length he came in sight of a path which, from its narrowness and turnings, seemed to promise a little coolness. He passed on to it.



"ALI MADE A VIGOROUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL DAB AT HIS ENEMY."

The windings of this path conducted him to a ruined wall near which there grew a palm tree. Ali uttered a sigh of relief and stretched himself at the foot of the wall in the shade of the wide leaves.

Doubtless he would soon have fallen asleep had not a buzzing sound come to annoy his sense of hearing. He looked up and saw a pretty, gold-and-green-hued fly gaily wheeling about his head. Wishing to take a nap in peace, Ali drove away the intruder two or three times with his hand; but the obstinate little creature returned again and again to the charge, and ended by impudently perching on the Vizier's nose.

This was too much for Ali, who jerked himself into a sitting posture, and with his hand made a vigorous but unsuccessful dab at his enemy. But in the hurry of getting away the quick-winged fly did not notice that it was darting straight into a large spider's web, spreading between an angle of the wall and the neighbouring palm tree.

Witness of this catastrophe, the Vizier could not, at first, help feeling glad.

"Now," he thought, "you tiresome insect, you will no longer be able to prevent me from getting the nap I want."

But, as he continued to watch the fate of the pretty, gold-green fly, he saw emerge from a crack in the wall a monstrous spider, with a body as big as the finger-tip of a man, and long, black, and hairy limbs. It rushed towards its prey, and set to work spinning a winding-sheet of web about it, as if enjoying its victim's terror and agony.

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The poor fly made such desperate efforts to free itself from its bonds that Ali, at the sight of its hopeless exertion, felt moved by compassion; and though he was very tired, and in spite of the little insect having so recently worried him considerably, he could not bring himself to allow it to perish so miserably.

He rose up, and with a wave of his hand frightened away the spider, after which he released the fly from its perilous captivity.

"Now," he said, "I hope you will leave me in peace."

He opened his finger and thumb, the fly flew away, and Ali speedily lost sight of it. He then lay down again in the shade of the palm tree, closed his eyes, and was soon soundly asleep.

The sound of a voice pronouncing his name aloud awoke him. He opened his eyes and saw, standing before him, a personage of dazzling beauty and gigantic form. Two light and transparent wings were attached to his shoulders. Ali had no doubt that he was in the presence of a genie.



"A GENIE."

"Vizier," said the supernatural being, "you have rendered me a great service. I was the fly which lately buzzed about your nose. I took that form for the purpose of relieving myself for awhile from my ordinary greatness, and flitting freely in the sunshine. A malicious sorcerer, my private enemy,

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wishing to take advantage of this circumstance, changed himself into the big spider in whose web I became entangled, and in which I should have fared ill but for your assistance.

"You must know that, though we are permitted to assume what appearance we please, we at the same time run the risk of falling into the same snares as the human creatures whose resemblance we borrow; and, if we so fall, we can only be rescued by human aid. It is, therefore, by your generous intervention I have been saved. In return for this great service, ask of me some favour: whatever it may be, I promise to grant it."

So spoke the genie. The Vizier remained for a while without answering. At length, after having reflected, he said:—

"I was saying to myself, only a short time back, that long life was no advantage, since so many of our days are spoiled by divers vexations; and that it would be better to have a shorter existence, composed exclusively of happy and cloudless days; if, then, it be in your power to do it, good genie, suppress from my life in future all days of affliction, or even of annoyance, and let me live only during those which are exempt from trouble. Do that, and you will have largely repaid me the service I have done you."

On hearing those words an enigmatical smile overspread the face of the genie.

"Have you well weighed your request?"

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Let it be according to your desire!"

Instantly, as it seemed to the Vizier, his fantastic interlocutor seized him by the middle of the body and rose in the air with him to a height so giddy as presently caused him to lose his senses. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself in his house in Bagdad, in bed. His body was straightened out and so rigid that he found himself unable to make the least movement.

His eyes were closed. Nevertheless he saw all that was passing about him, and heard all that was being said. The room was full of people. His wife, his children, his servants were there; all lamented him, and deplored the loss of so good a husband, so good a father, so good a master, a friend so faithful and devoted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought Ali. "Am I dead, then?"

"Yes," said a voice.

The genie stood at the foot of the Vizier's bed, visible only to him, reading his thoughts.

"Perfidious spirit!" thought Ali; "is this the way you redeem your promise?"

"Do not accuse me," replied the genie, "but lay the blame to your own stupidity alone. Why did you ask of me what was impossible? Two fairies have been intrusted with the task of spinning the destinies of men. Before one, at the beginning of things, was placed a heap of white wool, from which she spun fortunate days; before the other was placed a heap of black wool, from which she spun the days that were to be unfortunate.

"Now, one night, while they were sleeping, Satan came by and amused himself by mixing together the two heaps of wool, and so thoroughly entangled the whole that the fairies, on awaking, found it impossible to separate the black from the white wool; and, from that time, the days spun by them are of mixed colour—made up of contentments and affliction. Recall the days you have passed: is there one of them on which you have not experienced some satisfaction, small as it may have been?

"In asking me to take from your days to come all those on which some discomfort may reach you, you have, in fact, asked me to suppress the whole, and you have immediately arrived at the day of deliverance—and death. I am sorry to have had to teach you this lesson, but you have drawn it down upon yourself."

"Unfortunately, it can now be of no use to me, since I am dead," said Ali.

The genie smiled.

"I am good-natured," he replied. "If you like, I will imagine that you have said nothing, carry you back to the spot whence I brought you, and nothing in your life shall be changed. What do you say?"

"I could not wish for anything better," replied the Vizier.

The genie stretched his hands towards him: everything melted from his sight, and, for the second time, he became unconscious. When he recovered the use of his senses, he found himself at the foot of the wall under the shade of the palm tree where he had fallen asleep.

Rising to his feet he asked himself whether this adventure had really happened to him or whether he had simply dreamed it; then, thoughtfully, he made his way back home. While he slept the sun had declined, so that his walk was no longer rendered unpleasant.

On reaching his house, Ali learned that his son, Nourredin, had been made so ill by his overnight's excesses that he had vowed never, thenceforth, to drink anything but water. He also learned that the young man

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whom his daughter had so frequently met on her way to and from the bath was the son of one of the richest and most important personages in Bagdad, and asked for the hand of Amine in marriage.

Furthermore, he received a message from the Calif Amgiad, the Sovereign, admitting that, on reflection, the conduct of Ali in the matter of the sedition had appeared to him to have been both prudent and firm; and conveying the assurance that he might consider himself to be more in favour than ever.

The wife of the Vizier having paid a visit to the wife of the governor of the palace and seen, with her own eyes, that the last new dress of that lady was an utter failure, was now in a delightfully amiable temper. Finally, the cook had determined to make up in a striking manner for his short-comings of the morning, and served up an exquisite repast.

So ended, in the happiest way in the world, a day begun so adversely; and the Vizier, on retiring to bed, confessed within himself that the genie, real or imaginary, had given him some sage advice.



"A VISIT TO THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR."

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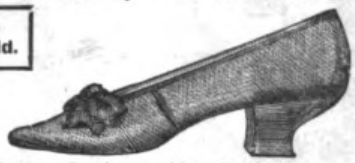
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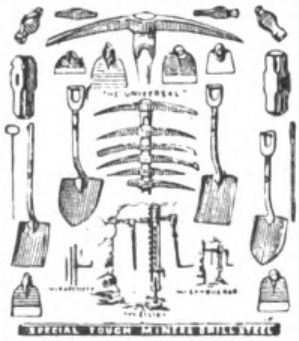
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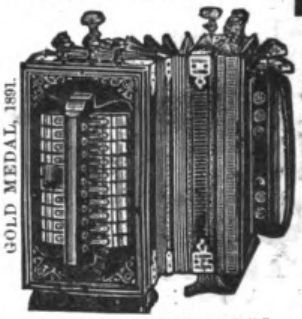
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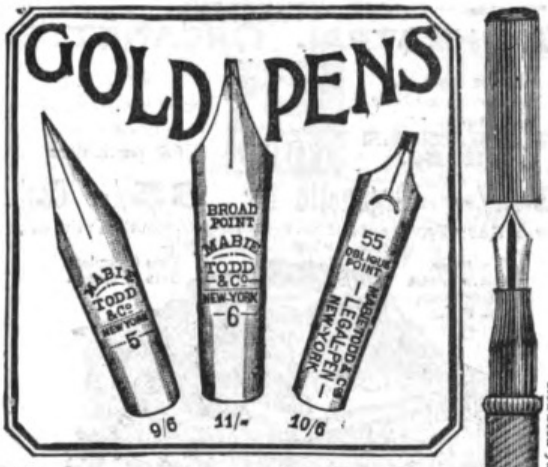
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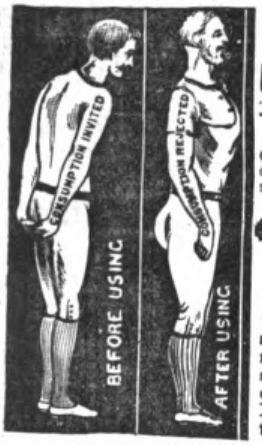


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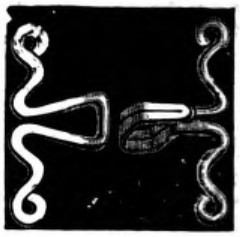
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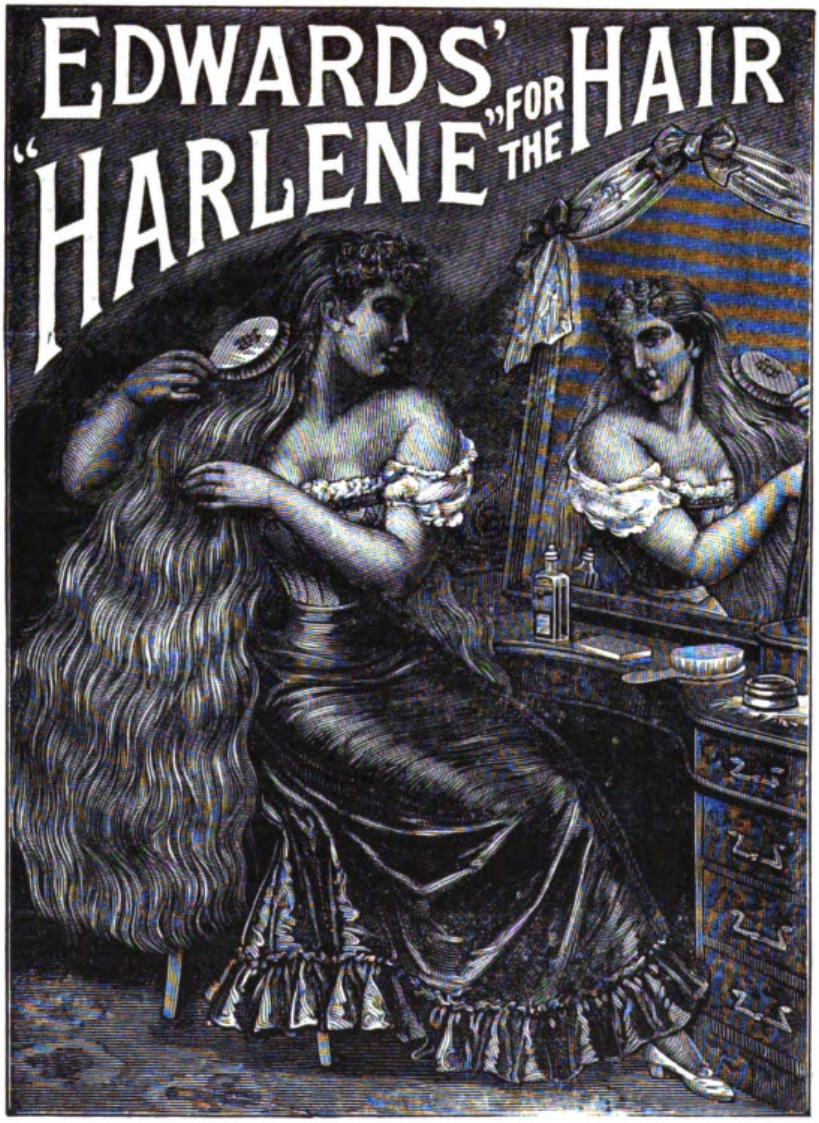
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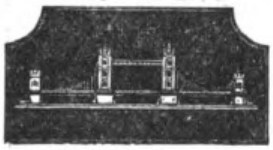
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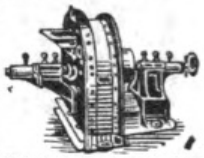
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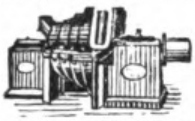


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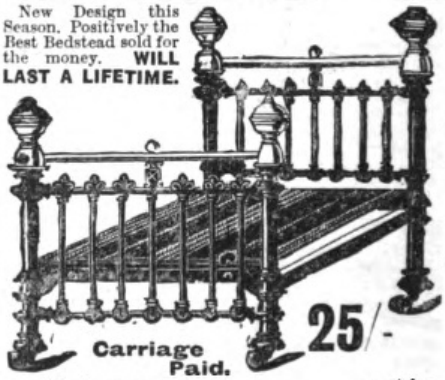
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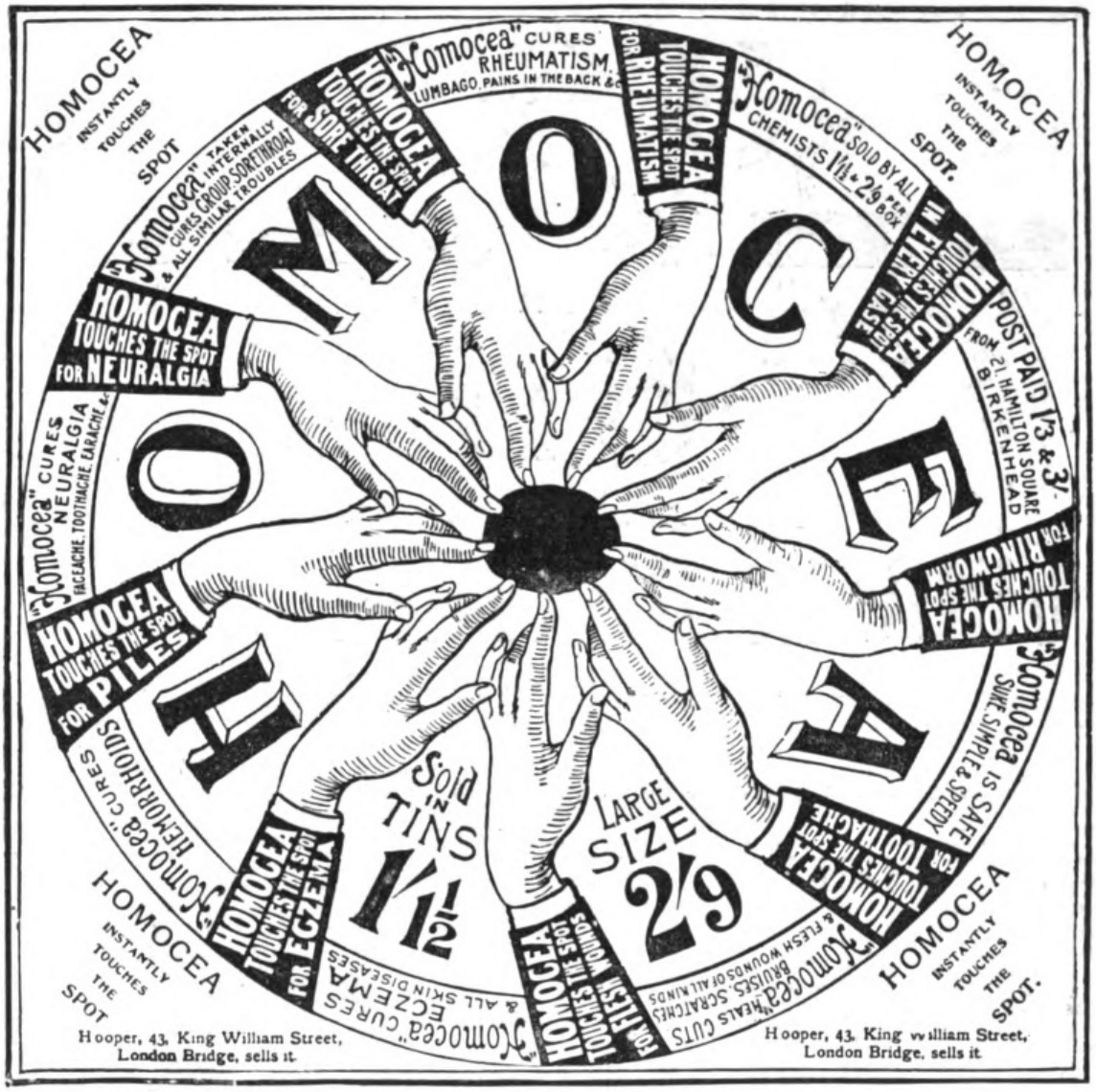
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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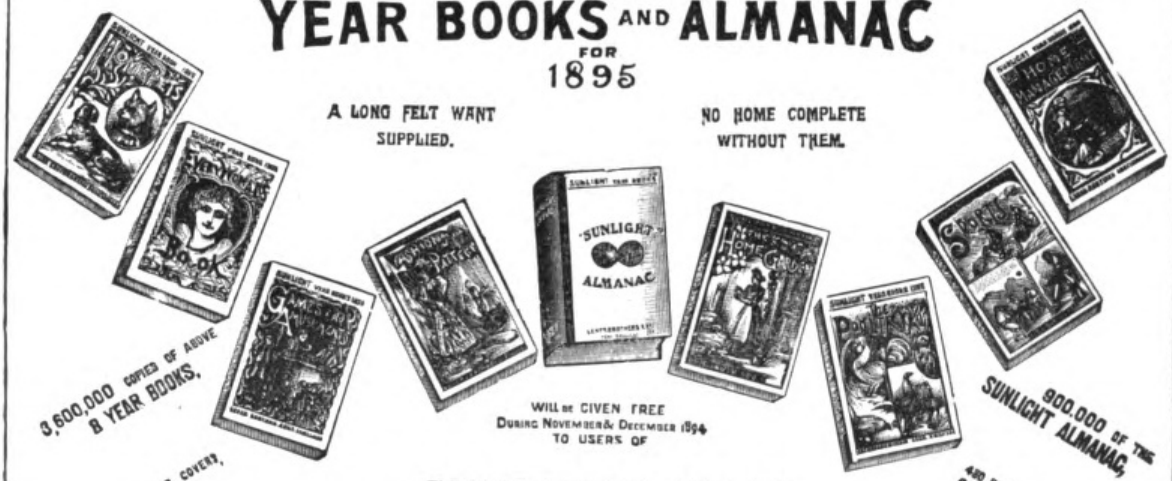
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ONE LETTER—TWO POINTS OF INTEREST.

I HAVE been sitting here some little time debating in my mind whether I should write a short explanation before I copy the letter, or copy the letter first and write the explanation afterwards. Having decided on the latter plan, I place the document in the reader's hands without a word.

"In November, 1890," it runs, "I took a severe cold, which brought me into a low condition. I always felt tired and languid. Nothing seemed to rest me. I felt as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I was seized with a dreadful pain in the back and loins, and it was all I could do to keep up with my work. I was so bad that if I stooped in the least I could hardly straighten myself up again.

"I had a constant gnawing pain in the back, and when I passed the secretion from the kidneys I experienced fearful agony. For four months I suffered intensely, during which time I took several medicines recommended for gravel, but found no relief. At last a mother told me of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done her for rheumatism, and insisted that I should try it for my complaint. I did so, and in a short time the pains I have mentioned began to abate, and were presently gone altogether. I used no other medicine after beginning with the Syrup. Since my recovery I have been in the best of health. I will answer any inquiries. —(Signed) William P. Restall, 30, Hilton Street, Preston, December 23rd, 1893."

In this short letter there are two points which cannot fail to interest an intelligent person like the reader. First, Mr. Restall's malady—what was it? Gravel, he thinks, and all the symptoms were in harmony with that view. The uric acid in the blood had united with an alkali to form a red-coloured stone which entered the bladder and kidneys, producing great pain and irritation in those organs, and terrible agony in Nature's unavailing effort to relieve itself of it. The immediate cause of gravel is breakdown of the liver, and the cause of *that* is torpidity and inflammation of the stomach—indigestion and dyspepsia.

In this crippling and dangerous affection no local treatment is of any real benefit. Surgical interference only increases the patient's suffering without in any way preventing the increase or continuance of the trouble. Temporary relief is all that is to be expected from the best possible surgical treatment.

The only true method is to dissolve the gravel and stone, when it will pass away unfelt. This was the excellent service which Mother Seigel's Syrup rendered to Mr. Restall. Otherwise far more serious results would certainly have followed. The expulsion of the sandy accumulation was not, however, all that the Syrup accomplished in this instance. It went further, and cured the diseased and poison-filled stomach, out of which the whole difficulty arose.

The second point of interest in the letter is this: Why should Mr. Restall's mother have permitted him to suffer *intensely* for four months before telling him of the remedy?

That seems at first like a hard question to answer (in the absence of the lady), but it is really very simple. It did not occur to her that the Syrup would be of any use in a case like her son's. She hoped and expected he would get well by means of the medicines he was already taking.

"Besides," she may have thought, "Seigel's Syrup cured *me* of *rheumatism*, and *he* has *gravel*; a very different thing."

No, madam; precisely the same thing in cause and essence. Whatsoever will cure rheumatism will cure gravel. Had she known that, she would have brought her bottle of "Seigel" to the front long before she did. What the lady did as a sort of forlorn hope was the most sensible and scientific thing that could have been done.

Now, it is a great matter to know the connections and relations between diseases. They are not separate things; they are fruit on the same tree, and that tree is the digestive system.

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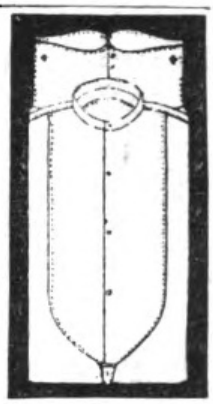
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Dressed in an opinion!	*Merchant of Venice. Act I., Scene 1.*
Will put thy **Shirt** on warm!	*Timon of Athens. Act IV., Scene 3.*
Ever so neat and trimly **Dressed!**	*Henry IV. Act I., Scene 3.*
And work in their **Shirts!**	„ *Act IV., Scene 7.*
Rich, pure **White!**	*Midsummer Night's Dream. Act III., Scene 2.*
The truth of it is, **I have no Shirt!**	*Love's Labour Lost. Act V., Scene 2.*
Help to **Dress** me!	*Much Ado About Nothing. Act III., Scene 4.*
Even as **White** as a lily!	*Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act II., Scene 3.*
Companion in the **Front!**	*Antony and Cleopatra. Act V., Scene 1.*
Atawny **Front!**	„ „ *Act I., Scene 1.*
Let Thisby have clean **Linen!**	*Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV., Scene 2.*
Even that bawl out the ruins of thy **Linen!**	*Henry IV. Act II., Scene 2.*
Daily **vow to use it!**	*Winter's Tale. Act III., Scene 2.*
Or the **Front** of Jove himself!	*Hamlet. Act III., Scene 4.*
Now the **Shirt** of Nessus is upon me!	*Antony and Cleopatra. Act IV., Scene 10.*
I will not combat in my **Shirt!**	*Love's Labour Lost. Act V., Scene 2.*
A dozen **Shirts** to your back!	*Henry IV. Act III., Scene 3.*
Now we'll **Dress** him up!	*Troilus and Cressida. Act I., Scene 3.*
With smiling **Fronts** encountering!	*Coriolanus. Act I., Scene 6.*
Head and **Front** of my offending!	*Othello. Act I., Scene 3.*
I would advise you to shift a **Shirt!**	*Cymbeline. Act I., Scene 3.*
To bear the inventory of thy **Shirts!**	*Henry IV. Act II., Scene 2.*
Even pluck me out all the **Linen!**	*Merry Wives of Windsor. Act IV., Scene 2.*
Dress you **straight!**	*Merry Wives of Windsor. Act IV., Scene 2.*
Rarely and **exactly wrought!**	*Cymbeline. Act II., Scene 4.*
Even pale as his **Shirt!**	*Hamlet. Act II., Scene 1.*
Stand and **Front** him to his face!	*Henry VI. Act V., Scene 1.*
Smoothed his wrinkled **Front!**	*Richard III. Act I., Scene 1.*
Safest occasion by the **Front!**	*Othello. Act III., Scene 1.*
Here's one comes in his **Shirt!**	„ *Act V., Scene 1.*
I take but two **Shirts** out with me!	*Henry IV. Act I., Scene 2.*
Rated by thy **estimation—high!**	*Merchant of Venice. Act II., Scene 7.*
To **Dress** the commonwealth!	*Henry VI. Act IV., Scene 2.*

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